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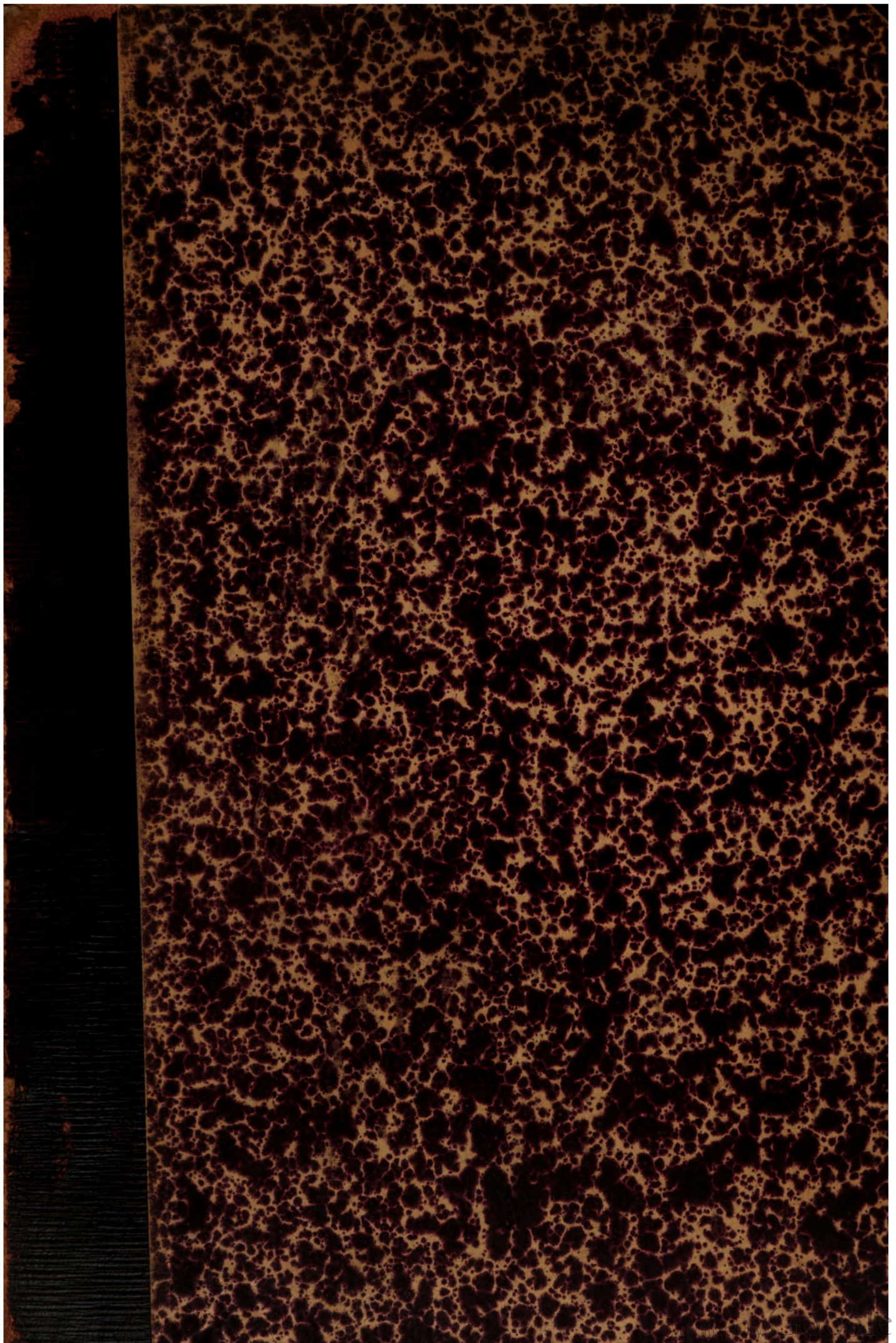
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THE SPIRIT OF '76

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INCIDENTS AND MEN OF '76
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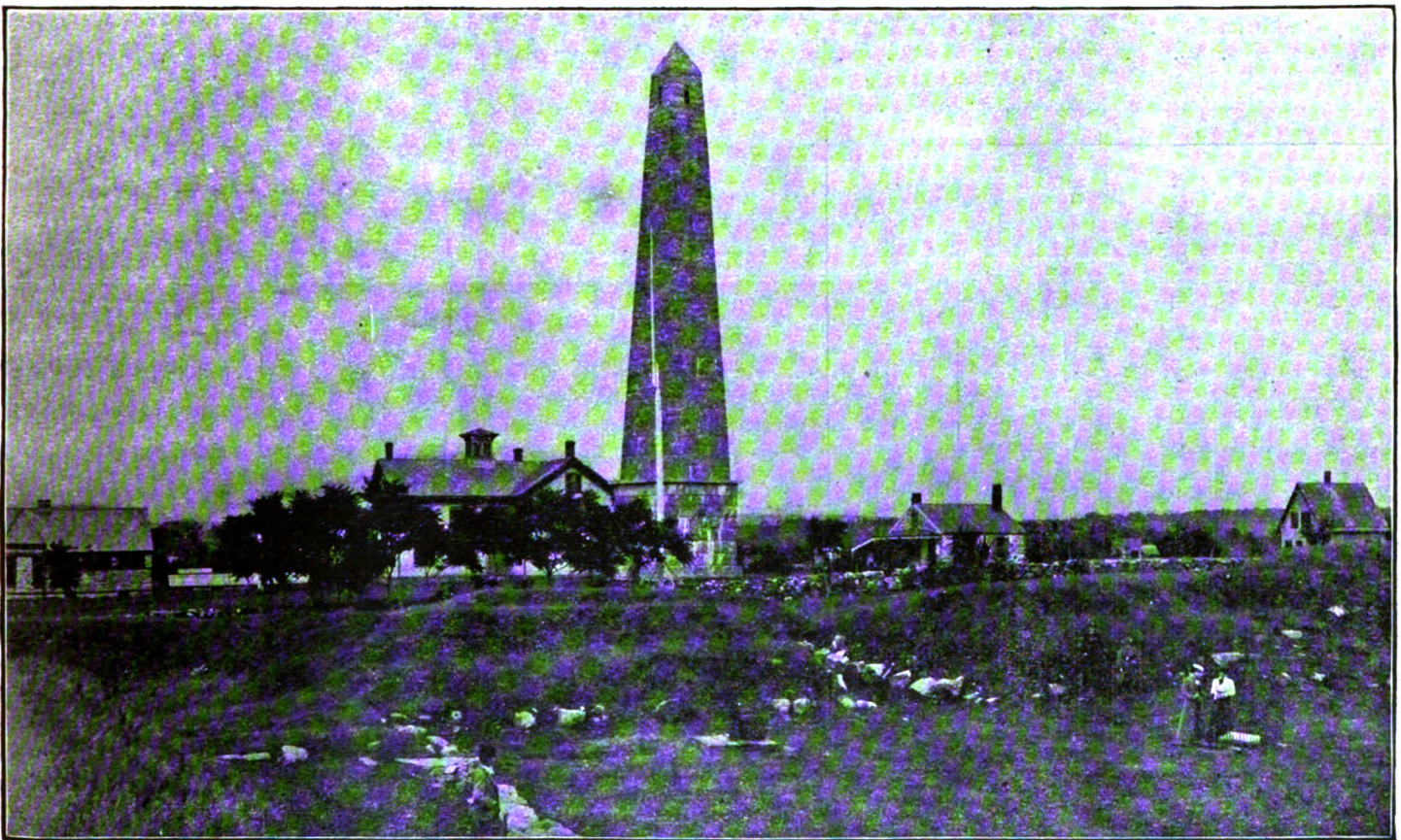
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VIEW OF GROTON MONUMENT FROM OLD FORT.

Showing Spot where Colonel Ledyard fell, surrounded by Iron fence, the old Well and the North Gate.

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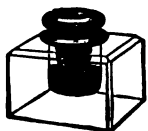
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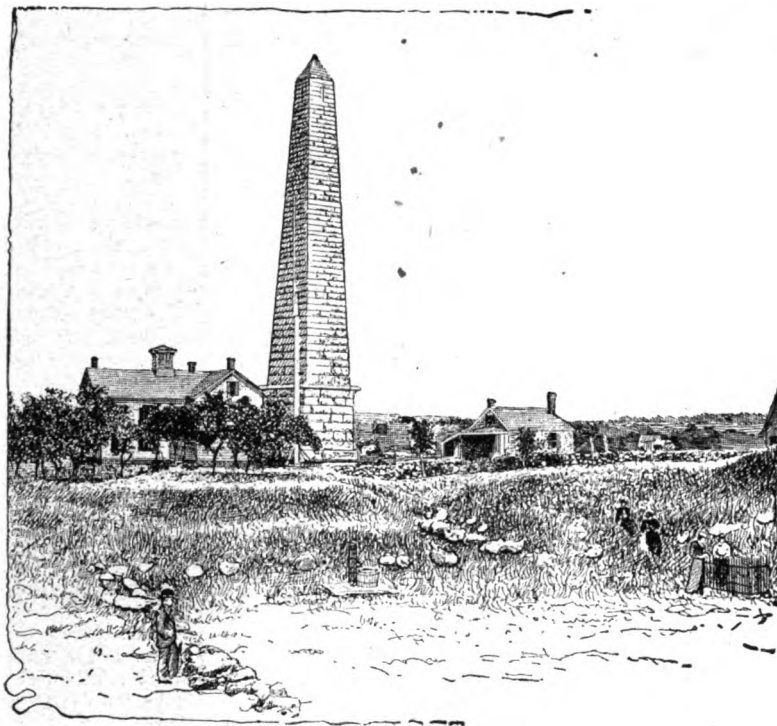
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BATTLE OF GROTON HEIGHTS AND THE STORMING OF FORT GRISWOLD. NEW LONDON, CONN.



GROTON MONUMENT FROM THE OLD FORT

SEPTEMBER 6, 1781.—A day ever to be remembered in New London, Conn. On that day British vengeance expended itself. Sir Henry Clinton had determined to drive from the waters the American privateers which were preying on British commerce and went forth from New London harbor, so he sent an expedition to destroy their haven. The command was given to Gen. Arnold, just received from the American army. Thirty-two vessels bore the troops, and at early dawn were sighted by the lookouts. Fort Griswold on east side, and Fort Trumbull, a water battery, on west, commanded the harbor and against them the invading army disembarked. Arnold commanded in person those on the west side and met with only one volley, Capt. Shapley abandoning the works after spiking the guns. Col. Eyre landed on Groton Point and formed line of battle on a rocky height, one hundred and thirty yards southeast of the fort. Then he demanded the surrender of the fort, saying that, if obliged to storm the works, martial law would be put in force. Only one hundred and fifty Americans were in the intrenchments, but they returned a refusal and against them marched eight hundred. Col. Ledyard ordered his men to reserve their fire until the detachment which first came up had reached the proper distance. Then the order was given and an eighteen-pounder loaded with two bags of grape shot opened on them, and it was supposed twenty men fell at the discharge. "It cleared," said an eye witness, "a wide space in their columns," and produced great confusion in the ranks. Then they changed the point of attack for the southwest bastion, only to meet a similar reception and to bear away their commander, Col. Eyre, mortally wounded. At same time, Maj. Montgomery scaled the ramparts at the Northeast side, only to meet brave defenders. At last, however, by sheer force of numbers, the enemy forced the gates and rushed in. Then

began a series of brutalities which are more shocking than those of Indians, and which even reputable British officers tried to stop. The story is best given in the words of Sergeant Rufus Avery, whose manuscript account is preserved by his descendants:

"Now I saw the enemy mount the parapets like so many madmen, all at once, seemingly. They swung their hats around, and then discharged their guns into the fort, and then those who had not fallen by ball they began to massacre with sword and bayonet. I was on the west side of the fort, with Captain Edward Latham and Mr. C. Latham, standing on the platform, and had a full view of the enemy's conduct. I had then a hole through my clothes by a ball, and a bayonet rent through my clothes to my flesh. The enemy approached us, knocked down the two men I mentioned with the britch of their guns, and I expected had ended their lives, but they did not. By this time that division which had been commanded by Montgomery, now under charge of Bloomfield, unbolted the other gates, marched into the fort and formed into a solid column. I at this moment left my station and went across the parade, towards the south end of the barracks. I noticed Colonel William Ledyard on the parade stepping towards the enemy and Bloomfield, gently raising and lowering his sword as a token of bowing and submission; he was about six feet from them when I turned my eyes off from him, and went up to the door of the barracks and looked at the enemy who were discharging their guns through the windows. It was but a moment that I had turned my eyes from Colonel Ledyard and saw him alive, and now I saw him weltering in his gore. The column continued marching towards the south end of the parade, and I could do no better than to go across the parade before them amid their fire. They discharged three platoons as I crossed before them at this time. I believe there were not less than five or six hundred of the British on the parade and in the fort. They killed and wounded every man they possibly could, and it was all done in less than two minutes! I had nothing to expect but to drop with the rest; one mad looking fellow put his bayonet to my side, swearing "by Jesus he would skipper me!" I looked him earnestly in the face and eyes, and begged him to have mercy and spare my life! I must say I believe God prevented him from killing me, for he put his bayonet three times into me, and I seemed to be in his power, as well as Lieutenant Enoch Staunton, who was stabbed to the heart and fell at my feet at this time. I think no scene ever exceeded this for continued and barbarous massacre after surrender. There were two large doors to the magazine, which made a space wide enough to admit ten men to stand in one rank. There marched up a platoon of ten men just by where I stood, and at once discharged their guns into the magazine among our killed and wounded, and also among those who had escaped uninjured, and as soon as these had fired another platoon was ready, and immediately took their place when they fell back. At this moment Bloomfield came swiftly around the corner of the building, and raising his sword with exceeding quickness exclaimed, "stop firing, or you will send us all to hell together!" I was very near him when he spoke. He knew there must be much powder deposited and scattered about the magazine, and if they continued throwing in fire we should all be blown up. I think it must, before this, have been the case, had not the ground and every thing been wet with human blood. We trod in blood! We trampled under feet the limbs of our countrymen, our neighbors and dear kindred. Our ears were filled with the groans of the dying, when the more stunning sound of the artillery would give

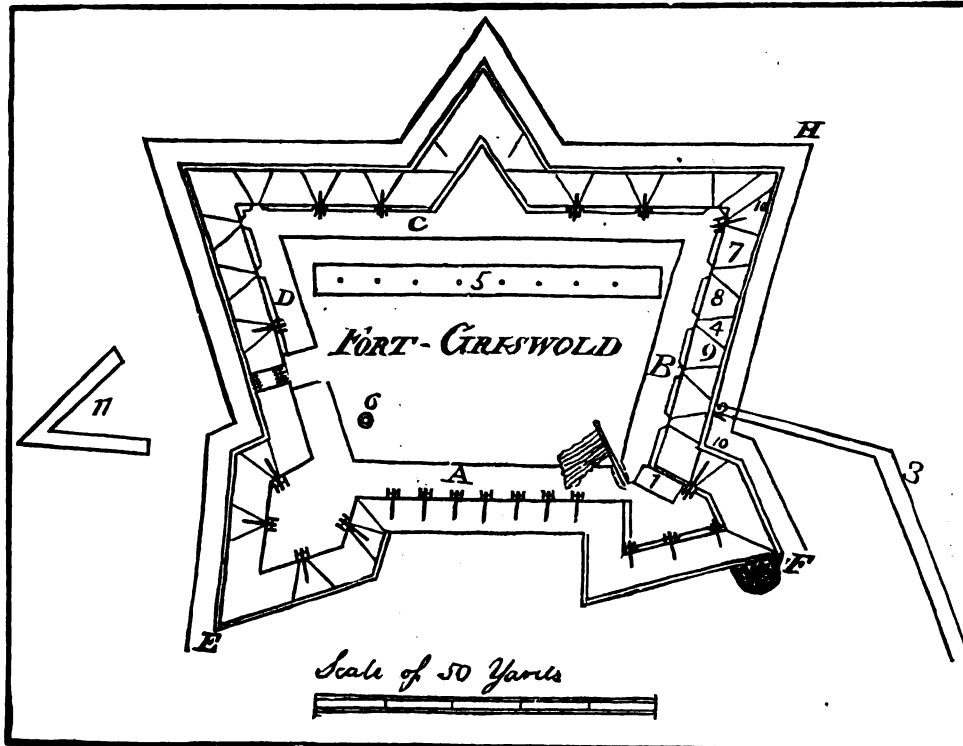
place to the death shrieks. After this they ceased killing and went to stripping, not only the dead, but the wounded and those who were not wounded. Then they ordered us all who were able to march, to the north-east part of the parade, and those who could walk to help those who were wounded so bad as not to go of themselves. Mr. Samuel Edgcomb, Jr., and myself were ordered to carry out Ensign Charles Eldridge, who was shot through the knee joints; he was a very large, heavy man, and with our fasting and violent exercise of the day, we were but ill able to do it, or more than to sustain our own weight; but we had to submit. We with all the prisoners were taken out upon the parade, about two rods from the fort, and ordered to sit down immediately or they would put their bayonets into us. The battle was now ended. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, and since the hour of eight in the morning, what a scene of carnage, of anxiety, and of loss had we experienced.

The enemy now began to take care of their dead and wounded. They took off six of the outer doors of the barracks, and with four men at each door, they brought in one man at a time. There were twenty-four men thus employed for two hours, as fast as they could walk. They deposited them on the west side of the parade, in the fort, where it was the most comfortable place, and screened from the hot sun which was pouring down upon us, aggravating our wounds, and causing many to faint and die who might have lived with good care. By my side lay two most worthy and excellent officers, Captain Youngs Ledyard and Captain N. Moore, in the agonies of death. Their heads rested on my thighs as I sat or lay there.

They had their reason well and spoke. They asked for water. I could give them none, as I was to be thrust through if I got up. I asked the enemy, who were passing by us, to give us some water for my dying friends and for myself. As the well was near they granted this request. They effected what was threatened in the summons, sent by the flag in the morning, to Colonel Ledyard, "That those who were not killed by the musket should be by the sword," &c. But I must think they became tired of human butchery and so let us live.

They kept us on the ground, the garrison charged, till about two hours had been spent in taking care of their men, and then came and ordered every man of us that could walk to "rise up." Sentries were placed around with guns loaded and bayonets fixed, and orders given that every one who would not, in a moment, obey commands, should be shot dead or run through! I had to leave the two dying men who were resting on me, dropping their heads on the cold and hard ground, giving them one last and pitying look. Oh God, this was hard work. They both died that night. We marched down to the bank of the river so as to be ready to embark on board the British vessels. There were about thirty of us surrounded by sentries. Captain Bloomfield came and took down the names of the prisoners who were able to march down with us. Where I sat I had a fair view of their movements. They were setting fire to the buildings, and bringing the plunder and laying it down near us. The sun was about half an hour high. I can never forget the appearance of all about me. New London was in flames.

The inhabitants deserted their habitations to save life, which was more highly prized. Above and around us were our unbury'd dead and dying friends. None to appeal to for sustenance in our exhausted state but the maddened enemy—not allowed to move a step or make any resistance, but with loss of life—and sitting to see the property of our neighbors consumed by fire, or the spoils of a triumphing enemy! Now the boats had come for us who could go on board the fleet. The officer spoke with a doleful and menacing tone, "Come, you rebels, go on board." This was a consummation of all I had seen or endured through the day. They rowed us down to an armed sloop, commanded by one Captain Thomas, as they called him, a refugee tory, and he lay with his vessel within the fleet. As soon as we were on board they hurried us down into the hold of the sloop, where were their fires for cooking, and besides being very hot, it was filled with smoke. The hatchway was closed tight, so that we were near suffocated for want of air to breathe. We begged them to spare our lives, so they gave us some relief, by opening the hatchway and permitting us to come upon deck by two or three at a time, but not without sentries watching us with gun and bayonet. We were now extremely exhausted and faint for want of food, when, after being on board twenty-four hours, they gave us amass of *hogs' brain*—the hogs which they took on Groton Banks when they plundered there. After being on board Thomas's sloop nearly three days, with nothing to eat or drink that we could swallow, we began to feel as if a struggle must be made, in some way to prolong our existence, which, after all

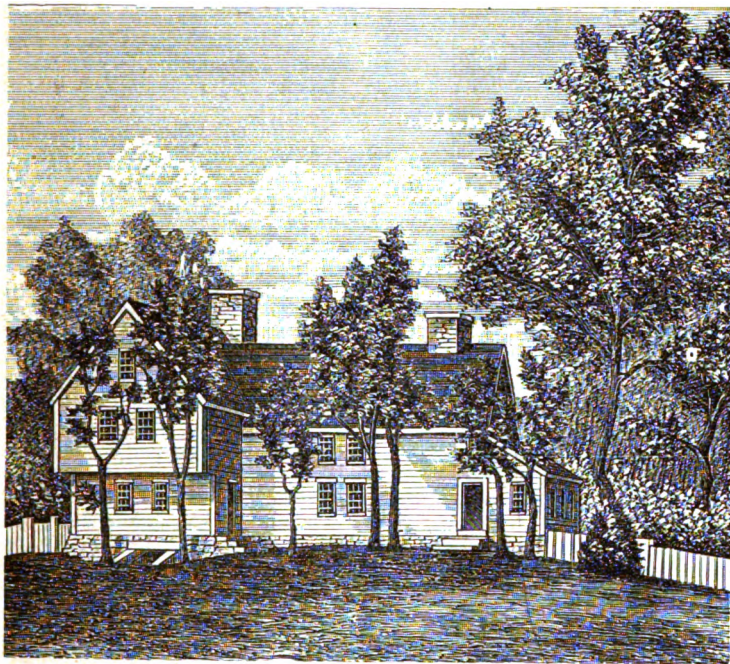


REFERENCES TO FORT GRISWOLD.

1. Magazine. 2. Sallee-Port. 3. A ditch leading to battery below. 4. Embrasure where Major Montgomery fell. 5. Barracks. 6. Well. 7, 8, 9. Points where the light companies of the 40th entered. 10. Guns that harassed the enemy. 11. Ravelin that covered the gate. F. A rock not cut away, which gives an entrance into the work. From E to F round the sides D, C and B the work is raised. On the curtain A to the angle F was a barbette battery. H is at the southeast corner. F is at the southwest corner.

our escapes, seemed still to be depending. In such a time we can know for a reality how strong is the love of life. In the room where we were confined were a great many weapons of war, and some of the prisoners whispered that we might make a prize of the sloop. This in some way was overheard, and got to the officer's ears, and now we were immediately put in a stronger place in the hold of the vessel; and they appeared so enraged that I was almost sure we would have a decisive fate, or suffer severely. Soon they commenced calling us, one by one, on deck. As I went up they seized me, tied my hands behind me with a strong rope-yarn, and drew it so tight that my shoulder bones cracked, and almost touched each other. Then a boat came from a fourteen gun brig, commanded by one Steele. Into this boat I was ordered to get, without the use of my hands, over the boat's bulwarks, which were all of three feet high, and then from these I had to fall, or throw myself into the boat. My distress of body and agitated feelings I cannot describe; and no relief could be anticipated, but only forbodings of a more severe fate. A prisoner with an enemy, an enraged and revengeful enemy, is a place where I pray my reader may never come. They made us all lie down under the seats on which the man sat to row, and so we were conveyed to the brig; going on board we were ordered to stand in one rank by the gunwale, and in front of us was placed a spar within about a foot of each man. Here we stood, with a sentry to each of us, having orders to shoot or bayonet us if we attempted to stir out of our place. All this time we had nothing to eat or drink, and it rained

and was very cold. We were detained in this position about two hours, when we had liberty to go about the main deck. Night approached, and we had no supper, nor anything to lie upon but the wet deck. We were on board this brig about four days, and then were removed on board a ship commanded by Captain Scott, who was very kind to the prisoners. He took me on to the quarter deck with him, and appeared to have the heart of a man. I should think he was about sixty years of age. I remained with him until I was exchanged. Captain Nathaniel Shaw came down to New York with the American flag, after me and four others, who were prisoners with me, and belonged to Fort Griswold, and who were brave and fine young men. General Mifflin went with the British flag to meet this American flag. I sailed with him about twenty miles. He asked me many questions, all of which I took caution how I answered, and gave him no information. I told him I was very



RESIDENCE OF JAMES AVERY, ERECTED BY HIS ANCESTORS EIGHT GENERATIONS BACK, 1656, AND IN A GOOD STATE OF PRESERVATION IN 1894. SINCE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

sorry that he should come to destroy so many, many brave men, burn their property, distress their families, and make such desolation. I did not think they could be said to be honorable in so doing. He said "we might thank our own countrymen for it." I told him I had no thanks for him. I then asked the General if I might ask him a few questions. "As many as you please." I asked him how many of the army who made the attack upon New London and Fort Griswold were missing. "As you, sir, are the commissary of the British army, I suppose you can tell". He replied, "that by the returns there were two hundred and twenty odd missing, but what had become of them he knew not." We advanced, and the flags met, and I was exchanged and permitted to return home. Here I close my narrative; for, as I was requested, I have given a particular and unexaggerated account of that which I saw with mine own eyes.

An Eagle in the Revolutionary War.

Eagles are not so scarce in this state as is generally believed, says the *Buffalo Express*. It is said that there are hundreds of the birds in the Highlands near West Point, but though the matter of "hundreds" may be doubted, the fact remains that there are many. Among these is one old fellow that lives on Turk's Head above Garrison. He dates from Revolutionary days, and still bears a scar made by a British bullet. John Donahoe, whose father and grandfather passed their lives at Garrison, has frequently seen him. His habit of flying sideways and the peculiar droop of his right wing make him an easily recognized object. This droop was caused by the shot of a British soldier, who while passing up the Hudson on a man-of-war, was ordered to shoot the eagle as it soared quite a distance aloft. The soldier's marksmanship was good, but it cost him his life. A band of patriots, hidden in the rocks saw the deed, and, as the ship lay well toward the shore, their volley killed the sharpshooter. The wounded eagle was cared for by the patriots.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[As sung by Major Covert with the Hutchinson's, a half century ago.]

He lay upon his dying bed;
His eye was growing dim,
And with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy?" the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will—
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured WARREN'S name:
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold—
But what is richer still—
I leave you, mark me, mark me now—
The sword of Bunker Hill;
I leave you, mark me, mark me now—
The sword of Bunker Hill."

"'T was on that dread immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A Captain raised this blade on me—
I tore it from his hand:
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened freedom's will—
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill."

"O, keep the sword!"—his accents broke—
A smile—and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains; the sword remains—
Its glory growing still—
And twenty millions bless the sire,
And sword of Bunker Hill;
And twenty millions bless the sire,
And sword of Bunker Hill.

The Spirit of '76.

BY JOHN H. RICH

Of the Minneapolis Central High School.

The Silver Medal Prize Essay of the Sons of the Revolution of Minnesota.

THE spirit of patriotism and self-denial which animated our forefathers and enabled them to endure so many hardships and trials in securing the liberty of the country and in making America "the land of the free and the home of the brave," will always have an interest and a charm to liberty-loving men. The spirit was drawn from the conviction, so deep-rooted and clearly expressed, that they were suffering for the cause of humanity, that their children and their children's children might live united and free in a land consecrated to freedom and to union.

It is the restless people who have moved the world along. If every one had been contented with his lot in life, or satisfied with the existing condition of affairs, no real progress would have been possible. Some one must "start things," and to do this he must be discontented with his prospects or surroundings; he must be indignant over oppression or injustice, and ambitious to elevate himself or his countrymen. Numbers of such men, upon being driven from England by acts of tyranny, sought America as the land where they could have liberty in all things. They brought with them the common law and municipal forms of England, which they adapted to the wants of their new home. But above all, they brought the spirit of English liberty, the animating principle and vital spirit of those laws and forms. They had left one home for it, and without it no place would have seemed to them like home. It was interwoven with all their thoughts, habits and feelings, and inseparable from their conception of duty to themselves, their children and their God. The hardy, independent life of pioneer settlers tended

to nourish their love of liberty, and their distance from the restraints and influences of government made them bold to think and act for themselves. The Virginia Charter of 1618, "the beginning of free government in America," was one of the first of these acts. This Charter was a great concession for those days, when no man was really free; and so, in 1624, the tyrant, King James, found opportunity to change the colony into a royal province. But the ideas of liberty which the Virginia charter contained lived, and eventually became the basis of the Constitution of the United States. Before the guardians of the old world bethought themselves of taking the new under their protection the spirit of liberty had penetrated every part of America. The first part of this protection was the Act of Navigation, closing their ports to every flag but that of England, forbidding the pursuit of commerce to native or naturalized subjects, and prohibiting the exportation of sugar, tobacco, cotton, wool and other articles produced in America to any nation but England. In spite of all this the colonies prospered; but, as new branches of industry were opened, stringent laws were made and enforced to control them in England's interest, until at last the Act of Navigation had wound itself around American enterprise in twenty-nine separate acts. The feelings with which these acts were regarded is not difficult to see. The colonists knew that open resistance was impossible and useless. Still, their obedience wore an air of remonstrance rather than of cheerful consent, and, although the right was generally undisputed, the exercise of it caused quarrels and heart-burnings which led to independence. Thus, the relation of England to America was merely that of business. The English ministers could not see that what they were treating as a matter of money, America regarded as one of principle. English ignorance of America led to many unjust and unwise laws, and was a second cause of the Revolution. England had no sympathy for America, and no appreciation for her efforts and success, for which the colonies yearned, except as a source of income to herself. She knew the colonies were of great extent, that they lay far beyond the sea, and produced many things which England wanted to sell. But they did not know that they were planted by men who prized freedom above all other things, and sought America as a land where they could worship God as they pleased. A third cause is found in the nature of the institutions, especially the municipal institutions, which the colonists brought with them in their English form. These institutions strengthened their belief in inalienable rights, which made independence inevitable.

At the time of the Revolution the defenders of America were the free sons of fathers so accustomed to freedom that they held life as of little value without it, and so trained by their municipal that even rebellion moved with order and precision. They were a new generation of Americans, and were just beginning to receive the benefit of their fathers' labors and sacrifices when they were told that they must ask England's advice at every step they took, grow strong that they might add to her strength, and grow rich that they might increase her wealth. Their traditions and experiences had made them alert to discover and quick to resist any peril to their liberties; and, although they loved their mother country, there was an instinctive rising of the colonial spirit against claims which they all regarded as unjust. There was a deep conviction that resistance was lawful and a duty. Patrick Henry's resolutions and the Declaration of Rights brought the ideas and convictions which as yet were somewhat indefinite into definite shape. Resistance became organized. It was a system thoughtfully devised and thoughtfully accepted. The Virginia Charter, the compact drawn up and signed in the cabin of the Mayflower by the Pilgrims, the Constitution of 1630, said to be the first constitution in the world, together with the forms of government gradually adopted by the several colonies, were important lessons in government and union. They knew the limitations, and could pledge their lives and fortunes against any encroachment upon their liberties. But it required the lesson of Indian massacres, the invasion of the armies of France from Canada, and the tyranny of the British to form the idea that liberty and union were one and inseparable. There were three classes of people in America—the agitators, the organizers and the fighters. The agitators, or those who prepared the minds of the people for the struggle, began their work long before Lexington or the Declaration of Independence were thought of. Nathaniel Bacon, John Culpepper and John Wise are but a few of the forerunners of freedom who have left their mark upon our colonial history, and to them much of that manly and outspoken desire to be self-supporting that led to the latter struggle for independence is due—a desire founded upon that noble utterance of Franklin, himself a great organizer, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." The farmer's shot at Lexington echoed around the world, and the spirit which it awakened could do and dare and die. Patrick Henry thundered forth in the Virginia convention, "Give me liberty or

give me death." James Otis spoke with trumpet tongue and fervent eloquence for united action. The agitators aroused the spirit of the fighters to the utmost, and the organizers drilled, equipped and made them into an army. The army that broke the ranks of the redcoats on the slope of Bunker Hill, that pursued their sad march through the Jerseys, that felt the cold blasts of the December winds at Trenton, and the keen teeth of cold and hunger on the bleak hillside of Valley Forge, always faithful to their country and confident of final success. The country's call for determined and resolute men was answered by such men as Washington, "the father of his country," and the greatest upholder of liberty in America; John Adams, the faithful statesman and patriot; John Hancock, the determined defender of liberty; Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence; Franklin, whose civil service went hand-in-hand with Washington's military service; Robert Morris, the moneyed man who pledged his fortune for the common cause, and, when that was gone, borrowed of others on his own credit; and Nathaniel Greene, who saved the South by his able generalship and crippled his own estate to clothe and feed his soldiers. There were many martyrs of the Revolution—civil martyrs, martyrs of the army and in domestic life. James Otis, generous and high-minded, from whose lips was first heard the watchword of the Revolution, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," Josiah Quincy, the faithful and clear-sighted patriot, and Samuel Ward, who died at the post of honor, faithful to the last, were civil martyrs. Joseph Warren, who, when he had refused the position of commander of the forces at Bunker Hill for the more dangerous one of a private soldier, said to those who remonstrated with him, "I know that I may fall, but where is the man who would not willingly die for his country?" Nathan Hale, who, when condemned to death by the British as a spy, said, "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country," and Isaac Hayne, who was the victim of a brutal attempt on the part of the English to retain by the threat of the halter what they could not by the sword, were martyrs of the army. The martyrs in domestic life were the men and women who worked earnestly in obscure fields; who, sacrificing and suffering much, drew upon themselves the vengeance of their country's enemies and sealed their devotion with their blood. Though money ran low and credit failed, and suffering and privation led to weakness and to loss, yet through it all the spirit of persevering patriotism swayed alike the men and women and the boys and girls on the Revolution. The indignation that led the Boston boys to protest to General Gage against the petty tyranny of his soldiers, who had trampled down their favorite slides, was the same spirit that animated their fathers to fight against British tyranny, even to the bitter end, and that brought at last that success that so many had prayed for, fought for and died for, through seven long years—years of defeat and loss and yet of hope and faith—with a glorious persistence. They conquered by perseverance, by refusing to draw the sword until the purpose for which they drew it was fully accomplished. They conquered by endurance, accepting with a wise submission the consequences of their acts, and by faith—faith in their cause and in the leaders as God's chosen instruments.

The American Revolution was but the attempt of one people to set bounds to the industry of another and appropriate its profits. It is one of the best and brightest chapters in the history of humanity—the protest of natural against hereditary rights, and the demonstration of a people's power to think justly, decide wisely and act firmly for themselves.

At a meeting of various patriotic societies in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in February last, to celebrate Washington's Birthday, a motion urging the claims of Massachusetts for the permanent possession of the old United States frigate Constitution, which was offered by Mrs. Nelson V. Titus, president of the Massachusetts State Society of the United States Daughters of 1812, was unanimously adopted. Congress some time ago appropriated the sum of \$8,000 for repairing the old ship, and work on her has been progressing at the navy yard in Portsmouth, N. H., where she lies. The Constitution, by permission of Secretary Long, is to be brought to Boston in October for an indefinite stay. On October 21, which is the anniversary of Perry's victory, the newly organized society, of which Mrs. Titus is president, is to hold a reception on board the ship. It was for this special purpose, and also that boys and girls attending the public schools, as well as older folk, may have a chance to inspect the Constitution, that permission was sought to bring her here from Portsmouth. It is felt by those actively interested in the matter that to Massachusetts belongs the right of permanent possession of the frigate, which was built in Massachusetts waters launched from the wharf in this city bearing her name and commanded and manned by Massachusetts men.

**Selections from the Diary of Deacon John Bradbury,
of York, Giving an Account of His Services
in the War for the Conquest of Can-
ada in the Year 1760.**

York February ye 20—1760.

then received Beating orders from his
Excellency governor pownall.
Went to Saco to enlist men.

- April 5 Received orders to march to worcester.
May 7 Received a Second Lieutenants Commission from
May 8 governor pownall by the hand of Nathaniel Spaw-
hake Esq. under Capt. Johnson moulton.
ye this Day Took my Departure from old york came
May 15 as far as hampton Lodged at mr. Levets.
1760
Sabbath 18 marched 14 miles went to Brakefast at mr. Os-
goods went to meeting Heard mr. Clark preach
from John ye 11c & 11v Dined at mr. pollards.
Marched to Concord heard mr. Bliss preach after-
noon from Job 7 & 21. Lodged at Capt. meros (?)
May 19 marched from concord Drank punch at Sudbury
Dined at malbury at Colonel Williams had for
Dinner p t & g marched as far as Shrewsbury
Lodged at a private house. Rained hard.
Sabbath E marched 6 miles; heard mr. Eaten preach from
Jeremiah the 16 & 12 forenoon. Dined at mr.
Flags. marched as far as Brookfield put up at
mr. Buckministers.
May 26 marched to Westown. Dind at Kingstown at mr.
Shaws; marched to palmer; put up to mr. Scoots
had good entertainment.
May 27 Brakefasted at Brimfield to mr. graves Drank
punch at mr Days at Springfield mountains.
Dined at mr parsons Arrived at Springfield at 4
oclock afternoon; put up at Mr Whites Lodged
and Brakefasted at the same place.
ye
June 1 marched 4 miles Drank punch at mr. Roberts;
marched as far as Nobletown without any pro-
vision from the King or taverns. Arrived at
Squire Ingersols at 7 oclock afternoon.
June 2 marched 6 miles Drank wine at the Stone house at
hoggaboos arrived at Kenderhooch [Kinder-
hook] at 1 oclock put up at the Commisarys and
Drew provisions for the men.
June 3 marched to green Bush arived hear at 4 oclock
afternoon Extreme hot weather put up at a Duch
house without victuals or Lodging or any con-
venience.
June 5 went over to Albany Drew provision and tents
marched a quarter of a mile above the city and
encampt. Rained the afternoon had a good nights
Lodging in a mud hole.
June 6 Still very Rainy weather and tent Leake and we
in an uncomfortable Situation and So Lik to con-
tinue as the weather is increasing.
Sabbath this Day went Down to the Commissary with a
party of men and Drew provisions—unsettled
weather as yet.
June 9 Capt. Jackson & Capt. wentworths Companies
were ordered to march to Crown Point.
June 11 went down to the Commisaries with a party of
men Took provision for 4 Days Received orders
to Draft 180 men out of 5 Companies for Waggon-
ers—taken with a pain in my head Went down in
the city Lodged at mr. Sawyers.
June 12 ordered to march still weak and poorly; imbar-
ked on board the Battoes Received 3 Letters from old
york. Set off from Albany at 9 oclock arived at
Colonel Seilers at one oclock and Dined there;
went 2 mile and incampd. Still weak and a bad
pain in my head. Lodged at a Duch house on a
little wad of straw.
June 13 Set off for half moon; arrived their at 12 oclock
pushed up 2 miles and incampt.
June 14 Set out for the Refts (?) arived at the half way
house at 12 oclock. Set out at 2 oclock arrived at
the Rafts at 6 oclock. Landed our provision and
Encampt.
Sabbath 15 Set off for fort Edward arived at Stillwater at 12
o'clock: took provision for 2 Days and Encampt
and went to bed very sick.
June 16 felt a little Better in the morning Struck our
Tents and set up for Saratoga; arived hear after
Sun set Rained and thundered very hard went
on Shore and pitched our Tents on the wet ground;
went to bed sick—had a good Nights Lodging.
June 19 arrived at fort Edward at 1 oclock unloaded our
Battoes and Encampt.

June 20 the Companys off to Lake george and Left me at
fort Edward in a very poor state of health. Like-
wise Samuel Bradbury carried to the hospital hav-
ing very badly cut himself. Also Joseph Main
Left in the hospital Joseph Baker Left to look
after them.

Sabbath 22 this Day I should have set out for the Lake but
being something worse was obliged to tarry Long-
er and was Bled; went over the River to see the
Sick or lame.

June 24 fair weather; wind at N West and I still sick went to
the Doctor and got some phisick; took it and felt
something Better.

June 27 Took a walk in a fine garden where I eat green pease
pleasant weather in the forenoon Rainy Afternoon
Joshua McLaws arived hear at night with a packet
for Lake george and is stationed hear ride post.

June 30 marched from fort Edward arived at the half way
brook at 12 oclock Dind with Coll Willard and
major Burke and other gentlemen; arived at fort
george at 5 oclock Went and viewed the Ruins of
fort William henry Drank wine with Capt. inger-
sol Drank Tea with Capt Stickney Lodged with
Lieut March & Lieut. Freeman.

July 2 marched one mile & half to the mill went on Board
the Battoes & arived at ticonderoga fort at 12
oclock Set off at 2 arived at Crown point at 7
oclock; marched up to the Camps and Saw my
friends, found all well except Lieut. Frost with
Let Richmon.

July 3 Took a walk Round the fort and found it to bee a very
Beautiful place invited out to Drink punch with a
number of gentlemen that received their Commis-
sions Drank Tea with Capt Chadbourn Thundered
& Rained very hard.

July 4 ordered at 9 oclock to set on a cort martial immediat-
ly attended accordingly and finished at 11 oclock .
went and Drank punch at a markee—a man carried
from the camp sick with the small pox—this day
3 indians came in to major Rogers came with a
french Scalp as they say Not Known where they
Belong. Crownpoint July ye 4—1760

this Day a Regimental Court Martial Set at the presedents
tent by order of John Thomas Colonel to Try Peter Jones of
Capt Martains Company confined by Capt Abial perce for Dam-
ing him and Denying his Duty when ordered by him and other
insolent language—the prisoner Pleads Ignorance of the Facts
Aledged against him by information of his officers the prisoner
is very apt to be Deprived of his Reason by the Smallest Quan-
tity of Spirits therefore it is the opinion of the Court that the
prisoner peter Jones Shall Receive fifty Stripes on his Naked
Back Capt Samuel Jenks President.

Members.—Lieut. Foster Lieut. Small Lieut. Sayward and
Lieut. Bradbury.

Sabbath 6 this day a sermon was to have been preached at
the head of ye 17 Regement But being very hot
the priest chose Rather to drink wine under a shed
one of the sutlers died with the small pox; went
down to the Commissary and took provision for 4
Days of Salt and 2 of fresh—one of the sutlers had
7 Barrels of spirits spilt for selling to the Regulars
another ordered out of the incampment. Samuel
Bradbury Died with the Small pox at fort Edward
the 7 of July.

Captains Names as they Stand in Camp—Captains Chad-
bourne, Heart, Jenks, Harris, Bailey, Butterfield, Moulton,
Martin, Jackson, Whitin, Fellows, Jeffeds, Pierce, West, Bar-
ron, Small, Dunbar, Wentworth, Williams.

July 8 this morning major Rogers had a Brush with the
french indians; had one man Kild, 6 wounded
and he pessued them is not returned. ye 9 instant
a soldier received 300 Lashes this Day.

July 11 a Soldier Received 50 Lashes for insolent Language
ordered on fatigue to work; another received 500
for inlisting twice— took a party of 40 men and
yoked them together and made oxen of them and
Drew timber into the Fort.

July 14 Drew 4 Days Salt & 3 fresh provision. 2 Sutlers Died
with the Small pox. a Regular Soldier put under
our guard for impudent talk and before they had
time to send him to their guard there came 20 of
the Regulars with their Clubs and Took the priso-
ner and ran away; our guard and picket all under
arms and Surrounded the Block house took 2 of
the mob and sent them to their own guard— 2 or 3
guns fired at them and one or 2 of them wounded
and the Camp all in Confusion; after a great Deal
of Difficulty got Regulated. Lieutenant John
Richmon confined to his tent soon after,

Connecticut Marking Historic Sites.

CONNECTICUT has started a noble work worthy of her fame. She has begun the work of marking all historic sites within her bounds and gathering information about them which promises to be very satisfactory. A committee of the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Society of Founders and Patriots, the Colonial Dames of America, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the New Haven Colony Historical Society, the Connecticut Historical Society and the Archaeological Society have organized as United Committees on Connecticut Historical Landmarks with Mr. Henry Baldwin of New Haven as chairman. It is the intention to gather everything which can be found in the way of a public memorial, building, library, monument, tablet and local names and to note every place or incident in history that could be marked upon the ground itself, in order that the passer-by may see and learn something of the acts of those who formed our institutions, and the great cost that liberty demanded in the erection of the American Union.

The work has not yet progressed very far for it is very onerous and must be very carefully done. A pamphlet has been issued which the committee regards only as tentative, but which in reality contains as much as most states regard final. It is surprising to find how many sites have been identified and how many more can be. Among them may be noted in New Haven that of the house of John Dixwell, the regicide judge whose grave back of Center Church has long been marked. He lived on the south east corner of College and Grove streets for years, known as James Davids. Also the Theophilus Eaton house on Elm street. Mr. Eaton was the first governor of the New Haven Colony and a founder. The Jones house, built in 1763, now occupies the site. Elbridge Gerry, signer of the Declaration and afterwards vice-president of United States lived on the south east corner of Temple and Wall streets. On the site of the Zunder school, 282 George street, was a residence of Gen. David Wooster who fell in the skirmish at Ridgefield. Gen. Arnold's early residence still stands at 155 Water street, a storehouse for lumber. Arnold built it in 1771 and left it in 1776. Noah Webster owned it from 1798 till 1812, living in it for ten years. At 261 George street is the site of the old Beecher house, in which Lyman Beecher was born. At 535 State street is the Pinto house, the first brick house built in New Haven. The material was imported and it was built in 1755. The Noah Webster house is at the north west corner of Temple and Grove streets and in it the great lexicographer died. Judge's Cave, where Goffe and Whalley lived while eluding their pursuers, is on West Rock: the first burial ground of the town is in and around Center Church; and at the corner of Center and Temple streets, of Union and Fair and of Court and State can be seen, planted as corner posts, the cannon taken from the British at the time of the invasion.

Hartford has the old Wadsworth elm tree and mansion, and many statues have been put up. The North Church stands on the site of the first house built in the town—the Talcott house. In Litchfield the Governor Wolcott house still stands well preserved, as also does the old law school. The French camp at Torrington has been identified. The Avery house at New London; the Webb house, the birthplace of the Yorktown campaign, still stands at Wethersfield; Governor Trumbull's house is at Lebanon and his old war office and the site of the French encampment. Fairfield county we notice has not been studied.

According to the New York *Sun* Mr. H. L. Reade of Jewett City is studying the old trees in the state. The elms furnish the most attractive group in point of historical interest. Some of the oldest elms in the state are at Stratford; a number there are known to be over two centuries old. The McClellan elms in South Woodstock were planted on June 17, 1795, by the grandmother of Gen. George B. McClellan. The elms of East Hartford were set out, with one or two exceptions, by the French troops under Rochambeau. Those in South Windsor were planted by British prisoners of war in revolutionary times. There are two monster elms in front of J. L. Judd's place in Litchfield which are shown to visitors as the Calhoun elms. They were set out by John C. Calhoun while he was a law student in Litchfield in 1805. Another at the corner of North and West streets in Litchfield, was the village whipping post in the old days. One of the largest in the state stands on the land of Miss McKinney of South Windsor. Its trunk is 30 feet in circumference. Southington has the Barnes elm. On the estate of Francis A. Stiles in the white oak district of Southbury is a gigantic weeping elm which seems to be right in its prime to-day and ready to branch out for the twentieth century. Six feet from the ground its trunk measures 21 1-2 feet around, and its branches spread out 110 feet. Hartford's famous Ledyard elm was

set out by John Ledyard, the traveller, in 1765. The elms at Norwich are unusually large and each of them casts a shade more than 100 feet in diameter. Two of them, at Norwich Town, were mentioned by Dr. Olliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The third is the Bean Hill elm written about by Whittier. This tree is known as the Gospel Elm, for under its broad shadow the famous old-time revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, used to hold his peculiar religious services. Under this tree, while lamenting the loss of his faithful wife "Peggy," who had recently died, he suddenly announced himself as ready and willing to put on the matrimonial yoke, adding: "If any woman present is willing to become the wife of Lorenzo Dow I will thank her to signify her willingness by rising." Whereupon Miss Lucy Dolbear, a prim Bean Hill spinster, arose and announced her willingness to take "Brother Lorenzo for better or for worse." "So be it," thundered Lorenzo Dow in reply; "the Lord's will be done." And they were married.

The most famous of the many New Haven elms stands at the corner of the Green, at Church and Chapel streets. It is the Franklin elm. Jerry Allen, a poet and pedagogue, brought it into that city on his back from near by Hampden Plains, and sold it to Thaddeus Beecher for a pint of Santa Cruz rum. It was planted on the day of Franklin's death, April 17, 1790. Its girth 2 feet from the ground is now 16 feet and its height is 80 feet. Most of the numerous New Haven elms were set out in a tree-planting fever between 1787 and 1796.

The Connecticut oak trees are famous. The Charter Oak in Hartford was old when the colonists arrived and the Glastonbury oaks, of about the same age, are now held to be over three hundred years old. The Poetry Oak of Pachaug stands in front of Pachaug meeting house. The tree was alluded to in the agricultural papers of the country half a century ago because of its enormous size. C. Edwards Lester, author of the "Glory and Shame of England," mused under its shade; George D. Prentice wrote his first poems beneath its shadow, and Galusha Grow passed many of the study hours of his youth under it. It has heard fifty-two sermons a year for 177 years, and political speeches from the settlement of this country down to the present day. One foot from the ground its trunk is 19 feet and 10 inches in circumference and its longest limbs extend each way 110 feet. On the farm of James B. Palmer of Lisbon is an immense black oak that measures around the trunk 1 foot from the ground 22 1-2 feet. This, Mr. Reade calculates, must be at least 500 years old. There is an immense willow on the lawn of Mrs. W. C. Noyes in Litchfield which was originally a riding switch and was stuck in the ground by her grandfather, Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, who was on Washington's staff during the Revolutionary War. Delos Hotchkiss of Cheshire has an apple tree 140 years old that has borne repeatedly 100 bushels of apples in a season. It has a girth of 14 1-2 feet. George D. Colburn of the same town has an apple tree that was planted in 1750 by Mrs. Samuel Strong, herself a centenarian. The original Seek-No-Further apple tree is still standing in Hebron. It was planted by Elisha Marvin.

Interesting Connecticut trees that have fallen to the dust recently include the Sentinel Pine in Griswold, which was 130 feet high and could be seen from twelve towns, and the Woodbridge Oak, which Prof. Abbott of New York and Oliver Wendell Holmes estimated to be 2,000 years old. This oak was a watch tower for the Indians and for Goffe and Whalley and Dixwell, and some of its wood has been made into chairs for the Quinipiac Club of New Haven.

Police Sergeant Hiner, of Trenton, N. J., recently stopped a procession of Slavs and Hungarians on their way to a picnic, and compelled the marshal to advance the American flag from the rear of the line to the place of honor in front. Soon after the procession started it was noticed that a large blue silk flag was carried just behind the band, while the Stars and Stripes were carried by a tall man at the rear of the line. The marshal was notified that the American flag should be put in front, but he paid no attention to the warning. Word was then sent to police headquarters and Sergeant Hiner stopped the parade and told the marshal that there would probably be trouble unless the positions of the two flags were reversed. There was a conference of the leaders of the society, and then the marshal ordered Old Glory to the front and the parade was continued. The marshal told the sergeant that he didn't know that it made any difference which flag was in front.

While excavating in the rear of the old courthouse in Kingston, N. Y., on Aug. 20, for the new extension that is being built, a workman unearthed a 10x12 bust of Gen. George Washington, carved out of sandstone of the same kind used in the old courthouse, erected in 1815.

Van Hogendorp.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS EXPLAIN THEMSELVES.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 24, 1897.

THEODORE M. BANTA, ESQ.

My Dear Sir:—In the year book (just received) I note in the latter part of the address of the Rev. Wm. Elliott Griffin DD. the following: "Accompanying Van Berckel was a young man, G. K. Van Hogendorp, who afterwards became so eminent in the history of the Netherlands by restoring commercial prosperity, and in securing, perpetuating and enlarging, under the nominal monarchy of the Kingdom of Holland, the ancient liberties of the Republic," etc.

In connection with this I beg leave to state that my great grandfather, Charles DeWitt, of Ulster county, was a member of the Continental Congress while in session at Annapolis, Md. I have before me his "copy book of letters, written while at Annapolis," dated 1784; from it I copy the inclosed letters of introduction, relative to Mr. Van Hogendorp. As many members of the Holland Society are also members of the society Sons of the American Revolution (of which I have the honor to be a member), I would suggest that you turn these letters over to the SPIRIT OF '76, as perhaps it would like to publish them for the information of those subscribers who are members of the Holland Society. Yours very truly,

SUTHERLAND DEWITT, 608 West Water St.

ANAPOLIS, April 3, 1784.

DEAR HOGENDORP:—Though I am not without hopes of seeing you in New York before you sail for Europe, yet it may not be amiss to trouble you with this. The conversation which we had together on the subject of commerce is unnecessary for me here to repeat. I would only inform you of my desire of a commercial connection with that country from which my ancestors emigrated, rather than with that of Great Britain.

I mentioned to you my object of attending to trade for a few years in order to introduce my son into the business. I would choose at first to enter into the commission business rather than to have the goods on my own account, provided I would be furnished with such a quantity as to carry on an extensive trade worth my attention and sons. I would propose to connect with another person of general acquaintance as well interest and fix down in New York, the exports you know, many of them will not answer in Holland. Some will, such as furs, etc. Rice, perhaps, may be procured from Carolina for such produce as will be taken in barter at New York. I wish to have such information from you as to make it a certainty if I should come or send to Holland to meet with no obstacles in the business. All kinds of goods from high to low prices will answer in New York as well as in any other part of the Continent. From the connection I have in the State of New York, it is in my power to gain every information that may be necessary. I have made free to trouble you on a business which I am convinced you will never enter into yourself. I have in the preceding part given my reasons for entering into a commercial connection with your country; If I should not see you before you sail for Holland, I wish to have a letter from you after your arrival there on this subject, that I may with certainty know how to conduct in the business. Dear Sir, Yours affectionately,

Mr. Gysbert Karell Van Hogendorp. CHARLES DEWITT.

ANAPOLIS, April 13, 1784.

MY DEAR SON GERRIT:—I never felt more happy at any place than I do this day here, by the receipt of a packet of letters from my dear family, which Mr. Eltinge has been so good as to convey in so direct a manner that they have been but about 14 days coming (from Kingston) from your remote northern clime, which is about 340 miles distant from this place. I have read them over and over and kissed everyone of them instead of the dear lips which have dropped the affectionate language contained therein. I have not a single doubt remaining with me of your exertions as a young man of business, I shall not say anything on that subject leaving it entirely to you and uncle with the advice of my other children to do as you please, and therefore this letter will be only calculated to give you a little information which may gratify your curiosity. Sometimes I write a long letter to one, sometimes to another of my children, which is only accident, for I consider all the letters I write as addressed to all, and tho' I love you, yet I would not have you flatter yourself that I love you best because this may the longest letter that goes from me at this time. I sent a packet of letters from Philadelphia when on my way to this place, which I trust you have by this time received. I wrote a History to my dear Anna which I suppose will afford you some amusement. I am now going to give you some account of this place from which I write. Anna-

polis is a small city beautifully situated on the Great Chesapeake Bay, which affords a most grand prospect and is a striking evidence of the greatness of its maker, there are many ordinary buildings, and some very elegant ones, the State House in which Congress sits, is the most superb it is thought in any of the United States, a place of little business, and it's thought will never much increase.

Baltimore is the flourishing town, and a very handsome situation. I am now going on another subject. When I was in New York one day, being invited by Col. Sears to dine, I was there introduced to Mr. Van Hogendorp, a young gentleman from Holland, but he is old in understanding, he is about your age. I saw no more of him till I came to Philadelphia, where he visited me more than once at my lodgings, and dined together at the Dutch ministers who is a relation of his. He seems to be fondly attached to me, and I confess I love the youth to a very great degree, as well as my beloved Dutch Minister, who treated me with more politeness than I could expect ever to meet with from such an exalted character. Mr. Van Hogendorp and I came in the same stage from Philadelphia to this place and in our travels he never seemed to be better satisfied than in my company, by which I at last considered him almost as a son of mine. He now goes to visit Gen. Washington, who lives about fifty miles from this place. When he returns his intention is to take a tour of the North River. I have at his request given him introductory letters for Esopus, Albany and Schenectady. I am satisfied you will be pleased with him, I beg you would when he arrives at your place wait on him in the most polite manner.

Your affectionate father, CHARLES DEWITT.

P. S. I shall write you on business when I have such material as I like, it is now 11 o'clock at night. Mr. Van Hogendorp tells me it will be about May when he goes up the North River. He is one of the first families in Holland and greatly respected in this place and Philadelphia. His letters from Europe are of the best, he showed me his letter to Gen. Washington from Mr. Franklin which recommended him highly.

ANAPOLIS, April 16, 1784.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to be acquainted with the bearer hereof, Mr. Van Hogendorp, a young gentleman from Holland whose letters have introduced him to the first characters in several of the states. He is just returned from Gen. Washington's, to whom he was recommended by Mr. Franklin. His design when he leaves this place is to take a tour of the North River, view your beloved northern climate, he is greatly inclined to have the fullest and clearest information of every part of the United States of America, you will find him very sensible and possessed of a general acquaintance of things. I hope you will not accuse me of flattery, that I have told him that I considered you a Gentleman of as much information as any that I am acquainted with, your goodness will make him happy, on every account I wish to have the pleasure of reading a letter from you by the first opportunity.

Your affectionate friend and Humble Servt,
Gen'l. Schuyler. CHARLES DEWITT.

Who is the Youngest Daughter?

It is said that a Mrs. Nancy A. Warren, aged 65 years is a daughter of Elisha Gifford, of Patterson, N. Y., who married May 21, 1830, Polly Washburn, of Carmel, N. Y., she being then 29 years and he 82 years of age. The issue of this marriage was four children—Nancy, Elisha (now a clergyman in Somerville, Mass.), Lodisco (recently deceased) and VanRensselaer (living in Northville, Minn.) Mr. Gifford died June 3, 1834, aged 86, the fourth child not then being born. His widow survived him about half a century, and drew a pension for many years, dying at the age of 78.

It is said that Mrs. Martha Jane Hollister, of East Hartford, Conn., is the youngest living child of a Revolutionary soldier. Her father was Othniel Brown, who was born in Sheffield, R. I., on April 20, 1759. He entered the army from his native state, but lived the greater part of his life at Stafford, Conn. When he was over seventy he married for the third time, and three children were born of this union. Martha Jane was born May 3, 1833. She is now Mrs. Hollister.

It is said also that Miss Eliza Sandford, eighty-one years of age, of Bloomfield, N. J., bears the proud distinction of being the only daughter of the American Revolution residing in the State of New Jersey. Miss Sandford is still enjoying good health and travels about daily. Her father, William Sandford, fought all through the war and returned with the rank of sergeant. He was born in 1752. He married twice, and among the children by his second wife was Eliza Sandford. Miss Sandford is a member of Nova Caesarea Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and other organizations. Among the relics of Revolutionary days Miss Sandford has three pieces of money bearing date of 1778.

THE LAST SURVIVORS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

JEREMIAH SPENCER.

Jeremiah Spencer, who died at Torrington, Conn., on the 22d of October, 1863, at the age of ninety-three years, had outlived so many "last survivors of the Massacre of Wyoming," that one might well hesitate to give him that title, but the years which have elapsed since his death have not brought to light the name of anyone surviving him who was in that terrible affair, and it is quite possible that he was the very last.

Wyoming was a beautiful district in Pennsylvania, consisting of a few small villages. The people were almost wholly engaged in agriculture, and all around was happiness, peace and plenty. When the war of the American Revolution was in progress, most of the able bodied men went to join the army, and were absent from their homes when, in July, 1778, a band of several hundred Tories and Indians entered the valley. The old men and boys armed for the defense, and the women and children fled for safety to a fort near the present site of Wilkes-Barre. About three hundred men sallied forth to meet the invaders, but were defeated, and, with the exception of a small number, were murdered with horrible cruelty. The fort was surrendered under promise of safety, but the savages could not be restrained, and awful carnage ensued. The whole Wyoming country was now ravaged, and was soon ablaze with burning dwellings, while the people fled for their lives through the wilderness.

Among the dwellers in the valley were James Spencer and his wife, Esther, who had removed to Wyoming from Connecticut in the winter of 1775-6, taking with them their children, James, aged 22; Levi, 20; Esther, 17; Abigail, 8, and Jeremiah, 5. There were two other children, Mary, about 14, and Aaron, about 11 years old, who remained in Connecticut with relatives.

The following summer, Mr. Spencer died, but his family remained in the valley until the time of the massacre, when James and Levi were killed. Mrs. Spencer escaped, as by a miracle, with Esther, Abigail, Jeremiah and another child, and made her way with them to Bolton, Conn.

In giving an account in 1860 of their experience, Mr. Jeremiah Spencer said that they lived about four and a half miles from the battle ground, and were in ignorance of the fate of their friends until midnight, when they were alarmed by the cry, "Run for your lives, the Indians are coming"! They lived half a mile from the river, to which they immediately fled, and with many others went down the Susquehanna in boats and on rafts to Harrisburg. There Esther was taken sick. This delayed them about two weeks, when they started east by land. They were two months on their way, Jeremiah's only clothing during the whole time being a shirt and pair of trousers. The next year, 1779, Esther married John Garrett, Jr., who also was one of the few who escaped from the Indians.

Jeremiah Spencer had three daughters, two of whom survived him, and at the time of his death he was residing with the youngest, who was unmarried, at Torrington, Conn.

JONAS GATES.

In the reply given by the Pension Commissioners at Washington, February 18, 1864, to the inquiry in regard to Revolutionary pensioners, was the statement that Jonas Gates was "on the St. Johnsbury, Vt., roll, at \$8 per month; papers mislaid." A month later, the pension agent at St. Johnsbury wrote: "Jonas Gates, the last Revolutionary pensioner in Vermont, died at his residence in Chelsea, this state, on the 14th of January last, aged ninety nine years, six months and eight days." As he died within a month after the act for one hundred dollars increase per annum went into effect, he probably did not receive any of the appropriation, and it is doubtful if any part of it helped to bury him.

JOHN PETTINGILL.

One of the twelve Revolutionary patriots to whom Congress gave an additional pension of one hundred dollars was John Pettingill, who died at Henderson, Jefferson County, N. Y., April 23, 1864, aged over ninety-seven years. The United States Pension Commissioner said of him that "he was but fourteen years old when he entered the service in Windham County, Conn., in 1780, and was engaged in coast guard duty and in assisting to erect forts at New London, Stamford and Horse Neck, on the Connecticut coast, and also at Throgg's Neck, New York. He served till the close of the war under Captain Dana. After the war he resided at Norwich, Conn.; Weathersfield, Vt.; Adams and Ellsburg, N. Y."

A newspaper published near Henderson, in noticing his death, said that Mr. Pettingill had lived in Henderson from its settlement. He was born in Windham, Conn., November 30,

1766, and was in New Jersey when the French fleet entered the Delaware, and at Yorktown the day after the surrender of Cornwallis. His name was on the Albany, N. Y., roll, at fifty dollars per annum, and as the pensions were paid March 4th and September 4th, he and seven others lived to receive some benefit from the "one hundred dollars increase." Just before his death he was fully conscious that his end was approaching. His son left his bedside at midnight, April 22d, and in the morning he was found lying in the same position, but his spirit had taken flight.

PETER BASHAW.

Peter Bashaw, born in Fauquier County, Va., died at White's Creek, Davidson County, Tenn., May 20, 1864, aged over one hundred and one years. Enlisting in 1780, he marched to Hillsboro', N. C., and there joined the army under General Morgan, and was one of the guard to the prisoners captured at the battle of Cowpens who were taken to Charlotte, N. C. Afterward he joined the forces at Richmond, Va., commanded by Lafayette, and soon marched to the siege of Yorktown. He was detailed with others to guard a portion of the prisoners who were sent to Winchester, Va. After the war he returned to Fauquier County, and in 1809 removed to Davidson County, Tenn.

JESSE CONVERSE.

At the time of his death in Woburn, Mass., July 17, 1864, Deacon Jesse Converse, a veteran of the Revolution, was, as he had been for ten years, the oldest man in his native town. Born at Woburn, February 9, 1765, he was the third of seven sons of Josiah and Hepzibah Converse. Within six years of his death, two younger brothers lived near him. The elder of the two, who was ninety-one, would, at reaping or binding rye, put many a man of half his years to thinking seriously whether he might not come out second best in a trial. The other brother, who was eighty-one, was also very smart. The Deacon himself was hale, bright and hearty. One of his older brothers was at the taking of Burgoyne.

H. Clay Evans, U. S. Commissioner of Pensions, has prepared for his annual report a list of the names of surviving widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers on the pension rolls on June 30, and the name of the soldier and place of service. The surviving widows of Revolutionary soldiers receive \$12 a month under a general act, while the daughters receive a sum stipulated by an individual act passed by Congress for each one.

Lovey Aldrich of Los Angeles, Cal., aged 97, widow of Caleb Aldrich, who served in New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

Hannah Newell Barrett, aged 97, daughter of Noah Hanod, who lives in Boston. Her father fought for the colonies in Massachusetts.

Juliette Betts, aged 91, of Norwalk, Conn., daughter of Hezekiah Betts, whose service was in Connecticut.

Susannah Chadwick, 82 years, of Emporium, Pa., daughter of Elihu Chadwick of New Jersey.

Nancy Cloud, of Clum, Va., widow of William Cloud, who fought in his native state.

Esther S. Damon, 83 years, of Plymouth Union, Mass, widow of Noah Damon of the same state.

Sarah C. Hurlburt, 79 years, of Little Marsh, Pa., daughter of Elijah Weeks of Massachusetts.

Nancy Jones, 83 years, of Jonesboro, Tenn., widow of James Darling of North Carolina.

Hannah Lyons of Marblehead, Mass., daughter of John Russell of the same state.

Rebecca Mayo, 84 years, of Newborn, Va., widow of Stephen Mayo of Virginia.

Eliza Sandford of Bloomfield, N. J., daughter of William Shudford of the United States.

Ann M. Slaughter, 87 years, of The Plains, Va., daughter of Philip Slaughter of Virginia.

Mary Snead, 81 years, of Parksley, Va., widow of Bowdern Snead of Virginia.

Rhoda Augusta Thompson, 76 years, of Woodbury, Conn., daughter of Thaddeus Thompson of New York State.

Augusta Tuller of Bridgeport, Conn., daughter of E. Isaac Way of Connecticut.

Nancy A. Weatherman, aged 87, of Elk Mills, Tenn. widow of Robert Glasscock of Virginia.

THE STORY OF A TITLED MARRIAGE IN COLONIAL DAYS.

IN the year 1768 a worthy sea-captain from the town of Stratford, Conn., reached the end of his voyage at a West Indian port. Having matters of business before him requiring time, he found himself lodgings in the town. At the same house a young Scotchman, named Stirling, lay ill and discouraged. He had come to look after property belonging to his mother, Lady Stirling, wife of Sir John of Stirling Castle, Edinburgh. He had been well supplied with funds, and it was understood that all letters requesting more, to prevent fraud, should be signed with a secret mark. In writing, he had omitted to observe this detail, consequently he had received no answer.

The good captain generously offered him a passage to Stratford, where a better opportunity might be afforded to communicate with his friends. He accepted; and before long the good ship weighed anchor, pointed northward, and reached the colony in safety. Here, while awaiting news from home, he made the best of the situation; and as John Stirling, offered his services to the good people of the town—for he was well educated—as a schoolmaster.

They availed themselves of what they considered a good opportunity, and many children and young people attended the young nobleman's classes.

Among the pupils that came was Gloriana Folsom, the daughter of Samuel Folsom, farmer and blacksmith, now in her eighteenth year. She was the acknowledged belle of the village, and her beauty and character in time won the heart of the young exile. The attachment culminated in marriage, which took place in 1772. After the birth of their first child, Mary, a young minister, about to depart for Scotland to be ordained, prevailed upon young Stirling to allow him to seek out his parents in the old country, and for the purpose of identification took with him some of the articles given him by his mother when he left home. The young man found the Stirling family without difficulty. The mother was in deep mourning for her only son, long given up as dead; for Lord Stirling had received word from the West Indies that his son had been very sick and then had disappeared.

Their joy at seeing the proofs of his well being was so great that they requested him to return at once by the first vessel sailing, without waiting to prepare for the removal of his family. The young man was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing his parents again, and left his wife, promising to send for her as soon as possible. Meanwhile, another child came, which was called Jane, and provision for the wife's departure was somehow delayed. The gossips were not idle, and probably it did look ominous, but the husband was faithful; the ship came at last, bringing beautiful clothing for the wife, a maid to attend her and the children, and a welcome summons to embark at once. Soon the loving couple were reunited, the young lord succeeded in time to his father's title and estates, and the one-time Miss Folsom of Stratford became Lady Stirling of Scotland. Her life was a happy and honored one. Lord and Lady Stirling were blessed with many children, eighteen in all, and sixteen at one time accompanied them to the parish church. It needs only to be added that of these children, two daughters married ministers, and two others merchants; four of the sons were in the military service—two in the army, two in the navy. One other was a minister. Sir Samuel (doubtless named from his mother's father) inherited his father's estates, but lost them, and afterward lived in France. So ends the old tale cheerfully.

[NOTE].—Lady Stirling's brother, the Rev. John Folsom of Glens Falls, N. Y., died 1839. His son Alexander, a nephew of Lady Stirling, was living at the advanced age of seventy-four, a successful merchant, in Bay City, Mich., in 1881.

The material for this sketch was taken from the "Folsom Genealogy," gathered and published by the Rev. Jacob Chapman of Exeter, N. H.

JOSEPH FULFORD FOLSOM.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt recently addressed the Ohio Naval Militia in which he said: "I read in the papers this morning that Japan does not propose to allow us to annex Hawaii. The United States is not in a position which requires her to ask Japan or any other foreign power what territory she shall or shall not acquire. It is upon you, gentlemen, and upon organizations of your kind that this nation depends to uphold her dignity in whatever misunderstandings we may have with foreign nations. We are naturally a peace-loving people, and it is absolutely necessary to have, in addition to our regular navy, however efficient its officers and men may be—and they are efficient—such organizations as yours as a nucleus around which to build a reserve force to our navy, which, in a case of war, would be of some service in twenty-four hours and of great service within two weeks."

The First City Troop of Philadelphia.

Soon after the first meeting of the first Congress, twenty-eight gentlemen met in the hall of the Carpenters' Company, Philadelphia, and organized a Troop of Cavalry, which was the first company to volunteer for protecting the rights of the people against the oppression of the British Ministry. It was armed and equipped at the expense of the members, who chose their own officers. This was November 17, 1774. The following summer, Captain Abraham Markoe devised a standard for the Company, in which, for the first time in any flag, appeared the thirteen stripes. This highly prized relic is carefully preserved, a fac simile being carried to the present day. When General Washington set out to take command of the army at Cambridge, Mass., the Troop escorted him as far as Kingsbridge, N. Y.

The Troop served with honor during the War of the Revolution. Details from its number were often sent as escorts with money or dispatches to the Army at various points, and it was particularly distinguished in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, being entrusted with duties of marked danger by the Commander-in-Chief. When the campaign was over, they were discharged from service, receiving a letter of thanks from Washington for the essential services they had rendered to himself personally, as well as to the country, and for the noble example of discipline and subordination which they, though gentlemen of fortune, had shown. During the entire war the men served as volunteers in the fullest sense, and were not bound by any fixed enlistment. They were in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, camped at Valley Forge, were employed in various services under orders of Congress and the State authorities, were again at Trenton by Washington's request, and till the end of the war were in active service in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Besides their services as soldiers, they subscribed £77,500 to a bank founded in June, 1780, for furnishing provisions for the armies of the United States. They acted as escort to General Washington on his way to New York to be inaugurated President, and went with him in 1794 to suppress the whisky insurrection in the Western counties of Pennsylvania.

For more than one hundred years a troop of Philadelphia Cavalry has been maintained with the name of the First Troop, which has rendered service in each war, which has graced by its presence most of the notable social events of the city, and taken part in many great official functions of the country.

Colonel Samuel Drake, of Peekskill.

Col. Samuel Drake of Peekskill, during the War of the Revolution, commanded the 8d, or manor of Cortlandt, Regiment. His commission dated September 25, 1775, and issued by the Provincial Congress, is now in possession of one of his descendants, John N. Drake, attorney and counsellor-at-law, Brockport, N. Y. He was married three times, and had fifteen children. Two of his wives are buried at Van Cortlandtville cemetery, and stones mark their graves. Mr. Drake was a farmer, storekeeper and miller. After the war he removed to Cayuga County, N. Y., where he died. At the close of the war he made an inventory of his financial losses and endorsed the paper, which is now in existence and in a good state of preservation. "The account of my losses." The inventory is as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

Saml Drak Loss in the Laist war, By the Britisher army,	
1776 in the retreat oute of N york in cash & clothen....	£ 100:0:0
1777 when peekskill Burnt in rum, Brandy, Shugar, Candels & Sope.....	£ 800:0:0
when fort megomery taken flower out of the mill & foredg wheat in the Shefe Hors Shepe & hogs &c yder judged to be.....	£ 250:0:0
1779 when Van plank pint & Stone pint taken flower 1 hors, Shepe & hogs & foredg.....	£ 150:0:0
4 horses taken @ 25 poun	£ 100:0:0
Lost by flower & pork sold to our comesery which was Security when sold for 5 Shilin in the pound..	£1800:0:0
the mills & farm at peekskill worth £3000 Sold by judgment for	£1500
the farm at Sing Sing cost	1746:0:0
Sold by judgment.....	900
Sing Sing the mill & farm cost.....	£1200:0:0
Sold for by judgment.....	800:0:0
the Seventy five ackers cost Below Talors.....	£370:0:0
Sold by judgment for.. ..	220:17:0
the 500 ackers in the mountain cost	200:0:0
Sold by judgment for.....	58:0:0

£5730:7:0

this is Valued a graith Deal below What it cost me be Sid I cant tell how much I Lost by the Depression of the Contenalal money.

FRANKLIN COUCH in the *Highland Democrat*.

Department of American History.

EDITED BY

Henry Baldwin, Founder Library Americana.

The Library Americana.



WE are very apt to think of a library as a great collection of books arranged on shelves, catalogued, parcelled off under various headings and so placed as to be convenient of access that the reader may find little or no trouble in laying his hand upon that which he is after, and readily ascertaining the solution of the difficulty that may be in his mind. The Library Americana hardly aims at any such thing. The field for the Library Americana is strictly confined to the American continent, and the islands which are prop-

perly a part thereof, and it goes elsewhere beyond those lines only to follow the citizens of America, or to collect from abroad those things that may occur beyond that eminently concern us here. In the Library Americana there is not that desirability for the gathering of books that there is in the building up of a great public library, which seem to be valued in the esteem of the public in proportion to the number of volumes it has collected. Books are valuable because of the real truth that they contain within their covers: some books have been written that practically contain no truth, but, books massed upon the shelves of a great library are a heavy weight to carry, and much that is good is of no use while lying thus undisturbed. There is a latent, dormant energy stored up here, it might be extracted, and "sent about the land, doing good." The real truth and the whole volume of truth given to the public must benefit the nation, and be for the raising up of a people that will be a blessing to the human race.

The Library Americana wants and must have books, and a great many of them, but the purpose is not the collation of volumes, but rather the gathering of facts, the real absolute unvarnished facts, stripped of all their embellishments of every sort. We have been able to find many statements; we have secured many pretty stories and sayings; we have been told of great exploits, and wonderful achievements; but the gathering of absolute facts that can be substantiated and verified has been a thing of the greatest difficulty. Facts—facts respecting the geography of the land. Facts regarding the people who compose the population of the country, their habits, their thoughts, their ancestry, and their hopes and prospects. Facts relating to the early organization of the country, the establishment of the government, the motives of the founders, and the aims and purposes toward which all these things are tending. Facts respecting individual lives, the humble and the honorable, the men and the women of the times, the value of their work to the country, the world and toward each other. Facts as to the actual growth of the country, the influence of its peculiar institutions and the contrasts when compared with the nations of the past and those which may exist under different conditions. There is not a reliable fact, a name, a date that can be verified that is not of positive value to preserve no matter how small or apparently insignificant. It is preeminently these things that the Library Americana has been established to gather. What we have been able to get since 1891, when our gathering began, remains to be proven. We have to-day in hand a mass of material that I presume could not be duplicated, and, I question if there exists any similar collection any where in the world. The collection is by no means complete, nor will it ever be. We wish, however, to make our collection as full and as complete as possible, and we ask the assistance and the co-operation of every one who may be interested. There is a firm belief in the mind of the writer that there exists in this land somewhere a means for verifying almost every important historical statement that is truthful, but there appears to be the greatest difficulty of finding and being able to use this material which is of such value.

Almost every family has stored away in out of the way places, collections of old papers and family letters, and perhaps other documents each one of which may be the means of establishing a single fact, and verify a statement that perhaps has been accepted or doubted. The Library Americana would be a proper place to deposit all such material, and these united with others from different parts of the land placed side by side, will show and make plain much that is perhaps little appreciated now, and place the truthful statement in a new light. We aim to make a large gathering of old letters, old deeds, old political papers, handbills, pamphlets and documents, to place them in volumes convenient for reference, with index as to writer, subject and the items or statements that are thereby verified. Most of such material is now lying rotting away in garrets, closets and poke-holes, doing no good to its owner or to any one else; it might perhaps be of the greatest profit to the country because it makes some one point of our history a positive fact and verifies the statement of one that may have been questioned by students for many years. We have referred so far to history, for it is easier to do so, but the same demand for facts and verification of facts is needed as respects almost anything that may be said respecting anything that may be open to question, and this is true in respect to places, persons and every day events. Some material has been already gathered, but that which remains in the hands of those who keep it stowed away is that which we ought to have so that which we now possess shall be made of real practical value to the country and to the people of the land. Who is willing to get down the old stock of crumbling papers and send on something for the file of the Library Americana?

The books that have been collected for the Library Americana consist of something over six hundred bound volumes exclusive of the Scrap books, and manuscripts, and many thousand pamphlets and newspapers. All these are now deposited in the fire-proof building of the New Haven Colony Historical Society, and occupy two large alcoves. These books and other material have been collected from donations only, for there has been no money appropriated or contributed at any time for the support or the maintenance of the work committed to my hands. There has been at no time any special effort toward the enlargement of the work, or advertising the same, but the donations have come from time to time, and they have been acknowledged as they have been received. This has been accomplished since February, 1891, when my appointment was made as "Custodian of American History" at a convention of Patriotic organizations at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in the city of Chicago. The appointment named an office and under their authority an officer. The title was conferred without anything but the honor of the office to sustain it or the work given into that officers hands to execute. In the creation of the Library Americana the Chicago convention made proviso that perhaps ought to be noted at this point:

1. Their officer was appointed to "verify ALL the FACTS of American History."

2. He should collect a "Library Americana" that should be the property of Patriotic Organizations of the United States, and held for the benefit of the people of the United States."

3. The Library Americana to be deposited and maintained at the City of Washington whenever proper provision can be provided for it there.

This work has required time, and sometimes the work has been exceedingly heavy. To gather and arrange "facts" not only as to the history of the days that have been, but at the same time to preserve the FACTS of the current history as it goes day by day has been often from ten to fifteen hours of continuous labor at the desk. The time has been given and the result is a slip collection in closed drawers, arranged as a Dictionary Catalogue, and partially under the day of the month in a second series. This collection I have at my own house and I consult in and add to it every day of my life. Already it has served well, and proved its usefulness.

One pair of hands and one head working steadily upon one thought, and in one direction, sometimes gets tired. These hands and this head have gotten together enough to give employment to many other hands and brains, and when the support is provided for the laborers will be set to work. Personally I want nothing, but this Library Americana is to be a great benefit to the whole continent and especially to the people of the United States and the demand for a financial backing is with this paper placed before the readers of "THE SPIRIT OF '76."

HENRY BALDWIN,

Custodian of American History.

260 Crown St., New Haven, Conn., August 21, 1897,

CORRESPONDENCE.

Location of the Prison Ships.

THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Sir:—The wide-spread interest which has arisen since the Monument to the Martyrs of the Revolutionary Prison Ships has become the object of the hopes and aims of patriotic DAUGHTERS throughout the country, has brought to me a great number of inquiries as to the exact location of the prison ships, especially the old *Jersey*, and also whether portions of the ship cannot be obtained as relics. I have applied to the best, perhaps the only, authority on the subject, Commander Edward Hooker, U.S.N., whose acquaintance with the subject and unsurpassed reputation as an antiquary make his word final. Believing his letter in answer will prove of interest to many readers, I take pleasure in sending a copy to you for publication.

I am very sincerely yours,

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

Regent Fort Greene Chapter, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

My Dear Mrs. Earle:

Your letter of inquiry came to hand by the last delivery this evening. I do not think it possible to obtain any wood from any of those old ships. I was, some years ago, for several years—while attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard—the Secretary of the Naval Museum, and I became very well informed upon what was in the Museum, and I have no recollection of ever having seen or heard of any wood from any of the old ships being preserved in that Museum, and I am quite sure that it would not be in any other than the old Naval Museum here.

The *Jersey* chanced to sink in Wallabout Bay in a position which made her hulk available for the outer end of a wharf. She was filled with stone and a causeway built out to her and thus she became the first wharf at the Navy Yard. Her timbers above the water line, of course, rotted away and became dust long ago, but the part below water would be preserved, and is undoubtedly still in existence deep down below the present level of the Yard.

At first the sides of the ship formed the end of the wharf, then a "crib" was built outside of her and filled in, and now a stone key wall has been built still further out and forms the face of the dock. As the timbers rotted away, too, the earth has been filled in, until whatever remains there are must be deep down below the surface of the ground and below the water level.

The other ships remained for many years sunk in the marsh which was then a large part of the Yard. Finally, the old hulks were set on fire by boys and burned down to the water level.

The part remaining below the water would undoubtedly be preserved, and if it could be found would probably be as sound to-day as when the ships first sank, but the entire marsh has been filled in and the remains covered over many feet deep, and it would be utterly impossible now to form any conjecture of their position—we can only say that probably, somewhere below the solid ground of the present Navy Yard the bottoms of the old ships are now lying, preserved by the water, and that the old timbers will be so preserved for centuries.

The *Jersey* is the only one of whose location any idea can be formed, and in her case only because she was built into the wharf.

Even if the bulk should be found, it would be almost impossible to recover any portion of it without more digging than would be permitted, and any small pieces got out would be gobbled up by Washington hands, without doubt, so that I think it would be impossible to get any of the timber even if found, and I think the probability of any of it ever seeing daylight is very small.

Several attempts have been made to have a plate put on the corner of the ship-house where the old ship lies—but even this has not been accomplished. And now the ship-house itself is doomed, and soon there will be nothing to mark the place of that first wharf, made by filling the old ship with stones.

When I first made an investigation, nearly thirty years ago, I wrote out the whole story, intending to have it placed in the Museum, but instead it was sent to Washington. Perhaps some future day may bring it to light there. I did not keep any notes, but deposited them all in that old Museum, and they were all sent to Washington. I suppose, so I have only remembrances to go by, and they will soon be gone. Almost everyone—perhaps everyone—associated with me in the search, and everyone from whom I obtained personal information, has gone, and I am alone in my recollections of the inquiry, and in a little while I will be gone with the others.

If I could sit down with you, I could probably tell you the story in a much more effective way than I can write it, and especially when you remember that my eyes are so dim that I can scarcely see what I am writing here.

I have somewhere, I believe, a copy of the appeal made by the prisoners upon the *Jersey* to their countrymen—it is a long time since I have seen it, but it made a deep impression upon me when I first saw it.

The Society of Old Brooklynites have what they claim to be a good picture of the *Jersey*. I have—some years ago—been promised a copy of it, but have never received one.

Regretting that I cannot do more for you, and with many pleasant greetings, I have the honor to be

Yours very respectfully,

239 Gates Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDWARD HOOKER.

An Old Family Letter.

THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Sir:—Since writing to you, January 12th, I have been looking over some old letters in my garret, and find quite a number of old family letters, from A. D. 1725, down to A. D. 1806, which tell of many incidents of Provincial times, also others written by military officers of the Province.

I find an old family letter, which is in accord with the title of your periodical, viz. THE SPIRIT OF '76, which I have copied, and herein enclose to you, and will ask a somewhat similar question to the one you asked in your December number. "Can anyone show a more loyal one in accord with your title?"

The writer of it, Edward Shippen, of Lancaster, Pa., was seventy-two years of age at the time, and his son, Joseph, was Secretary of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, at the same time.

In another letter by the same writer to his son, dated "July 13, 1776," in writing about his clerks going away with Colonel Ross, I find these words, "I desired you to look out for a steady, sober man (though I expect not one under fifty, unless unfit to go to war by lameness, etc.) whom you can recommend, but before you engage with him, know his terms for two or three months (as by the blessing of God) I hope to have my clerks back again in that time, bringing the glorious news of ye defeat of our murdering enemies."

MEADVILLE, Pa.

E. W. SHIPPEN.

LANCASTER, July 2, 1775, 5 o'clock P. M.

Dear Son:—I just now received your letter, replete with tidings of Great Joy. God's Holy Name be praised for giving Such Success to an innocent people, fighting in their own defense against a set of men waging an unnatural war against them and all the Continent, by the instigation of that Great Murderer (a Butcher is too Christian an epithet) Lord North. That Great Parricide. Poor Whitefield used to call such men half Beast and half devil, but I don't wrong that bloodthirsty Monster when I call him a whole Devil!

I am much pleased to hear of General Washington's consent to go to New England, especially as he was solicited to it by the Massachusetts Provincial Convention to be Commander of their Troops. May God prosper This, and their Godly undertakings. The great General Howe has done his possible in order to Strike those Gallant people dead at one Shot; But alas, how has he failed! Now Gage's dernier resort is, to send out that Great, Mighty and Invincible dancing General Burgoyne, with his four thousand men, and Two troops of horse; but I hope that six or eight hundred of the riflemen now raising for that expedition will be a match, and more, for his horse; and if the Provincials shall give the Regulars such another drubbing, the Ministry may be very glad to make Peace with us on ye Terms proposing by our Most Honourable Continental Congress. A Company of sixty or eighty riflemen from York County passed through this Borough just now, on their way (via Reading) to Cambridge, and to-morrow or next day a Company from Upper Paxton is to march via Reading also. Mr. Yeates hears that Neddy Burd is raising a Company of hunters also: I believe his Parents know nothing of the matter yet: if the report be true, he cannot in honour retract. He is to be here in a day or two. If he goes, I fancy that Jessie Ewing (now about two and twenty) will act for him till please God he returns again. Mr. Robt. Strettel Jones and his wife lodged at Mr. Yeates'. Your Mammy, who is still much affected with Rheumatism, & Miss Patty, present their kind love with mine to yourself, Jenny & the children.

I am, Dear Son,

Your affectionate and Loving Father,

EDWARD SHIPPEN.

P. S.—Some say that Neddy Burd is to be only Lieutenant, but others think that he is to be a Captain.

E. S.

* BY MR. SLOUGH.

JOSEPH SHIPPEN, Esqr.

In writing the foregoing copy, I have used the same orthography, or style of letters which I find in the original. The word "dancing" being interlined in the original.

Mr. Yeates, above mentioned, was grand-son-in-law of Edward Shippen.

Neddy Burd was Edward Shippen's grandson, and son of Col. James Burd, of Provincial and Revolutionary Armies.

Mr. Yeates was at that time a prominent lawyer of Lancaster, Pa., and afterward a Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, 1791 to 1817.

E. W. S.

Sons of Revolutionary Soldiers in the War of the Rebellion.

THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Sir:—Replying to the claim of Compatriot Van Rensselaer Gifford, of the Minnesota Society, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, that he is probably the only son of a Revolutionary soldier who fought in the late war of the Rebellion, I wish to say, that two of the sons of Lieut. Col. Richard Clough Anderson, 3d Va. Continental Line, were officers on the loyal side of the Rebellion contest. To-wit: Genl. Robert Anderson of Sumter fame and Col. Charles Anderson 83d Ohio Volunteer Infantry, subsequently Governor of Ohio. On the Confederate side we have the well known instance of one Robert E. Lee.

THOMAS M. ANDERSON.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, May 2, 1897.

[The names of two other sons of soldiers of the Revolution who served in the Civil War have come to THE SPIRIT OF '76 in letters, which lack of space prevents our publishing this month. One is Dr. Timothy Newell, of Providence, R. I., Surgeon of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry; the other, Colonel Ferris Forman, of Stockton, Cal., who was placed in command of a regiment at the breaking out of the war, but being assigned to duty on the Pacific coast, resigned at the end of two years.]

Longest Term of Office.

THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Sir:—Could you inform me through the columns of your valuable magazine of the longest term of office enjoyed by a President of any of the various Societies, SONS OF THE REVOLUTION OR SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION?

I believe Mr. E. S. Barrett of the Massachusetts Society, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, who has just been elected President for another term, the eighth, must be very near the top of the list.

Mr. Barrett must be very popular, and this recent election must have been absolutely forced upon him, as he at the last annual meeting of the State Society had made the statement that he should not again seek a re-election.

I think such a list will be of interest to the members of both Societies throughout the country.

DANVERS, MASS.

EBEN PUTNAM.

Mrs. Lovey Aldrich, one of the seven widows of Revolutionary soldiers who fought in the war of 1776, died at the home of her son, E. C. Aldrich, in San Diego, Cal., recently. Mrs. Aldrich was born in Sanbornton, N. H., on March 20, 1800, and was in her ninety-eighth year at the time of her death.

Benjamin Lentz, a widely-known farmer of Fairview Summit, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, and a son of Christopher Lentz, a revolutionary soldier under General Wayne, who had a narrow escape from being massacred on September 20, 1777, died Aug. 9th in his eighty-sixth year.

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SEPTEMBER, 1897.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Magazine has been officially voted as the organ of several of the patriotic Societies, including the **MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WARS, UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812 and FOUNDERS KIN.**

Those who are delinquent in renewing their subscriptions are liable to miss numbers. It often happens that a great demand will be made for a certain issue, as was the case with that for July, of which only one copy remains, and for which various back numbers will be exchanged.

WE have rounded out to completion the first century of our national history, so far removing and overcoming every difficulty. We have realized that a government of, for, and by the people can endure. Growth or decay is a condition of life. That free institutions may continue, that growth and progress to higher and nobler conditions may continue these societies which THE SPIRIT OF '76 represents have come into existence and have commanded the earnest support of our best citizens.

Chang Yen Hoon, the eminent statesman and literateur of China, late special ambassador to the Victorian Diamond Jubilee, when asked by the writer what the leading men of China thought of American Institutions, responded, "From the standpoint of our own four thousand years of history we look upon your one hundred years as but a mere experiment." The men and women of '76 did their full part, but that the "experiment" shall be an assured success requires that we, the men and women of to-day, shall prove ourselves worthy sons of noble sires. There must be in our organizations something higher, something nobler than this Chinese spirit of ancestor worship. What those who have gone before have done should be but a stimulant to incite us to as much greater work as our opportunities exceed theirs. If they, with their limited educational opportunities, small population, limited territory could give to the world that second assertion of the "higher law," the Declaration of Independence, and accomplished what stands to their eternal credit, what should we not be able to do in this age of universities and public schools—this age of steam and electricity? Do you know that more money has been given to the cause of education in the United States in the last thirty years than had been given by all the world to this cause previous thereto? It is a great responsibility to have had a worthy result-accomplishing ancestry. That we of to-day may by our works prove ourselves worthy of those who have gone before will be the impelling motive controlling the present editorial management of THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Library Americana.

ELSEWHERE will be found the first of a series of articles by Mr. Henry Baldwin, of New Haven, Connecticut, under the title of "Library Americana devoted to American History." Readers will find these articles very interesting. The truths of history will be therein availed of as an uplifting force "for the betterment of the people, the strengthening of the instructions of Liberty as we understand them." Among living authorities no one is superior to Mr. Baldwin in these matters. Belonging to a family that has given such eminent men to this country as President Dwight, of Yale College, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, Gen. William T. Sherman, Secretary of State John Sherman, Hon. William T. Evarts, of New York, and Judge Simeon Baldwin of Connecticut, he has given his life to the work that will now find expression in these columns. That the library and the work in connection with it may continue after he is gone, Mr. Baldwin has conveyed the Library Americana by a deed of trust to five trustees: Ex-Gov. John W. Hoyt, John Clark Ridpath, LL. D., the historian, Miss Louie M. Gordon, of Georgia, Mrs. Henry Baldwin and Mr. William O. McDowell. The Library is to find its permanent home in Washington, D. C. We quote the following from Mr. Baldwin's letter that accompanies Mr. Baldwin's first contribution:

"Whether we believe it or not, feel it or not, think of it or not, the many peculiar institutions of the American Republic are in constant danger, and there is a need of positive action for the maintenance of those institutions that our patriot forefathers established, and which we are now enjoying. The real purpose and the design of the Library Americana is the preservation of American institutions of liberty. In the articles which are to follow I shall endeavor to show this and illustrate it with scraps of history that I have and which are entirely unknown."

THE SPIRIT OF '76 notes with interest that Mr. Stephen M. Wright, the earnest Secretary of the Empire State Sons of the American Revolution, Mr. Franklin Murphy, late Secretary-General of the National Society, who is most favorably spoken of for United States Senatorial honors in New Jersey and General Horace Porter, the late President-General of the Sons of the American Revolution, and now Ambassador to France, have been enjoying themselves in Paris. Without doubt the great reunion of the French and American Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution in Paris and at the grave of Lafayette on July 4, 1900, was well advanced by the mutual suggestions and discussions at their numerous conferences.

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Copeland-Townsend.—Information is desired of Lydia Townsend who married Lawrence Copeland, December 12, 1661. Also of Ruth —, wife of their son John. Also of Mary —, wife of their grandson Samuel, whose daughter Desire Copeland married Peter Hubbard, Sr., who died in the field during the French and Indian war of 1760, near fort William Henry.
 1170 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 A. S. HUBBARD.

Whitcomb.—Will some one kindly give me the ancestry of Mary Hawyard, who married Jonathan Fairbanks, who was massacred by the Indians at Lancaster, Mass., September 11, 1697. She subsequently married, May 31, 1700, David Whitcomb. Also of Dorothy —, wife of Capt. Benjamin Whitcomb, of Salem, Mass., born 1710 and father of Eunice Whitcomb, who married Jeremiah Willson, parents of Dorothy Willson Hubbard, who died in Chicago in 1840.
 1170 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 S. A. HUBBARD.

Tallmadge.—I wish to learn all I can of Rev'd. Benjamin Tallmadge and his descendants. He graduated from Yale college in 1747 and was father of the famous Major Tallmadge of the Revolutionary War.
 289 Gates Ave., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 E. HOOKER.

Burnells.—Can anyone give information in regard to a family of Burnells, who appeared in Bridgeport, Conn., about 1780?
 F. N. B.

Deford.—Information is desired concerning J. H. Deford, of Uniontown, Pa., and his wife, Lydia Biddle; also, **Hibler.**—Who was Samuel Platt Hibler, of Philadelphia 1824? also, **Quick.**—William Platt, of N. J., married about 1775, the daughter of "Colonel Quick." What was her name, and did she have children?
 426 East 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 BENJAMIN W. STRADER.

Hugh Brown.—Revolutionary services. In the "Record of Connecticut Men in the Revolution," page 617, occurs the name of Hugh Brown, as a member of Capt. Mott's company for defense and protection of New London in 1778. I believe this to have been Hugh Brown of Middletown "Upper House," now Cromwell, Conn. Can anyone furnish proof? Did Hugh, of Middletown, serve in the Revolution? Where was Capt. Mott's company raised? etc., etc. It is well-known that Hugh's brother, Nathaniel Brown, of Middletown, was a Revolutionary soldier.
 E. A. H.



LAST winter the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the Revolution sent out a circular in which the following language was used:

The descendants of the Revolution in the country are split into two separate rival organizations, instead of being united under one constitution and one name. With identical objects, with members drawn from the same classes of life, with constitutions almost indistinguishable the one from the other, with the very names almost precisely the same, we, nevertheless, present to the world the remarkable spectacle of two societies instead of one. Neither society is better than the other; neither can ever hope to obtain supremacy over the other; neither can ever enjoy the full respect and honor of mankind as long as the other exists. The dignity of our cause is endangered by our dissension, and our earnestness itself is called into question. If there ever was just cause for complaint on the part of either society against the other the time has passed for remembering it. Let us bury the past and go forward together!

That language voiced the sentiments of both societies, and now is taking form in action. Reports received from all parts of the country show that the spirit of harmony is leading and that the union of the Sons of the Revolution and the American Revolution will probably be consummated soon. The work before the patriotic societies of this country is so great that all hindrances should be put away. The letter goes on to say:

Our agency in reviving the celebration of important anniversaries of Revolutionary events, in stimulating the study by the young of the history record of the founders of American liberty, has met with grateful appreciation and gratifying results. Men of position and of influence have joined with us in our work, realizing the true purposes of our organization, and knowing that we are something more than a society for mere social enjoyment. That much remains for us yet to do—that we are only in the beginning of our patriotic career, we are well aware. The indifference of careless men is difficult to overcome, the disposition to ignore the past in the struggle with the problems of the present is an obstacle in our way; but if we continue our efforts upon the lines which we have thus far followed we may look forward to the future in hope and confidence.

So let it be.

The good work has so far advanced that a conference has been held and plans for union prepared. This committee consists of Messrs. James M. Richardson, of Ohio; Samuel E. Gross, of Illinois; Nathan Warren, of Massachusetts; General George H. Shields, of Missouri, and E. J. Hill, of Connecticut, in behalf of Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. Hill was absent, and Edwin S. Barrett was present as a proxy. And from the Sons of the Revolution, Messrs. A. H. Pugh, of Ohio; Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York; Gaillard Hunt, of Washington, D. C.; Francis E. Abbott, of Massachusetts, and Horace K. Tenney, of Illinois. The conference was animated, and the points at issue between the two societies were discussed with keen interest. Both parties exhibited a strong desire for union, and a well-considered plan for union and a constitution were finally adopted unanimously.

A correspondent wishes to procure a history of the Old Taverns of New England. Who can help in the search?

NATIONAL SOCIETY,
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,
OFFICE OF PRESIDENT GENERAL,
53 Ames Bld'g. BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 30, '97.

MR. L. H. CORNISH, PUBLISHER, SPIRIT OF '76, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Yours 26th at hand. In reply would say the joint commissioners met and agreed upon a new constitution to be acted upon October 2th at Cincinnati, and the action was unanimous.

Sincerely yours,
EDWIN S. BARRETT.

The United States of Freedom Certificate,

HAVE you or any of your ancestors ever made a contribution to an effort in behalf of human liberty? If so, you should have the blank certificate found on another page of this paper filled out with full particulars of the contribution, remove it carefully and mail it to THE SPIRIT OF '76, and as soon as the special committee in charge approve the claim, it will be signed and returned to you. The certificate is issued by the United States of Freedom—a league of Liberty and Peace, in conformity with a resolution adopted at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, on the three hundred and ninety-eighth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

The holders of these certificates will create an international congress to hold meetings at least once in every five years and to have jurisdiction over those matters that are by their very nature beyond the jurisdiction of any one nation, such as an international court, the ocean outside of the three mile limit, international postal service, sanitation, etc. It is planned that the holders of these certificates shall meet in person or by delegates in Paris, July 4, 1900, to organize the first congress in connection with the World exhibition of that year. The publisher of THE SPIRIT OF '76 is now organizing a special excursion for this purpose at rates within the reach of all, and to be limited to holders of these certificates. Further particulars of this excursion will be given in later issues.

Who are entitled to these certificates? What is meant by a "effort in behalf of Liberty?" If you or any of your ancestors have made a contribution to the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World; to the Washington, Bunker Hill, Lincoln or Grant Monuments, to the cause of education—for every contribution to education is recognized as a contribution to Liberty—to the Centennial or Columbian exhibitions, or have paid an initiation fee in joining a society dedicated "to maintain and extend the institutions of American Freedom," you are entitled to one of these certificates for the amount. If you are descended from a man who fought in the Revolutionary War, or in the War of 1812, or in the army of the German Revolution of 1848, or of kindred efforts for Liberty and nobler conditions, you are entitled to your pro rata share for the pay he was entitled to for the time of his service.

The year 1900 is approaching very fast. We are desirous that every person entitled to receive one of these certificates shall receive it at the earliest possible moment. Will you not aid us and benefit any of your friends that are entitled to a certificate by calling their attention to this issue.

The gathering of these certificate holders July 4, 1900, in Paris, to organize an International Congress and a Supreme Court of the World, may, in the providence of God, be one of the most, if not the most important meeting that has ever taken place in the history of the world.

Persons interested in the projected trip to Paris for the reunion of the Patriotic societies in 1900, are invited to correspond with this office.

GEN. Joseph C. Breckinridge, Inspector General of the U. S. Army made a telling speech in Washington on Flag Day. The flag, he began, came into this world under the hot breath of war. When war's fires are lighted the dross seems burned from the human soul, and the work of the stithy reveals the spirit of the mightiest. Still, tyrant and savage fret the air with their insignia and die beneath them more like men than they can live. So it becomes us to look to our laurels and see to it that being blessed with the worthiest we shall live and die not unworthy. The flag was what our fathers had made it, and was the test of our strength and purity to-day. While the memory of the past was before us the future should be looked to. He referred to the fact that there was no adequate law of Congress to protect the flag from desecration and mercenary uses, and yet it was seldom that any insult was purposely aimed at it. Others might honor their Kings. We would honor the flag, be it in peace or war. In reference to Cuba, Greece, and Hawaii, Gen. Breckinridge said: If arbitration gives no echoes to the angel song of "Peace on earth and good will to men," shall we sit silent while better men advance into our fathers' place? If the Grand Jury of all the nations convene for a verdict, upon a *modus vivendi* between the unspeakable Turk and his conquered Christians, it is also none of our business, and when huge navies sit around like vultures awaiting the dead, are our ears deaf to any "cry from Macedonia—come and help us." Are there no appealing hands raised to us in Cuba, from which shackles have but lately fallen? Is there no pathetic call from under the setting sun of Hawaii to which we can let our hearts respond? Is there nothing along our own borders where an icy wedge is driven in, or friction grows to pain within the desert, that wise statemanship should heed? Have we no use for statesmen? From the orange to the ice is there no high call to duty at home, or is there no one on earth who can appeal to us as to a neighbor? Are we cavered in self-interest, sucking our paw, sunk in lethargy, or asleep upon the sea like an insensate whale? The cry of the oppressed and of the murdered fills the air. It is high time this nation should be awake to duty and awake to truth.

The following are a few of the many criticisms made upon the "Drama of the Revolution" in its prose-form.

Gen. Daniel Butterfield—*Ex-Major Gen. U. S. Army.* "I have read a second time Ethan Allen's wonderful production of the Drama of the Revolution. I say wonderful, because he has condensed and produced in most interesting and inspired form a mass of history, most of which every American does or should know, with a large amount, that, with all my reading and study, I did not know. It should be in the library of every public school in the land. I am fascinated with it."

Enoch Henry Courier—*President N. Y. State Institution for Deaf and Dumb, probably the largest College of its kind in the world.* "I must congratulate the author upon having created an American classic. As such I shall hereafter use it in the Academic Department of this Institution."

James R. Truax—*Professor in Union College.* "Ranks highly in scholarship and literary quality."

Rev. D. C. John, LL.D.—*President of "Clark University, South Atlanta, Ga."* "This Drama is elegant, quaint, crisp, patriotic and inspiring: just such a book as all American students should read. I think it is the most historic drama and the best I ever read."

Hinton Rowan Helper—*Author of "Impending Crisis of the South," etc., etc.* "Col. Allen's Drama is a well-wrought link in the luminous and liberty-enlarging chain of American literature. The text, which is an admirable blending of true poetry with poetic prose, is grand. This work, I think, is destined to take and maintain highest rank among the most meritorious prose-poetic achievements of our ablest writers. The author's scrupulous fidelity to the facts of history, and his strikingly unique and graphic manner of presenting them, will doubtless secure for them a perusal, and eagerly a re-perusal, by scores of thousands in all lands, not only of the present generation, but also of countless generations to come."

Locke Richardson—*The well-known Shakesperian Reader.* "This book is so full of splendid blank verse. I wonder the author has not thrown it into the metrical form."

Wm. T. Price—*Author of "Technique of the Drama;" "Dramatic Critic for Mr. A. M. Palmer; Dramatic Author, etc., etc."* "I took up the Drama of the Revolution in my office to-night, and could not lay it down till I had completed the reading of the entire book. It is marvelous that a novice in dramatic writing should create a work so entirely accurate from a dramatic standpoint. It is really a grand achievement, and the noble and inspiring theme is fitly treated. This drama will afford great pleasure to old readers as well as to young ones. The story truly reads like a drama. It has a vitality that no history possibly could have in the same space. The characters stand forth in great distinctness. Even the subordinant characters, like the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, Cunningham, Standish, Lee, Mother York, etc., etc., are dramatically perfect, and what is wonderful to combine with this, it is historically perfect also. The story of Benedict Arnold is a drama in itself, but though the truth of history demands it, he has more credit and individuality than will be agreeable to American readers, and would not be tolerated by an American audience. I shall cover it again and study it closely, with a view to its convertibility, in some parts, into a stage production. I intend to see if an acting play, or several, perhaps, can be fashioned out of it. I write this to-night because I have just ended the reading and yet feel the burning glow of appreciation."

WE desire to impress upon you the fact that every time you secure a new subscriber you enable us to send you an improved paper.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 should be in every school and public library. Will not every present subscriber when sending in his renewal, send a second subscription, with instructions to send the paper as a gift from him to some school or library?

ROCK RAPIDS, IOWA, Aug. 8, 1897.
THE SPIRIT OF '76, 18 Rose St., New York City, N. Y. Gentlemen:—Enclosed find New York draft for \$1.00, for which please send the SPIRIT OF '76 for one year to the Rock Rapids Public Library, Rock Rapids, Iowa, with the compliments of Col. J. K. P. Thompson, beginning with the September, '97 number.
Truly yours, J. K. P. THOMPSON.

NEENAH, Wis., June 19, 1897.
THE SPIRIT OF '76—While renewing my subscription I cannot forbear expressing the pleasure I have in reading the SPIRIT OF '76, as I read in it much that I often heard my father talk about, for he was five years in the Revolutionary War having entered for the war at the age of sixteen and remained in the service to the final disbanding of the army. I like the paper because it has done and is doing much in arousing that spirit of patriotism, which, I am sorry to think, has been languishing of late.
Truly, etc., A. L. COLLINS.

VALENTINE HOLT SOCIETY.
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
SPIRIT OF '76.—You will notice from enclosed clipping that the Valentine Holt Society, Children of the American Revolution voted to place a year's subscription to the SPIRIT OF '76 in the Free Public Library of this city for which and enclosed money order for \$1.00. (This subscription will probably be renewed from year to year.) Please date above subscription from the commencement of Vol. IV, which begins with the September number, I believe. Send the publication to the Free Public Library, San Francisco, Cal., the receipt for amount of subscription to Miss Isabel Dennison, San Mateo, Cal.
Cordially,
President Valentine Holt Society, S. Isabelle Hubbard,
Children of the American Revolution.

1814 Connecticut Ave., WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27, 1897.
TO THE EDITOR SPIRIT OF '76.—I was interested in your suggestion for a "Patriotic Air Fund." One year ago Henry S. Breckenridge, learning that the village school at New London, New Hampshire, had no flag for their small building, presented the school with his own flag before leaving. You see the Children of the American Revolution are progressive. This lad of ten years, the descendant of Covenant, Colonial and Revolutionary ancestry was a year in advance of your suggestion. Thinking this might interest you, I have taken the liberty of telling you the incident.
From the President Capitol Society Children of the American Revolution Washington, D. C.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., July 24, 1897.
EDITOR, THE SPIRIT OF '76.—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure I renew my subscription for your valuable magazine. I believe it has done grand work in arousing patriotic enthusiasm all over the country. I would not care to miss even one number of it.
Very truly yours, NATHAN H. JONES.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., July 30, 1897.
THE SPIRIT OF '76, 18 and 20 Rose St., New York City.—Please find enclosed P. O. for \$1.00 in renewal for year's subscription to your valued paper. Being a member of the Founders and Patriots of America and Sons of the American Revolution its contents to the writers words of our country keeps me thoroughly in touch with my fellow compatriots, and enables me to celebrate with them in spirit on all occasions which distance makes impossible in person. Hoping for your success, and with regards, I remain, Respectfully yours,
JOHN P. BURT.

Some Publications Reviewed.

Mr. George P. Humphrey of Rochester, N. Y., has begun an excellent work in publishing in convenient form tracts relating to our Colonial epoch. Since he issues only one a month it is questionable whether he could not find some of more general interest than those he has issued. However, we will thank him for those already sent out and say he has done his work well. June and July issues relate to the founding of Georgia such as reports of the meetings of trustees with extracts from the charter and accounts of the experiences of the earliest settlers and of the first conference with the Indians. This early journal is interesting. It seems the colonists, numbering 130, sailed from Gravesend on Nov. 17, 1732, and arrived off Charleston harbor on Jan. 13, 1733. They were well received and next day sailed down to Beaufort, where they landed and remained five days while Oglethorpe was prospecting. On the first of February they landed on the site of Savannah, on the Georgia side of the river, on the south side of the Savannah upon a flat on the top of a hill. The river washes the foot of the hill, which stretches along the side of it about a mile and forms a terrace forty feet perpendicular above high water, and looking eastward you may discover the river as far as the island of the sea. The river is one thousand feet wide, water fresh and deep enough for sloops of seventy tons. He goes on, "Being arrived on the first of February at the intended town before night, they erected four large tents, sufficient for all the people, being one for each tything; they landed their bedding and other little necessities and all the people lay on shore." The other pamphlet is dated eight years later. From it we learn that Savannah had become a town of 143 houses; that the soil was very productive and that domestic animals and fruit trees had increased "beyond imagination." It will be recalled that Georgia was a charitable colony in its inception. The writer tells us that the persons "sent from England on the charity were of the unfortunate, many of whom have by their industry proved that they deserved better and have thriven; many also showed they were not unworthy of their own faults and when they were given their own country to avoid labor saw labor stand before their eyes in Georgia, they were easily persuaded to live in Carolina by cunning rather than work. The issue which appeals to Northern people most is the letters of the father of James Fenimore Cooper the novelist. It is entitled "A Guide in the Wilderness, or a History of the First Settlements in the Western Counties of New York, with useful instructions to future settlers, by Judge William Cooper of Coopers-town, N. Y. Dublin, 1810." It abounds in interesting facts. The authors recollections go back to the close of the Revolutionary War when the "land fever" seized him. In 1785 he offered 40,000 acres of land in Otsego and surrounding counties for sale and in sixteen days all was taken up in small holdings by people of moderate means, and in 1787 Coopers' own itself was founded. One sees in this book hopes of a great maple sugar trade, pot ash and pearlash. It gives an excellent description of the soil, climate and wild animals of the region. He writes that window glass is made in Albany and is as good and cheap as that of Great Britain; leather is made everywhere; flax seed oil is produced in great quantities in all the western counties.

Number 3 of the publications of the Southern History Association contains some valuable material. The history of "Thomas Lanier of the Province of Maryland and a part of his Descendants" is quite full and Cole's Bibliography of the Statute Law of the Southern States (this installment treats of Florida) is invaluable. There is an excellent field for the latter kind of work.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Patriotic and Hereditary Societies.

For additional information address the general secretaries, or send to *Ballou, Banks & Biddle, of Philadelphia, for book entitled "Ancestry."*

AMERICAN WARS.—Instituted, January 11, 1897. Incorporated, February 10, 1897. Members: Lineal male descendants of soldiers or civil officers from 1807 to 1783, and of United States officers of 1812, Mexican or Civil Wars. Companionship granted upon nomination by the Council. Founder: Edward Junius Edwards, Minneapolis.

AZTEC CLUB OF 1847.—Founded, Oct. 13, 1847. Members: Male descendants of officers of the Mexican War. General Secretary: General Horatio G. Gibson, U. S. A., No. 2104 Ward Place, Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Incorporated, April 11, 1895. Members: Descendants (minors) of soldiers of the American Revolution. General Secretary: Mrs. Mary Sawyer Foot, Room 50, No. 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

CINCINNATI.—Instituted, May 13, 1783. Members: Eldest male descendants of officers of the American Revolution. Secretary General: Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, 31 Nassau street, New York City.

COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA, 1890.—Organized, May 23, 1890. Members: Female descendants of citizens of distinction prior to 1776. General Secretary: Mrs. Timothy H. Cheesman, No. 43 East 29th street, New York City.

COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA (National Society).—Organized, May 1893. Members: Women descended from ancestors who came to the American Colonies prior to 1750. General Secretary: Mrs. William B. Reed, No. 825 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

COLONIAL ORDER.—Instituted, January 30, 1894. Members: Male descendants, in male line, of ancestors resident, prior to July 4, 1776, in Colonies that became thirteen original States. Elected on nomination of members and recommendation of Committee on Admission. Recorder of New York Chapter: Henry Axtell Prince, No. 54 William St., New York City.

COLONIAL WARS.—Instituted, 1892. Members: Lineal male descendants of soldiers or civil officers prior to 1775. General Secretary: Howland Pell, No. 27 William street, New York City.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Organized, October 11, 1890. Members: Women descended from soldiers of the American Revolution. Corresponding Secretary-General, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, 902 F street, Washington D. C.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CINCINNATI.—Incorporated, December 27, 1894. Members: Women descended from officers of the American Revolution. General Secretary: Mrs. Morris Patterson Ferris, No. 488 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

DAUGHTERS OF HOLLAND DAMES (Descendants of the Ancient and Honorable families of New York).—Incorporated, December 9, 1895. Members: Women descended from ancestors who came to New York from Holland prior to 1700. Directress-General: Mrs. William Gibson, Tarrytown, N. Y. Deputy Directress-General: Mrs. Alex. Crawford Cheadle, 41 East Fifty-ninth street, New York.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.—Organized, September 9, 1891. Members: Lineal female descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution. General Secretary: Mrs. L. Holbrook, No. 128 West 59th street, New York City.

DESCENDANTS OF COLONIAL GOVERNORS.—Founded, January, 1890. Members: Descendants of Colonial Governors. Secretary-General: Miss Mary Cabell Richardson, Covington, Ky.

FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS OF AMERICA.—Incorporated March 18, 1890. Members: Male descendants, in direct male line of father or mother, from settlers between 1607 and 1657, the intermediate ancestor during Revolution having been loyal to America. Secretary-General, John Quincy Adams, 101 West 38th Street, New York City.

HISTORIC COUNCIL, LADIES' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE TWO AMERICAS.—Foreign Secretary: Mrs. Florence Grey, Everett House, New York City.

HOLLAND DAMES OF THE NEW NETHERLANDS.—Organized in 1883. Members: Women descended from ancestors who came from Holland prior to 1675. General address: Holland House, 30th street and Fifth avenue, New York City.

HOLLAND.—Incorporated, March 14, 1885. Members: Male descendants, in direct male line, of a Dutchman resident in America prior to 1675. Secretary: Theodore M. Banta, No. 346 Broadway, New York City.

HUGUENOT SOCIETY OF AMERICA.—Organized, April 12, 1893. Members: Descendants of Huguenot families who came to America prior to 1791. Secretary: Lea McIlvaine Luquer, No. 106 East 22d street, New York City.

LEAGUE OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.—Organized, June 15, 1896. Members: Pupils who have written from memory in the presence of a teacher certain patriotic poems. President and Founder: William S. Mills, Public School 75, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS.—Organized, December 22, 1894. Members: Male and female descendants of the passengers on the Mayflower in 1620. General Secretary: George Ernest Bowman, 623 Tremont Building, Boston.

MEDAL OF HONOR LEGION.—Organized, April 23, 1890. Members: United States soldiers of the Civil War of 1861-1865, whose gallantry was recognized by vote of Congress, and their male and female descendants. Adjutant: John Tweedale, War Department, Washington, D. C.; Commander, Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS.—Instituted, December 17, 1894. Members: Officers and the lineal male descendants in the male line of officers of all the foreign wars of the United States. General Secretary: James Henry Morgan, 59 Liberty street, New York City.

NAVAL ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES.—Instituted, July 4, 1890. Members: Officers of the United States navy and their eldest male descendants. General Recorder: Capt. H. H. Bellas, U. S. A., Germantown, Pa.

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.—Organized, January 24, 1895. Incorporated, March 4, 1895. Members: Women of New England birth, marriage or parentage. General Secretary: Mrs. B. B. Kenyon. Information to be obtained from the Organizer, Mrs. William Gerry Blad, 332 West 87th street, New York City.

ORDER OF THE OLD GUARD.—Incorporated, January 31, 1896. Secretary: William Porter Adams, No. 278 East Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

ORDER OF WASHINGTON.—Instituted, 1895. Members: Male descendants of those who held civil or military office between 1750 and 1783. Secretary: R. E. Wright, U. S. Steamer Forward, Mobile, Ala.

SAINT NICHOLAS.—Organized, February 23, 1835. Members: Male descendants (limited to 650) of natives of the State of New York prior to 1785. Secretary: George G. De Witt, No. 88 Nassau street, New York City.

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Instituted, October 22, 1875. Members: Lineal male descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution. General Secretary: Franklin Murphy, No. 143 Chestnut street, Newark, N. J.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—Instituted, February 22, 1876. Members: Lineal male descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution. General Secretary: James Mortimer Montgomery, 148 Broadway, New York City.

UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812.—Instituted, January 8, 1891. Members: Female descendants of soldiers of the War of 1812. General Secretary: Mrs. LeRoy S. Smith, 62 East 127th street, New York City.

VETERAN CORPS OF ARTILLERY (SOCIETY OF THE WAR OF 1812).—(New York).—Incorporated, January 8, 1892. Members: Male descendants of officers of the War of 1812. Assistant Secretary: Charles Isham, 97 Cedar street, New York City.

WAR OF 1812 (General Society).—Organized, September 14, 1814. Members: Lineal male descendants of officers and soldiers of the War of 1812. General Secretary: Capt. H. H. Bellas, U. S. A., Germantown, Pa.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The Hawaii Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, has sent out an appeal to its compatriots in the United States for annexation. Col. Thomas M. Anderson, United States of



America, president of the Oregon Society and Vice-President General of the National Society, says of it: "I think we may safely assume that all patriotic citizens are with the American residents of Hawaii in their wish to bring their adopted home under our flag. Many plausible objections may be urged against annexation; but for a people who have practically settled the Indian and negro complications on this continent, a great game of 'rouge et noir,' the problem of controlling a handful of mixed breeds seems by comparison insignificant. There is no standing still in nature. The solar system must move by rule or all fall into ruin. So we must expand or perish. We must have foreign trade and distributing points of commerce or dry rot and social revolution at home. We must continue to give every man a chance to make a fortune or divide all we have with the lazy or licentious at home. From a military standpoint it is evident that we should not permit any other nation to seize the most important strategic point in the Pacific ocean. If we give up our pretensions as a sea power we will deserve to fall like Carthage or like Spain."

Western Massachusetts has a chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. It is known as the Berkshire County Chapter and was chartered on June 7th last and organized on June 17. The following officers were elected: President, Wellington Smith, Lee; Vice-Presidents, John M. Stevenson, Pittsfield, A. J. McCulloch, Savoy, Charles H. Evans, Great Barrington; Secretary and Registrar, Rollin H. Cooke, Pittsfield; Treasurer, Donelson M. Peck, Pittsfield; Historian, Dr. J. F. Alleyne Adams, Pittsfield; Chaplain, Rev. Lyman S. Rowland, D. D., Lee; Managers, Thomas W. Richmond, North Adams, James W. Hull, Pittsfield, Keyes Danforth, Williamstown, Frank J. Barrett, Lenox, Allen T. Treadway, Stockbridge.

On July 3, the Elizabethtown, N. J., Chapter Sons of the American Revolution and the Boudinot Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution erected markers over the graves of Revolutionary heroes who repose in the cemetery of the Presbyterian Church of that city. The preparatory meeting was held in the vestibule of the Presbyterian Church.

President Walter Chandler made an address, speaking of the privilege which it gave himself and others to assemble on a spot sacred to the memory of the illustrious dead and which memory grows brighter as time advances. He complimented Boudinot Chapter, and said they had not only given their means, but the presence and personal support and influence, so that the Sons of the American Revolution might continue the annual custom of designating by suitable markers the resting places of the remains of patriots of the American Revolution in Union county, the observance of which was so creditably begun a year ago by Elizabethtown Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, and Boudinot Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of that city. He said that no distinction of rank or office, station or sex, was known. It was sufficient that they assisted according to their opportunity and ability

amid the storm of battle. He alluded to the inscription on the north side of the monument in the cemetery to the memory of Rev. James Caldwell, the patriot-preacher of the Revolution, "The memory of the last is blessed," etc., and urged upon his hearers the importance of letting these truths ring in their ears, and reverberate through the ages to come, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, might be established among them for all generations.

Following the address of President Chandler, Mrs. E. G. Putnam, regent of Boudinot Chapter, spoke saying that the Daughters appreciated highly the brotherly kindness of Elizabethtown Chapter and the privilege of being comrades in the noble work of marking the last resting place of Revolutionary patriots. Much had been written about the heroism of the soldier, and as much can be said about the patient suffering and anxiety of the stay-at-home women. The pages of history, she said, might be filled with their deeds. She concluded her address with an appeal to all to take a deep interest in the organization known as the Children of the American Revolution. These children must be taught a love of country, to respect its traditions and institutions, and to be active in the preservation of its true republican principles in all their purity. Mr. W. B. Timms then read an original poem which was listened to with great pleasure. Following the exercises a procession was formed, each man carrying a marker and a flag, and the markers which had been provided for the purpose were placed at the graves. After the ceremonies in the First Church yard were completed the party proceeded to St. John's Church yard, where a marker was placed upon the grave of General Jonathan Dayton. Earlier in the afternoon a committee consisting of E. M. Wood, Miller C. Earl, A. D. Mulford, Walter Chandler and Charles H. K. Halsey, proceeded to Connecticut Farms and placed markers on the graves of Captain Cornelius Williamson, William Brant, Matthias Brant, David Crane, John Earl and James Meeker. Of Captain Williams the inscription on the stone says: "He served early and long in the Revolutionary struggle; was a brave soldier and a pleasant commander." Of Matthias Brant it is stated: "He took an active part in the Revolution, and lived affectionately 57 years with the wife of his youth." The epitaph on the stone marking James Meeker's grave is as follows: "In remembrance of James Meeker, who aided in the Revolutionary struggle, and in rebuilding this House of God, which had been consumed. For many years he discharged with fidelity the office of Trustee and Ruling Elder, and by pious example and fervent prayer that his family might live in the glory of his Redeemer, fell asleep in Jesus, March 8, 1828, in the 73d year of his age."

The following is a full list of the graves which have been marked by the society:

Marked on July 4, 1896, in the First Presbyterian churchyard, Elizabeth.—General Elias Dayton, Captain Shepard Kollock, Captain William Brittin, Sergeant William Barnett, Captain Obadiah Meeker, Rev. James Caldwell, Mrs. Hannah Caldwell, Colonel Ephraim Whitlock, Colonel Aaron Ogden, General Matthias Ogden, General William Crane, Stephen Crane, Josiah Hunt, Captain Jeremiah Ballard, Nathaniel Crane, Captain Benj. Winans, Captain Thomas Mulford, Benjamin Mulford, Moses Miller.

Marked on June 26, 1897, in Rahway.—Hon. Abraham Clark, Sergeant Abraham Lufberry, Captain Richard Skinner.

Marked on July 3, 1897, in First Presbyterian churchyard, Elizabeth.—Quartermaster Joseph Periam, Captain Matthias Lyon, Lieutenant Moses Ogden, Captain David Lyon, Tennes Price, John Mulford, Captain Samuel Hainman, Lewis Mulford, David Williams, Major William Shute, Major Thomas Morrell.

In St. John's churchyard.—General Johnathan Dayton.

At Connecticut Farms.—James Meeker, William Brant, Matthias Brant, David Crane, Cornelius Williams, John Earl.

On the 7th of August the same chapter proceeded to Hackensack, N. J., to mark the graves of patriots. President Walter Chandler directed the exercises, assisted by Bauman L. Belden, treasurer. Dr. Henry R. Cannon gave a brief sketch of those whose graves were marked by the emblem of the order and an American flag. The first grave marked was that of Colonel Nehemiah Wade, who served in the patriot army, settled in Hackensack to practice law, and became County Clerk. Then the Varick plot was visited, and the grave of Colonel Richard Varick, formerly mayor of the City of New York, who served with distinction in the war of independence, was decorated. The other graves visited were those of Adam Boyd, born in 1746, died at the age of 90, after serving as Sheriff, Judge, Assemblyman, and having the honor of entertaining General Lafayette when he visited Hackensack in 1824. Peter Wilson, LL. D., educator and legislator, professor of languages and of Greek and Roman antiquities in Columbia College, died in 1825, aged 79 years. Elias Brevoort, Quartermaster of the battalion of Major Goetschius, and prominent in local affairs. Brigadier-General Enoch Poor, of New Hampshire, who died in camp at Paramus, Sept. 9, 1780, aged 44 years, of diphtheria. The services of the day

were ended with a benediction by the Rev. William Welles Holley, a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, after which the company visited the old Washington Mansion House to inspect the rooms once occupied by General Washington and admire the tiling in two fireplaces. Later, luncheon was served to those who could remain at "the Old Stone House" on Essex street built in 1704.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the last meeting of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bristol, Connecticut, previous to the summer vacation, the following programme was presented:



1. Report of delegates to the State Conference in Bridgeport.

2. Historical. The Period of the Charter, 1660-1690. Introduction, (and conclusion of paper on Political Leaders), by Miss Mary P. Root, Historian. The Story of Connecticut's Charter, by Mrs. Florence E. D. Muzzy. Connecticut's share in King Philip's War, and Sketch of Gov. John Winthrop, by Miss Marilla Phelps Brooks. The Story of the Regicides, by Mrs. Marie Dayne, (for Mrs. Rockwell). As has been the case at every meeting, these papers were exceedingly interesting, and, gathered thus comprehensively "in a nutshell," leave impressions not to be had from

casual reading. The work of the Historian, Miss Root, in planning this systematic survey of Connecticut's history, and in writing so many scholarly papers in connection with it, is unexcelled in the state. Miss Root has charge of the Bureau of Exchange, established recently in Connecticut, for the purpose of furnishing the different chapters with historical matter. The first Daughters of the American Revolution prize story, "Katherine Gaylord—Heroine," written by Mrs. Florence E. D. Muzzy, will shortly appear in pamphlet form, illustrated by the author, as a Chapter souvenir. (This by the courtesy of the National Society, as represented by the Prize Committee.) The first full meeting will be held in September.

There are twenty-nine chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Pennsylvania, the latest organized being that in the city of Erie, and named the Presque Isle. It is proposed to hold a convention of these State societies in Philadelphia sometime this fall and it would be fitting to hold jubilee exercises in the restored Independence Hall. It will be remembered that some time since the Philadelphia Daughters undertook the restoration of the banquet room of Independence Hall. The work was conducted in fine shape, and the keys were turned over to the city. Later the city decided to complete the work of restoration. This is now under way and it is hoped will be completed in time for the meeting. A book plate has been adopted by the State society. It was designed at the suggestion of Mrs. Hogg, in anticipation of emphasizing by special stamp the various rare and valuable books and manuscripts that from time to time come into the keeping of the chapters. It is dainty in design, embodying in its detail the insignia of the National chapter, with a modified design of the seal, a maiden seated near a spinning wheel. The figure is near an open window, in the perspective of which is seen Donegal church, the pride of the first chapter organized, the Donegal Chapter, of Lancaster. Above is the lattice, lozenge-shaped, signifying the heraldry of women. Above this again is the scroll, over which rests a sheaf of grain and a stalk of flax, signifying food and raiment. A plate at the bottom of the design provides space for the chapter name.

Pittsburg, Penn., Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution has found a veritable daughter in the woods of Indiana county, Pennsylvania. She is Miss Margaretta Gardner, daughter of Col. James Gardner, a native of Ireland, who joined the American army at Princeton and remained with it till after the surrender at Yorktown. After the war he learned the tailor trade in Philadelphia, and in after life boasted that he had made a suit of clothes for General Washington. He purchased the business, but was burned out before it was paid for, and a bankrupt. He made his way to the western part of the state and settled in Indiana county about 1796 and married Mary, daughter of William Coulter, the second settler of the town. He opened a tailor shop but people wore home-made clothing, hence business was not profitable. Soon after, he became disabled and

the family moved out into the woods and built the cabin in which she now lives. She is known as "Aunt Margaret" and is very eccentric.

The Saratoga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at a recent meeting passed resolutions of condolence on the death of a member—Miss Anna D. Proudfit.

The Continental Congress for 1897 has accepted an invitation to hold a convention in Nashville during the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. October 19th is the day chosen by the National Board. Mrs. Adlai Stevenson will preside. The Tennessee Chapters extend to every Daughter of the American Revolution a most cordial invitation to be present on this occasion.

MARY HOSS, Sec. Nashville Chapter.

Mrs. Mary Sawyer Foote, Vice-President General Daughters of the American Revolution, and Corresponding Secretary National Society Children's American Revolution, is at Peak's Island, Casco Bay, Me., the guest of her sister, Mrs. Asa S. Boyd, of Baltimore, for the summer.

Mrs. D. B. Sperry, of Louisville, Ky., will entertain the John Marshall Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in September. This will be the first meeting since they adjourned for the summer. One of the most interesting and impressive ceremonies which ever occurred in Louisville was the re-interment at Cave Hill cemetery last year of Mrs. Sperry's Revolutionary ancestors. The bodies were brought from an old family burying ground. Rev. E. L. Powell, the beloved pastor of the First Christian church, made an eloquent address and offered several appropriate prayers. The John Marshall Chapter attended in a body and joined in the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and several other patriotic songs. The graves were covered with flowers, and altogether it was an occasion to linger long in the memories of those who were present and worth of the heroes in whose honor they were held. Mrs. Sperry was Miss Sallie Gathright, and several of her sisters are also members of the Louisville chapter.

Cornwallis' Surrender at Yorktown to American Forces will be celebrated Oct. 19 at the Tennessee Centennial, by the National Societies' Daughters and Children of the American Revolution. The invitation was extended by the Daughters of the Revolution and Children of the Revolution of Tennessee to their National Societies while they were assembled in congress last February in Washington, D. C., and was enthusiastically accepted. The Daughters of the Revolution of Tennessee are making extensive preparations to make a brilliant success of their celebration and to give a royal welcome to their guests. National officers will preside, and men and women of high distinction in the historic and literary world will make addresses. There will be two sessions on the 19th, the morning will be purely a patriotic celebration in the victory of the Americans: the afternoon session will be a Daughter of the Revolution congress, and subjects of interest and importance for the good of the society will be discussed. Entertainments of a most delightful character will be given in honor of the guests. Reduced railroad and hotel rates will be made, in fact everything will be done to prove that Tennessee has not only the grandest of Expositions, but the most hospitable people, full of patriotism and proud of the glorious work achieved by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Society of Colonial Dames.

Too much praise cannot be given to the managers of the Van Courtlandt Mansion Museum. The latest plans in connection therewith are those of the garden. Work of laying it out was begun on Aug. 11th by Samuel Parsons, Jr., Superintendent of Parks. Five thousand dollars was appropriated for this work by the Park Department and, according to the plan prepared, the garden will have numerous narrow paths with artistic designs, bordered with low boxwood hedges. The flower beds will be in various shapes and forms and planted with old-fashioned flowers. One of the larger beds will be in the form of a flag and have red, white and blue flowers. It is to be hoped that the old-fashioned flowers will be well represented and that a typical garden will be shown. Very little of these old gardens is known, but we can form some idea of them and let that be embodied. The interest shown by the Park Board in this work is very gratifying to the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, in whose custody the old mansion was placed some months ago and who on May 27, 1897, celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Gov.

Peter Stuyvesant on the island of Manhattan by opening the mansion as a public museum. Although the smallest free museum in the city, it is by far one of the most interesting, especially to the lovers of Colonial relics, for here is to be found a varied and valuable collection of relics of our forefathers, and we know they are authentic

Daughters of the Revolution.

No better work can be done by Chapters than the caring for burial grounds, especially those in rural districts. All over the land these are to be found in more or less of a dilapidated condition, for what is everybody's business is never done. Often they have been dug over half a dozen times and the old gravestones are piled up in one corner or carried away. In New England they may be part of the church yard but elsewhere are more frequently in fields and sometimes on farms, so that when property changes hands all interest in them ceases. To arouse local attention to them is good work. In Philadelphia, for instance, the Daughters of the Revolution have become interested in the old burial ground at Forty-first and Ludlow streets and will try and have it cared for. The graveyard as it now stands is part of what was an extensive tract deeded to Peter Rose and his heirs forever, for the purposes only of a burying ground. Part of the ground



on which there were only one or two graves was sold a few years ago, and some of the fine mansions that front on Fortieth and Chestnut streets now occupy the site. In Hartford, Conn., the Ruth Wyllis, Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution has begun to restore the old graveyard of that city. The descendants of those buried there are sending contributions, in some cases cash, in other reproductions of the originals; for in 1870 Dr. C. J. Hoadley made accurate copies of all inscriptions and they are now at the service of those needing them. Parties interested who desire detailed information can obtain it by addressing Mrs. John M. Holcombe, Regent of the chapter. A most beautiful headstone, elaborately carved, and a perfect reproduction of one of the handsomest types of New England's colonial gravestones is being made to the order of a lady, eighth in descent from the ancestors in whose memory this monument will be erected. The stone is a carefully selected piece of Portland brownstone, and will, when treated by the Caffall preservative, become practically indestructible. Over fifty monuments are now being restored in the Ancient Cemetery by the Caffall Brothers of New York, who restored and preserved the Obelisk in that city.

A movement is on foot to erect a monument to the memory of Seth Pomeroy in Hillside Cemetery, Peekskill. This is excellent. No required amount has been announced, but subscriptions are coming in slowly. Peekskill people are subscribing well and every son of the old town, wherever he now makes his home, should give a little toward the good work. Dr. J. N. Tilden or Geo. E. Briggs will receive donations. The Van Cortlandt Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of this place, have subscribed and paid as a Chapter, \$18.00. The Cortlandt Cemetery Association have generously offered to build the foundation for the monument, which will cost at least \$100, and also furnish a plot for its location, making the total sum subscribed up to the present time in Peekskill \$295.

Children of the American Revolution.

October 20th has been set apart for the Children of the American Revolution at the Centennial, and their Congress will, like the Daughters of the American Revolution be in the Auditorium on the Centennial grounds. Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, of Concord, Mass., the National President, will make an address and possibly many state promoters and directors will be present and take part. Mr. G. T. Fitzhugh, of Memphis, will be the orator. Every Child of the American Revolution and officer in the Union will be welcome. All these,



added to the great and beautiful Centennial will make the trip to Tennessee one of unsurpassed pleasure, surprise and delight. The History building at the Tennessee Centennial is one of the most attractive buildings on the grounds and the Daughters of the American Revolution have a fine and rare exhibit. All patriotic visitors are most cordially invited to inspect this exhibit. Mrs. M. C. Pilcher, Regent of Campbell Chapter is chairman and deserves all praise for arranging it.

Society of American Wars.

FOUNDED JANUARY 11, 1897. INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

MOTTO: *Vicerunt et Vivamus.*

COLORS: SANGUINE AND BLUE.

Nineteen states are represented on the roll of the General Society. The Companions in four of the states are:

CALIFORNIA.

David Starr Jordan, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., President of Leland Stanford Jr., University; Chief of the Bering Sea Commission for 1896-7; Author; Poet.

Martin Kellogg, LL. D., President University of California. Edward Singleton Holden, Sc. D., LL. D., Astronomer, Lick Observatory; Prof. of Mathematics U. S. N. 1873; President University of California, 1886; Hon. Member Astronomical Society of France; For. Associate Royal Astronomical Society; Knight Commander Ernestine Ord. of Saxony; Knight of Ord., Danebrog (Denmark); Commander Cal. Commandery of Military Order of Foreign Wars; Author.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller, LL. D., of the United States Supreme Court; Vice President of the John F. Slater Fund; Trustee of the Peabody Fund.

Joseph Cuyler Hardie, Secretary of D. C. Society of Colonial Wars.

Milo Colburn Summers, Statistician, Surgeon General's Office.

Gardiner Greene Hubbard, LL. B., President National Geographical Society 1894.

John Brewer Wight, District Commissioner.

Thomas Hyde, Vice-President Riggs National Bank.

Marcus Benjamin, Ph. D., Author; Editor of U. S. National Museum; Life Fellow of the London Chemical Society and other Scientific societies.

John Van Rensselaer, M. D.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Winslow Warren, Vice-President General of the Society of Cincinnati; Deputy Governor-General of Society of Mayflower Descendants; Collector of U. S. Customs.

Willard Clark Van Derlip, Lieut-Grand Commander, Supreme Council 33^o, U. S. of A.

Granville Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Clark University; Author; Editor of Am. Jour. of Psychology, etc.

George Washington Cable, Author.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, S. T. D., Author and Editor; Counselor of the Chataqua System.

Rev. Elmer Hewitt Capen, D. D., President of Tufts College; President of the Law and Order League of Massachusetts.

James Schouler, LL. D., President American Historical Association; Lieutenant, U. S. V. 1862-3; Historian and Author.

Myles Standish, M. D., Captain Ambulance Corps, M. V. M.; Captain-General of Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Professor Frederick Ward Putnam, S. D., Curator of Peabody Museum of Archaeology; President of Am. Association of Science.

John Davis Long, Secretary of the Navy; Governor of Massachusetts 1880-83.

George Frisbie Hoar, LL. B., LL. D.; U. S. Senator, Chairman of Committee on Judiciary; President Am. Unitarian Society; Vice-President Clark University.

William Crowninshield Endicott, Trustee of Peabody Fund; Secretary of War 1885.

NEW YORK.

Major-General Alexander Stewart Webb, U. S. A., Served 1855-70; LL. D.; President, College of the City of New York; Commander-General, Military Order of Foreign Wars; Author.

Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Member Am. Historical Association; Member National Civil Service Commission 1889; Author; Overseer of Harvard University.

Professor Thomas Eggleston, Ph. D., LL. D., Author; Historian General, Order of the Founders and Patriots of America; decorated with Cross of the Legion of Honor by France.

Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., Bishop of New York; Trustee of the John F. Slater Fund; Author.

Captain Richard Henry Greene, U. S. V., 1862-3; and 69th Reg. N. Y. N. G., 1864; LL. B.; Founder and Historian-General of Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Howard Sumner Robbins, Registrar-General, Order of the Founders and Patriots.

William Butler Hornblower, LL. B., Author.

Frederick Remington, Artist and Author.

Brigadier-General Richard N. Batchelder, late Quartermaster-General, U. S. A.

Albert Shaw, Ph. D., Founder and Editor of American Monthly Review of Reviews; Author.

Professor John Augustine Sanford, Ph. D., of Adelphi College.

Richard Henry Stoddard, Poet and Journalist.

By a vote of this society the SPIRIT OF '76 has been made the official organ and all members become readers of it, since a subscription is included in the annual dues.

Society of Colonial Wars.

QUALIFICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—“Any male person above the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character and reputation, shall be eligible to membership in the Society of Colonial Wars, who is lineally descended in male or female line from an ancestor,



1. Who served as a military or naval officer, or as a soldier, sailor or marine, or as a privateersman, under authority of the Colonies which afterward formed the United States or in the forces of Great Britain which participated with those of the said colonies in any wars in which the said Colonies were engaged, or in which they enrolled men, from the settlement of Jamestown, May 13, 1607, to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775; or,

2. Who held office in any of the Colonies between the dates above mentioned, either as

a. Director-general, vice-director-general, or member of the council, in the Colony of New Netherland;

b. Governor, lieutenant or deputy governor, lord proprietor, member of the king's or governor's council body, in the Colonies of New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Delaware;

c. Lord proprietor, governor, deputy governor, or member of the council, in Maryland or the Carolinas;

d. Governor, deputy governor, governor's assistant, or commissioner to the United Colonies of New England, or any of the New England Colonies.”

An adjourned meeting of the promoters of a scheme to organize a society of Colonial Wars of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations was held in the rooms of the Historical Society, Newport, R. I., August 11, and a preliminary organization was perfected with the following charter members: Gen. James M. Varnum, Mr. George W. Olney, Mr. Howland Pell, Mr. W. Watts Sherman, Mr. Gouverneur M. Smith, Mr. Gilbert Smith Coddington, New York City: Mr. Samuel P. Colt, Bristol, R. I.; Mr. George Champlin Mason, Philadelphia; Governor Elisha Dyer, Providence; Mr. Valentine Mott Francis, Mr. John Austin Stevens, Mr. Horatio Robinson Stor-er, Mr. David Stevens, Mr. R. Harnett Tilley, Mr. Hugh K. Norman, Mr. William Rogers Morgan, Jr., Hon. Melville Bull, Hon. John Page Sanborn, Mr. William Robinson Hunter, Mr. Henry Bull, Newport; Mr. Roswell Randall Hoes, U. S. N., chaplain U. S. S. Iowa.

The following preliminary officers were chosen: Governor, Dr. Valentine Mott Francis; Secretary and Treasurer, David Stevens; Registrar, R. Hammett Tilley.

Governor Elisha Dyer was recommended as deputy governor or general to the general society. It was voted by the organization to hold its meetings at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society. The days that the state society will celebrate will be: August 12, Anniversary of the death of King Philip, December 19, Anniversary of the Battle of Great Swamp. The object of the Society of Colonial Wars is to appropriately observe all important events in colonial history from May 13, 1607 (the settlement of Jamestown, Va.) to April 19, 1775 (the battle of Lexington). Also to collect and preserve manuscripts, rolls, relics, etc., covering the period mentioned. Mr. Howland Pell, secretary of the General Society of Colonial Wars, is a member of the Rhode Island society. One of the objects of the state society will be the erection of a suitable monument on the site of the Indian battle at Great Swamp.

A table of the principal events of Colonial Times, similar to that of the Revolution published in the August issue is in active preparation and will soon appear in these columns. The table for the War of 1812 will be printed in the next number.

Brief Notes.

AN engraving of Washington, unknown hitherto to collectors, was discovered by a resident of New York City in the possession of a Western farmer, from whom he purchased half a dozen impressions. The pictures were produced by Whitworth and Yates, Birmingham, well known as publishers of other valuable prints of the same subject, and had been in the possession of the owner's family for years. This portrait represents Washington in his early manhood, and is said to be a valuable addendum to the portraits of our first President.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Atlantic, N. J., *Press* explains the presence of the large number of cannon balls found among other relics at Chestnut Neck, or Little Egg Harbor river, by stating that during the Revolution a foundry was operated at that place, in which cannon balls were moulded.

IN the old homestead of John C. Calhoun, there are preserved nearly 8,000 unpublished letters of the South Carolina statesman.

A GENTLEMAN, who for years has made a study of everything relating to Washington, quite by accident found a curious French play in an old book-store in New York City, in which Washington is the prominent character. The title of the play is "Washington, or the Liberty of the New World, a tragedy in four acts." It is full of stirring scenes and noble sentiments in regard to liberty, and was acted in Paris in 1791, in the midst of the French Revolution, at which time it must have appealed strongly to the feelings of an excited people.

UPON the removal of the fireboard from the chimney-place of an old house of Revolution times in Peekskill, N. Y., it was found that a tree had sprouted up between the old flags that composed the floor, and had grown to within two feet of the top of the chimney. This little tree was an offshoot from one which formerly stood in front of the house. The house is a hundred and thirty years old, and stands almost as it was first built, with its timbers remarkably well preserved.

IN the name of Rivington street in New York City, survives that of James Rivington, editor of a violent Tory newspaper during the Revolution. Nothing was too caustic or severe for him to say against the "rebels," as he always called those who fought for the American cause. He was a master of invective, and his bitter words finally brought on him a visit from the Sons of Liberty, who broke into his office and destroyed much property, and who, at a second visit, destroyed his presses and carried off his type. During the occupation of the city by the British, he was particularly obnoxious. After the evacuation he tried to turn gracefully to the other side, but he had given wounds too deep to be easily healed. His business activity soon ended, and, almost a bankrupt, he passed the rest of his life with his son, who had been a petty officer in the British army. He died in 1802, in New York, at the age of seventy eight.

THE old Jacob Mott homestead at Tarrytown, N. Y., built nearly two hundred years ago by Abraham Martlingh, a quaint building, with both historic and legendary associations, has been purchased by the village officers, with the intention of erecting a school house in its place. During the Revolution it was called the Van Tassel Tavern, and was visited several times by General Washington. It was used at times as headquarters for British or Continental officers who happened to be in the vicinity, but its chief interest lies in the fact that it was the home of Washington Irving's immortal heroine, Katrina Van Tassel, and that it is the house from which Ichabod Crane started on his famous ride.

IN spite of his dignified exterior, it is said that General Washington possessed a keen sense of humor. This must have been appealed to, if ever, when he, the proprietor of extensive fisheries on the Potomac, received a gift of six kegs of herring from the Patriotic Society at Enkhuyzen, Holland. This was surely "*in silvam ligna*

ferre," but no hint was given in his courteous letter of acknowledgment that his own fisheries supplied such a superabundance of herring that they were used to fertilize his fields.

WHEN George T. Davis became Town Clerk of New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1874, he found that a volume of the town records, containing entries for 129 years, was missing. This "Public Book" recorded the public affairs of the town from 1699 to 1828, and in its earliest pages mentions such names as Le Count, Guion, Badeau, de Bonrepos, Sycard, Flandreaux, Lambert and Allaire. Mr. Davis recovered the book after much trouble, and it is most carefully guarded in the safe at the office of the Town Clerk.

THOSE who are familiar with the vagaries of the Mississippi River, which has a fashion of carrying away acres of land from one side and building with this material sand bars in its stream, or adding to the acres of some one on its opposite side, will not be surprised to hear of the disappearance of old Fort Chartres, the last of the chain of forts built by the French from Quebec to New Orleans. The walls were undermined by the river, and the fort practically dismantled long ago, but its demolition has been completed by government workmen engaged in improving the navigation of the stream. For many years it was a rendezvous for all Western Colonial military forces.

SOON after the War of the Revolution broke out, Robert Morris, the financier, applied to John Head, a rich Quaker, of Philadelphia, for a loan to the Government. "Thou knowest, friend Morris," said the Quaker, "the principles of our society, and that I cannot conscientiously do anything to promote a war. But, Robert, on that mantel is a key, and in that room is an iron chest," with which hint he disappeared. Robert promptly made use of the key to open the chest, taking from it \$60,000, with which shoes and clothing were purchased for the Continental army.

IT has been said that but for his reputation as a humorous man, Benjamin Franklin would have been chosen to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and it is true that he or several other men then in Congress could have written it well, and it would have doubtless embodied the same truths and have dealt with the same topics as the one composed by Jefferson. But such a document is colored by the personality of the man who produces it, and, as is well said in *The North American Review*, Jefferson "put into it something that was his own, and that no one else could have put there. He put himself into it—his own genius, his own moral force, his faith in God, his faith in ideas, his love of innovation, his passion for progress, his invincible enthusiasm, his intolerance of prescription, of injustice, of cruelty; his sympathy, his clarity of vision, his affluence of diction, his power to fling out great phrases, which will long fire and cheer the souls of men struggling against political unrighteousness."

IN his memoir of Samuel Adams, Mr. Hosmer declares that American patriotism owes a debt to the mosquito and horsefly that has never been adequately recognized. When the delegates were assembled in the State House at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, they felt the full force of the great heat of the day, and to add to their discomfort a great swarm of mosquitoes and horseflies came in through the open windows and bit viciously at the silk stockinged legs of the members, so that "the Fathers, wrought upon by the sedulously applied torment, hastened to sign the famous document" submitted by Thomas Jefferson.

AFTER the battle of Stony Brook, when the Americans were driving the Hessians from Princeton, the Federate army turned its guns on the college, and a ball, crashing through a window, struck a full-length portrait of George II., cutting the king's head from his shoulders. Years after, when the artist, Peale, of Philadelphia, painted the famous portrait of Washington, with the battle of Princeton in the background, it was placed in the very frame which held the decapitated picture of the monarch, and thus hangs to-day upon the college wall.

Ethan Allen's Washington.

THE "Drama of the Revolution" presents to the reader the events of the grandest political tragedy ever enacted upon the earth. It is a grand theme, and has been grandly told. Within the space of Ten short Acts, the living panorama of our heroic forefathers pass before our eyes. We wade through volumes of history, with ideas confused from much reading. Here all is compressed within the time of a single sitting. Of the literary merits of this work the Author leaves others to judge. But he claims for it: 1st, that it is correct history; 2nd, that it is full and complete history, and 3rd, that fiction has not been permitted to adulterate facts. As an acting drama, it is too long and in places is, no doubt, too slow of action; this was unavoidable, where the drama of the footlights was sacrificed to the correct drama of history honestly, faithfully and fully recorded. The world shall judge it, but that judgment cannot be doubtful from the voices already raised from a thousand sources. One of America's most eminent historians has written: "This is one of the greatest achievements in American letters. The d apason of expression from its highest to its lowest key is broad enough to satisfy the ear attuned to Shakespeare."

Let no one suppose that all must be read to be understood. Each act, in fact each scene, is in itself a rounded and complete essay upon the event treated. Schools may place single acts upon the mimic stage with grandest results, still, where all is so good, all should be reached where it is possible.

This drama is copyrighted 1897 by Ethan Allen and all rights are reserved, that the author may issue it in book form when finished here. Nevertheless all newspapers and magazines may reprint it in whole or in part, provided only that credit is given to THE SPIRIT OF '76. This concession is made from motives of patriotism, and to revive as far as possible the memory of our fathers.

Ethan Allen's Drama of the Revolution

(In Blank Verse)

Is a drama founded upon the historic events of the War for American Independence. It is in two parts, each part five acts. First part, from the Boston Massacre to the Surrender of Burgoyne: the Second part from Red Bank and Valley Forge to Washington's Inauguration as President of the United States.

In the August number we published the first act of this great work without comment, leaving it to speak for itself. The eulogistic criticisms and inquiries received lead us to say:

The SPIRIT OF '76 has secured from the author the exclusive privilege of printing this remarkable work in serial form. There are in all Ten Acts, and each number of this journal will contain an act till the end. This work has been given to the public within the last year, in *prose-form*. The author regards this as a mistake. It was written in metrical style, and should be so presented. In prose the language seems at times stilted, which disappears in *blank verse*. From all over the land has come a demand that this story shall be repeated in blank-verse which is its natural dress, and in which it is likely to live through all coming time. It is therefore practically a new production by the author, and the SPIRIT OF '76 is fortunate in being the medium for its first presentation to the world. The author appreciated the force of the suggestion, that such an epic as this, dealing with the story of the Revolutionary heroes, should be born in the columns of the journal which is the exclusive mouthpiece of the descendants of these heroes.

Washington, or the Revolution

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Open tent of the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces at Cambridge. Time: November, 1776; night.*

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON found in his tent examining records by the light of a candle.

WASHINGTON—The sword, unsheathed and without a scabbard,
Is given to my keeping. Heavy
Responsibility to weave into the
Robe of order these tangled shreds! The
brave

Man's hopes, the coward's fears, the patriot's
Wish, and the traitor's cunning are here for
Sifting; the good from the evil gathering.
May one man do this work?

Presumptuous mortal he, who would not lean
Confidingly upon more than mortal
Promise. I must walk. This care weighs upon
Me and sleep is banished, except when nature
Grimly asserts her claims, regardless of
A burning brain; and then the body sleeps.
[Walks out before his tent.]

This frosty air is full of exhilaration,
Nature's tonic to amend our waste.
As far as the eye can reach, from camp to
Camp, light calls to light—be watchful of the
Foe. Without a flag, without a purpose
Definite, without arms, ammunition,
And money, was ever Commander more
Sorely tried. The daring spirit is here,
But all else is absent. Coming and leaving
At their own will, since a July sun saw
My arrival, twice over if no more
Have these changing thousands been trained
to

Military order; and this needed
Order as many times been lost.
The mothers on the surrounding acres
Are the commissaries to these soldier sons.
Gathered here to resist the King, daily
The chaplain calls down blessings upon his
Royal head, and the soldiers say—Amen!
With no organized state directing us,
What are we but rebels against defined
Authority? Marvellous uprising!

Marvelous submission of mortal powers
To forces yet unknown!

Enter FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN—From my tent I saw you General;
And
Could not resist an old man's wakefulness
And wish to join you in the healthful
draughts,
Which this November night distills.

WASHINGTON—To me you are ever welcome;
both by
Day and night.

FRANKLIN—I have been busy with the plan,
for which,
With Lynch and Harrison as commissioners
From Congress, I am here in your camp in
Cambridge.

WASHINGTON—If you have reached a plan
available,
You have now the right to be called once
more
A benefactor.

FRANKLIN—As you already know, in July last
I reported a method to Congress,
For changing this chaos of divided
Colonies into a solid and central
Power.

WASHINGTON—With deepest interest I have
watched your steps.

Unless good counsel directs us some such
Way, all is surely lost.

FRANKLIN—I urged the Independence of each
Separate state. These confederated
Into a union, with powers limited,
For the good of all.

WASHINGTON—A self-evident advantage. No
interest

Lost to any, no pride wounded, and strength
Added to every part—being bound as
Many into one. This is a safe road
To follow.

FRANKLIN—The pear that hangs suspended—
without shock

Rudely applied—will not fall till ripe and
Ready; for so nature wills. The state will
grow,

As grows the fruit, and at maturity
With a blessing shield us. In either case,
To hasten time and season is a danger.

WASHINGTON—Then, as I read your words, we
are not ripe

For separation, though here we gather,
Armed for this to strike.
Do you favor independence?

FRANKLIN—Yes, yes! A thousand times, yes!
But I stand

Almost alone. I have been in touch with
The English, and know the temper of those
Who rule. I am for independence now—
This very hour. But I outrun the general
Wish. Old attachments are hard to break;
So much does custom bind us.

WASHINGTON—One year ago our Congress
petitioned

The King for justice. He scoffed at our
claims.

Since then Lexington and Bunker Hill have
Testified to our love for freedom. In
The face of this, and mindful of outrage
Since added from royal arrogance, the
Present Congress votes another petition
For pacification. This last, the King
Will not deign even to receive into
His royal hands.

FRANKLIN—The people are patient and long-
suffering.

But the hour of independence is hurrying
On. The King helps us in his proclamation
Denouncing us for punishment. While
America was on her knees, he aimed
A dagger at her heart.

WASHINGTON—I, too, have dallied with this
allegiance

To the King as if it were a crime to

Question it. But, healed from this senti-
mentality,
Base because it leads to servility,
I am ready to cast my fate and fortunes
For independence. The ashes of Falmouth,
Now smouldering under Captain Mowat's
Murderous guns, even while we are talking
Here, help to stifle former friendship.

FRANKLIN—We must die in our allegiance to the
Monarch, before we can be born in the
Freedom of the man.

WASHINGTON—Meanwhile, the army must be
maintained.

You know its needs and mine.

FRANKLIN—In sympathy know them, and will
provide.

The plan I spoke of? We have agreed, my
Associates and myself, that to you
We delegate the power, in the name
Of the Continental Congress, to recruit
An army of twenty-three thousand men,
And to equip them as seem just to you.
The New England Colonies, as separate
States, will confirm your acts; and Congress
Also, with the voice of all.

WASHINGTON—The authority is the best our
condition

Knows; and I cheerfully accept.

Enter COL. NATHANIEL GREENE and
CAPT. HENRY KNOX.

WASHINGTON—Good evening, gentlemen. [To
Franklin]

Here are two of my trusted officers,
Who are making the rounds.

FRANKLIN—We know each other well.
Our visit here in camp has been so long,
Your rolls should bear us. Knox is, I think, a
Maker of books from yonder city, whence,
Like myself, he is driven forth; and so
As a fellow-craftsman comes near to me.

KNOX—It touches my pride to be called your
Fellow-craftsman; though I make only the
Covers of the book, while you make that which
The covers hold.

FRANKLIN—And so we help each other in the
same trade;

And as I said are fellow-craftsmen.

WASHINGTON—And what report do you bring
to me?

GREENE—As always.
There is suffering everywhere, and need
Of all things.

KNOX—The things most plentiful are stout
hearts and
Empty stomachs.

GREENE—And the things absent are food,
clothes, guns,
And ammunition.

WASHINGTON—[To FRANKLIN]. And yet the
people loudly clamor at
My delay to strike the enemy. Can we
With naked fists beat down the power of
England? Our strength, at this hour, is the
Ignorance of the enemy of our
Weakness.

FRANKLIN—Ignorance of what we might do,
has strewn

The earth with failures since the flood. May
these

Britons continue to illustrate my
Proverb!

WASHINGTON—I dare not make my condition
known to

These fireside tacticians and silence them.
With other burdens I must take their censure,
Patiently.

FRANKLIN—It is unjust even to criminality.
But where in all the world does absolute
Right abide?

Censure existence, and call life an error.
You may do this with as much justice as
Have these simple fools, who, blindly ignor-
ant,
Assume to censure you.

KNOX—Plenty of artillery and powder
Would convert me to a belief that all
Things were right and just. A fair show, and I
Could go home again. Yes, to that home I
See yonder, in my daily rounds.
Ticonderoga has given us here
Some heavy guns. But what are guns without
Powder.

WASHINGTON—The want of supplies is our
strongest
Adversary. For this need, Ethan Allen
Failed before Montreal; and now, loaded
With chains, is on his way to a British
Prison.

FRANKLIN—The valiant Montgomery redeemed
all
This, and Montreal has just received him.
You have other schemes afoot towards Can-
ada?

WASHINGTON—It has been my wish to unite
Canada
With ourselves. I have ordered Colonel
Benedict Arnold—a braver man never
Led assault—to march by Eastern journeys,
And to join Montgomery before Quebec.
I am hopeful, and in turn, am also
Anxious.

KNOX—By your leave
We will resume our journey of the camp.
[*KNOX and GREENE bow and retire.*]

FRANKLIN—I will catch a lesson in
This good example and so say good-night.
[*FRANKLIN bows and retires.*]

WASHINGTON—What mockery to say, good-
night, to me.
Bad-night, pushes good-night, from it stool
and
Sits instead. Good-night, that watches for the
Coming of the jocund day, to arouse from
Restful sleep, calls not to me—calls not to me!
[*Retires to his tent which closes.*]

SCENE II.—Room in the royal residence at
Cassel, Time: January 31, 1776.

*Enter: FREDERICK II. LANDGRAVE of
Hesse Cassel, and COL. WILLIAM
FAUCITT of the British Army, and
agent of the British Ministry.*

LANDGRAVE—What you say, Colonel, is very
true.
His Majesty, our royal cousin, no
Doubt wants troops. We are well assured of
that.
Otherwise you would not be here to seek
Them at our hands. But the pay for these
troops—
The money and the revenue to us?
Men are costly, when one has a surplus
To sell, to him who wants to buy.

FAUCITT—The question of money need not
delay
Our treaty. We pay liberally because
The necessity is great.
In negotiations your minister has
Not forgotten the prince he serves. It is
Understood you have the men; so we have
Bargained for them.

LANDGRAVE—Regiment after regiment, idle
And voracious. Troops have no right to
Impoverish their prince with fearful
Appetites, when they can earn for him a
Few marks by service abroad.

FAUCITT—Soldiers are sometimes biased, and
will serve
Willingly only their own country and
Its King.

LANDGRAVE—Cheap sentimentality! I assure
You that such a rule for our military
Would shake the thrones of half the princes of
Europe. The true soldier asks for no more
Than orders. What is it to him whether
He serves in the East or in the West. His
Life belongs to the State, and the ruling

Prince is the State. I need money, and my
Army can earn it for me. I sell it
To you. How simple! Will you pay the price?
Yes! Very well; my soldiers will go where
You order, serve as you will, and kill your
Enemy as they would kill mine.

FAUCITT—Your serene Highness is informed
Of the price we offer to each soldier?

LANDGRAVE—I have pondered it well, and with
approval.
Our royal cousin of England—by marriage
And by blood closely knit into our hearts—
Will now strengthen these ties with a royal
Revenue, so needful to our exhausted
Treasury. This kindness of our kinsman
Touches us deeply; and may good report
Thereof reach him by his Ambassador!

[*FAUCITT bows humbly.*]

FAUCITT—England will pay your men four
pounds each and
Grant one hundred acres of land as bounty.
This to every man and non-commissioned
Officer.

LANDGRAVE—The men? I have told you al-
ready this
Price gives content. But I am not so much
Interested in the men as in the
State. What income is fixed upon for me?
When I sell my ox, to supply the
Provender for him is, of necessity,
By the purchaser assumed, to keep him
Living for his work. The duty was mine,
Is yours, and tomorrow may be another's.
But the value of that beast comes to me
As owner, and hence interests me most.
Its affects my life by adding to its
Pleasures. What subsidy does your King
Propose for me?

FAUCITT—His Majesty of England requests from
Hesse Cassel a force of twelve thousand,
Five hundred men. They shall swear allegi-
ance
To him and serve as if his subjects. For
This, so long as the compact runs, you shall
Receive each year a subsidy of four
Hundred thousand pounds in sterling money.
This subsidy, shall continue for two
Years after your troops come home, the work
for
Us being done.

LANDGRAVE—Four hundred thousand pounds
a year!
Let me see. How much is that in marks?
I have a better head for marks. Have you
Paper, that you can give me this in marks?

FAUCITT—Twenty marks, German, make an
English pound.
Hence the subsidy to you is, annually,
Eight millions of marks.

LANDGRAVE—Eight millions! I like that; a
good round sum.
I never believed before that subjects
Could be turned to so much profit. But about
France? When my men are away, France
may
Trouble us. That nation loves us not,
Remembering the last war.

FAUCITT—This has not been forgotten. A treaty
Of alliance and protection has been
Arranged with your minister; and England's
Arm will be raised to strike him who would
smite
You because of our compact.

*Enter BARON VON SCHLIEFFEN, Minister
of the Landgrave.*

FAUCITT—Here comes the Baron; and in good
time to
Sanction all, so far as his authority
May serve, as minister of your Serene
Highness.

VON SCHLIEFFEN [*To LANDGRAVE*—I received
orders to attend you
Only now. Pardon me, if I were needed
Sooner.

LANDGRAVE—All in good time, dear baron, the
contract
Proposed between Great Britain and our-
selves
Has been here outlined by her Ambassador.
I am pleased with it and so thank you for
Care to our interests.

[*The Baron bows to LANDGRAVE.*]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—These troops will serve, as
engaged, in America?
A long journey, and a strange and feverish
Land to Europeans.

LANDGRAVE—Be the journey four times as
long, and the
Land spread over to the ear tips with mortal
Fevers—what is that to me? It is the
Duty of my troops to do as their prince
Commands. And, if danger opposes, that
Is the tonic of brave men.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—The cause is honorable. To
repress
Disorders.

LANDGRAVE—It is more than honorable. It will
be
Famous as well as honorable. There are
Laurels to be gained for our brave men in
Grappling with restless subjects, who dare to
Rise against their King.
The cause of England is the cause of all.
We royal and reigning families cannot
Draw too near together, and, with one blow,
Rid the earth of this ribaldry of freedom.
The aunt of England's sovereign shares my
crown,
As consort. This warmth is natural.

FAUCITT—Your wife, her Serene Highness,
will surely
Strengthen our alliance with her prayers.

LANDGRAVE—I can't say as to that. She does
not live
With me, you know. No! My cheerful way of
Life offends her austerity. Too much
Morality is dangerous to
Connubial ties. I have striven to
Avoid this danger in myself. But what
Care I? Eight millions of marks a year!
Happy is the prince who can turn his
Subjects into so much ready cash.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—It pays to raise men,
If only to export them.

LANDGRAVE—The very best of merchandise.
VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.
LANDGRAVE—No breakage; no packing
troubles. You face
Your goods correctly, and they walk away.
[*Laughs heartily.*]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.
LANDGRAVE—Remember, Schlieffen—full cel-
lars this
Season, and the best vintage—the very best.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.
LANDGRAVE—And beauty—all Europe shall be
under
Contribution. The opera! we shall live
In song.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.
LANDGRAVE—And the dance! The whirling
dance!

There is a new step in Paris. Yes, we
Must have it here. Remember, we must have
It here. Eight millions of marks a year!

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.
LANDGRAVE—We shall make a paradise of
Cassel.

A paradise! Nothing so become a
Prince as flowing wine and captivating—
FAUCITT—You halt, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And a captivating ballet. I live
And thrill in the raptures of the dance!

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Next year, your troops will
be fighting in
America for England's King.

LANDGRAVE—And while my troops are fighting there, we
Will be dancing here. This American
Rebellion! What luck! What great luck
it brings!
Eight millions of marks a year!

FAUCITT—And further increase
If more men are required.

LANDGRAVE—Welcome the necessity! We will
meet

It to our last man.

Grandest opportunity, for princely

Liberality in aid of a royal

Brother. May it never cease! But tell me,
Faucitt, what have my royal neighbors done?

FAUCITT—The Duke of Brunswick,
Comes to England's aid with five thousand
men.

LANDGRAVE—And Ferdinand, his son? Why,
he should seek

The conflict in person, since he is

Brother-in-law of his Britannic majesty.

[Laughs heartily.]

But his wife has left him, too.

[Laughs heartily.]

It is such a joke! He and I are twins

In the same sorrow. But we bear it; yes!

We bear it. How strange it is that women

Will act so! And besides Brunswick!

FAUCITT—The Prince of Waldeck,
Graciously adds a single regiment.

LANDGRAVE—And the Hereditary Prince,
My gay and wayward son of Hanau?

FAUCITT—In emulation of his noble father,
His Serene Highness will send one thousand
Men and take his subsidy.

LANDGRAVE—I am cheered at this; for he, too,
needs money.

Is greater compensation than I receive
Paid to any?

FAUCITT—You stand
In vantage of them all in profit gained.

LANDGRAVE—It would distress me, distress me
much,

To cheapen the market value. Schlieffen,

Have means been taken to secure the men,

Since we have sold them and the price de-
termined?

VON SCHLIEFFEN—The intentions of your
Serene Highness

Noised abroad, our people fly in all

Directions. The workshop is deserted,

And the home vacated. Once across our

Borders they feel secure from impressment

For this alien war.

LANDGRAVE—Our neighbors shall return them
wherever

Found. Unmannered creatures! Is this their

Loyalty to their reigning prince? We must

Not be embarrassed in getting men, for

That would endanger the revenues which

This compact brings. What shall we do?

Schlieffen,

This is for you to answer. For this you

Are our minister.

It worries us to solve such dilemmas.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—If your Serene Highness
will approve,

It shall loudly be proclaimed, so that every

Ear shall hear it—and, hearing, shall believe--

That in America, a land rich with

Spoils and pleasures, every man shall have

free

License for plunder, and appetite go

Unrestrained. So self-interest may secure

To us what force may not.

LANDGRAVE—This it is, Faucitt, to
Have a sagacious minister of state!

As you propose so be it done.

[Enters servant who bows to LANDGRAVE.]

LANDGRAVE [To FAUCITT]—In yonder room, a
banquet is prepared

To soften the hardships of this tedious

World. Our minister, with the treaty ready,
Will there invite our signatures.

And then in wine—in luscious wine—we'll
pledge

Our wishes for success to England.

Eight millions of marks a year! And all for

Nothing. Wine, wine, now for the flowing

wine. [All retire.]

SCENE III.—*Buckingham Palace, London.*
Time: February, 1776. Royal Council
Chamber.

Enter: LORD NORTH, Prime Minister;
LORD BARRINGTON, Secretary of War,
and LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, Secre-
tary of State [successor to DART-
MOUTH.]

NORTH—It will pinch our people,
But they must pay the price. When disaster
Blows in your face, shut your eyes, till better
Things come round; then open and make
repairs.

In such disaster we have come forth from

Continental wars. These foreign levies

Are our repairs of State, and medicate

Our ills, like ointment on an open wound.

In titanic strife we were engulfed with

Mighty nations; and emerged therefrom tired

And worn and bruised. When nature sleeps

from mere

Exhaustion, the prudent surgeon permits

Time for rest. So rests England now. For

these

Colonial troubles—which nip us as an

Insect in a summer's night, more annoying

Than dangerous—money will buy us soldiers

From foreign princes, which the sergeant

would

Fail to recruit at home.

My Lord, could we have better done?

GERMAIN—With the force secured, we will
crush rebellion

Within a year. For so short a labor

The cost cannot be heavy.

What say you, Barrington?

BARRINGTON—What is there to say? When
any path is

Admitted to be the only way, then

That way pursue. It was impossible

To fill our armies on British soil.

The fight against revolt was over, unless

Some friendly hand sustained in part our

load.

England pays the price. She gets the men, the

Fight is made and, as we hope, won. And

there

An end of it. Those cavil most who least

Can show a remedy.

Enter KING GEORGE in a rage.

[All reclaim: "The KING!" All bow to
the KING.]

KING—Will surprises never cease?

Are we the King of England, or but a

Scullion to take orders and advice!

I'd rather be of things inanimate,

And take my cue and course as the rain and

Gale should turn me, than be a king without

A king's supremacy. Who would not, in

Pride of royal state, shorten his wind and

With it life emotional, sooner than

Bear the taunts of weaklings, whom in greater

Merit he treads upon, yet kills not?

From that great Norman, whose heavy lance

once

Shook this aspiring isle, to the present

Hour, his blood has not been more humiliated.

[The LORDS are all surprised at the
KING's passion.]

NORTH—Your Majesty!

KING—My Lords. You will excuse this warmth;
but while

Burns the flame the heat will radiate.

Know you of this Catherine—this Empress—

And of her courtesy to us?

NORTH—As England's first minister, of course I
Know; and marveled much when that knowl-
edge came.

KING—We wrote to her in person—

A sovereign to a sovereign.

Her clerk, this sovereign answers, and as

If she were bartering for a gown. The

Stress for troops weighs heavily upon us.

Under our necessity, and impelled

By unrequited favors from us

Hitherto received, we wrote to this

Russian Empress, and asked for soldiers.

After weeks of waiting—our royal person

In the ambassador who spoke with our

Voice, put off now with this and then with

that

Excuse, good to a mendicant for office

Or official favor—this Queen, or Empress,

Or what you will, to our royal hands sends

Her lackey's letter; in which, she "really

Cannot"—"It is against her conscience";--

"It would bring dishonor upon her army";--

"It wounded dignity for two great states, to

Join to put down a rebellion unsupported

By any foreign power."

And then advises—mark the climax—ad-
vises—

Just heaven! Shall the proud Saxon bear this

From the Slav—that

"We make peace with our offended subjects."

Did discourtesy ever further go?

BARRINGTON—Your Majesty! Deign to pardon
me.

This royal state is kept far towards the

East where civilized conduct is seldom

Taken as example. From Great Peter

Down, Russia has not posed for her politeness.

The bear is never nice, where he may set

His foot, so he gets forward.

KING—A diplomatic view, my Lord, and
Philosophical. But her honor—the

Honor of Catherine, Empress of all the

Russias! She looks to it none too soon—for

Safely keeping it. And her conscience, too!

How we quicken conscience when it runs with

Our desires, and strangle it, opposing!

But no more of that. Holland—but with

better

Grace—follows Russia in refusal.

Is this so, Barrington?

BARRINGTON—Holland, your Majesty, will
furnish troops,

But only for Continental service.

This is a refusal in disguise.

KING—Then so much the greater, upon the
Records of our gratitude, is the debt

We owe these German kinsmen. They have

done

Well. What is the aggregate of their supply?

BARRINGTON—Hesse Cassel, Brunswick and
the rest,

Together give an army of about

Twenty thousand men. And more if needed.

KING—A good round number. What say you,
North? Will

The work now begin, blows and subjugation?

We are tired of these petitions from the

Hands of treason.

NORTH—Your Majesty! The only petition
That your minister receives hereafter

From these men, will be while they are

prostrate

At his feet, and with halters around their

necks.

GERMAIN—And with the force now at the dis-
posal

Of the King and Parliament, this petition

Must soon be handed in. In the hour of

Subjugation, I trust duty will hold

The scales of justice so far above the

Reach of mercy, that the principal actors

In this foul revolt shall feel the halter.

Samuel Adams and Hancock of Boston

Have forfeited their lives to the State.

Indulgence to these should be a stranger.

KING—We will not punish, or discuss a pardon, Before capture and conviction, lest the Court may forestall the constable. Barrington, have plans been formulated For the campaign? I should be glad to know What my ministers propose.

BARRINGTON—General Howe is now in Boston with About ten thousand men. He is there besieged Since Bunker Hill; and in command since the Recall of Gage. The army of the rebels— A larger force—hem him in, and for many Months have held him to inaction. The time Has not been lost. During this England Purchased her foreign levies, and in the Spring campaign, now coming near, expects to Crush audacity,

GERMAIN—The battles past were needful to certify The intention of the revolt. It becomes Us now to act with such power as to Certify, in turn, that England scourges Even unto death, revolting subjects. To-day, well armed, the State moves swiftly on To restored supremacy.

KING—Who commands the army in opposition?
NORTH—His name—his name—indeed it escapes me now.

BARRINGTON—His name, your Majesty, is Washington. I think, George Washington.

KING—Is he experienced in arms?

BARRINGTON—I have made inquiry, and learn that he Is brave and capable. He served your Grand sire of glorious memory, and Was aid to Braddock when he fell. But skill And courage may not avail him. His army Is a mob without discipline, and, as Believed, without means to live. Hunger may Drive them home before we reach them. Such an Army must dissolve before veterans well Armed and fed.

KING—Again. How stand your intentions for the Approaching Spring?

NORTH—As Secretary of War, Barrington will inform your Majesty.

BARRINGTON—Of our Generals, Carleton commands in Canada, Howe in the Middle Colonies, And Sir Henry Clinton in the South. To Carleton. General Burgoyne will sail With ten thousand troops, including the men Of Brunswick. Sir Peter Parker and Cornwallis, with about the same number, Depart from Cork to join Clinton in the Carolinas; and to Howe, an army of Twenty thousand will be added, sailing Under his brother the Admiral, to Concentrate against New York, if the General so advises. About seventeen Thousand of the troops of Hesse Cassel And of our other German friends are here Included. In these expeditions go Many hundred ships of war, covering The vast seas with cannon.

KING—A prodigious host! Enough to create A famine—where farmers go to war, and Fields to waste—and so starve them into Submission. These three grand divisions after Foothold on the land, will join each other From end to end, from North to South, and so Divide, overrun, and crush the traitors! Is that the plan?

NORTH—Such is the expectation and the hope Your Majesty.

KING—Other aids must not be forgotten. The army gathered should be sufficient

To stamp out these ragged mobs before the Next Autumn's sun grows cold; and it come Sailing home again to join next winter's Revelries. Yet, let us fail not to use Any weapon lying in our path, though It seem to-day superfluous. The savage And the tomahawk—the servile laborer Of the South—and the resident still loyal To the crown, of whom there must be many Thousands—may carry consternation and Death outside of the track of armies! Is all this well considered.

GERMAIN—Your Secretaries have neglected nothing, Your Majesty. Heretofore, advised of Your far-reaching scrutiny and care—well Approved by Parliament—the ministry And the sovereign have been one in purpose And in thought. Our agents have tapped at every Wigwam in America, the slaves have Been fired for revenge, and among the people, Those still friendly have been upheld with Promises.

KING—Then England has no more to do at home. Here we set our royal standard and await The end: So shine the sun upon it, Flaunting in the East, that its reflected Glories glance back to us from our Victorious banners in the West.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV.—*Plaza in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Time: Thursday, July 4, 1776. Early evening.*

Enter: SAMUEL ADAMS, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN ADAMS, EDWARD RUTLEDGE, JOHN DICKINSON and JOHN WITHERSPOON, all delegates to the Continental Congress, and on the way to the evening session.

SAMUEL ADAMS—This balmy evening air Invites a rest beneath these stately trees Before closing the labors within yonder Hall. How refreshing is this Southern breeze, Following a glaring day!

RUTLEDGE—And with it Bearing such weighty news; it is tempered As we would.

FRANKLIN—On Friday last was that done in Charleston Harbor which illuminates a history. Citizens melting the weights of windows To furnish bullets! Can a people so determined be subdued? It was a grand victory. Fifty ships Of the line beaten off and defeated By less than five hundred men! Sergeant Jasper, like a second Curtius, From the ramparts of Moultrie—it is thus I name the fort—leaped into the fiery Gulf and brought back the flag. A deed for song, when brave deeds are sung.

SAMUEL ADAMS—More than this. The Cherokees, prompted to attack the People from the rear at the moment of Assault in front, for a while gave rein to Their murderous instincts and many fell Beneath the tomahawk. Accursed inhumanity! In the end the savage was driven off, His wigwams burned, and a chief gave up a Life for every settler slain. For a time Has been checked this danger. So rumor decks

Herself this day. A double victory— The British and the Indians conquered.

DICKINSON—All this is well authenticated?

SAMUEL ADAMS—No doubt whatever. Posts have just come in.

FRANKLIN—The year so far brings profit to our cause.

There have been losses, but also gains. Canada weighs heavily at my heart.

Montgomery's death, just as the new year Was breaking upon the world, added sorrow To hearts already sore with trials.

SAMUEL ADAMS—The disasters in Canada lie at The doors of Congress. What madness tempted

Us, as if skilled in arms, to command our Commander? It was assumption for which The country has dearly paid, though the debt Was by us created. Five thousand men, By Washington so much needed, line with So many graves the Canadian waters, And with nothing to our advantage. Congress ordered this, and Washington obeyed.

To him the honor of obedience, To us the shame of the command.

DICKINSON—Washington approved of the assault Upon Quebec?

SAMUEL ADAMS—So he did, within the limits of prudence; And dispatched Colonel Benedict Arnold, by Way of the Kennebec, to join Montgomery. There it should have been left. But Congress Followed with its own levies of thousands For this Northern sally, and a kitchen Campaign by kitchen Generals has brought Home disaster; so it always will.

JOHN ADAMS—I beg you cease good cousin. for I Plead guilty as a kitchen general.

SAMUEL ADAMS—No matter now. So were we all, here in Philadelphia. A zealous hand, though gripping hard in Honesty, guided by ignorance, may Do a heinous deed. Let us remember This.

FRANKLIN—With other gains we count the departure Of General Howe from Boston in March. To compel this was a master-stroke of A Cæsar and a Fabius. To know When to assail and when to refuse a Battle, unite the merits of these Roman heroes. Howe, with his army, was Glad safely to creep away from the state He was sent to ruin.

JOHN ADAMS—I wonder much If he took with him the proclamation Of General Gage, giving the pardon Of the King to all but Hancock and my Good cousin here. They were reserved for the Halter. It must be because they deserved It.

[*All laugh.*]
"The King can do no wrong"; so, according To this good old saw, he was right in Selecting Samuel for the rope. As for Hancock, we should once more petition The King to spare him, till the present Congress ends. Degenerate servants of The people, we select to preside over Us, a man whom the King calls a felon.

FRANKLIN—The strife is yet young. We shall often commit Like offense before it's ended.

SAMUEL ADAMS—This night, We crown the grandest event of mortals, With a Declaration to the world of The facts impelling us to independence. The document is drawn by a master's Hand. In this Jefferson becomes immortal. Four days of discussion secures the Resolution of Lee that these United Colonies are free and independent. Now for the declaration which awaits Our signatures. How stands the record? On Monday last the first vote. And time, Heavy with regret, must forever witness That the voices of South Carolina and Pennsylvania were against it on That day. The matter being worthy of Fuller consideration, on Tuesday South Carolina redeemed her name and

Changed for Independence. Pennsylvania, Too, with Dickinson and Morris absent, Gladly seized this chance to side with the Majority. Do I report correctly?

WITHERSPOON—The minutes, Certify how exact are your recitals.

JOHN ADAMS—And so all the colonies, as they ought, United upon this measure, as if One thought controlled. The discussion yesterday

And to-day over the form of the great Deed of Right, upon which our title rests As freemen, closes to-night, and makes this Day—mark my words—in importance to mankind Second only to that which was hallowed By Divinity. We are unanimous In what we do : And the voice of all cannot be wrong.

DICKINSON—May your enthusiasm never lose its heat.

Alas ! I fear it will.

JOHN ADAMS—Hot or cold, I stand for what Congress has Decreed. Sink or swim, live or die, survive Or perish, I am for Independence ! You amaze me, Dickinson, In still holding out.

DICKINSON—I fear, and hence hesitate. All is so dark. This declaration may Expose us to graver dangers. Shall we Take a step we may not maintain, and recede With infamy, or persist to our Destruction.

FRANKLIN—What are the triumphs of this world

Worth without risks and trials, which sweeten Victory, as labor enriches food By whetting appetite.

DICKINSON—The door of accommodation To Great Britain should be kept open.

FRANKLIN—Then when comes the time to close it ?

How much humiliation must we bear Before, this superstitious reverence for Royalty burned away, man shall be Recognized in his greater capabilities Without a master ? How much more evil must this King do ? Lives destroy and towns engulf in flames ? Twice has the Congress of this people Petitioned him, and twice been spurned with Insults. It was in close touch with British Rulers, that I learned the lesson of Independence.

DICKINSON—We propose to form a new government.

This work, so difficult, ought to precede What we do to-day, not follow it.

JOHN ADAMS—Why, man, you need a guardian For wits that once upon a time have set Tongues to patriotic music. Can we On with the new government before we Are off with the old ? To-day we declare To all the world our independence of England. To-morrow we organize a New government, this day born. We are ripe For independence as the first act in Our drama.

WITHERSPOON—Yes ! And not only are we ripe, But the danger is, the fruit will rot upon The tree unless soon gathered. We stand to-day

An armed mob, without a flag, without a Symbol of authority to command. Washington, as a new year's gift, improvised A banner. But, representing nothing, Any piece of bunting is of its value.

SAMUEL ADAMS—What purpose have we, Without the declaration we make to-day ? A crowd of simple malcontents -we are Daily berating the King—and praying For the King. Do we believe in freedom ?

Or do we still hug slavery ? And fawn Upon royalty, since its kicks and cuffs Remind us where it is—giving opportunity ? Fishmongers, quarreling in the streets, and For the hour repelling the officers of The law, yet waiting to be quelled, repeat The position of these Colonies for Twelve months past.

RUTLEDGE—Too much rashness is ever dangerous.

I would rather avoid than repent it.

SAMUEL ADAMS—No man can be rash in Resisting a wrong which would enslave him : At least no man of spirit.

RUTLEDGE—There you have it ! To be spirited we must do violence, Even if to our injury. So I Remember, in foolish youth, with courage Roused to do, the venturesome boy pushed Forward with thoughtless taunts, walked here and there

In many perils ; all to show his spirit— Which, while still in his shrill, piping notes of Triumph, was quelled by his mother's shoe. Deliver me from this ! Yet on the second Ballot I voted for independence— And will sign the declaration. Moultrie settled that six days ago.

SAMUEL ADAMS—I rejoice that I have a prompter,

To tell me when it is rash to oppose A tyrant. At this moment the waters Are covered with the fleets of England, Bearing to our shores, hired mercenaries To take our lives at so much per head. Like foxes for which a premium is Paid, we live and walk until these huntsmen Come. Some there are who would call it rash to

Resist this infamy—and proper manhood To accept it. I'd rather be an owl, And hoot my lonely hours away upon A blighted limb, than such a counterfeit.

RUTLEDGE—In our disjointed state, To propose a treaty to any nation Now at peace—And we must have treaties since

We cannot live alone—would require the Impudence found only in New England !

SAMUEL ADAMS—Rutledge, this to me !

[ADAMS advances threateningly toward Rutledge, and Franklin steps between them],

Is this the language of Moultrie to Bunker Hill ? Shall a man who for ten years And more has stood within the shadow of The halter, in defense of human rights And man's equality, receive this as His reward ? Could I thus speak to Carolina, This very day so proudly plumed over The tyranny her valor crushed ! First let me Drink to the besotted death of every sense, And the loss of memory be excuse for Such ingratitude ! Fie, Fie ! Rutledge !

FRANKLIN—Let me, as middle-man, Stand between heat of extreme sections. Rutledge, believe me, in days to come it Will grieve you heavily to carry your words, A burden of discourtesy.

RUTLEDGE—I meant no wrong— Nor thought it would be taken so. Adams ! With all my heart, I regret the rash Expression.

[Extends his hand].

SAMUEL ADAMS—And with all my soul, I again Receive you as my country's friend and mine. [They grasp hands].

FRANKLIN—So may Carolina ever stand, in link With Massachusetts when wrong threatens either !

JOHN ADAMS—The hour has come for the final test, The signatures. To it with courage, for Each may sign his death warrant.

[All retire within Independence Hall. The Plaza is then suddenly filled with the populace—men, women and children. Voices : "Independence forever ! " "Down with the King ! " "Now for the declaration ! " "Jefferson forever ! " "Liberty or Death ! " The throng all the while move restlessly over the stage before the closed doors. A voice is raised and sings "Yankee Doodle," and all join in.

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury And swore that Jonathan should have no trials sir, by jury ; That no elections should be held across the briny waters ; "And now" said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."

CHORUS Yankee doodle, doodle, do ; Yankee doodle dandy ;

Yankee doodle, keep it up ; Yankee doodle dandy.

A VOICE—I heard that at Bunker Hill. Give us another verse.

[Another stanza is sung, all joining in, and many now dancing.]

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated, But whether Hyson or Bohea I never heard it stated. Th n Jonathan began to pout ; he laid a strong embargo ; "I'll drink no tea, by Jove" said he ; then over went the cargo.

CHORUS. Yankee doodle, doodle, do, &c. &c.

A VOICE—One verse more and on with the dance.

[Singing continued].

Then John set down in burly state, and blustered like a grandee ; And in decision made a tune called, "Yankee doodle dandy ! " And Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy ; But we will send them home again, with his Yankee doodle dandy !

CHORUS. Yankee doodle, doodle, do, &c. &c.

[Suddenly the doors of Independence Hall are thrown open, and upon the steps appear SAMUEL ADAMS, holding the declaration in his hand, with FRANKLIN by his side, RUTLEDGE, WITHERSPOON and others.

RUTLEDGE—Peace good citizens, and hear the Declaration of your representatives.

SAMUEL ADAMS—[reading]. We hold these truths to be self-evident : That all men are created free and equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, do solemnly publish and declare that these Colonies are free and independent ; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown ; and for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor !

WITHERSPOON—The deed is done ! Long live the United States of America !

[All huzza].

FRANKLIN—[Cannon are heard in the distance and a heavy bell begins to ring].

Listen ! The bell of Liberty ! Henceforth ring on, and on, forever.

[Suddenly, while the bell still tolls, the entire assemblage assumes an attitude of devotion. Some fall on their knees. Some are with uplifted hands, and all sing].

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here below ; Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[At the close of the singing, the bell still ringing and cannon booming, the curtain falls].

END OF ACT II.

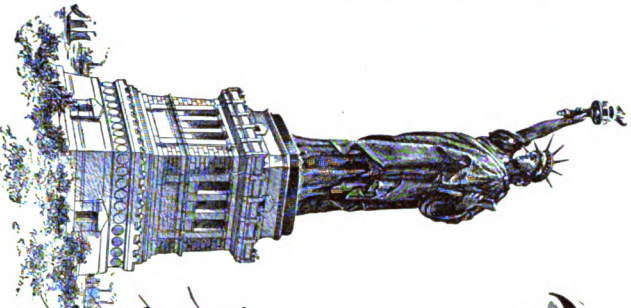
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No.

United States of America

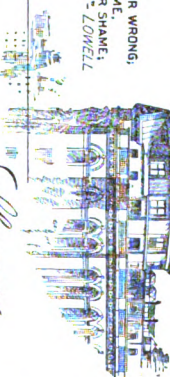
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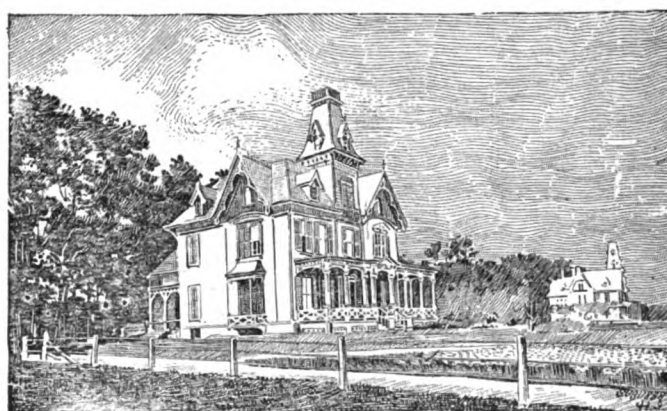
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OCTOBER, 1897

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“FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far, o'er vale and hill.
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington.
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where, down the gorgeous line of France,
Shine brightly star and plume of snow?
Thou, too, art victor, Rochambeau!

“The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war charge yesterday,
Plowed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel.
October's pale and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun;
And down night's double darkness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

“Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand nerveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go.
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop ride bannerless.
Shout from thy fired and wasted homes—
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes.

“Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eyes her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain-wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear—
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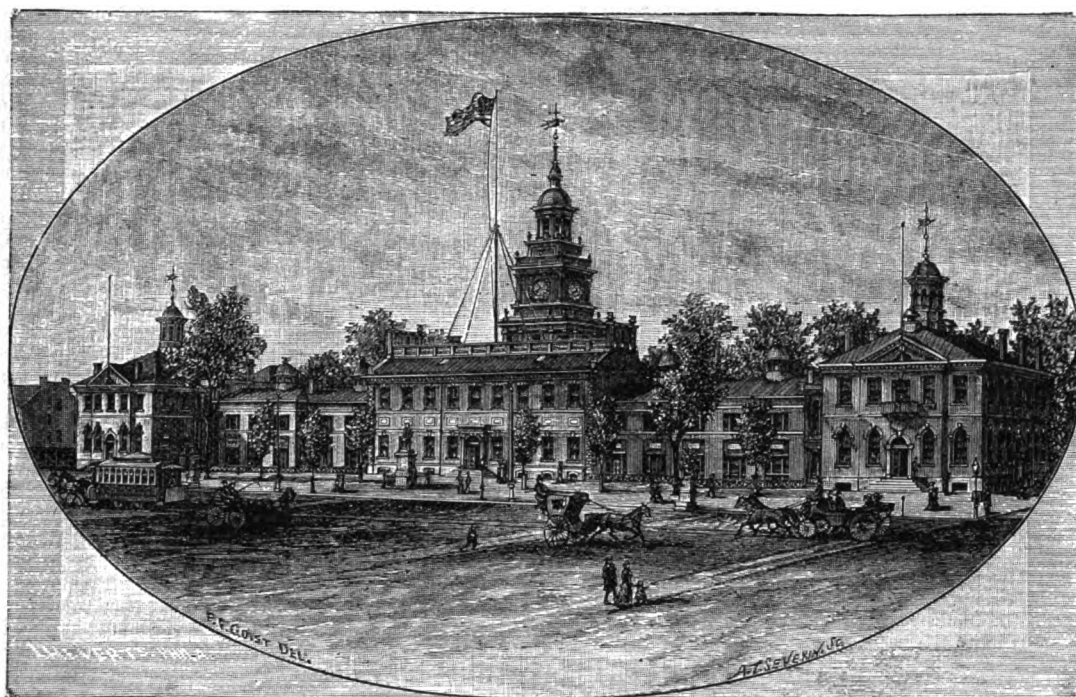
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OCTOBER, 1897.

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INDEPENDENCE HALL AND LIBERTY BELL,

BY PAUL BECKWITH.

[A paper read before the District of Columbia Society Sons of the American Revolution.]

“HISTORIES,” says Sir Francis Bacon, “make men wise.” “History,” says Dionysius, “is philosophy teaching by example.” “To study History,” says Wilmot, “is to study Literature.” The beginning of a Nation contains all its works; no trifle is to be neglected; a mouldering medal is a letter of twenty centuries. National relics which have been beautifully called “History defaced” compose its fullest commentary. Then how precious should be the history of this country, for our relics are few indeed. Then may I ask, are there any of our countrymen but think with satisfaction of the days that tried men’s souls in the upbuilding of our country, and revering all that pertained to the period, can look at the venerable Independence Hall without a feeling of pride that we are Americans, and realize that we—you and I—feel the same spirit that they felt who participated in the memorable days of Valley Forge, when in the winter of 1777 and ’78 a handful of starving, freezing, bleeding men made that little valley forever sacred, and at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the American Army. For the same spirit that inspired our ancestors to take up arms inspires us in meeting here to-night as members of this patriotic society. It was the same spirit they felt, we feel, and let us hope future generations will feel, when looking upon the old relics of that past in our history, whether it may be a building, a battle-field or a stone that is associated with the upbuilding of our country, for which men shed their blood, gave up their lives, and may I add, achieved success, all this not only impresses us, to the Manor born, but also its sons by adoption. It is the association of such things that help to instill the principles that speak to the very soul of all free men. Old Independence Hall! how many recollections cluster around this old relic, commenced in 1729, and completed in 1734, in Colonial days, when George the

Second was king. How rapidly the blood surges through our veins when we recall that from this old tower rung out the bell that proclaimed an approaching dawn of Independence. There the signers of the Declaration met; in that plain old building with stone trimmings and a wooden tower, so well preserved that in imagination we see the dignified figures of the patriots entering the doorway that fatal morning talking together as they go about the serious business of the day. No one can look upon this truly American relic without connecting it with that Declaration, by the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled July the 4th, 1776, who in the following words, introductory to the clause that inspired the bell to peal forth in glorious anticipation of a glorious result: “When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume the powers of the Earth, the separate and equal station, to which the laws of Nature, and of Nature’s God entitle them.”

It was in this old hall the Declaration of Independence was framed and signed which left the thirteen states according to their own claim, free and independent, and a committee was appointed to draw up articles of Confederation, (adopted by the whole body of states in 1781), declaring the thirteen states to be a Confederacy, called the United States of America.

Old Independence Hall, baptized in the blood of patriots! for after the battle of Brandywine, it was used as a hospital and many a noble patriot here breathed his last. Old Independence Hall, made immortal from the fact that here George Washington was re-inaugurated in 1793, and again within its walls “bade farewell to public life, and delivered that memorable address which will ever be cherished as a sacred legacy by his grateful countrymen. Old Independence Hall, whose walls listened with delight, on the me-

morale night of October 23, 1781, to the voice of the night watch, "Twelve o'clock and Cornwallis has surrendered," and the peals of the Liberty Bell chimed in a holy chorus. Old Independence Hall, depending for its effect upon its historical associations, not upon its adornment. Old Independence Hall, its antiquities excites our veneration, its associations our patriotism, it is soberly yet gracefully dignified, it is stately, it has a wonderful air of distinction, it is reserved, refined, aristocratic and elegant in its simplicity, therefore it produces an impression upon the average American such as can no other building in the land. Every portion of the building is equally sacred, the walls, the ceiling, the carvings, recesses and corners, for they still ring with the voices of the unforgotten dead. Let the last minds-image you carry away from the City of Brotherly Love, be one of this historic old edifice. Farewell old Independence Hall, in whose tower once nestled the equally precious relic, the Liberty Bell, who had for its ancestor the earliest bell brought over from England by William Penn, and when thrice purified in the bell moulders fiery crucible, was born again, as it were, in 1751, and in 1753 hung in the steeple of the old State House, Independence Hall. It played its part and witnessed the gradual change taking place among the people. It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that the gray-headed patriot, who anxiously awaited with trembling hope in the belfry the signing of the Declaration, who said to himself, "They'll never do it," and whose grasp grew firmer when the voice of the blue-eyed youth stationed below reached his ears in shouts of triumph—"Ring! Ring! they have signed and our country is free," then it was that this old relic gave forth to the world the full meaning of the text around it, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the Land, to all the inhabitants thereof," the echo of which still vibrates in the hearts of seventy million people, and let us pray this spirit will endure forever, and when we of the present, and they of the future, in the great hereafter, meet the inquiring gaze of the man with the musket who fell in the struggle that gave to us a Liberty Bell, we and they can say "Aye, all's well."

In 1777 when the American forces were evacuating Philadelphia and the British army was about to occupy the city, the bell was taken to Allentown, only to be brought back again, and hung from a beam in the tower, where it swung and rung in the celebration of every national event until 1835, when tolling for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, its songs of freedom ceased and like the nightingale at the death of its mate, refused to sing again. Its tongue is now still, its voice is silent. It is well, thou good and faithful servant, thy duties are done, and now amidst sculptured liberty caps and festooned flags it has been given a resting place, with the American eagle surmounting the pedestal upon which it rests, a mute sentinel of Liberty. Mute; no! a thousand times no! Mute it can never be as long as the sentiments that cluster around it are dear to us.

It has been claimed that the spirit of patriotism emulating the men of 1776 had grown cold, and in the lapse of time had passed from the recollection of the younger generation. To prove the injustice of this we again take the silent testimony of the Liberty Bell, when through the patriotism of the daughters of the country, God bless them, the bell was accorded civic and military honors such as has never been given to man, when carried in states, from the pine clad hills of the North to the palmetto groves of the South, the cheers that burst forth were not the spontaneous enthusiasm of a section of our fair land, but the echo of the hearts offerings of seventy million freemen.

Let us then looking on the testimony brought so vividly before us, of the memory of deeds of daring and genius that gave to us a Liberty Bell, remember the throes in which Liberty now lies struggling for a history such as ours, in the fair island of Cuba, devastated as ours, thank God, could never have been, for we had a worthier foe, and remembering, that with us Liberty is an accomplished fact, bought solely by the blood of heroes. May it carry hope and encouragement to that other land, and may it, in due time listen to the chimes of a Liberty Bell, and may theirs and ours be hailed with unsullied zeal by unborn millions in ages to come, as a relic of a past, a silent witness whose peals did animate an ancestry who gave a free patrimony, and may that spirit of Liberty be ever preserved.

It rang for the Scarlet, 'tis true;
But then it rang for the Blue,
When tidings of Liberty, America first knew.
It rang for the man of lofty name,
In peals of praise of well earned fame.
It rang for the men of the musket who fell
In the struggle, with no monument to tell,
But the hearts of their countrymen. All's well,

How Brazil Became a Republic.

THE New York society, Sons of the Revolution celebrated Washington's Birthday in the year 1885 with a full society meeting and banquet. The president was instructed by a resolution adopted by a unanimous vote "to appoint a committee of five to inaugurate a movement looking to the celebration in an appropriate manner of the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington as first president of the United States."

Four years later, the chairman of this committee so appointed by the president, was called on to preside at an assemblage of delegates from the various state societies held on April 30, 1889, the centennial day of Washington's inauguration, in the famous long room in Fraunces' Tavern, for the purpose of effecting a national organization. This meeting gave birth to the National Society of the "Sons of the American Revolution." It could have appropriately been called the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution for at that time and during the following year men and women were admitted to membership upon equal conditions. The place of meeting had been selected on account of its historic associations. In this room Washington bade farewell to the officers of the army at the successful close of the Revolutionary War.

The chairman left his place as presiding officer in order to move that a committee be appointed to issue an address explaining the objects of the organization. In support of this suggestion he read from the *New Jersey Journal and Political Intelligence* of June 16, 1790, then conducted by Captain Shepard Kolloch, "the editor of the Revolution," the correspondence between the officers of the Revolution at that time gathered in the "Society of the Cincinnati," congratulating their President General on his election to the Presidency of the United States, and the reply of General Washington, together with the address issued by the "Cincinnati" conveying this correspondence to the various state societies of that organization and to the public. He called special attention to these words in the address: "But we are persuaded that you will do good to all men whensoever and wheresoever opportunity will permit." He then proceeded to say that it was well for us, the descendants of these men on this centennial of the inauguration of the first president of the United States, and from this room made sacred by their memories, to follow their example by issuing an appropriate address. This resolution was unanimously adopted and the address prepared by Rev. Alexander McD. Leavitt D.D., LL.D., and issued by the committee, is here given:

"The society of the Sons of the American Revolution rests on a wider basis than military rank and service. Pen and voice may be as useful to Liberty as the sword. By essay and oration, Henry, Adams, and Jefferson accomplished as much for their country as Gates, or Greene, or Putnam by the most brilliant exploits of battle. Washington as Commander was no more a patriot and benefactor than Washington as President. Nor must the heroes of the ranks be overlooked. Descendants of the sailor, soldier and civilian are recognized by our society. Membership is based on proved patriotic service, however and wherever rendered during the War of the Revolution.

Two paths open to our Society. It may live in and for the past. It may collect and treasure relics, trace ancestors, and extol the heroic era of our Nation. It may cultivate knee-buckles, cocked hats, swords, wigs, scarlet vests and stockings, and all those ancient costumes once so picturesque, so brilliant and so suitable. Many naturally look behind rather than before for the golden age of our humanity. And let us not discourage those inclined to venerable fashions. But we have a nobler mission than devotion to the antique and and æsthetical. As our Society grows out of the past of our country, so it may become a potent element in the future.

The test of Liberty is the power of the citizen to elect rulers and control revenues. Between the Divine right of the people and the Divine right of kings there has, and ever will be, perpetual battle. In England, that war led by Charles and Cromwell terminated when Parliament changed the succession and placed William and Mary on the throne. But while the sovereignty of the people was established, by how many social, political and ecclesiastical obstacles is it yet resisted in Britain? After a hundred years of blood, France is a Republic. How hindered still by traditions of monarchy, aristocracy and empire? What shall we say of Italy, Austria and Germany? Education advances. Ideas march. Liberty will triumph. Nevertheless, for Russia between Czarism and and popular sovereignty lies a dark and bloody century. Japan has become young with hope. Yet, although stirring in the valley of the shadow of Oriental despotism, China and India are far from their political resurrection. America should stand ready to give all her help.

Our country has been exempt from the peculiar trials of other lands. Humanity began with us anew. The Atlantic is the barrier between us and the past. Hence on our soil liberty had an unimpeded growth. New obstacles gave new strength. Colonial struggles made our American manhood. The Revolution was our evolution. Nor has growth stopped. We are a century in advance of our ancestors. Our prisons are better, our schools are better, our colleges are better. Steam and electricity have enlarged our views even more than our means of intercommunication.

Where, then, was the glory of our fathers? Rich patriots imperilled wealth and life for liberty. Poor citizens, through rags and blood and hunger and defeat stood by the cause until victory was won. States quarreled and delayed their quotas; Congress was sometimes divided and uncertain; cabals and ambitions and dishonesties were not wanting. But always there were men faithful to their leaders and their country. Valor and virtue triumphed. Hard experience made successful both Revolution and Constitution. Greece, Rome and England instructed our fathers. But American needs and trials were their best teachers. Measured by truest tests their patriotic wisdom has never been excelled. Out of bitter and paltry contests emerged a structure of Liberty to endure for ever. Amid cramping and belittling influences our Constitution was shaped into a comprehensive instrument adapted to social needs, political requirements and territorial magnitudes of which its framers could have had no conception. For all time and all the world it stands—their immortal monument.

Let our Society study the work of our fathers as it is! It wants no glamor of a golden mist. When fancy converts our Revolutionary sires into ideals we lose interest. Men, not statues, stir living thoughts. History to be profitable must be honest. Whatever the frailties of others, in peace and war, Washington, without stain or cloud, stands forth in solitary glory.

Nor should the Sons of the American Revolution forget that from the beginning they had a mingled blood. New England was moulded by British Puritans. The Dutch controlled New York. Quakers and Germans settled Pennsylvania. English Catholics largely shaped Maryland. Swedes prevailed in Delaware. Virginia boasted Cavalier and Churchman. The Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigrated extensively into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas. Florida was long the home of the Spaniard. In Louisiana French and Creoles were numerous, Huguenots leavened our whole Republic. Our manhood grew from mixed nationalities. Side by side their representatives fought in the Revolution, and side by side evolved the Constitution. To hide these facts is to be ashamed of ourselves. Origin creates our sympathy for humanity. Hence in Americans these prophesies of universal liberty. We do not fear that immigrant nations will cloud or exhaust our sun. Rather we believe that they will diffuse the light until it circles the world. As statesmen we may wisely provide against an overwhelming flood of paupers, criminals and adventurers. But as citizens and Christians we will welcome opportunities of moulding to republicanism and religion those who will be heralds of truth and apostles of the millennium.

And this leads to the noblest work of our Society. We might specify much to be accomplished by gathering materials for history, and souvenirs of the Revolution, by studying men, manners and measures, and devising the best methods of perpetuating the memories of our ancestors and celebrating their achievements. These, however, will naturally be considered in their time. But one noble field of usefulness should be expanded to our view.

But why confine ourselves to a single country? On our own continent we have sister republics. Let us form with them leagues of fellowship. Our hearts should embrace self-government throughout the world. The American instinct for freedom is irrepressible. It cannot be restricted by bonds of nationalities. Humanity is its object. We only express and exercise a national impulse when we cultivate fraternity with men everywhere who by justice and intelligence strive to elevate the people to sovereignty and help forward for earth her day of light, and love, and liberty.

While by sea and land civic and military pageants made our Centennial memorable, a few citizens assembled in a historic place in our great commercial metropolis. Amid the huzzas of the multitude, the roar of cannon, and the magnificence of display, these gentlemen elaborated the Constitution of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Its birthplace was the long room in Fraunces' Tavern and its birthday our Centennial. By past and present it is thus made interesting and illustrious. May it kindle new hope in nations! May it diffuse light over our race! Wherever on earth a man wears the badge of the Sons of the American Revolution we will clasp his hand and welcome him as a worker for humanity."

The presiding officer of the meeting had been for years gathering the names and addresses of eminent men and women throughout the world friendly to free institutions, and believing that "vox populi" is the nearest humanity could come to the mind of Divinity. A number of these were citizens of the Empire of Brazil. A copy of the address was sent to each of them with the story of how it came to be written and sent, and expressing in the letter a recognition of the fact that Brazil was the last independent nation on the American continent to continue allegiance to an hereditary form of government, and adding the hope that she would soon join the sisterhood of republics.

Some time after the letter was mailed its writer saw in great headlines at the top of the column of his morning paper, "Brazil a Republic." He hurried at once to the postmaster of New York City with the request that he would trace out the route by which the letters to Brazil had gone and see if they could have reached their destination before the date of the Revolution. It was found that the time was sufficient for it to have been some ten days in the hands of the persons to whom they were sent. Later a letter was received from Benjamin Constant, the Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams of Brazil, written for himself and his associates of the new Republic, in which he expressed their thanks to the Sons of the American Revolution for the address from that sacred room hallowed by Washington and his fellows, and upon that memorable occasion, the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of that immortal man as the first president of the great republic of the North; then he went on to say that "the receipt of this address was accepted by us as a message from God and we acted. I am very happy to write that the effort has been successful and that Brazil has joined the sisterhood of American Republics."

Major Sebastian Beuman.

SEBASTIAN BEUMAN; Major, New York Artillery, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, on the 6th of April, 1739, and died in New York City on the 19th of October, 1803. He was educated at the Heidelberg University as an engineer and artillerist in the Austrian service, becoming a strict disciplinarian.

It is claimed by his family that his father residing in the castle where Maria Theresa, (Empress of Germany, archduchess of Austria and queen of Hungary) held her court when at Frankfort, was associated with her household. He was present, with his parents, at the coronation of the empress on October 20, 1740, when he was only a year and a half old and was held up in his father's arms to kiss the empress on that occasion. He came to America and fought under Washington in the French and Indian war. In September, 1766, he married Anna, daughter of John and Maria Christina Wetzell, of New York City, grand-daughter of Dr. Ernest of Manheim, who suffered at the stake for the sake of the Reformed religion. His father-in-law, Mr. Wetzell, was seized by the British when they took possession of this city, and tho' old and infirm was thrown into prison. Maj. Beuman's wife and her three children were permitted to leave the city, taking with her her aged mother. They fled to West Point for protection and were there when Major Andre was captured. The major himself was the last man to leave the city when the British took possession: he had only eighty men and two howitzers. He left even after the British had two ships in the stream. He became commandant of West Point at intervals for three years in the years 1780-81-82. Some of the papers found in Major Andre's boots when captured had been prepared by him for Washington's use and were taken by Arnold. These were maps of the fortifications and of the different posts near by, and gave the British full information of what would be the disposition of the American troops in case of attack, and rendering it easy for the enemy to know toward what particular points to direct their assaults*. Major Beuman was at Valley Forge and furnished his troops with shoes and clothes as did Lafayette. Later he pawned his plate and silver of all kinds to buy provisions for his famishing men. At one time he and Lafayette were buried under the snow a day and a night and Washington had to send scouts along the path they had taken. When found they were nearer dead than alive. He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and again made use of his professional skill to prepare for his own use a "Map of the Siege and the Situation of Yorktown," which Washington requested him to engrave. (It was inserted by John Austin

* These documents are in the State Library at Albany preserved in glass cases—together with other papers of Major Andre and Benedict Arnold captured at that time.

Stevens, with other interesting details of the victory, in the January, 1880, number of the *Magazine of American History*). As he was the last man to leave New York when the British took possession, so he was the first to return at the head of the army on November 25th, 1783. He bore the American flag and it was planted on the Battery by his orders. He was the first federal postmaster of the city, since he held appointment from Washington in 1789, and he continued in office thirteen consecutive years and until his death. The office was kept in his own house on William street in a room twenty-five by thirty-five feet. There were about one hundred boxes. The office was enlarged to accommodate the demands of the increasing population, but it remained in the same place until 1827, when it was removed to Wall street.

He was also colonel of the State Regiment of Artillery from 1785, and it assisted in depositing his body—on October 23, 1803—wrapped in the American flag, in the Old Dutch Church yard at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets. His name appears on the half-pay roll. (Institution of the Society of the Cincinnati in New York, 1783, by John Schuyler, Secretary).

On the New York Records of the Revolution, at Washington, D. C., the following appears: (Vol. 1. page 153): "Colonel Beauman joined with other New York officers on September 21, 1775, in a petition to the Committee of Safety for the Province of New York, praying for more general military training and discipline." On page 224, "Major Sebastian Beauman is recorded among other officers of the First Battalion of New York who are willing to enter into the service of their country." From page 302 it appears that a recruiting warrant was issued by the Convention to Sebastian Beauman, Esq., Captain of a Company of Artillery in the regiment commanded by Henry Knox, Esq., 30th of March, 1776.

In the petition of John Doughty to the Senate and Assembly of New York, dated September 1, 1779, a certain company "*lately commanded by Major Beauman*, now by Capt. George Fleming," is referred to as being in consimili casu with Doughty's company, which had, up to that time, not been adopted by the State, and was serving at its own expense and greatly embarrassed thereby. The petition is that these two companies may be taken into the service of the State and have the same benefits extended to them as to the other troops. It appears from this petition that Beauman and his company, like Doughty's, armed and equipped themselves, and served, for awhile at least, entirely at their own expense.

The following is from the New York State Archives at Washington, D. C., Vol. 15, pages 91-92, and is taken from Proceedings of the Provincial Congress:

"Die Sabbati, 10th, H. A. M. March 30, 1776. * * * * * Major Sebastian Beauman having signified his willingness to render any services in his power for the defense of the Liberties of this Country, This Committee, reposing Especial Confidence in his Patriotism, Valour, Conduct and Fidelity, think him well qualified to Command an Artillery Company in the Continental service. Resolved and Ordered that Sebastian Beauman, Esq., be, and he is hereby appointed Captain of the Continental Company of Artillery ordered to be raised in the Colony, which Company Mr. Beauman is *especially* authorized and requested to enlist with all possible Dispatch." From the proceedings of the Provincial Congress of April 11th, 1776, it appears that one Joseph Crane was appointed a lieutenant in the continental company of artillery.

In the list of the New York Line is the following: (Major Beauman being the second man mentioned). Officers and Soldiers of the Second, or New York Regiment of Artillery, "Beauman, Sebastian, Major, Succeeded in command of the company by Captain George Fleming."

This list of the line was a private compilation by one Alexander Nearly, New York clerk in the War Department at Washington, and purchased of him in 1803 after the War Department fire, by the State of New York for a hundred acres of land in Cayuga county. It appears that Beauman and the immortal Hamilton were both originally captains in the same New York Regiment of Artillery.

From the New York State records of the Revolution it appears that in May, 1775, Sebastian Beauman was appointed Captain of a Militia company in New York known as the "German Fusileers," which volunteered on the 14th of September in a regiment of Minute Men, known on the Continental Establishment as the First Regiment of New York Volunteers—Colonel John Lasher.

On the 30th of March, 1776, he was appointed in the permanent Continental service captain of a company of New York artillery and attached to Colonel Henry Knox's regiment on the 19th of the April following. On the 1st of January, 1777, he was transferred to the Second regiment Continental Corps of Artillery—Colonel Lamb's—and promoted to Major on the 12th of September,

1778. In the Historical Register of the Officers of the Continental Army during the War of the Revolution, by F. F. Heitman, the following is recorded: "Sebastian Beauman (N. Y.), Captain of a Company of N. Y. Artillery, March 30, 1776; Captain of Second Battalion of Continental Artillery, Jan. 1, 1777; Major, Sept. 12, 1778, transferred to Corps of Artillery June 17th, 1783 and served to June 20th, 1784. Died, October 19, 1803."

"The Dollar of Our Daddies"

Was neither gold or silver. In those days if you asked for money, often you would be answered: "Silver and gold have I none, but we can fill you up with Medford rum." The Tacoma *Ledger* is responsible for the following:

The power of rum as a commercial factor was at its height about 1750. That year the royal treasury report gave sixty-three distilleries in Massachusetts turning molasses into rum. This formed the store for about 900 vessels engaged in various branches of trade—400 in cod fishing, 200 in mackerel fishing, 100 whalers, etc. Newport kept pace relatively with Boston. Refuse codfish, paid for much of the molasses. Connecticut attempted to prohibit distilling because it made molasses scarce, but the prohibition was very hastily stopped when the citizens found that business went where rum could be obtained.

Rum proved the best commodity in all trading operations. Rum was the Indian's choice, in fact, his only acceptance, as payment for his peltries; it was chosen with equal eagerness by the Virginian or Carolinian in exchange for his tobacco. The Newfoundland fishermen wished it in return for codfish, and most important of all, on the Guinea coast, New England rum entirely vanquished French brandy as a medium for acquiring slaves.

The commerce in rum and slaves afforded all the ready money paid for any merchandise in England. It was the driving power of all commercial machinery. The circuit was powerful at every step. The Yankee vessel laden with home-made rum sailed to the African coast. The rum was bartered to great advantages for negroes. The negroes were carried to and sold at a large profit in the West Indies, and the distillation in New England and Boston started afresh the round of New England money-making. Sometimes the trade was so brisk that the market was stripped of rum. In the year 1752 Isaac Freeman wanted a cargo of rum for the African trade. He sent to Newport, where there were at that time thirty great rum distilleries in full blast. His correspondent wrote that he could not have it for three months. "There are so many vessels loading for Guinea we can't get our hogsheads of rum for cash. We have been lately to New London and all along the seaport towns in order to purchase molasses, but we can't get one hogshead." The shipmasters were not above watering the rum to make it go as far as possible. Old Merchant Potter instructed his captains to "trade with the blacks, worter 'ye rum as much as possible, and sell as much by short meassur as you can."

St. John's (Episcopal) Church in Portsmouth, N. H., is built on the foundation of Queen's Chapel, which was erected in 1732, and burned in 1808. This chapel was named in honor of Queen Caroline, who gave it the books for the altar and pulpit, the silver plate and two mahogany chairs. Here also is a copy of the celebrated "Vinegar" Bible. It has also a font cut out of porphyry, a hard and beautiful stone, which was taken from the French by Col. John Fulton Mason, at the capture of Senegal, in 1758, and given to this Church in 1761. The French had stolen it from a heathen temple sometime before. With this church are associated two quaint customs: The first is that each week twelve loaves of bread are distributed to the poor, and the second that the building is heated in winter by wood fires. These are observed because special funds were bequeathed for them years ago. The Warren house, built in 1718, is still in possession of the descendants of the builder, and is rich in panellings and wood carvings. The panels in many of the rooms extend to the ceilings, and the fireplaces are adorned with the quaintest of Dutch tile. The lightning rod on the west end was put up by Franklin himself. The old stores of china, silver plate, portraits by Copley, and the costumes worn by the old worthies, are all kept in a wonderful state of preservation.

The Marquis de Rochambeau, grandson of Comte de Rochambeau, commander of the French allies in the Revolution, died at the old family residence in the Department Loire-et-Cher on the 4th ult.

Selections from the Diary of Deacon John Bradbury, of York, giving an Account of his Services in the War for the Conquest of Canada in the Year 1760.

- Crownpoint, July ye 14—1760.
- July 14 this day a Regimental Court martial set at the presidents Tent by order of Brigadier general Ruggles Esq. to Try James Carsey William Dillerue Henry Boy & Jacob Hersey all of Capt Jenks Company Confined by S^d Jenks for writing of orders to the Suttlers and sining (signing) of them theirselves, &c &c. Capt Humphrey Chadbourn President Lieut Bradbury Lieut Bayley Lieut Wicker Lieut Boynton Members this Day Ensign Frost came hear from putnams post 6 miles from here the prisoner James Carsey appeared before the court and being examined plead guilty and Bed^d the mercy of the Court; it is therefore the opinion of the Court that James Carsey Receive 250 Stripes on his Naked Back.
- William Dillerue being Brought before the Court plead guilty and Beg the mercy of the Court. tis therefore the opinion of the Court that William Dillerue Receive 150 Stripes on his naked back.
- Henry Boy being Brought before the Court pled Not guilty; and by evidence Received 'tis the opinion of the Court that he is not guilty he is therefore acquitted.
- Jacob hersey being Brought before the Court pled not guilty; by evidence given he is guilty 'tis the opinion of the Court that he shall receive 50 stripes on his Naked Back. Which was put into execution this morning. Relieving the guard.
- July 15 one of the Regulars Whipt 75 Lashes for Strik one of Lt. fosters men. I ordered on fatigue.
- Took 30 men and went into the garden Dismissed them after gun firing.
- 18 Took a Walk into the Woods With 3 men; went round the head of the Bay; got some Elm rine to make a Bed; arrived home at 12 o'clock a very Smart Shower afternoon; ordered to parade the men for prayer; the first prayers I have heard since I left Concord.
- 19 Took 100 men with Capt Harris Lieut Bennet & Ensign Richard went into the woods and Drew timber Returned in after sunset very tired. Went on the parade heard prayers and Singing Psalms.
- Sunday E took 4 Days provision. Sent letters to york by mr. Bowler very hot weather. I ordored on a general cort martial tomorrow morning 8 o'clock.
- 21 Cort martial adjourned till tomorrow; took a walk in the woods 3 miles from hear with some gentlemen to get Rasberries; Returned Back at 7 o'clock. Drank punch at pasons. Went to the parade and heard prayers.
- 23 got myself in Rediness to attend on ye Court Martial; the Court Still adjourned till tomorrow 8 o'clock. Went down to the lake to see Capt. Jones Returned at 10 o'clock Went to the guard house Drank wine with Liet Farnum, the officer of the guard. Returned to my tent at 1 o'clock. Dined at 12 o'clock. Attended on prayers after Sunset.
- Crownpoint, July ye 23—1760
- this Day a general Court martial set at the presidents Tent or house to Try Lieutenant John Richmons For Disobeying Colonel Haverlings orders and other things aleged against him &c.
- Whereof Briggader genl timothy Ruggles was president. Capt Preble of the Regulars Judge Advocate.
- N. B. Sd Lt Richmon was found guilty and rendered incapable of doing Duty in the Service this campain and so Dismissed from the Service.
- Major Hawk Colonel Saltenstall Massachusetts Capt Rose Rodiland Capt Bradford Capt Harris Capt Fellows Capt. Lt Humfris Lieut Speers Rodiland Lieut Tripp Rodiland Lieut Bradbury Lieut Byrun Lieut McLaws Members of Sd Court Martial. Court martial sat at 8 o'clock finished most of the Business and then adjourned till tomorrow 10 o'clock.

- 24 a number of the members met to copy off the result.
- 25 this day the court dissolved. I went down to Ticonderoga with 800 of the Regulars Rangers & Rodlanders Loded each Batto with 80 Barrels of provision and arrived at Crownpoint at 11 oclock at night and landed 1800 Barrels of provision.
- 26 turned out at Revalle Beating and unloaded our Battos for weather still rainy most of the day.
- July 27 this day as I am informed is Lords day and I have some Reson to Believe it as there is the signal hoisted viz :—the flag and not only this But the people have began their Sabbath Day work viz : Cursing and profane swearing and taking the name of God in vain. Serjant Dillewa ordered to ticonderoga with 7 men on express.
- 28 took a walk into the Fort went on the perad and heard prayers as usual. afternoon walk Down opposite the New fort and heard a very fine sermon preached by a Regular Soldier.
- 29 took the command of 60 men went down to the old fort and haled provisions to the New fort.
- 30 provincials taken to go to meet the hamshier forces & 30 Regulars instead of them Dismissed them at sunset; heard prayers as usual. Supt with Lieut foster.
- 31 Ensign Whiting relieved the guard. helped to prize the cloaths of Levi hatch diseased of Capt. Jeffards Company with Capt fellows & Ensign King; took a walk into the woods with a number of officers & practisd exercising. John Bunker & Solomon goodin & 2 more Deserted from the Raddo. 800 of the hamshier got in this night almost starved. Rained all night.
- Aug. 1 Still Rainey weather tents Leak Cleared off a little at 9 oclock Showery all day ordered to take the picket this night. a Regular Soldier Received 1000 Lashes 2 more to Receive 1000 each tomorrow morning. 3 more forgiven. one provincial Received 50 lashes. heard prayers as usual.
- 2 took the picket went into the woods and hald 2 Lods of timber for the hospital—one of the Drummers tried by a Court Martial for not whipping the prisoners hard enough. A Detachment out of 1000 men out of all the Regiments Embarked on Board the vessels to go down the Lake Capt Bradford Lieut Lucas Lieut Bailey of the maschusetts ordered with them. went with the picket afternoon and covered Battoes Dismissed after gun firing. heard prayers as usual.
- 4 attended at Sd time appointed. fowl weather.
- Crownpoint August ye 4—1760.
- Agreeable to the ordors of Brigadeair General Timothy Ruggles Esq. the Regimental Court Martial sat to try all prisoners Brought before Sd Court. Captain Nathaniel Bailey President. Members. Lieut Dummer Sewell Lieut John John Frost Ensign Jereh Chubbuk.
- peter Linsey of Capt Martains Company Confined for mutinous Talk and Theft. the prisoner being brought plead not guilty; by evidence given he is guilty of part.
- therefore tis the opinion of the Court that the prisoner peter Linsey Shall Receive 250 Stripes on his naked Back with a Cat of Nine Tails.
- Richard galleway of Capt Baileys Company Confined for mutinous Talk & Swearing. the prisoner being Brought plead not guilty; by Evidence Brought to the Court he is guilty.
- therefore tis the opinion of the Court that the above Sd prisoner Shall Receive 40 Stripes on his Naked Back.
- Patrick Collins of Capt Hearts Company Confined for Denying his Duty when ordered by a Corporal—by Evidence it appears to the Court he is guilty. tis there opinion therefore that the Sd prisoner patrick Collins Shall Receive 20 Stripes on his naked Back.
- the above said Court Martial finished at 3 oclock afternoon the Result carried to the Brigadeair and aprooved off by him. Likewise put in execution this Evening after gun firing.
- 6 Carried my report to the Brigadeair this morning his Reply was "I thank you Sir." nothing Remarkable to Day had a good Dinner of Baked meat and peas. went in the woods & exercised—heard prayers as usual.

Old Ironsides.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

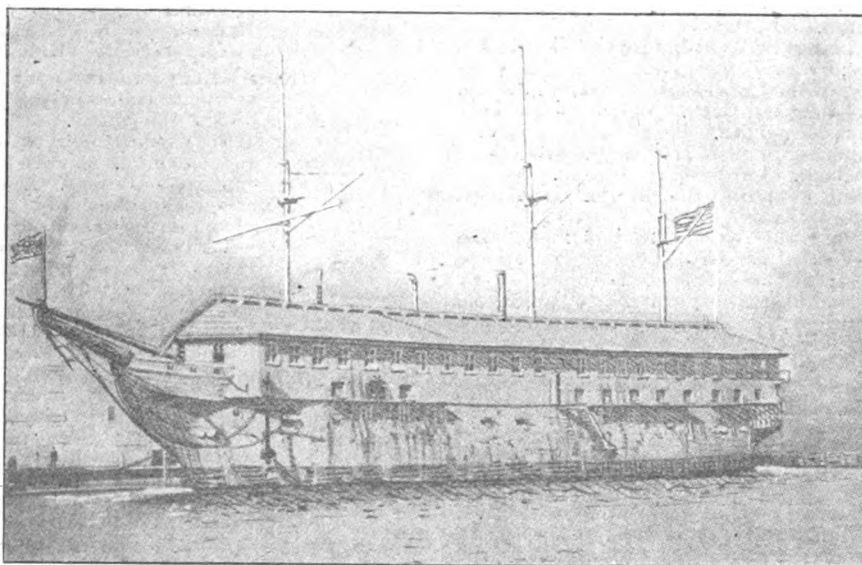
Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

These words, written by a young physician of Boston in 1828, when it was proposed that the old vessel be broken up, as being of no further use, are very appropriate at this time—the hour of her triumph—when she left the Portsmouth Navy Yard amid the tooting of whistles and cheers and salutes to find a home in Boston. No ship was ever so dear to the American heart. She was one hundred years old on September 20, that being the date for her launching from the Charlestown, Mass., yard, though she did not get free from the stocks till Oct. 12. She was one of the first trio of ships built by the govern-

ment, six having been ordered by Congress, but only three completed. She was then the most powerful man-of-war in the world, carrying fifty-five guns. They were all designed by Mr. Joshua Humphreys, of Philadelphia. She was christened Constitution, but her popular name was not given her till her victory in the war of 1812. Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Rodgers and Stewart were among her captains. Paul Revere furnished the brass bolts and spikes that went into her sturdy frame. Betsy Ross, "mother of the American flag," sewed the great banner of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes that floated above her when she first breasted the waves. Lord Byron was once a guest on board, and Captain Dacres, afterward a British admiral, was entertained there as a prisoner. Her record during the war of 1812 included the capture of three first-class British frigates, 154 guns, 900 prisoners and property worth about \$1,000,000. It was in 1794, in view of the troubles with Algiers, that President Washington and Gen. Henry Knox, Secretary of War (the Navy was not then a separate department), recommended the building of a number of first-class frigates. The country was then without a single man-of-war. The few merchant vessels that had been hastily fitted out for service in the Revolution had been dismantled or returned to their earlier uses. Congress was by no means a unit on the plan to establish a navy, and the bill for the building of six frigates of "not less than thirty-two guns" had a majority of only two votes in the House of Representatives. The engagement of the Constitution

and Guerriere was the first American victory in the war of 1812, and coming from an unexpected quarter set the country wild with enthusiasm. When Hull and his victorious crew returned to Boston a great dinner was given to them by the citizens, and John Adams presided; Congress voted a medal to Hull and \$50,000 to be divided among the officers and crew; the whole country set to singing praises of the Yankee tars. In 1833 the old ship—old even then—was thoroughly overhauled and rebuilt at Charlestown, and figured in an incident that aroused considerable feeling at the time, though it has since been generally forgotten. Gen. Andrew Jackson was then at the height of his popularity, and Capt. Elliot, who had charge of the remodeling of the ship, thought to do honor to the President by having a new figure-head constructed, representing Jackson in the Hermitage scene, holding a scroll on which appeared the words: "The Union—it must be preserved." At once a torrent of protest broke out in New England. Threats were freely made that the figure-head would not be allowed to keep its place, and after it was mounted on the ship's prow a sentry was detailed to watch it, and every night a lantern was hung where its light would shine on the figure. One dark night, when a terrible storm of thunder and lightning was raging, Capt. Samuel Dewey, a Boston shipper, rowed out of Boston harbor with muffled oars, and climbing into the ship's fore chains sawed off the figure-head almost under the nose of the sentry. The affair was a great mystery for a time, but after the excitement had somewhat subsided Dewey journeyed to Washington, carrying the figure-head in a bag, and there turned it over to the Secretary of the Navy. He was never punished for his act. During the last half century

she has done duty part of the time as a training ship, and at the outbreak of the civil war she was anchored at Annapolis. It was feared that she would fall into the hands of the confederates, so she was towed to New York. She was afterward removed to Philadelphia, and some years ago was taken to Portsmouth, where she remained until September 1 of the present year, when she was brought back to Charlestown for the celebration in honor of her century of existence. Many persons have advocated anchoring her at Washington or Annapolis and using her as a naval museum.



SHIP CONSTITUTION AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

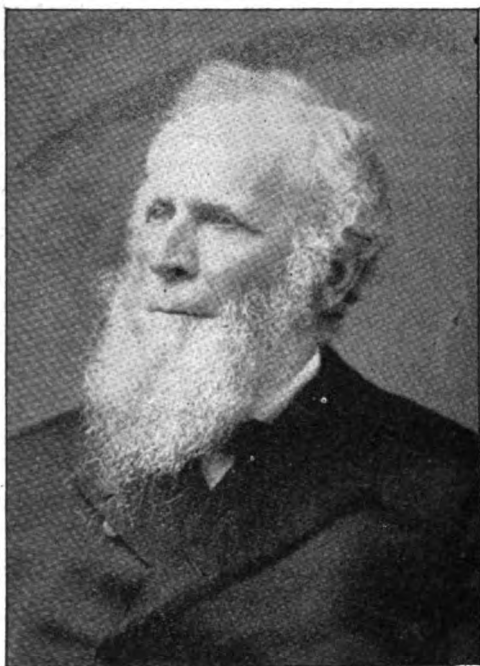
It is said that the old frigate President, which made a record in the war of '12, and was finally captured by the British is now tied up to a dock in London and used as a training ship for the naval reserve. She has been largely rebuilt, but her name preserved and the figure head—John Adams—kept intact. She would hardly stand much rough weather, but seems to be in good repair. At the time of her capture, when commanded by the gallant Decatur, she was the largest frigate in the world, carrying sixty guns. She only surrendered after one hundred Americans in the crew had been killed and when a second British frigate came up to help the Endymion.

The snare drum which Mr. Ambrose Orvis of Northampton, Mass., used to beat in the camp of the Revolutionary Army, and which he played upon at both inaugurations of Washington, is now in possession of his grandson, Mr. James C. Orvis, of Maywood, Ills. The latter beat it in the Tippecanoe campaign of 1840 and in every presidential campaign and on every fourth of July since, and he declares he will continue to do so as long as he lives.

In Wilmette, a suburb of Chicago, lives a member of the Washington family, a descendant of the General's brother, Augustine, named Bushrod D. Washington.

Hardy plants only will be planted in the Colonial Garden at Van Cortlandt Park this fall.

A Son of a Revolutionary Soldier.



DR. TIMOTHY NEWELL.

Dr. Timothy Newell, whose portrait is given herewith, is a veritable son of the Revolution. He is a son of Stephen Newell, and was born in Sturbridge, Mass., in 1820. Educated for the medical profession, he began to practice at Cranston, R. I., but soon removed to Providence, where he still resides. He is a member of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, Rhode Island Horticultural Society, Public Parks Association of Providence, of which he was an original member and largely instrumental in its formation, its treasurer six years, and its secretary and treasurer seven years; Sons of the American Revolution, being the son of a Revolutionary soldier and officer and the only member of the Rhode Island Society having such relationship. He remembers, with his father, to have shaken hands with General Lafayette, in 1824. He is an honorary member of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, of London. He was surgeon of First Rhode Island Cavalry in the Civil War, commissioned November 4, 1861, and a voluntary prisoner, taken at Savage Station, June 30, 1862, during the Seven Days' battle in front of Richmond, under General McClellan, and had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners quartered at Richmond. He was released August 12, 1862. His father and uncle were both revolutionary patriots. The following are abstracts from the Record Index of Revolutionary War. The first refers to his uncle:

Samuel Newell—Appears with rank of private on muster roll of Capt. Adam Martin's company, Col. Timothy Bigelow's regiment, dated December 10, 1777, and was appointed or enlisted, May 15, 1777, for three years, and served 6 months, 25 days. Appears with grade of private on a muster return of Capt. Adam Martin's Co., Colo. Timothy Bigelow's regiment, dated Feb. 3, 1778. He belonged to Sturbridge town. He was mustered by Worcester County muster master. Again appears with rank of private on a pay extract of Capt. Adam Martin's Co., Col. Timothy Bigelow's regiment, for service during February, 1779—one month. Appears with rank of private on muster roll of Capt. Adam Martin's Co., Colo. Timothy Bigelow's regiment for March and April, 1779—dated Providence, May 7, 1779—term, three years. And still again appears with rank of private on Continental Army pay accounts, Col. Bigelow's regiment, for service from January 1, 1780, to May 15, 1780—residence, Sturbridge. Lastly, he appears with rank of private on muster and pay roll of Capt. Abel Mason's Co., Colo. Jacob Davis' regiment, for services at Rhode Island—enlisted July 30, 1780—served thirteen days.

Stephen Newell—Appears with rank of private on pay roll of Capt. David Batchellor's Co., Col. Ezra Wood's regiment—Enlisted Aug. 1, 1778, and was discharged Dec. 31, 1778; aged 18. He appears again with rank of sergeant on muster and pay roll of Capt. Elias Pratt's company guards, stationed at Rutland. He was enlisted April 17, 1779, and served two months, fourteen days. He

appears again on a warrant to pay officers and men borne on a roll bearing date March 11, 1784, of Capt. Elias Pratt's company. Stephen Newell appears on the roll as private in Capt. Abel Mason's company, in Col. Job Cushing's regiment, Aug. 13, 1777 to November 1777 (fifty men in company, all from Sturbridge). The following is from a historical sketch of Sturbridge and Southbridge by George Davis. Capt. Samuel Newell "was in the Revolutionary war, except at short intervals, during its continuance. We have heard him, says one, "speak of the hardships and sufferings of some portion of that period. Frequently straightened in the necessary supplies of food and clothing, subjected to the inclemency of the weather, and the rigors of winter, our condition demanded the greatest self-denial. Those who have not encountered the trials by experience, have but a feeble conception of the reality. We know something of the cost of our independence, and how to prize it. Our labors, our property, and much of the choicest blood of America, were sacrificed on the altar of our independence." It was literally so. This is the price of that priceless inheritance which those suffering men have transmitted to their posterity. After the all absorbing object was accomplished, Mr. Newell returned to his occupation and pursued it with great industry till his death. He was a very exemplary man, and of the strictest integrity. His moral character passed through the ordeal untarnished. Capt. Newell was in several important engagements, the battle of Brandywine, which occurred in September, 1777, and probably in the battle at Germantown, which was in the early part of the following October.

Stephen Newell and a younger brother was in the service, several limited periods, and held the rank of orderly sergeant, an office of some responsibility. He loved to dwell on the unwearied trials and efforts of that day, and to witness their cheering effects. He was industrious and correct in his habits, and possessed firmness and decision of character. As a townsman he was frequently elected to take a part in the management of its interests. Mr. Newell with a party arrived at the battle ground about the time that Burgoyne surrendered. He probably belonged to Captain Mason's company. In a list of men from Sturbridge, who were in the Revolutionary war, appears the name of Lieut. Stephen Newell. We have been credibly informed that his promotion came so late, near the close of his service, that his promotion did not appear on the roll.



WILLIAM SPOHN BAKER.

By the death of William Spohn Baker, American history loses an enthusiastic supporter. He was a member of the old Colonial family in Philadelphia, but it is for his historical work that he is most noted. He made a specialty of studies pertaining to the life and character of Washington, and had the finest and most complete collection of biographies, sketches, portraits, medals and private papers of Washington in existence. In fact he was the best known living authority on this subject. Among his works were the following valuable additions to Washingtonian literature: "Engraved Portraits of Washington," "Medallie Portraits of Washington," "Character Portraits of Washington," "Washington's Itinerary," followed by "Washington After the Revolution." His last work is now in press, "Washington in Philadelphia." Besides these valuable contributions Mr. Baker was also the author of "American Engravers and their Work," "Origin and Antiquity of Engraving," and "William Sharp, Engraver, and Catalogue of His Works." He was a vice-president and member of the Council of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; one of the founders and a manager of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution; manager of the Pennsylvania Colonial Society; president of the Netherlands Society; vice-president of the Academy of the Fine Arts; director of the American Philosophical Society; director of the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society; member of the New Jersey Historical Society, Society of the Sons of the War of 1812, the German Society of Philadelphia, and many others.

It is said that General Washington was once entertained at the old Adams homestead on Adams Island, near Cohoes, N. Y.

A Daughter of a Revolutionary Soldier.

DEAR SIR:—In the September issue of THE SPIRIT OF '76 the assertion is made that Miss Eliza Sandford, of Bloomfield, N. J., is the only daughter of the American Revolution living in that State, which implies the idea that there are no others. I beg leave to correct this statement. Mrs. Caroline Long Bartlett, of Orange, New Jersey, now nearly ninety-four years of age, was the daughter of Moses Long, who enlisted in the 9th Massachusetts regiment under General Lee and served three years. Her father was but a little over sixteen years of age at the time of his enlistment; he was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, passed the terrible winter at Valley Forge, participated in the battle of Monmouth, where the night after the battle he was one of sixteen young men who were chosen to act as Washington's body-guard. Notwithstanding Mrs. Bartlett's advanced age her mind is clear; she keeps in touch with the times, and is fully capable of discussing the affairs of to-day, as well as to relate stories told her by her father of Revolutionary days. She carries on a large correspondence, sews and knits and is seldom idle. When Gen. Washington dismissed the army he advised the soldiers, who were not already so provided, to go home and marry and raise families to enjoy the liberty and victory so bravely won. Moses Long certainly followed this advice. Mrs. Bartlett was the youngest daughter of thirteen children.

Yours very truly,

R. B. G.

Brief Notes.

The old home of Bishop Berkeley at Newport, R. I., known as Whitehall, is in a very dilapidated condition, and unless cared for soon will get beyond repair. Several ladies have undertaken to raise money enough to put it in good condition. They are Mrs. A. Livingstone Mason, Mrs. William Birney, Mrs. Theodore Kane Gibbs. Bishop Clarke and Edward Everett Hale endorse the work. They have sent out the following appeal: We, the undersigned committee, having undertaken to raise funds to preserve "Whitehall," the home of Dean Berkeley while on this island, and in which he wrote several of his best works, ask your kind assistance. We have already raised the necessary funds to buy the remainder of the lease (which has still some seven hundred years to run), it having been leased by Yale College to a Newport resident for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and now we wish to raise three thousand dollars to put the house in complete order, and as nearly as possible into its original form. We then propose asking the Society of Colonial Dames in Rhode Island and Providence Plantations to become custodians of this interesting colonial memorial, as that is a chartered society and allowed to hold the property.

The Governor Langdon house, at Portsmouth, N. H., famous for its association with Washington, still stands in possession of the family.

It is said that there are fifty-six daughters of Revolutionary soldiers in Connecticut ranging in age from one hundred and three years down to fifty-eight years.

At the Tennessee Centennial is a collection of Sam Houston relics, consisting of a gold-headed cane on which is inscribed "Sam Houston, Texas," and one large star, representing the Lone Star State; a silver Spanish dagger fourteen inches long, candlesticks eight inches high, made of bucks' horns, a number of his letters and several of his pictures; a splendid picture of Davy Crockett, dressed in hunter's suit, with his dogs, also a snuff box given Davy Crockett by Henry Clay.

August 11 will long be remembered at Athens, Pennsylvania. On that day were celebrated three historical events. The first was the centennial of the founding of the old academy; the second, the 119th anniversary of the arrival at Athens of General Sullivan's army, in 1779; the third, the laying of the corner stone of a fine building which is to be the home of the Tioga Point Historical Society. The event was attended by a large throng. The town was decorated with flags, and music was in the air. Athens was known in early times as Tioga Point, and this is the name which the historical society bears. It was the gateway which the Indians passed

through in their travels north and south, the Susquehanna river being the highway, hence it was an important center of their activity. The ground is really a vast cemetery, for the soil is filled with human skeletons, many of them accompanied by aboriginal implements—axes, arrow heads, pipes, paints, pots, etc., etc. The digging of cellars seldom fails to bring to light some of these remains of a vanished people. Some of these remains have found a resting place in the historical society at Wilkesbarre, but most of them have been kept in Athens. The Indian pots at Wilkesbarre are the envy of such institutions as the Smithsonian. The new home for the Historical society, to be used also as a free library, is to be the gift of Jesse Spalding, of Chicago, who was a boy in Athens and who has become wealthy by lumber operations in the West. The building is to be a memorial to his son Robert, a young man who died a couple of years ago, while on a trip to Alaska. It will cost some \$15,000 or \$20,000. The style is colonial on a Roman basis. It will be of two stories, fronted with heavy circular columns, and have a frontage of sixty feet, with a depth of thirty-eight feet. It is intended to be absolutely fire-proof.

The corner stone was laid with Masonic ceremonies by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. The principal address was by Judge Henry M. Shepard, of Chicago, a native of Athens, who briefly recited the story of the settlement of the Susquehanna valley by Connecticut people, and of the Sullivan expedition, sent by Washington in 1779 to crush the Six Nation Indians and incidentally to avenge the atrocities of Wyoming the year previous. Other addresses were made by Edward G. Mason, president of the Chicago Historical Society; Rev. David Craft, Mrs. L. M. Park and Rev. H. E. Hayden. Mr. Craft told how Tioga Point was the meeting point of the two divisions of Sullivan's army, and how it was the base of operations in the destructive campaign against the Indians. It was here that Sullivan built a fort, reaching from river to river, thus securing control of this natural gateway between the north and south. Mrs. L. M. Park gave a history of the old academy, and there were other features of local interest. In the evening the old academy and its collection of relics was thrown open to the public.



MRS. CAROLINE LONG BARTLETT.

Two hundred of the members of the Pepperrell family association of Kittery, Me., met in a large tent near the tomb of Colonel William and Sir William Pepperrell at Kittery Point, Me., on Wednesday, August 25, and held appropriate literary ceremonies. Hon. Everett Pepperrell Wheeler, of New York, was elected president, and O. L. Frisbee, A. M., of Portsmouth, N. H., secretary. The association was organized a year ago by the present secretary, and has nearly five hundred members. The reunion was a success in every sense of the word, and will be held annually in the future on the following day. The members visited the Isles of Shoals, where Colonel William first landed in America. The association in the near future will erect a suitable monument at the Isles of Shoals and a museum on the Pepperrell tomb lot at Kittery Point and secure the Pepperrell mansion for a museum of the Pepperrell Association.

Specifications for restoring Independence Hall to the condition in which it was in 1776 have been completed by Architect T. Mellon Rogers, and submitted to Director Riter for approval. He will examine them minutely and when approved by him and Chiefs Eisenhower and Haddock they will be submitted to the contractors and bids asked. Great stress is laid upon carefulness in the work.

The monument in commemoration of the battle of North Point, Baltimore, which the Sons of the Old Defenders laid the foundation of on September 12, 1839, has never been finished. It would be well if some of the patriotic societies of the city would give a little attention to it. The strong box has been stolen from the corner stone and the top slab has become the stepping stone of a grocery store.

In 1780 it was impossible to tell how much a dollar of Continental currency was worth. A horse was sold at a country auction in New Jersey in that year for \$4000; a frying pan at \$100; a common wood saw fetched over \$125; an eight-day clock over \$1000.

One hundred years ago on September 15 the Seneca Indians signed the deed that transferred from themselves to Robert Morris the ownership of nearly all the land in Western New York west of the Genesee river. The transaction is known as the Treaty of the Big Tree, and took place in the present village of Geneseo. Prominent chiefs were in council: Red Jacket, Cornplanter, Young King, Two Skies, and Farmer's Brother. The price paid was practically \$100,000. Immediately afterward, surveyors began work and the tide of immigration set in. The land office at Batavia was besieged night and day. On the 15th ult. the Livingston County Historical Society celebrated the event. There was not as large a gathering of people as might have been expected, but many distinguished persons were there. Among them were Mr. Gouverneur Morris and wife of Detroit, Michigan—great grandson of the purchaser: Andrew John, a Seneca Chief from Tonawanda, and Frank H. Severance of the Buffalo Historical Society. Mr. John S. Minard of Fillmore, president of the Allegheny County Historical Society, delivered a masterly address, giving an excellent account of the whole transaction. In connection with the matter it is a pleasure to note that the *Rochester Post and Express* is entitled to the thanks of all history-loving people for its enterprise in reporting this matter. It gave not only an account of the gathering and the text of the address, but added some documents hitherto unpublished.

The announcement that the Governor's Room in the City Hall is to be removed to make room for the Aldermen of the new city, has aroused considerable feeling among the patriotic societies, as it ought. It is on the second floor, on the south side, and may be distinguished from the outside by its windows, which are shaded with awnings. In the wing are fine portraits of President Van Buren, Alexander Hamilton (by Trumbull), Governors Clark, Yates, Throop and Dix, General Clinton, Mayors Woodhull and Lee and Chancellor Kent. The "Corporation Punchbowl," presented to the city when the opening of the canals was celebrated in 1825, Thomas Jefferson's desk from the Federal Building in Wall Street, Harry Howard's fire helmet, a World's Fair medal for city maps and a case of Revolutionary flags are also here. In the other parts of the chamber are portraits of General Washington (by Trumbull), Commodore Perry, Governors Hoffman, King, Bouck, Morgan, Hunt, Marcy, Jay (by Trumbull), Seymour, Wright, Clinton, Lewis, Fish, Young, Fenton and Seward, Baron Steuben, General Williams and Mayor Gunther, Mickle and Varian. An old writing desk that belonged to President Washington, desks and chairs from the first Federal Congress, a silk portrait of Washington, presented in 1855 by the City of Lyons, France; a plaster statue of Jefferson, a fac-simile copy of the Declaration of Independence, made by Joham Williams, of New York Free School No. 2, in 1824, and an old model of City Hall, showing the old bell tower, are other relics in the Governor's room. The place is also associated with President Lincoln's funeral, for his body lay in state just outside the door; and here also reposed for a short time the remains of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." It was Lafayette's room when he was here in 1825. It shared in the gorgeous illumination in the City Hall on the celebration of peace with Great Britain, February 27, 1815. From under it set forth the funeral procession of George Clinton to be addressed in a Wall Street church by the venerable Gouverneur Morris. It was illuminated in the celebration over the completion of the Atlantic cable, a spark from the fireworks on the portico in front causing a fire that demolished the cupola of the City Hall and marred the rotunda. The meetings of the Centennial Committee in 1876 were held in it. Here the remains of Gen. Judson Kilpatrick lay in state. Hither journeyed President Harrison in the celebration of 1889. The last occasion of state was the reception by the Mayor and Commonalty to the Pan-American commercial delegates. The room is the meeting place of many of the Revolutionary societies.

September 20 was the 120th anniversary of the butchery by British, Hessians and Tories, of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's troops encamped on the hill at Paoli, Pa. This event became afterward a war cry, "Remember Paoli," and has always been a matter of local patriotism. Years ago the Paoli monument grounds were owned by the Washington troop of cavalry, which has kept the place in repair, and has been instrumental in the erection of both monuments. Lately, however, it was considered wise to hand over to the newly-organized Paoli Monument Committee the historic grounds. On this day the transfer was recorded, and the attendant formalities were very interesting. Patriotic addresses were made by ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia; Willis Bland, of Reading; James Monaghan, of West Chester, and Colonel H. H. Gilkeson, of Phoenixville, while Rev. James J. Creigh, of West

Chester, presented an interesting paper to prove the theory that Pennsylvania originated the Declaration of Independence. One of the special features was a reminiscence, read by Miss Mary Florence Yeatman, of Norway, this county, the article having been prepared by her mother, Lavinia P. Yeatman. It recorded the thrilling experiences of Sarah Mather Wylie, who was a little girl at the time of the massacre, and lived near the scene. Children from the public schools of Malvern and Berwyn were present and sang "America" and "Star Spangled Banner," and Miss Aimee D. Zane, of West Chester, represented the Daughters of the Revolution by reciting "The American Flag." The Chester County Veteran's Association held its third annual reunion at the same time, bringing together many of the old soldiers.

Benjamin Brewster, a lineal descendant of Elder Brewster, of Plymouth fame, a resident of this city, died about a month ago at his summer home, "Scrooby," in Cazenovia, N. Y. He was a man of great business activity and a member of several clubs and societies.

The Maryland Society, in Chicago, gave its third annual banquet on September 13—the anniversary of the siege of Fort Mchenry. Col. Purdy was re-elected president; songs were sung; Maryland food, such as peaches, oysters and terrapin was eaten, and then Vice-President Ritchie discoursed on the first president of the society.

Park Street church, in Boston, is known far and wide as "Brimstone Corner," on account of the rigid doctrines of old fashioned theology preached from its pulpit. Men of the present generation connect it with the name of "Adirondack Murray." It was the first orthodox congregational church built in the city after the wave of liberalism had spent its force, and was built in 1809. On one side stood the "old granary," which was used for the storage of grain for the poor, and beside it is the old burying ground, where so many of the revolutionary heroes are buried. Commerce has already invaded the sanctuary, for the basements are occupied by stores and shops, and now the society is offered \$500,000 for the property and will probably take it.

The celebration at Franklinton, Ohio, has brought to light a letter written by the father of Mr. Angus Waddle, an ex-mayor of Chillicothe, to Mr. J. W. Paddle, of Philadelphia, under date of October 7, 1813, in which he says: "I am now purchasing goods for Chillicothe in partnership with Mr. Amaziah Davidson; the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Waddle & Davidson. Goods are now enormously high and rising daily: Coffee, 28 cents; Y. H. Tea, \$2.25; Imperial, \$3.00; lump sugar, 32 cents; loaf, 34 cents; flannel blankets and coarse cloths more than 400 per cent. on the sterling cost; three-point blankets, \$8.25 per pair; 34-point, \$10; there is no coarse cloth to be had under \$2.50, such as we formerly purchased at \$1.40. Loaf sugar is expected to be 50 cents here before spring if war continues. Muslin and India goods generally very much advanced. Calicoes sold to-day at auction at 80 cents by the package." And all this time wages were less than a dollar and farm produce worth not one quarter of present prices.

The oldest house in the United States is in St. Augustine, Florida, which is the oldest city in this country. This old house was occupied by the monks of St. Francis in 1565, and by a Spanish family in 1590, who owned it until 1882, and made some addition to it, and restored the original so far as possible. This old house is at 14 St. Francis Street, and contains many antiques.

Tradition has it that Bronx River is named after Jonas Bronx, a native of Holland, who, with his wife and household goods, landed from the ship "Five of Tray" at New Amsterdam in 1639. He selected for his farm of five hundred acres the land bounded as near as we can now determine by 149th street south to the Harlem and eastward to the waters edge. Somewhere just northeast of the old Morris Manor house, perhaps near east 133d street, he built a small house, which is noted in history as the Indian treaty-making place. He was very influential among both Indians and white men. He was first in the region to raise tobacco, and became an extensive trader in furs. He died when still a young man, leaving a widow and one son. The widow soon after married in Albany. The son, Peter, became a brewer, and made that celebrated Albany beverage, "Bronx's Flip." He was soon able to buy extensive tracts of land, some of which remain in possession of the family. His son married a daughter of the famous Anneke Jans. In 1674, Richard and Lewis Morris became owners of the original Bronx grant, and the name of Bronx disappeared from the map save in connection with the river.

Department of American History.

EDITED BY

Henry Baldwin, Founder Library Americana.

[This article is not at all what I had intended to send, and it seems foreign to the aims and purposes of the paper, but I cannot help it. This thing is on my mind; I had to put it on paper; I couldn't write anything else. I wanted to write of the mythical accounts of the discovery of America, or of the organization of the orders of the country and the reasons that have called them into existence. The paper I now send is but a very brief statement anyway. H. B.]

One of Our Country's Great Needs.



WE look back and remember with grateful hearts what our fathers have done to provide for us a free country, and institutions of liberty, but it is seldom that the average citizen of the republic stops to think, and ask himself the question: "What have I myself done to maintain and perpetuate these institutions of liberty, that I now am enjoying?"

To-day the country is brought face to face with a question of surplus population. It is a fact that our great cities are too full of people, so full that there does not appear to be the means to provide support for the multitudes that throng the streets. Want of accommodation and limited area has caused the erection of massive structures whose tops are hundreds of feet above the pavement, and the tenement has been provided for the poor, where, huddled together, they live a miserable existence, and often are the means of fostering and communicating disease, that threatens with trouble the community. All this is utterly out of keeping with the American idea, which would rather place each head of a family in possession of a home of his own, surrounded with a patch of land, and that free from debt or incumbrance of any kind. The crowding of the cities has also produced another result that is hardly estimated by the many writers who have written so ably upon the subject of "labor and capital." These multitudes have demanded work; they have exerted their uttermost to attain it, they have sought to crowd out those who were in place by giving service for lower pay; this has caused the ins to combine and, if possible, to prevent the outs; and the advent of the "trade union" has been the result. Laborers have combined to secure themselves, and to prevent others from occupying their places. This combination of the laboring classes reacted, and the employers combined to protect themselves at the cost of the laborer and the public, and the consequence is the "trust" and the great "department store." The cause is back of all the same, self-protection against an over-crowded condition, and a great surplus population.

Father Chiniquy wrote a letter from San Francisco, dated September 1st, 1878, which was published at the time, and which has been republished recently. D'Arcy McGee, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, in 1851 or '52, planned the peopling of the rich lands of the West with Irish, and published many articles in his paper respecting his scheme. In 1853, Father Chiniquy says, there was held at Buffalo, a gathering to which he was invited to discuss the plan of Mr. McGee, and that those who gathered in that assembly determined to condemn the plan, and rather take means to mass the coming emigrants in the cities, in order to secure thereby the popular vote. I have not been able yet to verify the date of this Buffalo gathering nor to ascertain who was present; the papers of Buffalo do not mention it; if the meeting took place it must therefore have been a secret conference. If the statement is correct, we find a set of men deliberately planning, for selfish ends, the perversion of our electoral system, and, if it be the truth, thousands of our fellow citizens are to-day suffering the rangs of hunger, our business has been depressed, and the stranger who has come

here to find a home and happiness, has been sold. Whether the story of Father Chiniquy is to be relied upon or not, the fact of the case is before us, and we have a situation before us that everyone must recognize, and which it seems should in some way be met. Our institutions were erected by the men of the Revolution; we cannot maintain them if we in any way permit unhappiness and discontent to pervade the land; it becomes needful, therefore, that we give a careful consideration, and ask ourselves what we can do to alter this state of affairs. The responsibility is forced upon us, and we ought to be equal to the occasion.

"One million of square miles of arid lands still remain in the West, which government classifies as desert or pasture lands. There is sufficient to supply sixteen million families, a population larger than the census of 1890 gives to the United States." (F. F. Alles, in *Land of Sunshine*, December, 1896, page 38.)

Here is land enough for the surplus, "but it is arid and desert," but in Colorado, Utah, and California, the "desert has been made to blossom as the rose." The American people have been equal to greater difficulties than these. What is wanted for these lands is water; there are very few rains, and the great water supplies do not appear to be within reach of some portions. Can it be brought there in sufficient quantity to irrigate the parched soil and give it life growing qualities? The Department of Agriculture proposes to plant upon some of these lands the seeds of grasses that are found growing upon the great steepes of Siberia. When the California fever broke out, and large parties with the "prairie schooner" traversed these arid plains, I remember seeing a pump that consisted of a series of pipes, which was driven into the ground with a sledge hammer until the water was reached, and after the camp was broken up, pulled up and taken to the next station. I noticed a few days ago that the British-Egyptian expedition against the Soudan had found that, by digging in the sand on the desert, water was found where it has always been thought that none existed. There are engineering difficulties to be encountered, but these are there to be overcome, and we have men now lying idle who would be glad of the opportunity to tackle it, and prove that there is nothing too great for the determined American mind to consider and work upon. Young American engineers have succeeded in other lands where the local engineer has declared the task impossible.

There are many abandoned farms in New England, there are many farms and plantations in the Southern states that have "run out" and are considered "worthless" that can be occupied, and which will, with a wise and judicious management, produce a good and profitable living to him who is willing to devote it proper care.

We love our country. We would make our country peaceful and happy. Have we considered this thing? "What are we going to do about it?" Is the idea above, one that is available at this time? Are there any other means of relief?

The custodian of American history acknowledges with thanks the favors in reply to the communication in the last number of the "SPIRIT OF '76." There have arrived here two packages of books which it has been impossible to unpack, because of the pressure of work, but nearly all the letters have been answered.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock Minister to Russia.

The President has appointed Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of St. Louis, Minister to Russia, vice Clifton R. Breckinridge of Arkansas. Ethan Allen Hitchcock is a great-grandson of Col. Ethan Allen of Revolutionary fame. His father was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama. The son was born in Mobile in 1835. He was educated in New Haven, Conn., and began his business career in St. Louis in 1851. He went to China in 1860 and was in business there twelve years. He returned to St. Louis in 1874. He is president of several large manufacturing companies.

THROUGH the Valley Forge Park Commission, about two hundred and fifty acres of the Valley have become the property of the State of Pennsylvania. This includes the inner line of entrenchments, but is said to embrace a very small part of the ground used as a camp for the Continental army. The troops covered the slopes of the hills from the base of Mount Joy to the Schuylkill, where is now Port Kennedy. Some of the logs of which their huts were built were used for fencing purposes within the memory of persons yet living. Some of the most interesting remains are to be found outside of the land acquired by the Park Commission. On the farm of William M. Stephens, the burial place has been found of six hundred soldiers, and on another farm of the vicinity the "hut holes" remain which were dug by soldiers at the place where they built their log cabins, and there are many other evidences of military occupation.

The Century Book of the American Revolution.



THE most interesting method of studying history is in connection with some object or locality, and this was Mr. Lossing's strong point. His Field Books, though published long ago, are still unsurpassed and must be referred to constantly by the student. But few people ever read them through, however. Seizing upon this idea, the Century Company has published a book with the above title, but adapted to young people as well as old. The dialogue style is adopted, and Uncle Tom and his party of four children visit all the battle fields of the Revolutionary War, and he tells the story while pointing out localities. It is not a large book and is

easily read. It is the outcome of a suggestion from the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and has an introduction by President Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks is the author. The pictures form an excellent feature. They number over one hundred and sixty, and are from photographs of historic sites taken on the spot, and are by far the best ever published: They are the work of Mr. William W. Ellsworth, secretary of the Company, and an excellent photographer, who visited every locality for the purpose. [He is now giving lectures on American history, using some of them in stereopticon form]. But, besides them, are reproductions of quaint old maps and views. In fact, from these pictures, when thoroughly studied, one can learn more Revolutionary history than from the mere reading of a half hundred ordinary books. We give a picture of the Birmingham Meeting House, around which two fighting in the battle of Brandywine was fiercest. As this is the anniversary month of that battle we make the following excerpt.

"They steamed down the slope from Brandywine summit and dismounted at a sunny little wooden station labeled 'Chadd's Ford.' . . . A bright boy, who knew all the landmarks accompanied them as guide. They took the long circuit that passed all the headquarters, climbed the hill to the inn where five roads meet at Dillworthtown, struck off to the left toward the Lafayette monument and Birmingham church, then swung to the left again past Chadd's house, came down the hill by the creamery, crossed the bridge at Chadd's Ford and thus returned to the village tavern. The Brandywine itself they found to be but a narrow stream, hardly more than a creek winding in and out through meadows and bordered by slanting willows. On the further side the banks were steep, and in Revolutionary days, so Uncle Tom told them, those sharp, uneven banks were bordered by forests and cut through only at fording places for the rough roadways of old time travel. The ford called Chadd's they saw was a shallow part

of the creek below the breast of the dam where the stream is broken by a few spots of island. Since 1829 a covered bridge, a small pattern of the one across the Delaware at Washington crossing, has been the roadway over the creek, but in Revolutionary times the old Baltimore pike wound down from the steep bank above, plunged through the creek and then rambled on through the meadows to Chester and Philadelphia. Again, they lingered before the Birmingham meeting house, about which raged the hottest fighting, and looked over the wall into the old burying ground now plain as a threshing floor, in which had been buried the British slain, their graves flattened by the British cavalry, so that there should no tale be told of depleted ranks."

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Wood.—Information is desired of Molly Wood, who married Benjamin Worcester, about 1774. He was a son of Benjamin Worcester and Hannah Simmons of Haverhill, Mass.

Mount.—Who was the parents of Sarah Mount, who married Dustin Cheney and lived in Plaistow, New Hampshire?

Warren.—Who were Abigail, the wife of Ephraim Warren, born June 24, 1830, and Mary, the wife of Eleazar Warren, who was born 1767? EDGAR R. DOWNS, Box 44, Denver, Colorado.

Hobby.—Jonathan Hobby married Sarah Mead in 1711. John Hobby married her sister Hannah in 1716. Can anyone tell me the relation existing between Jonathan and John, or the father of either, or both. I desire name and address of all persons of Hobby or Hobbie name and descent. George Smith Hobbie, M. D., 716 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Low.—Also the ancestry of Deacon Thomas Low, who married Martha Boreman (Boardman), July 4, 1660.

Parker.—Wanted the dates of immigration and facts as to Deacon Thomas Parker, of Reading.

Johnson-Tucker.—Also the ancestry of Shadrach Johnson, born in Hartford in 1764 and was a pensioner of the Revolutionary War. He married Hannah Tucker, whose ancestry is also wanted.

Woodward.—Also the ancestry of Capt. Samuel Woodward, a captain of artillery in 1812. He married Naomi Cook, January 25, 1789, and died in Warehouse Point, Conn.

Powers.—Born July 10, 1773; married Enoch Garfield, August 18, 1794. He father, was Timothy; who were her mother and her grandparents?

Judson.—In Othron's "History of Ancient Woodbury," Vol. 1, Page 783, List of soldiers in the Revolutionary War from Woodbury, it gives, "Judson, Elijah, sick at Ticonderoga, 1775." History of Litchfield County, Conn., Page 716, also mentions the same thing. As I have reason to suppose that this Elijah Judson to have been my great-grandfather, any information will be thankfully received, as I can find nothing further on record.

J. M. B.

Whipple. Information is requested as to the ancestry of Thomas Whipple, of New London, Conn., who married Catherine Jeffery, daughter of Isaac Jeffery, of New London, on Sept. 13, 1773. They had a son named James Jeffery Whipple, born April 6, 1785, who married Sallie daughter of Shadrach Johnson, of Hartford.

Campbell.—Wanted the ancestry of Susan Campbell, who lived at or near Londonderry, N. H. She married Shadrach Dodge, who was born in 1782.

W. CARE SPIRIT OF '76.

Cook. Can any of your correspondents give me any information in regard to the ancestry of Archibald Cook and his wife Elizabeth, who about 1810 lived in Baltimore, Md., and later in Martinsburg, Va. What was Elizabeth Cook's maiden name?

Rowley.—Also can anyone tell me anything regarding Joseph Rowley, Sr., who was a captain in the Revolutionary War and an early settler in New York state. Also of his son, Joseph Rowley, Jr., who was a member of the "Light Horse" company from New York state in the War of 1812. His wife's maiden name was Anna Beach, a niece of Dr. Beach, of Hartford, Conn.

DIXIE M. CORNELL, Knoxville, Iowa.

Brown.—The children of Lieut. Samuel Brown, who was born at Cambridge, Mass., on October 12, 1749, died at St. Clairesville, Ohio, January 16, 1833, and buried there with military honors, now reside in Denver, Col. His wife, whom he married in St. Clairesville, on February 4th, 1808, was Polly Newkirk. She died there March 21, 1833. The children are: Henry Cordis Brown, born St. Clairesville, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1830, the builder and proprietor of the great Brown Palace Hotel, the finest building of its kind in the west, and Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher (Brown) Lemon, born at St. Clairesville, Ohio, February 4, 1823. I should like very much to know something of the parents of Lieut. Samuel Brown, and also of the parents of Polly Newkirk. Lieut. Brown was a Lieutenant on Commission on returns of Captain Samuel Patch's company, Col. Wm. Prescott's regiment, dated October 7, 1775; town of residence, Acton, Mass.; reported on command to Quebec.

F. WALES MORGAN DRAPER, Denver, Col.



BIRMINGHAM MEETING-HOUSE, BATTLE-FIELD OF BRANDYWINE.

FROM "THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

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OCTOBER, 1897.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Magazine has been officially voted as the organ of several of the patriotic Societies, including the **MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WARS, UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812 and FOUNDERS KIN.**

Those who are delinquent in renewing their subscriptions are liable to miss numbers. It often happens that a great demand will be made for a certain issue, as was the case with that for July, of which only one copy remains, and for which various back numbers will be exchanged.

THE New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has established a scholarship in American history in the name of its regent, Mrs. Donald McLean, who started it with a contribution of fifty dollars. It consists of a two years' course in the study of American history to be pursued at Barnard College, and defrays the expense of tuition, for books, papers, diploma and other minor disbursements. At the end of that period the student will receive a special certificate, or diploma, from this institution, reciting and confirming her proficiency in American history. It is limited to members of the chapter, and will be awarded every alternate year. It will be the prize of a competitive examination, in which the committee will be selected by Columbia and Barnard colleges. It is to be hoped that this will put a stop to much of the criticism about the patriotic societies which is current among many people. This is excellent work and no one can truthfully say it is living on a dead ancestry. It is to be hoped other chapters will follow the example so nobly set.

The Quassaick Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, will commemorate the battles of Clinton and Montgomery on October 6th with a lunch at Palentine Hotel and an address at Washington Headquarters and the Temple. It will be quite a notable gathering and THE SPIRIT OF '76 extends its best wishes. Among the guests will be the officers of the Knickerbocker Chapter of this city.

October seems to be the battle month of the American Revolution. Within its days come the battles of the Bran-

dywine, Germantown, Saratoga, Savannah, King's Mountain and Yorktown. Well may America honor it.

THE certificate of the United States of Freedom printed in THE SPIRIT OF '76 is rapidly solving the problem of union among not only the societies of the American Revolution but those of all liberty loving organizations. Already over twenty-five thousand certificates have been issued. And what a noble army it forms. Soldiers of the American Revolution and their descendants, contributors all over the world to the cause of education, and to monuments and memoirs to the heroes of liberty and peace, members of societies dedicated to "maintain and uphold the institutions of American freedom." The first certificate was issued to the heirs of George Washington for the \$25,000 that he left by his will to the University of the United States. The second to General Lafayette for the amount that he contributed in aiding the United States. The third to Robert Morris, to whom next to Washington, the United States owes its existence. Then comes the army of contributors in France and America to the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The certificate to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt for "the value of the steamship that he presented to the government in the hour of its greatest need," and so on down the list. We are asked what is the "United States of Freedom." A committee of four hundred most representative men, among whom was James G. Blaine, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Cardinal Gibbons, John Clark Ridpath and John G. Whittier, met in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and recognizing that the noble spirit which was expressing itself by organizing around different humane efforts for liberty and noble conditions was, to a certain extent, leading to division, and what was wanted was union with a purpose. They passed unanimously the resolution that resulted in the "United States of Freedom" to be to all of those societies and liberty efforts, what the United States of America is to the States of the Union. As citizenship in the State gives citizenship in the United States, so membership in any one of these societies, or a contribution heretofore made to any liberty effort, gives membership in the "United States of Freedom." If you have not already sent in your certificate to be filled out and returned you should do so at once.

The following compatriots have been appointed to represent the Empire State Society at the Cincinnati Convention:

Stephen M. Wright,

Ralph E. Prime,	Gen. Thomas Wilson,
Trueman G. Avery,	Warren J. Higley,
Louis H. Cornish,	Andrew J. C. Foyé,
William W. J. Warren,	Cornelius A. Pugsley,
Edward Payson Cone,	Henry W. Sackett.

In regard to the request for a history of old taverns in New England referred to in the September issue, it would seem that Edward Field's *Colonial Taverns*, published in Providence, B. I., is about the only work published. A review of it was published in a recent number of the *Nation*.



THE SPIRIT OF '76 desires for supporters all persons who by voice, pen or purse desire to advance the cause of "Liberty." It wishes to be the medium of communication for them, carrying from one to another encouraging words of plans under way, successes achieved and disappointments overcome. Its aim is very high. It recognizes as the "higher law" the "Sermon on the Mount," the organic law of the Jewish Republic as outlined by Moses; the Compact which forms the basis of the Republic of Switzerland; the Magna Charta; the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence; and it will watch for and welcome to its pages every new expression of this "higher law." While it gladly serves as the official organ of every liberty loving society that is dedicated to maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom, it would be in a larger sense the organ of that determined purpose which, building upon an heroic past, looks forward to an even more worthy future, and that finds expression in the formation of societies commemorating all efforts for liberty and nobler conditions of human life. So it asks you this personal question: Will you not take some part of it under your personal care? with your voice, ever speaking a good word for it; ever gaining it new friends and subscribers; with your pen, through its pages, encouraging your associates in their part of the work; with your purse, sending copies wherever they bid fair to exert an influence for good. During the last month one society has made a subscription to THE SPIRIT OF '76 a necessary condition of membership, paying for it out of the annual dues received. A second society with about two hundred members has sent in a subscription of some ninety of these members. One friend of the cause has sent his ~~check~~ for twenty-five annual subscriptions, presenting them to centers of influence. Again, will you devote a day to that cause to which the men and women of '76 gave the full measure of devotion? You naturally ask what can you do

now to further the work of the American Revolution. First go to every person in your locality that you believe to be eligible for membership in the Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution, interest him in the societies. Study out the most important historical facts in connection with your locality. Interest your neighbors in an annual celebration commemorative of your local patriotic history. Take a copy of THE SPIRIT OF '76 with you, secure just as many subscribers for it as you can. Remember that the world is steadily, persistently following in the footsteps of Washington, Lafayette, Jefferson and Patrick Henry. That everything you do to advance the cause for which they stood marks you as worthy of the blood in your veins, the era in which you live and to be called a compatriot.

MR. STEPHEN M. WRIGHT, Secretary of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, returned on the 10th of September from a four months' vacation spent in Europe, three weeks of which were passed in Paris. He says that preparations for the exhibition in 1900 are already well advanced, and that a very active interest is manifested by the residents of that city—their desire being to eclipse the successes of all previous exhibitions. He expressed himself fully in accord with the suggestion of the Spirit of '76, as to the gathering of a large representation from all patriotic societies on the 4th of July, 1900, knowing from his own experience that a cordial welcome awaits all who may join in the proposed international patriotic pilgrimage.

On the 25th of August, in accordance with the directions of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, Mr. Wright, accompanied by Mr. J. D. Stickney, a member of the society, and a long resident of visited the tomb of Gen. Lafayette, and paid homage to his memory by depositing upon his tomb, in the name of the society, a beautiful floral tribute entwined with the French and American flag.

The following taken from the *Loire Republicaine* of St. Etienne, France:

Le *Herald* annonce que l'Association des fils de la Revolution Americaine qui a pour president M. Horace Porter, ambassadeur des Etats-Unis en France, va organiser a Paris une Societe soeur dont feraient partie les descendants des Francais qui ont pris part a la guerre de l'Independance des Etats-Unis avec La Fayette, Rochambeau, etc. On sait que le but de cette association americaine, organisee en 1889, et comptant 7.788 membres repandus dans trente-deux Etats de l'Union, est de perpetuer la memoire des hommes qui ont servi la cause de l'Independance americaine, de grouper leurs descendants, de recueillir et conserver les souvenirs de leurs services individuels et de celebrer les anniversaires des grands evenements de la guerre de l'Independance.

This society will welcome the excursionists of 1900. This statement means that THE SPIRIT OF '76 has arranged for an excursion to Paris for the purpose of joining in the reunion of the descendants of French and American soldiers of the Revolution at the International Exposition to be held there in that year. Plans are so far advanced that special rates of travel are offered and entertainment provided for. One of the most reliable trust companies of this city has agreed to receive subscriptions, and persons who wish to make installment deposits can be accommodated. Already applications for tickets have been received.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Patriotic and Hereditary Societies.

For additional information address the general secretaries, or send to *Badley, Banks & Biddle, of Philadelphia, for book entitled "Ancestry."*

AMERICAN WARS.—Instituted, January 11, 1897. Incorporated, February 10, 1897. *Members:* Lineal male descendants of soldiers or civil officers from 1607 to 1783, and of United States officers of 1812, Mexican or Civil Wars. Companionship granted upon nomination by the Council. *Founder:* Edward Junius Edwards, Minneapolis.

AZTEC CLUB OF 1847.—Founded, Oct. 13, 1847. *Members:* Male descendants of officers of the Mexican War. *General Secretary:* General Horatio G. Gibson, U. S. A., No. 2104 Ward Place, Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Incorporated, April 11, 1895. *Members:* Descendants (minors) of soldiers of the American Revolution. *General Secretary:* Mrs. Mary Sawyer Foot, Room 50, No. 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

CINCINNATI.—Instituted, May 13, 1783. *Members:* Eldest male descendants of officers of the American Revolution. *Secretary General:* Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, 31 Nassau street, New York City.

COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA, 1890.—Organized, May 23, 1890. *Members:* Female descendants of citizens of distinction prior to 1776. *General Secretary:* Mrs. Timothy H. Cheesman, No. 45 East 29th street, New York City.

COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA (National Society).—Organized, May 1892. *Members:* Women descended from ancestors who came to the American Colonies prior to 1780. *General Secretary:* Mrs. William B. Reed, No. 825 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Md.

COLONIAL ORDER.—Instituted, January 30, 1894. *Members:* Male descendants, in male line, of ancestors resident, prior to July 4, 1776, in Colonies that became thirteen original States. Elected on nomination of members and recommendation of Committee on Admission. *Recorder of New York Chapter:* Henry Axtell Prince, No. 64 William St., New York City.

COLONIAL WARS.—Instituted, 1892. *Members:* Lineal male descendants of soldiers or civil officers prior to 1775. *General Secretary:* Howland Pell, No. 27 William street, New York City.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Organized, October 11, 1890. *Members:* Women descended from soldiers of the American Revolution. *Corresponding Secretary-General, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution,* 902 F street, Washington D. C.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CINCINNATI.—Incorporated, December 27, 1894. *Members:* Women descended from officers of the American Revolution. *General Secretary:* Mrs. Morris Patterson Ferris, No. 438 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

DAUGHTERS OF HOLLAND DAMES (Descendants of the Ancient and Honorable families of New York).—Incorporated, December 9, 1895. *Members:* Women descended from ancestors who came to New York from Holland prior to 1700. *Directress-General:* Mrs. William Gibson, Tarrytown, N. Y. *Deputy Directress-General:* Mrs. Alex. Crawford Cleweth, 41 East Fifty-ninth street, New York.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.—Organized, September 9, 1891. *Members:* Lineal female descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution. *General Secretary:* Mrs. L. Holbrook, No. 123 West 56th street, New York City.

DESCENDANTS OF COLONIAL GOVERNORS.—Founded, January, 1896. *Members:* Descendants of Colonial Governors. *Secretary-General:* Miss Mary Cabell Richardson, Covington, Ky.

FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS OF AMERICA.—Incorporated March 16, 1896. *Members:* Male descendants, in direct male line of father or mother, from settlers between 1607 and 1667, the intermediate ancestor during Revolution having been loyal to America. *Secretary-General,* John Quincy Adams, 101 West 89th Street, New York City.

HISTORIC COUNCIL, LADIES' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE TWO AMERICAS.—Foreign Secretary: Mrs. Florence Grey, Everett House, New York City.

HOLLAND DAMES OF THE NEW NETHERLANDS.—Organized in 1883. *Members:* Women descended from ancestors who came from Holland prior to 1875. *General address:* Holland House, 30th street and Fifth avenue, New York City.

HOLLAND.—Incorporated, March 14, 1885. *Members:* Male descendants, in direct male line, of a Dutchman resident in America prior to 1675. *Secretary:* Theodore M. Banta, No. 346 Broadway, New York City.

HUGUENOT SOCIETY OF AMERICA.—Organized, April 12, 1888. *Members:* Descendants of Huguenot families who came to America prior to 1787. *Secretary:* Lea McIlvaine Luquer, No. 105 East 22d street, New York City.

LEAGUE OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.—Organized, June 15, 1896. *Members:* Pupils who have written from memory in the presence of a teacher certain patriotic poems. *President and Founder:* William S. Mills, Public School 75, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS.—Organized, December 22, 1894. *Members:* Male and female descendants of the passengers on the Mayflower in 1620. *General Secretary:* George Ernest Bowman, 623 Tremont Building, Boston.

MEDAL OF HONOR LEGION.—Organized, April 23, 1889. *Members:* United States soldiers of the Civil War of 1861-1865, whose gallantry was recognized by vote of Congress, and their male and female descendants. *Adjutant:* John Tweedale, War Department, Washington, D. C.; *Commander,* Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS.—Instituted, December 17, 1894. *Members:* Officers and the lineal male descendants in the male line of officers of all the foreign wars of the United States. *General Secretary:* James Henry Morgan, 80 Liberty street, New York City.

NAVAL ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES.—Instituted, July 4, 1890. *Members:* Officers of the United States navy and their eldest male descendants. *General Recorder:* Capt. H. H. Bellas, U. S. A., Germantown, Pa.

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.—Organized, January 24, 1895. Incorporated, March 4, 1895. *Members:* Women of New England birth, marriage or parentage. *General Secretary:* Mrs. B. B. Kenyon. Information to be obtained from the Organizer, Mrs. William Gerry Slade, 332 West 87th street, New York City.

ORDER OF THE OLD GUARD.—Incorporated, January 31, 1896. *Secretary:* William Porter Adams, No. 278 East Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

ORDER OF WASHINGTON.—Instituted, 1895. *Members:* Male descendants of those who held civil or military office between 1750 and 1788. *Secretary:* R. E. Wright, U. S. Steamer *Forward*, Mobile, Ala.

SAINT NICHOLAS.—Organized, February 23, 1835. *Members:* Male descendants (limited to 650) of natives of the State of New York prior to 1785. *Secretary:* George G. De Witt, No. 88 Nassau street, New York City.

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Instituted, October 22, 1875. *Members:* Lineal male descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution. *General Secretary:* Franklin Murpay, No. 145 Chestnut street, Newark, N. J.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—Instituted, February 22, 1876. *Members:* Lineal male descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution. *General Secretary:* James Mortimer Montgomery, 145 Broadway, New York City.

UNITED STATES DAUGHTERS OF 1812.—Instituted, January 8, 1891. *Members:* Female descendants of soldiers of the War of 1812. *General Secretary:* Mrs. LeRoy S. Smith, 62 East 127th street, New York City.

VETERAN CORPS OF ARTILLERY (SOCIETY OF THE WAR OF 1812).—(New York).—Incorporated, January 8, 1892. *Members:* Male descendants of officers of the War of 1812. *Assistant Secretary:* Charles Isham, 97 Cedar street, New York City.

WAR OF 1812 (General Society).—Organized, September 14, 1814. *Members:* Lineal male descendants of officers and soldiers of the War of 1812. *General Secretary:* Capt. H. H. Bellas, U. S. A., Germantown, Pa.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The Rhode Island Society of the Sons of the American Revolution celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island with appropriate ceremonies in the Casino Theatre at Newport on August 31. The meeting was presided over by W. Watts Sherman, the President, who made a few remarks of welcome. Many prominent individuals were present. The Newport Artillery, Company B, Second Regiment, R. I. M., and Naval Reserve Torpedo Company, the Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, Society of Colonial Wars, and of other colonial and historical societies, were out in force. During the evening the Newport Orchestra rendered patriotic airs. Mr. George A. Littlefield, of Providence, formerly superintendent of the Newport schools gave a very interesting sketch of the battle of Rhode Island, which has been styled the best fought battle of the war. He was followed by the orator of the occasion, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the Empire State society, Sons American Revolution. His oration was just what every one expected—excellent. Among other things he said: "The most interesting movement since the Civil War has been the organization of these patriotic societies. The Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, of Colonial Dames and others have created a healthy revival of the study of the principles and origin of our institutions. As the president of the New York State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution it gives me great pleasure to greet on this patriotic occasion the Society of the Sons of the Revolution of Rhode Island. I have discovered in travelling over the country that the most active and vigorous of these societies are to be found in the new states between Chicago and the Pacific Ocean. It demonstrates that the old stock which first settled in the country, which formulated the principles of self-government and crystallized them into an independent republic, are still dominant in the land which they were the first to occupy. Notwithstanding the vast immigration, the Sons of the Revolutionary War, the descendants of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors, in the same spirit which carried their fathers across the ocean to Plymouth Rock, or to New York, or to Jamestown, are carrying the church and the school house into the wilderness and forming institutions and new states upon the same basis as the charter framed in the cabin of the Mayflower and the immortal instrument adopted by the Continental Congress on the Fourth of July, 1776."

A new chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution will soon be organized in Elmira, N. Y. Fifteen petitioners have applied for a charter under the name of "The Newtown Battle Chapter," in honor of Gen. Sullivan's victory in 1779.

The State society Sons of the American Revolution of New Hampshire and the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution of New Hampshire, about seventy-five persons in all, held a field day in Portsmouth on Sept. 8th. Rev. H. E. Hovey of St. John's (Episcopal) church acted as guide and proved himself thoroughly qualified for the task. The result was a very enjoyable day and a talking over of a great deal of local history. It is to be hoped these field days will become popular all over the country.

The Boston chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, met on September 25. The city having ordered a monument or tablet for the tomb of Crispus Attucks and other victims of the Boston massacre but no appropriation having been made, it was voted to urge Mayor Quincy to give the matter attention. It was thought that the best memorial would be a rough field stone with inscription in a panel, somewhat after the pattern of the stone on Lexington green. Mr. Edward McGlenen surprised his brother members by bringing to light the fact that there was a life sacrificed in Boston in the cause of American independence, before the killing of Attucks and his companions. This was the killing of Christofer Snider, a boy eleven or twelve years old, about two weeks previous. A crowd of indignant Bostonians were making a demonstration before the house of an unpopular custom house official, when he fired a musket through either the door or window, killing the boy. The funeral of the boy was a prodigious affair for that time, the services being held beneath the liberty tree, corner of Essex and Washington streets, and again at the old state house, the body being attended to the granary burial ground by a procession of 2,000 persons, and the body is said to have been placed in the tomb where the State street victims were laid two weeks later. And so, it is proposed that when the stone is provided to mark the site of the tomb, the name of the hitherto forgotten juvenile martyr shall be also placed on it, that future generations may do him honor. It was also voted that the selectmen of Arlington be requested by the chapter to have a memorial stone erected bearing the names of the nine men of neighboring towns who fell at Arlington in the retreat of the British from Lexington, and whose names were unknown until recently brought to light as a result of Mr. McGlenen's researches. A strong feeling exists in the Boston chapter in favor of the union of the Sons of the American Revolution and Sons of the Revolution, a project to be considered October 12, in Cincinnati, by a meeting of delegates from both bodies.

The Colorado society, Sons of the American Revolution, held its annual meeting September 17, a postponement from July 4. The president of last year, J. F. Tuttle, Jr., was re-elected. The vice presidents are President C. F. Slocum, of Colorado College; Dr. W. R. Whitehead, of Denver, and Judge N. W. Dixon, of Pueblo, with W. M. Spears, secretary, and E. L. Kelly, registrar and treasurer, and Prof. Steele, of Denver University, chaplain. Prof. George L. Cannon, of the Denver High School, was made historian. The Board of Managers consists of Prof. E. R. Downs, chairman; Dr. C. F. Dodge, Col. T. W. M. Draper, Col. Irving Hale, T. W. Crissey, all of Denver, and George E. Bragdon, of Pueblo; B. F. Follett, of Leadville; Arthur Cornforth, of Colorado Springs; the membership committee, H. M. Houghton, chairman; C. H. Wells, F. P. Van Keuren and J. N. Russell. A paper was read by Prof. Steele, in which the position of John Wesley in regard to the American Revolution was stated, and Prof. Cannon spoke of the lessons to be learned from some of the battles of the Revolution. The Society elected Mr. J. F. Tuttle, Jr., a delegate to the Union Convention at Cincinnati, October 12, and now numbers sixty members.

The Old Suffolk Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution of Chelsea, Mass., met on the 17th ult. for the first time this season and plans for the winter's work were formed. It is proposed to have a number of tablets, marking historical places in the city placed in position. The city government will be asked to place a tablet on the new Prattville school building. The members of Captain Samuel Sprague Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will be asked to have a tablet erected at the old Cary house, and a tablet will be placed at the corner of Washington avenue and County road, marking the course of the Chelsea Minutemen in April, 1775.

The first fall meeting of the board of managers of the Michigan Society, Sons of the American Revolution, was held in the parlors of the Russell House, Detroit, on September 20th. Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D D., presiding in the absence of the president and vice-president. Delegates were chosen to represent the society at the joint meeting of the two national societies at Cincinnati on October 1st. A committee was appointed to secure permanent rooms for the use of the society. Eighty-six subscriptions to THE SPIRIT OF '76 have been sent in during the summer. Four new members were admitted, making the total at present time 234. Much of the success and credit of the society is due to Mr. Henry T. Sibley, the secretary, who has devoted much time to the work. His extended acquaintance has also been of untold value to the society.

Mr. Stephen Atwater Trowbridge, Secretary of the Anthony Wayne Chapter, No. 3, Sons of the American Revolution, died in Toledo, Ohio, on Tuesday, August 26th. He was born in New York City on June 8, 1838.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the last meeting for the season of the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of the City of New York, Daughters of the American Revolution, by the suggestion of the regent, Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpool, the substance of the following resolution was moved and unanimously voted by the chapter:



Resolved, That the Patriotic, Historic and Memorial Association of this city, and also the chapters of the D. A. R. throughout the State, be invited to consider the formation of a general federation to be called "The Memorial Association of the State of New York;" the object to be the commemoration and honor of illustrious names and noble deeds by the marking and preservation throughout the State of the grounds, buildings and homes connected with such names and deeds, and by the celebration of historic days and of

notable birthdays; each society so joining to be represented in the proposed association by its president, and secretary and one delegate elected by it for that purpose.

Subjoined is a selected list of such societies in this city. As the secretary of one of them you are earnestly and respectfully requested to bring the above plan before your own organization, and on or before December 1st, 1897, kindly to reply whether or no it is the pleasure of its members to join in the proposed State Memorial Association. Should three or more societies express their willingness thus to co-operate, a meeting will be called of the representatives of those accepting, and a joint committee will be appointed to draw up a plan of organization, and to extend the invitation to similar bodies throughout the State. Such a union of patriotic and memorial societies has recently been effected in New Jersey, with the happy result of at once arousing wide-spread interest in the agitation for the preservation of the historic spots within our limits. Our own great Commonwealth has no time to lose if it would save to itself and to the nation several precious and priceless relics of the hallowed past; and appeals in their behalf to the Legislature and to local councils from a State Memorial Association would carry force and prestige impossible to any one organization acting alone. Earnestly commending these suggestions to the serious consideration of your honorable Society,

I remain, very truly yours,

MARY CHASE MILLS, Secretary.

LIST OF ASSOCIATIONS TO WHICH THIS REGULAR LETTER IS ADDRESSED.

American Archaeological Society, American Historical Association, Chatauqua Union, City Improvement Society, Colonial Dames, Colonial Dames of America, Daughters of the Cincinnati, Daughters of Holland Dames, Daughters of the Revolution, Empire State Society, S. A. R., Holland Society, Huguenot Society of America, Methodist Historical Society, National League Protection American Institutions, National Society New England Women, New England Society, New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, New York Historical Society, New York Sons of the Revolution, New York State Society of the Cincinnati, Ohio Society, Order of Founders and Patriots of America, Patriotic League, Poe Memorial Association, Society of Colonial Wars, Society War 1812, Sons of the Revolution, State of New York, Trustees of Scenic and Historic Places, City History Club, Congregational Club, New York Southern Society, Patria Club, New York State Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, St. Nicholas Society.

The patriotic societies of Texas under the leadership of the Daughters of the American Revolution have secured the appointment of October 30th as Patriotic Day at the Texas State Fair.

The Massachusetts State Society Daughters of the American Revolution met at Boston on the 17th ult. for the first time this season. After the business session, at which Miss Sarah Hunt, State Regent, presided, lunch was served. Then the members, about one hundred in number, started out on the following pilgrimage: To North Square, site of the home of Thomas Hutchinson, governor of Massachusetts at the time of the stamp act trouble; birthplace of Paul Revere, Hanover and North Bennett streets; site of house where Cotton Mather spent his early life; Old North Church; Copps Hill burying ground; site of cannon and bell foundry of Paul Revere, Foster street.

Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York city chapter, Daughters American Revolution, made a brilliant address a short time ago in the parlors of the Blue Mountain house in Maryland in response to the urgent appeal of many people who were stopping there. She was happy, Mrs. McLean said, to extend the influences of the society, for she believed it the greatest woman's organization the world has ever known, not only on account of numbers or on account of the calibre of the women forming its membership, but, she continued, "because I believe it strikes the keynote of the proper lines to be followed by women's organizations in this day, when they are so rampant—that keynote is conservative activity. Some societies are so active that they transgress the lines of feminine dignity, and others are so devoid of life and energy that somnolence is their chief characteristic, but the Daughters are instilled with the vital force of enthusiasm, and at the same time keep their work within fitting feminine lines." She used her own chapter work as an illustration of what can be done by the society. It has given a large sum to the monument to Mary Washington, near Fredericksburg, Va., and a sum to the Francis Scott Key monument, a sum toward preserving the original John Hancock house in Massachusetts, and in present day practical work the chapter fills a chair of American history in Barnard college, the woman's annex of Columbia college, and has just founded a scholarship in American history to be awarded after a competitive examination held by a committee from Columbia and Barnard college. She alluded to the fact that the New York city chapter was the first in the country to uphold the principles of international arbitration, and sent congratulations to Queen Victoria during her jubilee, to which two courteous replies had been received, and the letters were read during the meeting. Mrs. McLean closed her address in these words: "Maryland has even a prouder heritage and a nobler one to live up to than any other State in the Union, for as a gem is often made more radiant by its setting, so does the flag wave more inspiringly before the uplifted eye, because it is known the wide world over by the name her own Key gave it, 'the Star-Spangled Banner.'"

PIQUA, Ohio, September 24, 1897.

GENTLEMEN—The members of Piqua Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, who are subscribers to your patriotic and very interesting paper, thoroughly enjoy its perusal. In the January number I was especially interested in the article on "The Nestor of the First New Hampshire Regiment, War of the American Revolution," with its accompanying picture of Dr. Hale. When a little girl I lived in Hollis, New Hampshire, and saw the subject of the sketch every day, as I passed his house in going to school, and recognized the likeness at once.

This chapter was organized on "Flag Day," June '96, and June 14, 1897, celebrated its first anniversary, with an open meeting at the home of its regent, Mrs. Augusta Isham Hicks. About one hundred persons were present. Mrs. Rathbone, state regent, was present and made an interesting address on the formation of the National society of Daughters of the American Revolution. The esthetic rooms and wide verandas of the house were profusely decorated with masses of roses and all the flowers that belong to June, and the broad folds of "old glory" hung in every available place. The guests were presented at the door with tiny flags, a copy of the Star Spangled Banner, and a programme, which was printed in blue on white paper, with the insignia of the society in one corner, and at the top was tied a tiny bow of red, white and blue ribbon. The programme was interesting, and at its close a solo, "The Star Spangled Banner," was sung by Miss Roe in a spirited manner, all joining in the chorus with a fervor that made the rooms ring with the patriotic notes. The papers read were short sketches of some of the pioneer women of Piqua who were connected with members of the Piqua chapter. At the close an excellent violin solo was rendered by Miss Gross, after which refreshments were served. Altogether it was one of the most elegant and delightful functions ever given in Piqua.

LOUISE W. MCKINNEY, Historian Piqua Chapter.

The Delaware chapter Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Brandywine on September 11 at the residence of Mrs. Caleb Churchman. Papers on the battle were read by Miss Harriet Mahon, of Bridgeton, N. J., and Miss Pennewill, of Dover. Mrs. Churchman made an address. A feature of the gathering was that five women whose great-grandfathers fought in the battle were present. They were Miss Sophie Naples, of Wilmington; Mrs. Chesley of Claymont; Mrs. Harvey Dennison, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Peterson Speakman of Smyrna, and Miss Harriet Mahon, of Bridgeton. Forty-five members of the Caesar Rodney Chapter, of Wilmington; Colonel Haslett Chapter, of Dover, and Elizabeth Cook Chapter of Smyrna, were at the celebration.

The Norwalk, Conn., chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held its first meeting of the season on September 16. regent, Mrs. T. R. Noble, presided. Miss Elizabeth Brown was appointed a committee on resolutions for the late Mrs. C. A. Tucker, and Mrs. Frederick Belden for the late Miss Julia Lockwood, two members deceased. The wife of Rev. Jabez Backus was elected to membership. After an excellent musical programme came some interesting talks. The assembly room was tastefully decorated with dahlias, sabias and the old-fashioned flower which is known by the various names of "ragged sailors," "love-lies-bleeding," and "Washington's glory," the latter because it was once used as decorative plumes by Washington's troops. Miss Scott read a paper prepared by Miss Amelia Seymour, of West avenue, who also loaned some relics in the form antique saddlebags, cream pitcher and a large hand-made silver spoon, which were exhibited to the pleasure of the Daughters. Miss Scott's reading received liberal applause. In the paper was an anecdote of Washington, which is scarcely as much of an antique as the cherry tree story and may interest our readers, not only on that account, but as showing the extreme reticence of the great man. It occurred in Norwalk or vicinity. Some one met Washington riding alone and accosted him with the words, "Howdy, General! Where are you bound?" Washington replied: "If my horse knew where I was going I'd shoot him on the spot." This was told to Miss Amelia Seymour, the reader said, by the man who made the query.

On Aug. 25 the Narragansett Chap. Daughters of the American Revolution gave a public reception to members of the Order who were passing the summer in the vicinity of Kingston Hill. The affair took place in the upper hall of the old court house, and was in charge of chapter officers, consisting of Mrs. C. F. Hunt, Regent; Mrs. W. Witherspoon, Vice Regent; Miss Florence Lane, Secretary, and Miss N. J. Wells, Treasurer. They transformed the old room into an apartment closely resembling one of the Colonial period. The quaint mantelpiece over the large brick fireplace at the east of the room was decked with ancient porcelain plaques and odd bits of Dutch, English and French china, while a mirror formed of buried glass of at least two centuries existence, was hung over the centre of the mantel shelf, draped with the national colors and flanked by antique candlesticks of silver, which in turn were set off by a cream jug and sugar bowl of a bygone pattern. Leaning against the back of the shelf were silhouettes of a number of the distinguished families of South Kingston, both male and female. Resting at each corner of the fireplace, besides the matter of course bellows, fire shovel and tongs, was a spinning wheel brought over by the Pilgrims and a highly polished warming pan of brass. In front of the fireplace was an India rug, upon which were the straight-back chairs of our grand-dames, upon which were seated the Regent as Mistress of Ceremonies and her chief guest, State Regent Mrs. Ballou. Each corner of the room was fitted up with settees and divans, canopied with homespun and more modern stuffs, each being given quite a patriotic air by a display among their fittings of the Stars and Stripes. The exercises opened with a brief address of welcome by the Regent of the local chapter, who introduced as the first speaker Mrs. Ballou, the State Regent. She gave an extended address upon the events immediately preceding the conflict of 1776, cleverly interwoven with some of the chief characteristics of the colonial dames of high degree. Mrs. Ballou was followed by the chief speaker of the occasion, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Regent of the Ft. Greene chapter, and widely known as an historical writer. She began by saying that the New England housewife of the Revolution was much better adapted to supply the needs of her family than those of the present day, for she could not only cook and take care of her home, but could provide her good man with stout homespun garments of wool, besides being able to spin fine linen from the material grown on the farm and prepared by herself. Mrs. Earle, doubtless thinking that a slight knowledge of these almost lost arts would not be out of place on such an occasion, then proceeded to deliver an interesting discourse upon the old-time methods of procedure in the preparation and manufacture of the home-made garments. At its conclusion the guests were served with tea drawn from an old silver pot and served in Delft cups as accessory to ices and cake, handed about on plates of wedgewood and other old-time ware. Among those in attendance were Past State Regent Miss Knight, of Providence; State Secretary Miss Jenks, of Woonsocket; Miss Brown, State Treasurer, of East Greenwich; Mrs. Jeremiah Robinson, of a New York chapter; Miss Smith, of Groton Chapter, Connecticut, and a large delegation from Gaspee Chapter of Providence.

Daughters of the American Revolution in Maine are endeavoring to collect Revolutionary arms which Massachusetts gave to Maine when she became a State in 1820, and were sold by the State in the sixties.

The Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution furnished a room in the headquarters at the recent Grand Army of the Republic reunion. It contained many relics very tastefully displayed. We copy from the *News* of that city: The room of the Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was a center of interest. Miss Emily A. Clark and Miss Eliza S. Haskins had charge, assisted by Mrs. John B. Olmstead and Mrs. Roderick J. Cant. The room is decorated in Washington's colors, blue and buff, and is hung with Revolutionary relics and engravings, and furnished with old and rare furniture. Mrs. M. N. Thompson loaned engravings. A water-color painted by Mrs. Albion Howe, wife of Capt. Howe, who fell in the Custer massacre, and loaned by Mrs. Richard J. Sherman, represented the old Court House at Charlotte, N. C., where a Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. A Mount Vernon plaque in blue, loaned by Mrs. Sherman, and two old-time chairs, were much admired. Mr. Carleton H. White contributed a fine oil portrait of Washington and some old engravings. Miss Emily A. Clark has a holder embroidered by her grandmother, Elizabeth Gibbs, who afterwards married Lamore Sherwood, a Revolutionary soldier. It is blue, embroidered on sample linen and neatly bound about with calico. It was used in lifting the teapot at afternoon teas. Mrs. Benjamin H. Williams has loaned the desk and chair occupied by her husband when he was State Senator in the old State House. Pretty blue and white badges to be worn at the Daughters' reception on Thursday afternoon from 4 until 7, were given out in the Daughters' room.

During next month (October) a historical tree from the grave of Colonel Ledyard, at the battlefield of Fort Griswold, Groton, Conn., will be planted in Loring Park by the Minneapolis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution with appropriate ceremonies. The anniversary of this battle is always celebrated by the Minneapolis chapter, because there are five descendants of colonial soldiers who fought there. Mrs. Charlotte Van Cleve is a direct descendant of Mrs. Colonel Ledyard, and it was at her suggestion that the tree was secured.

The Stowe Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Milford, Conn., has erected a flag pole on the historic old Hog Back on the Bridgeport turnpike. A flag is to be kept flying there every day.

On August 29, the citizens of Elmira, N. Y., celebrated the 118th anniversary of the victory of Gen. Sullivan's army over the combined forces of the British and Indians in 1779—the victory that avenged the Wyoming and Cherry Valley massacres and destroyed that most splendid government of the aborigines, the Iroquois confederacy. As originally planned the celebration was the work of the Chemung Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, but the Sons of the American Revolution were invited to participate tho' they have no local organization. Hon. Gabriel L. Smith gave the oration which presented the results of the campaign in clear and eloquent language. Several years ago a monument to Gen. Sullivan was erected in the city and it now needs repairs. The probabilities are that the "Daughters" will soon begin this work. The Chemung Chapter now numbers thirty-four members.

Sons of the Revolution.

On October 16th, the New York society, Sons of Revolution, will dedicate the bronze tablet commemorating the battle of Harlem Heights, which has, by permission of the trustees of Columbia University, been placed by the society on one of its new buildings. The members of the society, with their guests will assemble at West Twenty-second street, North River, at noon, where the Albany or the New York, of the Hudson River boats, will take them as far up the Hudson as time will permit, lunch being served on board. The steamer will land at the foot of West 129th street, where the party will be met and escorted to the University buildings. The unveiling ceremonies will occur at about 4:30. Presidents Seth Low, of the University; Tallmadge of the society, and others will speak. Among the committee in charge of the affair are Lieut.-Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff, Gen. Alfred C. Barnes, Judge Willard Bartlett, Horace C. Du' Val, Arthur Melvin Hatch, Frank Bailey, Jesse C. Woodhull and Clarence W. Bowen.



Daughters of the Revolution.

The New York *Mail and Express* in a recent issue says: The Daughters of the Revolution are patiently waiting to raise enough money to erect a monument in Fort Greene Park,



Brooklyn, to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the Revolutionary war, and more especially the 14,000 patriots who died of wounds, disease, privation, and even starvation, on the British prison ships in the Wallabout, between 1777 and 1783. These bones were once taken from their original burying ground by Tammany Hall which, with a flourish of trumpets, announced its determination to place them in a better site in Brooklyn, and to erect over them a magnificent memorial. This was sixty years ago, and nothing has been done by that body since it issued the proclamation and celebrated the fact with a huge and spirited dinner. The Society of Old Brooklynites, of which Messrs. Spooner, Greenwood, Murphy, Snedecker and Lott were prominent members, made a similar announcement thirty years ago, but they did not accomplish what they wished. The city of Brooklyn, however, removed the bones and remnants of the coffin to Fort Greene Park, where a small but attractive bit of masonry indicates the site. The Daughters of the Revolution, almost as soon as formed, noticed the deplorable neglect, and promised to take action in the matter. They took council together and determined to erect a beautiful memorial over the remains. To Fort Greene Chapter much credit is due. Of it Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, the distinguished historian, is regent, and Mrs. S. V. White is an officer and leader. The chapter has grown rapidly, and is about the largest of the order. Thus far it has raised about \$6,000, and hopes soon to have enough money to justify them in making arrangements for the monument. A number of the members are busy at present upon a patriotic autograph quilt. It is made of deep blue satin, with white satin stars, the autographs being upon the stars. It will make, when finished, a very beautiful work of art, and will be raffled for by a number of ladies who have expressed a strong desire to obtain this gem of needlework. The other members are busy upon schemes looking toward the benefit of the monument fund, and a very active and business-like winter is expected by the chapter. It proposes to have a regular headquarters this fall, where it will meet, instead of convening every month in the parlors of the various members.

The Fairbanks chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Dedham, Mass., will begin the season with a meeting in the rooms of the Dedham County Historical Society on Sept. 3.

A Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution will soon be formed in Cohoes, N. Y. There seems to be room in that vicinity for a good working society.

The Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Exercises of a very interesting character marked the first triennial congress of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, which was held on "Embarkation Day," September 6th, at Plymouth, Mass. Soon after 11 a. m. the members and delegates who had assembled in Kendall Hall of the First Church, were called to order by the Governor-General, the Hon. Henry E. Howland, of New York. After an opening prayer, offered by the Rev. Roderick Terry, D.D., of New York, a brief address of welcome was made by the Governor-General. This was followed by roll call and the reading of reports by the general officers. The Secretary-General reported a gain in membership during the past year of 139 in Massachusetts, 93 in New York, 86 in Connecticut, 31 in Pennsylvania and 21 in Illinois, the latter society having been formed since January last. The total membership is now 824, distributed as follows: New York, 349; Massachusetts, 250; Connecticut, 140; Pennsylvania, 64, and Illinois, 21. The Secretary-General also announced his dis-



covery of interesting facts relating to the lives of Richard More and Francis Billington. John T. Terry, of New York; Gamaliel Bradford, of Massachusetts, and M. A. L. Totten, of Connecticut, were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the coming three years. On motion of Col. Leach, of Pennsylvania, membership dues were fixed at \$1 for the ensuing year. A handsome bronze replica of the marble tablet on the National monument to the Pilgrims was presented to the society by the Hon. William T. Davis, of Plymouth, Governor-General Howland responding to the presentation. A resolution was adopted upon motion of Mrs. William H. McCartney, thanking all concerned in the restoration of the Bradford manuscript, and Richard Henry Greene was ordered to prepare the resolution. In behalf of the New York society Governor-General Howland made the formal presentation to the First Church of Plymouth of the beautiful stained glass window, which has been placed in the centre of the rear wall of the new edifice. The window represents the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower. Above this design are the seal of the society and the words "Plymouth, 1620—New York, 1894." Below is an inscription stating that the memorial is the gift of the New York society. Arthur Lord, chairman of the parish committee, accepted the window with fitting remarks. The election resulted in the unanimous choice of the following officers: Governor-General, Hon. Henry E. Howland, New York; deputy governor-generals, Winslow Warren, Massachusetts; Francis Olcott Allen, Pennsylvania; William Waldo Hyde, Connecticut; Josiah Lewis Lombard, Illinois; captain-general, Dr. Nyles Standish, Boston; elder-general, Rev. Roderick Terry, D.D., New York; secretary-general, George Ernest Bowman, Massachusetts; historian-general, Richard Henry Greene, New York; treasurer-general, James Mauran Rhodes, Pennsylvania; surgeon-general, Orlando Brown, Connecticut; board of assistants, Rev. Edward Lord Clark, D.D., Francis William Sprague, Massachusetts; Howland Davis, New York; Edward Clinton Lee, Col. J. Granville Leach, Pennsylvania; Sylvester C. Dunham, William Molthrop Stark, Connecticut. The next triennial meeting will take place in 1900,

upon a date to be fixed by the Board of Assistants. After the business session, delegates and members adjourned to the Somerset House, where they were delightfully entertained at dinner by the Massachusetts society. Gamaliel Bradford, governor of the society, presided, and speeches, earnest, witty and eloquent, were made by several gentlemen, among whom Arthur Lord, of Plymouth; Hon. Henry E. Howland, of New York, and the Hon. Winslow Warren, of Boston.

Order of the Old Guard.

CHICAGO, September 28th, 1897.



A meeting of the Board of Managers was held on above date to decide several important questions and to outline a fall campaign. Colonel Charles Page Bryan, the president, occupied the chair. It was unanimously decided to make THE SPIRIT OF '76 the official organ of this Order, and through this medium to keep the members throughout the United States notified every month as to the progress of work and matters of interest to all. It was also decided to hold a banquet at the University Club, No. 116 Dearborn street, October 19th, at 6 p. m., to commemorate the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Business meeting at 6 p. m. and supper at 7 o'clock. It was also decided to publish a book containing a list of charter members, the constitution and by-laws, and other information pertaining to the Order. It is sincerely hoped that, with the return of prosperity, the ranks of the Order of the Old Guard will be full of the best and noblest descendants of fighting heroes of Colonial, Revolutionary and 1812 wars. Address all communications to Henry H. Walton, Secretary, No. 149 State street, Chicago, Ill.

WASHINGTON; OR, THE REVOLUTION.

Ethan Allen's Drama of the Revolution

(In Blank Verse.)

In this number we present the Third Act of this great work. It is one of the most interesting chapters, since it not only gives the horrible suffering of the patriots under the accursed Cunningham, but it epitomizes the trials of Washington in his retreat across New Jersey, as given in Scene Four, the colloquy between Standish and Alden; and it closes with the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In this one Act from the depths of despair, which would have crushed any mortal who ever lived but Washington, he suddenly elevated himself and country to hopeful courage by his successful blow, following that terrific Christmas night voyage across the Delaware.

We call attention elsewhere to the criticisms which this writing has already evoked.

The September number, which opened with the presentation of Washington in his tent at Cambridge, contained an error for which the type is responsible. The time should read 1775 and not 1776, as printed. Our readers will correct this to make the "Drama" historically correct.

Washington, or the Revolution

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Room in headquarters of GEN. HOWE on Long Island. Time: August 28, 1776, the day after the battle of Long Island. Enter GEN. HOWE, his brother ADMIRAL HOWE, GEN. LORD CORNWALLIS, COL. RALL, and a Hessian officer.

GEN. HOWE—Yes! Brother we will rest to-day. We earned it yesterday.

ADMIRAL HOWE—It is better, to rest when the work is finished, not when partly done. The wounded game may creep away.

GEN. HOWE—You men of the sea fight under cover;

And all skies are the same to you. We of the army feel it, and shiver when the clouds empty their wealth upon us. Did you ever see it rain harder? The drubbing we gave the rebels yesterday, will hold them in their lines till we order them out as prisoners. No we will not assault to-day, nor perhaps to-morrow, but pick up our trophies when more convenient.

COL. RALL—The game cannot escape us. We are in front and the river is behind.

GEN. HOWE—And your guns, brother, sweep the river.

And so it is safely caged. Why, then, should we advance, to swim, as we may do, in this water-loaded air, before we regale ourselves?

ADMIRAL HOWE—My guns are not yet in position to

prevent retreat. The wind and tide prevented

GEN. HOWE—Well, all in good time, you will have them there.

Meantime these weeping clouds give to him, as

To us, the same dread of motion. Colonel Rall, what are the results of yesterday?

COL. RALL—At least three thousand five hundred killed, wounded, and in our hands. Four generals, and many officers of lesser rank. It was a good day's work.

CORNWALLIS—General Sullivan and Lord Sterling are among the prisoners.

GEN. HOWE—Lord Sterling on the rebels side? Do Lords fight with them?

HESSIAN OFFICER—He is, from his title, the only gentleman among them.

They are all a sorry set.

ADMIRAL HOWE—But they fight like men, overburdened by disadvantage.

COL. RALL—No doubt. Their guns! Why, they bear nothing but their own private

Pieces, which have served for robins. We could

fire twice, while they were driving home their charge.

It was ludicrous to see them, thus confronting veterans of Europe.

[Laughs heartily].

HESSIAN OFFICER—And such arms as this mob did possess, would

speed towards us with such feeble force whatever

was sent, that it fell midway. [Laughs].

Since it did not reach us, we were ignorant whether lead was used or not [Still laughs]. In return for this, we each picked our man at pleasure.

[GEN. HOWE laughs heartily at this recital].

GEN. HOWE—It really turns my heart to sympathy;

As when the butcher stands with uplifted ax to slay the helpless steer. But a soldier is the ax! So they stood up to be shot down? Such also was my experience wherever I observed the field.

HESSIAN OFFICER—They are as vile in origin as poor

in equipment. [Laughs].

Who do you suppose these officers are whom we have met and captured?

[Laughs heartily].

I have been at special pains to know.

[All laugh].

Why, tailors! A general a tailor! [Laughs]. And shoemakers; and—you would not believe it—base mechanics. Indeed this is true! My sides ache with merriment.

[Laughing].

ADMIRAL HOWE—These misguided men are our countrymen!

And you laugh at England when you clothe with ridicule her children.

COL. RALL—We laugh not at the man ;
But at the force he confronts us with.
We Europeans have tested the strength
Of discipline, with weapons such as Mars
Himself might wear. It amuses us to
Meet this mob without a uniform
Even the commanders needed the dress
Of gentlemen, fit to be captured in.

CORNWALLIS—New York is now at our mercy,
When we care to enter.

GEN. HOWE—We opened this day with artillery;
To let the stricken know that we are awake.
That will do for to-day. When the skies are
Blue again, then we will finish our work.
Meantime it is meet that we indulge ourselves.
Brother, forget for an hour your sombre
Side, and bring the other into action.
You will dine with me ; and so, gentlemen,
Will you all. [*Bows to all.*]

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II.—Room in WASHINGTON'S Headquarters, Harlem Heights. Time: September 17, 1776.

Enter GEN. PUTNAM and GEN. GREENE.

PUTNAM—By Heavens ! Greene, your illness
Came near being a fatal illness to
Us all. At last, I rejoice to see you
With your sword again upon your thigh.

GREENE—Since I laid the plans
For the fight on Long Island, it would have
Been more orderly had I executed
Them. How differently affairs might run
And end, if we could control our bodies
As servants of our will !

PUTNAM—I was precipitated into the
Command. A general ignorant of
The field, I blundered. But for the skill of
Our chief, we surely had lost our army.

GREENE—A remarkable man !

PUTNAM—As clearly as I see this shining hilt,
He saw the necessity of retreat
When the disastrous day had closed. Those
There
Were, with swelling ignorance, who dis-
dained
To yield an inch to the enemy, and
Would fight it out there and then. And
some of
Our warlike heroes in Congress, who never
Attacked anything more dangerous than
A fishbone in a hungry meal, even
Now wag their tongues in hurtful criticism.

GREENE—I often wonder,
How long these burdens can be borne.

PUTNAM—The day after the battle a drenching
Rain ; and the next, again a drenching-rain.
These were worth a thousand guns, to hold
the
Enemy in his lines and to protect
Us in ours. During these eight-and-forty
Hours, Washington was sleepless. The
storms which
Swept the plains by day and night, were
both sun
And light to him, since so they served him in
His purpose. Then a heavy fog settled
Over all ; and our army, safely ferried
To New York, left empty hillocks to the
Enemy.

GREENE—Putnam, this was a marvelous work,
As I learn the story now.

PUTNAM—Strongly entrenched
Upon these hills of Harlem, we could defy
All England, if we had those twin giants
Of successful war, discipline and
Ammunition. Now, discouragement may
Come like a thief, to steal away the courage
Of our men.

GREENE—But the retreat from New York
To these suburban heights ?

PUTNAM—We were faced by heavy guns
On either river, that looked upon us
From more than a hundred keels. The enemy

Entered the city from the north to close us in.
He was foiled ! Yes ; foiled by a woman—may
The name of Murray never be lost by
A grateful people—who held Howe in
Social dalliance till our army had
Slipped away. So here we are, ready to
Cross swords again when these hirelings
may come.

GREENE—When, if ever, shall we cope with
our foe,
Equipped as soldiers should be ?

PUTNAM—Greene, equipment is not
The sorest of our needs. Confidence and
Trust in our General would be, to the
Work before us, like rain to a parched soil.

GREENE—He is most anxious about Carleton
And the department of the North.

PUTNAM—And rightly so.
General Gates, in July last, gave up
Crown Point, the doorway through which
Carleton

Must pass to strike us from the North. He
failed

To report this to Washington—refused
To acknowledge him as his superior—
And law givers at Philadelphia
Have encouraged this. Oh ! That we had a
Tarpeian rock from which to hurl such
shallow
Patriots, and I were executioner !

GREENE—Here comes his Excellency.

[*Enter GEN. WASHINGTON, who bows to the others.*]

WASHINGTON—My apologies, gentlemen,
To you both. I was involved in duties
That would control me.
Greene, I am glad to greet you, and, I trust,
With a body purged from recent ills.
You have been greatly missed.

GREENE—I seek opportunity
To cancel the debt of absence.

WASHINGTON—This came in the skirmish yes-
terday.

You, both of you, there drained the cup of
praise
Which falls to valorous deeds. But the loss
Of Knowlton and of Leitch ! Insatiable
Death is gorged too often with the best.

PUTNAM—We have called, General, for your
orders.

WASHINGTON—The army will rest here
Until forced to fall back.

These days will likely be very few.

GREENE—We have a strong defense upon these
hills.

And, beyond, but a little way, we may
Securely rest, till tired of monotony.

WASHINGTON—All are traps, into which we
must not fall.

Our policy is retreat ; and then again,
Retreat. We fight a defensive war.
Keep the enemy in front—and back and back,
Into the land, until, at last, the
Alleghanies, nature's great redoubt, will
Be ours, with advantage all our own !
Rash would it be to risk a general
Action ! But Congress, I am aware,
Favors more aggressive measures.

PUTNAM—What can these civilians
In Philadelphia know of war, that
We in the field should follow ? While they
plan

Campaigns upon Turkish carpets, our limbs
Are weary with the tramp and our swords red
From want of time to clean them. Shall such
men

Presume to give military orders to
Our chief ? Congress be ——

WASHINGTON—[*Sternly*] General ! General !

PUTNAM—Then Congress be—blessed.

WASHINGTON—Of what worth to win the good
we hope for

If we rebel against the weighty orders
Of the State ? We may advise, but we may

Not resist the authority we profess
To serve. Error in our superiors
Is chargeable to infirmity of
Nature, which time and reflection often
Cure !

GREENE—Then be it the prayer
Of all just men, that the cure comes soon.

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen,
What punishment is due to him just
Detected in an effort to poison
The General-in-Chief ?

GREENE and PUTNAM—[*In unison*]. To poison
you ?

WASHINGTON—This very day I was to have
been a victim.
Providence has preserved my life ; for what
Ends I know not.

GREENE—The culprit has been captured ?

WASHINGTON—Yes ; one of my own guard !
And by me trusted—I may say, literally
Trusted—almost unto death.

PUTNAM—He should die at sunset—
And the whole army see the creature die !

WASHINGTON—His youth pleads against this
punishment.

The enemy is the chief malefactor.
Why hang the deluded boy while the greater
Criminal survives ? It is more humane
To send him out of camp to the care of
Those who used him.

PUTNAM—A merciful decree !

WASHINGTON—We shall be fortunate, if this
Be the last effort made to gain this end.
He who engages the savage will not
Hesitate at assassination !
I face it as among the chances of war !

GREENE—The foe will never learn the lesson,
taught

In the generosity of this decision.

WASHINGTON—I fear he will not.
But the fault be his not mine. In the realms
Of kindness I should not limp because he
Is lame. I confess, I am grieved lest a
Man of every noble grace, perhaps now
In the hands of the invaders, with a
Cruel fate, may illustrate our argument.

PUTNAM—I trust this proof may fail,
If it add a sorrow to a load piled to
Huge weight already.

WASHINGTON—It was necessary, that the
Strength and the intentions of the enemy
Should be known from some authentic
source.

When deficient in all that supplies an
Army, resort to indirection that
Helps towards equality. In war this
Argument justifies the employment
Of a spy.

GREENE—A spy ! A spy in the other camp !

WASHINGTON—One of the bravest and truest
Of New England's sons, a few days since
Tendered to me his services. So I was
Impressed by my only interview.
He knew the risks. He weighed them well ;

And

Faltered not, since it was to serve his
Country.

After visiting both the Hessian and
The British camps, he was to return to me.
He is overdue, and his absence fills
Me with alarm.

PUTNAM—I think I know him.

WASHINGTON—He was sent to me by Colonel
Knowlton

From a Connecticut regiment. His rank
Is Captain and his name is Nathan Hale.

PUTNAM—A man of noble qualities.

I know him well. I hope for his safe return.
But if not—if furious war claims a martyr—
Searching our army through, it would fail
to find
A brighter name than that of Nathan Hale.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE III.—*Military prison in New York City. "The New Jail" (Hall of Records, 1893). The court-yard of the prison. Time: September 21, 1776, midnight.*

Enter CAPT. CUNNINGHAM British provost-marshal, armed soldiers as a guard and two keepers.

CUNNINGHAM—How many rascals have died to-night?

[Thumps a table.]

FIRST KEEPER—We have sent four out for burial since Sundown.

CUNNINGHAM—Four! No more?

You are the prison physician to keep These rats alive: and not the keeper of The spade, to bury them. Man, if you had Said four hundred, I would have hugged you. In the prison ship where I spent last night, We disposed of thirty.

SECOND KEEPER—I robbed over sixty Of their food last night. This will help the record.

CUNNINGHAM—Too slow—to slow!

We starve them, we rob them, we pinch them with Raging thirst, and yet they live. Men, we are All too kind. There is too much heart among us.

Do you understand me?

[An attendant appears, bearing a decanter and mugs.]

FIRST KEEPER—Captain, will you have The decanter upon the table?

CUNNINGHAM—Yes! And the mugs; That we may drain a bumper to the King.

[The attendant places a bottle and mugs upon the table.]

This is the best fire for these chilly hours.

[Pours out a huge drink and drains it off.]

That is good. That makes some amends for being

Here. Any prisoners brought in to-day?

SECOND KEEPER—Some from Harlem Heights.

CUNNINGHAM—What had they?

SECOND KEEPER—The clothes they stood in.

CUNNINGHAM—Bah! Did you drown them? How do such trash expect to pay for their Keeping here? *[Drinks another glass.]* Our Generals are too humane for this war. Why take such prisoners? A blow on the Crown is cheaper.

FIRST KEEPER—My assistant is mistaken.

We found a few watches and some keepsakes.

CUNNINGHAM—*[greedily]*. And you secured them all?

All—every item? If you allowed as much Of value to escape as could be felt By sensitive fingers, I'd lash you, Every one—every one of you. Keepsakes And spoils! I am here for these.

[To one of the armed soldiers of the guard.]

Fellow, how dare you smirk at me?

[Reeling from drink, he offers to strike him, and the soldier dodges.]

FIRST SOLDIER—Colonel, I did not smirk at you.

CUNNINGHAM—Colonel! How dare you call me Colonel?

Say General to me, or I will shoot you With your own musket. General! Remember Now, every one of you, General! I will Be General to my guard even though My superiors are slow in promotion, And still keep me Captain. I know my deserts, and promote myself.

[Staggers with intoxication.]

FIRST SOLDIER—General, I did not smirk at you.

CUNNINGHAM—That's better. Have a drink.

[Pours out for him a dram, which the soldier drains off. He drinks again himself.]

How the wind roars! Well, let it roar!

We are snug.

[To second soldier.]

Your face is new. Your eyes are crossed—

And your

Nose—your nose is loose. You seem to

have two

Noses; and they are not at rest. Who are

you?

SECOND SOLDIER—I am William Clayton,

General.

CUNNINGHAM—Where did you come from?

SECOND SOLDIER—I am from Monmouth,

In New Jersey.

CUNNINGHAM—How got you here?

Here in the King's livery, that should be worn

By men with straight eyes—and a single

nose?

SECOND SOLDIER—I served the King there,

And was ordered here by General Howe.

CUNNINGHAM—You lie!

General Howe never stoops to such pro-

motions.

It is only men of rank whom he considers.

[Strikes his breast.]

SECOND SOLDIER—I am not cunning in such

matters.

I was given place here in the prison

Guard, and thought it was General Howe.

CUNNINGHAM—What did you do in that land—

That land—that traded you to us?

SECOND SOLDIER—I was loyal to the King.

CUNNINGHAM—Good! And you smote his

enemies?

SECOND SOLDIER—My nearest neighbor—and once my dearest

Friend, is with Washington. I burned his home.

CUNNINGHAM—Brave heart, drink!

[Gives him a mug, which he drains.]

And his chicks? Did he have any?

SECOND SOLDIER—His wife, bearing her infant

in her arms,

Escaped through the snow to friendly shelter.

CUNNINGHAM—Bungler that you are!

[Smites him with a small stick from a chair near him.]

You shall have no more drink.

You should have brained them both.

You shall be cashiered for neglect of duty.

[To third soldier.]

Weazen-faced hero in the King's toggery,

How got you into this place? I have ten

Other prisons in this town, and in them all,

No man on guard who looks like you. Your

hair

Is too red for this place, and your paunch too

Lean—too like our prisoners. Fatness,

Fatness pleases us. You are not fat.

Where came you from? Loon, answer me.

THIRD SOLDIER—I am an honest boy, born in Connecticut, not very far from here.

CUNNINGHAM—What did you eat and drink, to get that shape?

Roots, weeds, and vinegar, I am certain.

Be careful of our rich diet here, or

Apoplexy!

What deed of valor belongs to you?

THIRD SOLDIER—I quarreled with my brother

Because he was a rebel. The night he

Was to leave to serve with Putnam, in the

Dark, I crawled up and shot him in the back.

I then came here.

CUNNINGHAM—Cadaverous and red-headed Caesar!

Shake hands with your General.

[They shake hands cordially.]

Oh! That I had a thousand mighty men Like you!

We will warm that shriveled but heroic Front with drink.

[He fills a mug for the soldier and one for himself and both drink.]

[While drinking, a dozen prisoners from different sides of the court enter the place. They are emaciated, ragged and suffering. FARMER DICK, now CAPT. STANDISH, is among them.]

FIRST PRISONER—General, it is so cold.

By day we scorch in summer's heat, but at Night, we shiver, for winter's chill comes with

September gales. No clothes—no fire.

SECOND PRISONER—General, I have not tasted food for

Two days. I am slowly dying. For pity,

Help us!

[CUNNINGHAM moves up and down the court in great impatience.]

THIRD PRISONER—My brother died last night.

I nursed him to the last. I must follow

Him, if I have no relief. For two days

I have parched with thirst for want of a glass

Of water. I was captured on Long Island.

FOURTH PRISONER—And I on Harlem Heights. I have been but four days here, and already

Know how blessed it would have been to have

Died in battle. This imprisonment would

Be punishment to Lucifer.

General, be merciful!

CUNNINGHAM—*[furiously]*. Curses upon you all!

This very morning the town was fired—

No doubt by some friendly hand of yours,—

and

Is still smoking in its ashes; and yet

You cry for warmth and fire. Knaves and

traitors

To your King, starve and thirst and die!

[The prisoners all fall back before his fury, except CAPT. STANDISH.]

Had I a thousand smoking joints, they should Feed the sewers, instead of you. Back

Now to your holes, impudent scum—and

die—

Die, as the only duty left to do.

[They all move off but CAPT. STANDISH.]

CAPT. STANDISH—Provost-Marshal Cunn-

ingham—

I ask a word with you before I go.

CUNNINGHAM—Varlet! Do you brave my orders?

[Raises a stick as if to strike him.]

STANDISH—Dare to lay a blow on me, and these fists

Shall be the hammers of your sudden death!

[Raises his clenched fists and moves threateningly upon CUNNINGHAM, who becomes quiet.]

CUNNINGHAM—Who are you?

Such courage is not of every day.

STANDISH—I am Richard Standish, Captain in the Continental army.

CUNNINGHAM—What word would you with me?

[Becomes suddenly sobered.]

STANDISH—I have a dream to relate, Which will interest you. At all events,

I desire you to hear it. I intend

You shall.

CUNNINGHAM—A dream! Nothing so captivates me as a dream.

STANDISH—Then listen.

[Prisoners and guard gather round to hear.]

Last night, as I lay famished, I fell into An uneasy sleep. The vision I then

Saw has appeared twice before: hence so

Marvelous. I thought the war was over

And our arms victorious. The king and

His hirelings were driven from our shores. I
Was next in London—a free American
Citizen—the equal of any sovereign,
For I felt I was myself a king.

CUNNINGHAM—A curse upon your comments !
The dream, the dream !

STANDISH—Curiosity took me
To Newgate Prison. The sufferings from
The Briton here led me to seek what he
Did at home. It was the day for an
Execution. The crime was forgery.
How vivid is the picture here before
Me now ! This moment I see in part my
dream.

The culprit was brought forth, bound.
Cowardly wretch ! he cringed, and writhed
and begged
For mercy, but none was shown. The
noose was

Around his neck. His fainting form—I see
It now upon the trap. Hell or Heaven
Is to receive him. The black cap is
Lifted for farewell. I look. I tremble
In amazement. Is it possible ? God
Is just and retribution comes. I look
Again, and the villain is—it is—
William Cunningham !
British Provost-Marshal of New York—
It is you—it is you !

[All fall back horror-stricken].

CUNNINGHAM—[blanches with fear and stag-
gers—

[Aside]. I have had that very dream.
What can this mean ? It shakes me in every
Fiber. It will never do to falter here.
[Aloud]. Do you hope to frighten a soldier in
The British Army with the visions of
A treacherous and diseased brain ? I have
Heard enough. All of you back to your
dungeons,
Or my guard shall force you there.

[All the prisoners retire].

I would much that I had not heard the raving
Of this madman. I know not why, but my
Heart sinks at the recital.

[Enter an English Corporal and a
guard of soldiers, with NATHAN HALE
as a prisoner].

CORPORAL—[holding papers in his hand].

Orders for Captain Cunningham,
Provost-Marshal of New York.

CUNNINGHAM—I am that man.

CORPORAL—[handing him the papers] With
these orders

I am to deliver to you this prisoner.

CUNNINGHAM—[reading]. A spy ! I see we
have a spy.

He is to die at daylight.

That is here already ; so he dies at once.

Prisoner, you know your fate.

HALE—I know it, and am prepared to meet it.

CUNNINGHAM—You will die like a dog !

Because taken in a work most foul.

HALE—Any service for the public good is

Honorable, when necessary ; such

Service did I seek to render to my

People, and I now regret it not.

CUNNINGHAM—Still unrepentant !

You ought to die twice for a speech like that.

[Aside]. I'll not be cheated into mercy by

A dream. What's a dream to me more than to

Any other man

[Aloud].

Who presided at your trial ?

These papers state not.

HALE—I had no trial.

I was seized at Huntington, Long Island—

Betrayed by a cousin who is against

Our cause. Was taken before General Howe.

I told him that my name was Nathan Hale ;

My rank, Captain in Knowlton's Connecticut

Rangers of the Continental Army ;

And that, as a spy, I was within his lines.

CUNNINGHAM—And he served you right.
When he ordered you to the scaffold. Guards,
Prepare the prisoner for immediate
Execution !

[The guards strip off his coat, tie his
arms behind him, and place the
noose around his neck].

This work revives me, and gives me spirit.
May the devil catch all dreamers !
I am a man again.

HALE—In these last moments,
I ask for man's final consolation—
A Bible and a clergyman.

CUNNINGHAM—You shall have neither. What
have I

To do with Bibles and such drivellers ?
The devil is already waiting for your soul !
Let him have it quickly ;
Nor seek to change a just fate.

HALE—May I write ?

I would send a letter to my mother ;—
And a farewell, a long farewell, to
Another as dear to me, as she. No man
Worthy of the name would refuse this.

CUNNINGHAM—You shall not write.

I would not have the ragged traitors know
That one among them could die so bravely.
Moreover, you are prepared for the cart,
And we have no time to waste in comfort
To a spy. Your hour has come.
Guards, take your places.

[The guards arrange themselves on
each side of the prisoner].

HALE—[raising his eyes]. I only regret,
that I

Have but one life to lose for my Country !

CUNNINGHAM—Forward, march !

[All retire].

SCENE IV—A room in headquarters of GEN.
CHARLES LEE, of the Continental Army,
at Baskingridge, New Jersey.

Time: Forenoon, December 13, 1776.

Enter CAPT. STANDISH and "FARMER
GEORGE," now CAPT. GEORGE ALDEN, of
the Continental Army. Both in uniform.

CAPT. STANDISH—Dear friend of peaceful
days—

I rejoice to meet you, though it's a great
Surprise.

CAPT. ALDEN—I can almost fancy, Dick, seeing
Your honest face, that I am home again.

STANDISH—I notice, George,
That you have now your straps, as well as I.

ALDEN—Yes. I am a Captain—

And Aid to General Charles Lee.

STANDISH—And I am a Captain—and Aid
To General Washington.

ALDEN—Dick, I heard you were a prisoner.

STANDISH—Two months ago I was a prisoner.
But, I have quickly gained my freedom,
As you see.

ALDEN—The brutal Cunningham, after all,
Must have a streak of kindness to let you
Go. How did you escape from him ?

STANDISH—I told him of a dream.

ALDEN—And was a soldier managed from a
dream ?

STANDISH—It was a weird visitor of the night.
It surely frightened him. He shunned me as

A ghost—and soon got rid of me.

ALDEN—I shall resort to dreams hereafter.

STANDISH—But to business.

I am the bearer of orders to
General Lee from the Commander-in-Chief,
Now encamped upon the Delaware. They
Are to be delivered immediately.

[Alden receives the papers from Standish].

ALDEN—I will hand them to the General,
Who is in his private chamber.

I will return at once to you.

[Alden retires with the papers.].

STANDISH—[musing]. My friend George
Alden,
An aid to this man ? I do not rejoice
At this ; for I could wish him a better
Fortune. [Alden returns].

ALDEN—The General requests that you await
His answer. Dick, what were you saying to
Yourself as I came back ?

STANDISH—When ?

ALDEN—Just now, as I returned.

STANDISH—Nothing worth repeating.
I was musing, George.

ALDEN—Yes, Dick. No secrets from me ! I
heard you
Say, "I could wish him a better fortune."
Tell me—what meant you by this ?

STANDISH—Will you have it, George ?
Old friend, whose last crust would half be
mine,
Shall I tell you ?

ALDEN—Dick ! Dick Standish—
You have grown false to me unless you tell
Me.

STANDISH—Are we quite alone ?
No danger of other ears ?

ALDEN—In this mansion of bygone days,
If you should shout, besides myself the walls
Alone would be your listener.

STANDISH—Then George—
I could wish you a better fortune than
That of Aid to this man Charles Lee.
I believe him to be a cursed traitor !
I echo no man's opinion, but I
Have my own. As the confidential Aid
To Washington I have learned much, and,
As I think, know him well.

ALDEN—Dick ! Dick !

Ought I to stand here and listen and not
resent,

This assault upon my superior ?
Remember, Dick, I wear a sword—
And am a soldier.

STANDISH—George—here we meet as friends.
Put up the sword and forget that we
Are soldiers. This man Lee, is in rank
Insubordination at this moment

To our great Commander. The orders I
Have just brought require him at once to join
His strength to Washington's, now across the
Delaware. I have carried such before
And they were of no avail. They will be
So now. O George ! if you knew the heavy
Load, our Chief daily bears from necessity,
You would burst with anger, as I do now,
To have it needlessly augmented.

ALDEN—By Heavens, Dick !

Make good your words—and though he
ranked me as

The sun the planets, he should know me as
Alien to his conduct !

STANDISH—He has friends in Congress,
The seat of Civil power ; and hence is
Sustained as a daily menace to our

Cause. How often, in this world, does virtue
Unwittingly lay her tribute upon

The brow of vice, and after seeks to cleanse
The act of wrong by deep repentance.

This man Lee was in the South, and there did
Little more than caviat at better men.

After the disaster on Long Island
He was ordered North to assist our General.

Would that he had staid where he was
harmless,

And been food for Southern fevers !

ALDEN—It is not his fault that he came,
however.

STANDISH—The fault was afterward.

The retreat from New York was done when
Harlem and White Plains came tapping upon
its heels. With the certainty of sunshine
When the storm abates, so Washington saw
Safety in retreat across the Hudson.

Early in November a deserter from Fort Washington, gave Howe its plans, and thus the key for capture. Putnam crossed with some force to Fort Lee, then in command of Greene. Which also included Fort Washington, On the Eastern bank. General Lee, receiving Orders to follow, refused obedience And openly criticised his Chief.— His command was further up the river.

ALDEN—Then Lee was not responsible For Fort Washington and its loss. This was the work of Greene.

STANDISH—Not directly. But it was impropriety to belittle The plans of his superior. Greene—than Whom no truer patriot ever carried sword— Construed his orders to retreat as Optional with him to hold Fort Washington or not, and so decided That Magaw defend it. Congress—the Bungler will ever spoil a master's work— Would have it thus, and Greene was so far excused.

On the night before the assault, I was In the boat that carried Washington towards The Eastern shore. In mid-stream Putnam and Greene were met, and counsel had, such as the Stream afforded. It was too late to repair The wrong. Greene contended, even then, that Howe would attack in vain. All returned to Fort Lee, and our General awaited the Coming day with the gravest apprehensions. The end you know.

ALDEN—It was a grievous loss. Twenty-five hundred of our best soldiers, And much needed stores!

STANDISH—It was more grievous, To witness the sore distress of our Great-hearted Chieftain. Through all, not a word Of censure, though the offense was heavy. He never does complain. If he would, it were Much better. Distress may fly, in words that Blaze and burn, from the overburdened soul, When hot temper holds ajar the door. But so patient and so undismayed! There is something of mystery about This man that inspires a sense of awe which No other mortal gives. I tell you, George— He is the one hope we have of victory; And upon his single palm he bears up our Falling fortunes, as God bears up the world!

ALDEN—How cruel to add in weight, A needless feather to his burdens!

STANDISH—After the fall of Fort Washington, Cornwallis commanded in New Jersey, With directions to follow Washington And to destroy him. Fort Lee next was Threatened. Greene, now all obedience, Retreated and joined his General at Newark. General Lee, your Commander here, was still At King's Bridge with more than seven thousand men.

Short enlistments—that military curse Still upon us—and other casualties Had reduced the army now West of the Hudson to about three thousand. Lee was Peremptorily ordered to cross. Then, as now, I conveyed the order.

ALDEN—I never knew of such command. I need not ask if Lee refused.

STANDISH—He refused:— He still refuses, and will refuse to-day! Washington, fell back from Newark as Cornwallis came in, and bivouacked at New Brunswick. Lee still disobeyed. Flushed with victory, the brothers Howe scattered wide their proclamations of pardon—a tempting

Bait to men so sore of heart as ours! Even delegates in Congress accepted The terms, and lesser men by thousands went Trooping to British power. With his army Dissolving around him, and hope blown upon The freezing breath of winter, it was Washington alone who could say,— I will not despair.

ALDEN—Will the world Ever know this mighty man; or knowing. Will it appreciate?

STANDISH—In this extremity, Schuyler sent seven regiments from the North to the aid of our distressed Commander;

To the aid of this mighty man, as you Call him—now mighty in his woe! On December first—this very month I speak of— How dates of trial fasten upon one's Memory as with fangs of steel—Cornwallis Still pushing on, Washington left New Brunswick.

Then he crossed the Delaware, pleading now With Lee since orders failed. Meantime, and on

December third—for I would be accurate When accusation loads my speech,—this lazy

General, this Charles Lee, crossed the Hudson and

Advance to where we this moment stand— In the center of New Jersey.

Does he come to join Washington? God forgive him, for I never will!

He has come to intercept the regiments From Schuyler. By virtue of his rank, this Man turns them to his own command. He has

Sent an officer to help defend Rhode Island. If sent to the moon he would be as Serviceable; and he intends to follow With his stolen soldiers.

George! Have I made good my words, that this man Is a villain and a traitor to the Land we fight for?

ALDEN—So well, Dick, That I shall seek as soon as may be, other Service. With him I cannot remain. The Serpent that strikes and kills were a more honest

Friend, since it gives some warning of its Intended battle. Here comes the General.

[Enter GEN. LEE in morning gown and slippers.]

LEE—[To STANDISH]. Inclosed Is my answer to General Washington. How is the General? Across New Jersey He seemed light of foot. One might say he were

A fugitive from closely pressing powers.

STANDISH—If he were light of foot, It was to hurry to that desired goal Where ends our trials. There are some who are Slow of foot on this very mission.

LEE—Give my considerations to the General. STANDISH—And thanks I give to you in his name.

He will doubtless be overjoyed thereat.

[STANDISH retires.]

LEE—[To ALDEN]. What meant the Captain, That some were slow of foot?

ALDEN—Through these drifting snows, It is nearer truth to say "slow of foot." Thus I took him.

LEE—A shrewd interpretation;— And, as I guess, a just one.

[ALDEN retires.]

The alluring promise of my scheme for A separate command overtops my hopes. If the supreme command should quickly Follow, then my end is gained. This revolt

Were throttled here, if England held forth the Offer of deserved rank within her armies. At the head of this uprising, I could Compel this offer as the price of peace. What to me is independence—the end And all of these Confederate braggarts— But a means to help my purpose? Charles Lee,

Late of European legions, now serves Charles Lee of the Continental Army, And gives to empty air the sham of Deeper feeling. John Adams—whose honesty In this strife gives weight to counsel—favors Me as the military head that should be. A powerful support! So do shrewd men Often thrive by aid of dullards, too shallow To comprehend. Green and Gates are partial.

Washington commands me to join him! Rush—since I have told him this—knows that I

Will not do so. Shall I, once of high estate In the army of a King, consent at last To follow the commands of this surveyor Of sheep-browsed hills? His cheap and hungry

Followers—the spawn of England's refuse Population driven to these shores—I

Despise, as I do him. Yet, it serves me Well still further to dissemble. I have

Here cut off and taken to myself, three Thousand soldiers, which the gentle-mannered

Schuyler sent to him from the North. This further cripples him and strengthens me.

So may it be: While Congress or its leading Spirits, remain my approving friends, Washington may plead and fret and fail. He stands in my way. Then let him fail.

[CAPT. ALDEN rushes in, greatly alarmed.]

ALDEN—The Cavalry! The British Cavalry are upon us! Away, General, away, and save yourself!

LEE—[Also in great alarm]. Heaven help us! Where can I go? The house is surrounded! [Looking from the window].

We are prisoners!

[Thundering noises are heard at the room doors. They are burst open, and British troopers rush in from each side of the rooms.]

BRITISH CAPTAIN—You are prisoners. [Flourishing his sword].

Do you surrender?

LEE—Yes,—we surrender. I have not my sword. Shall I get my sword? I will secure it For you.

[Moves off as if to leave the room].

BRITISH CAPTAIN—[Stepping in front of LEE]. Never mind the sword!

We want you. General Howe will be glad To see you.

LEE—Shall I dress to go with you? I will prepare myself.

[Again moves to leave the room].

BRITISH CAPTAIN—[Still bars his exit]. We run no risk, General, You will not pass.

LEE—[rubbing his hands in abject submission]. Gentlemen! Spare my life! spare my life! I trust you will

Do me no harm. I entreat you, gentlemen, As soldiers of the King—of my King—do You mark me?—of my King, whom I have much

Offended—let me live! I have been drawn Into this—this most foolish revolt. I Will explain to General Howe. I know him well.

We have fought as comrades together—a good
And valiant man. I will explain to him.
BRITISH CAPTAIN—Then do so when you may.
Soldiers, secure your prisoners!

[*Soldiers advance and bind both GEN. LEE and ALDEN.*]

LEE—Oh! Oh! [*Cringing and entreating*].
This is so wrong—so wrong to treat a General
Thus But, save me, Captain! Save me from
Violence! I will make amends for what
I have done. I will! I will!

BRITISH CAPTAIN—To horse with both prisoners—
And away! To horse! to horse!

[*All retire.*]

SCENE V.—*Tent of WASHINGTON, in Camp of Continental Army, West side of the Delaware. Time: Christmas Day, 1776.*

Enter GENs. GREENE, STARK, MERCER, SULLIVAN and KNOX.

SULLIVAN—It is five days
Since I brought into camp the men of Lee.
The great enterprise of this hour has been
Thus long delayed, that these men might
rally
From hunger and frozen limbs.

MERCER—It is a Christmas blessing
That you are with us now, succeeding Lee
When captured.

STARK—On the same day, Sullivan,
That you came in, Gates brought five hundred good
New Englanders, whom, in his absence, I
Now command. Were I superstitious, I
Should say our conjunction here, at the very
Point of such distress, means much that is
Beyond us.

KNOX—On this holy day,
May the result of work laid out to do,
Confirm your thoughts.

GREENE—I am permitted, gentlemen,
To detail this work. The General-in-Chief
Would revive the hopes of patriots, and
Stay the unseemly rush for British pardons,
By a blow at Trenton. The enemy there,
As elsewhere, season their coming with
Cruelty most unnatural. Plunder
Rules the hour, and opposition invites
To sudden death without a trial.
So runs the law as these Hessians make it.

MERCER—This sword shall help to change this
law,
Or I will fall its victim.

GREENE—Nobly said, good Mercer!
The plan for assault stands thus: Maxwell
from
Morristown will distress the enemy:
Griffin, on his other side, will worry
Him from Mount Holly, assail Donop at
Burlington, and hold him there. Ewing, with
Five hundred, will cross the Delaware at
Trenton, and so assail him. Putnam
Will do the same, leading a force from
Philadelphia, since Congress—some days
Ago removed to Baltimore—releases
His hand; a hand of iron when it strikes the
Foe. General Gates, two thousand strong,
will cross
From Bristol. The main attack will be made
By Washington, with us to aid him. To-night
These plans, thus working in each direction,
Must distract the enemy and give him
To us a prisoner.

SULLIVAN—My blood is already up for action;—
And tedious will be the minutes that run
Before this blow. Who but our great Com-
mander
Could have arranged a game in war, for us
So certain when played as planned?

[*Enter WASHINGTON in excitement, holding dispatches in his hand.*]

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen!
I beg you, pardon me; but I am sorely
Tried. The bitterest curse I could wish my
Enemy would be to have him fill my
Position.

SULLIVAN—General!
Our swords are ready to redress any
Wrong to you.

WASHINGTON—Have my plans
Been submitted to this Council?

GREENE—Yes—in every detail, and all ap-
proved.

WASHINGTON—Would it were so with others
upon
Whom I have depended! These dispatches—
[*He runs them over*]

Gates disapproves wholly, and has left his
Post at Bristol. Griffin, flying before
Donop, has left the Jersey Shore. Ewing
Will not attempt to cross the river in
This storm; and Putnam—you, too, Put-
nam—must
I record you with the rest? He would not
Think of it.

[*WASHINGTON sinks back into a chair and covers his eyes with his hand.*]

KNOX—This is a heavy disappointment.

SULLIVAN—Men cower before this war
Of the winds, whom bullets could not scare.
General, what shall we do?

WASHINGTON—[*rising from his chair and with vehemence*].

Do! Do! What shall we do!
I shall go to this assault, if I have
To go alone! It is a dire necessity.
Without it, this war is ended and our
Country lost. We will cross the Delaware
To-night! to-night, I say!—and, before the
Morning's sun is up, smite the enemy.
The storm, this tempest, this river of running
Ice—they are all to us the blessed weapons
Of offense, since they lure the foe to his
Rest and ruin.

Who will not dive shall not gain the coral!
What means this fury of the elements,
If not a shield to cover us in our work?
Oh! The greater storm, that surges here
within,
Makes that without mere sunshine. I wish
that

Others, for a few hours only, could feel
As I do! Generals! I am resolved
To go forward. We have here twenty-four
hundred

Men. At Mackonkey's ferry, this night, we
Can reach the other side: We will do so,—
Since we so resolve—and by daylight raise
Our flag in Trenton. Have I your approval?

GENERALS—[*all in unison*] You have! You
have!

WASHINGTON—[*drawing his sword and rais-
ing it in the air*]

Then pledge me with your swords.

[*Generals all cross his sword with
theirs*]

SULLIVAN—Wherever
Our Commander leads, we follow!

WASHINGTON—I am satisfied,
For I know the metal of these blades.
Each one to his command, and be prepared
At three o'clock to march.
Good angels, aid us, as our cause deserves!

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI.—*Trenton. Headquarters of COL.
RALL, Commander of the Hessians.*
Time: Midnight, Christmas, 1776.

Enter COL. RALL, with three officers.

COL. RALL—[*partly intoricated*]. Come.
Seat yourselves, and let us have another
round.

It would never do to let Christmas go
Without a final bumper. The wine is
Ordered.

[*Enter a servant with decanter and
glasses.*]

I have run three days of revelry, and
Need repairs. But one more glass and then to
Bed. [*They all fill glasses.*]

Here's to home and swift promotion.

[*All drink with a huzza.*]

OFFICER—That was a pleasant toast.

COL. RALL—And a just one.

This war is closed. The end has been won by
Our arms—we, of Hesse Cassell. Then we
Should wear the laurels with new straps upon
Our shoulders. Cornwallis is in New York,
And has left this command to me. He goes
Soon to London. Howe is to be made
A Knight of the Bath. To-night the army,
In grand carousals, make New York a bed-
lam.

All are looking to the King for a reward.

Must we be forgotten? No, no! I tell

You, no!

[*Thumps the table.*]

OFFICERS—[*all in unison*]. No, no!

*Enter orderly and whispers to COL.
RALL.*

COL. RALL—Show them in.

No secrets here! Show them in.

[*Orderly retires.*]

[*Enter two countrymen, who bow to
COL. RALL.*]

COL. RALL—I am Colonel Rall.

Speak, if you have anything to say.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—We live on the other side
Of the Delaware. We are loyal to
The King, and hate his enemies. We have
Come to tell you that Washington and his
Army are this night crossing the river
To attack this town.

COL. RALL—Good news! good news this!
For then we shall take him prisoner, with
His wretched followers. They are a bad set.
But they won't come here. You croak to me
false

Statements. They won't come here.

They will keep far from Colonel Rall.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN—But, Colonel, they are
now
Crossing, and we have learned the inten-
tion—

COL. RALL—Did you see them at the river?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—No, we did not
See them there, but we know that was the
route.

COL. RALL—How do you know so much?

SECOND COUNTRYMAN—We tracked them.
We went over a part of the march.

COL. RALL—How could you track them
In this falling and shifting snow? Tracks
Would be swept away in minutes. If you
Come to deceive us, we will have you
Punished. Beware that you bring no lies to
These headquarters.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—We tracked them by
their
Blood-stained footsteps, over ice and frozen
ground.

COL. RALL—[*loudly laughing, the other offi-
cers joining*].

And you fear lest such beggars as these,
Who spend their blood upon their march,
shall at

Last conquer us with their skeletons?

If they come, we'll meet them with the
bayonet,
And toss their bare bones into yonder snow-
drifts.

You have done well to come, and so be
thanked.

You may go. [*The countrymen retire.*]

COL. RALL—Gentlemen, we will now to bed,—
And a good sleep to all in spite of
Washington and his bleeding tramps.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VII. — *Trenton. A street. A snow storm.*

Time; Day-break, December 26, 1776.

Enter WASHINGTON with drawn sword, soldiers following.

WASHINGTON—So far all is well.
The pickets have been surprised, and fortune favors us. Sullivan and Stark—two props That never fail—may you be faithful now! Men, there form the enemy; with the bayonet,—
Charge!

[WASHINGTON and his troops rush off the stage].

[Enter GEN. SULLIVAN with soldiers].

SULLIVAN—On every side
We have pressed them back. The Colonel of these
Hessians fights with the courage of despair; But he is surrounded and must yield.
Soldiers! Once more into the fray!

[GEN. SULLIVAN and his troops rush off the stage].

Enter COL. RALL alone, with drawn sword].

COL. RALL—The air is as full of bullets
As of flakes of snow. The artillery is Silenced, and the guns of my brave Hessians Are wet and useless. Oh! for an hour of Donop. If I could but reach him! These men
Fight like fiends, and from their hidings their shots
Strike as they will. No matter—my brave Grenadiers shall redeem the day.

[COL. RALL rushes off the stage.]

[Enter WASHINGTON and GREENE, with soldiers and aids].

WASHINGTON—Where is General Stark? Is he safe?

GREENE—He and all the rest
The Hessians are overwhelmed, and their dead
Strew the ground.
On our side not a man has fallen.

[Enter MERCER and KNOX hurriedly].

MERCER—I seek our General.

[To WASHINGTON].

The Hessians surrender and Rall is lost.
Wounded and falling from his horse, he is Still alive, though his hurt is mortal.

WASHINGTON—Let our firing cease.

Knox, will you quickly give such orders?

[KNOX retires].

[Enter COL. RALL supported but in dying condition].

COL. RALL—*[To Washington].* To you I give my sword—
Won as a soldier should ever wish, by Valorous deeds. My army are your prisoners.

[WASHINGTON receives his sword].

I beg of you, sir, with the breath of a Dying man, that you will be kind to those Now in your keeping through the chance of War.

WASHINGTON—I am much distressed
At your misfortune. I grant your wish.

[to an aid].

See that Colonel Rall is conveyed as Gently as possible to proper shelter—
And there granted the tenderest care.

COL. RALL—I thank you, General.

[COL. RALL goes off, assisted by soldiers].

WASHINGTON—*[handing RALL's sword to an aid].*

Guard this with care It is a brave man's relic.

General Mercer, will you see that the Prisoners and stores are made ready to Transport across the Delaware?

Cornwallis will be upon us soon, and he Should not find us here, burdened with our trophies.

[Mercer retires].

WASHINGTON—And now, I trust, turns
The tide so steadily set against us.
Back to camp and then for Princeton.

[All retire].

SCENE VIII. — *Trenton. Another street in suburb on North bank of Assanpink River.*

Time: January 2, 1777.

Enter CORNWALLIS and two aids.

CORNWALLIS—Here we are in Trenton; and at a time

When I had hoped to be upon the sea.
Seven days ago, Rall, upon this spot, paid
With his life the price of negligence.
The new year is but two days old, and
Before the third is spent we must repair
This damage.

FIRST AID—Across this river
Washington awaits us. On this side, with
A force of five thousand veterans in hot
Pursuit, he cannot now escape.
He has not three thousand.

CORNWALLIS—What is this stream which divides us here?

SECOND AID—It is called the Assanpink.

CORNWALLIS—The day is nearly spent;—
And our army tired—So we will rest here
To-night. To-morrow, at sunrise, advance
And bag the game. Meantime, be his camp
Closely watched, lest the entrapped stealthily
Moves away.

[All retire].

Enter WASHINGTON and PUTNAM, on South bank of Assanpink River].

PUTNAM—That we have an army to-day,
Is because you have pledged your private
Fortune to pay the men!
And thus have held them into the new year.

WASHINGTON—I count that as nothing
If we but cripple the invader.
Now is the time to clip his wings,—
Since across New Jersey he spreads them so.
He will not soar so high, nor swoop so deadly,
If we repeat in Princeton, what we did
Here one week ago.

PUTNAM—On this river we may defy him.
He cannot cross it, our riflemen opposed.

WASHINGTON—We dare not risk this battle.
Again strategy must aid, and to you,
General, I will now divulge my plan.
Mercer already knows it.

PUTNAM—I am all eagerness to hear.

WASHINGTON—As I forswore—
Since great anxiety peers into the
Future with keenest vision—Lord Cornwallis
Has come upon us with a weighty army.
He now lies encamped upon the other
Bank, whence flame his angry fires, and
doubtless
Dreams of victory with the morning's sun:—
And of the end and home. We know the
country
And its roads. This knowledge should be
to us

A power—so we use it skillfully.
Have all our camp made bright and burning—
And kept so—as if we, too, strove in honest
Rivalry to illumine the hours to
A hopeful dawn At midnight put our army
In motion—the lights left glimmering along
Our lines—and passing round his Lordship,
we

Will strive at daylight to deal a telling
Blow at Princeton: And this, before
He shakes off his lazy slumbers here.

PUTNAM—A plan easy of execution.

I rejoice to have a part to do.

[All retire].

SCENE IX.—*A road near Princeton.*

Time: Daylight, January 3, 1777.

Enter WASHINGTON and aids, with soldiers.

WASHINGTON—We have struck the rear
Of the British line, already on the march
To Trenton to join Cornwallis. He may
Return upon us. His strength I do not
Know, but I am hopeful.

[To his Aid].

Where is Mercer?

AID—He is to the West, as ordered,
To destroy the bridge over Stony Brook.

WASHINGTON—Surely he is too late:—
For these re-enforcements, which we would
have
Stopped, have already passed.
Yet, he will do, whatever man can do.

[Artillery heard at a distance].

Whose cannon these? Listen! There comes
the roar again.

It is a call to us that Mercer is
Engaged, and needs us So far, we have had
Our way.
Soldiers! To the sound of Mercer's guns!
March!

[All retire]

[GEN. MERCER, with drawn sword, and with soldiers, rushes upon the stage].

MERCER—To the front, brave men!

And the fight is ours!

The British are coming with bayonet.

Give them the rifle in return!

They have had it to-day already.

[Before the volley is delivered, enter the British, who charge with the bayonet. MERCER'S troops having no bayonets, retire. In the fighting MERCER falls from bayonet wounds. Musketry is heard in the distance. WASHINGTON with a force, then rush on, and after some fighting with sword and bayonet, the British give way and retire.]

Enter an Aid.

AID—*[to WASHINGTON].* The enemy overwhelmed
By the deadly fire of General Hitchcock,
Throw down their arms and yield as prisoners.

WASHINGTON—Then the day is our own.
Hitchcock, with New England's hearts of oak, came
Up just in time. Cornwallis will return.
But he must not find us.

[To Aid].

Take orders to General Putnam to
Secure the prisoners and guns.

[Aid retires].

[Bending over the body of MERCER].

And thus a heavy grief comes in to swallow
Up our joy! So often, on this weary round
Of life, happiness, within the self-same
Hour won, is changed to infelicity;
And in the very zenith of exultation,
Envious fortune, coming with rapid steps,
To our unwilling lips presses the cup
Of bitterness. Thus now is pricked the
Bubble of our pleasure. The foe yield!
What counts this to lighten heavy hearts
Since Mercer lies here, dead? Farewell,
brave man!
Let the muffled drum be the only music,
Till he receives an honored sepulchre.

[Rising].

And then to Morristown;—
To winter quarters, and a well-earned rest.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

(To be Continued.)

Society of the War of 1812.

The Baltimore Chapter of the Society of the War of 1812 celebrated the defense of Baltimore in 1814 on Sept. 13. In calling the gathering to order President Edwin Marfield spoke of the burial in Baltimore the day before of Mrs. Elizabeth Phoebe Key Howard, the last child of Francis Scott Key. The addresses of the evening were made by Mr. John M. Dulany, on "The Duty of Patriotic Hereditary Societies," and Mr. William M. Marine on "The Day We Celebrate." Mr. Dulany said it was a pardonable pride that led any one to recall the worthy deeds of ancestors, and the duty of such a society as this should be to transmit to posterity a reverence of the memory of patriotic forefathers. A collation followed the address, after which these toasts were responded to: "The Army and Navy of Our Country," Capt. Charles A. E. King, United States Navy; "Sons of the American Revolution," Gen. Joseph L. Brent, president of that society; "The District of Columbia Society of the War of 1812," Dr. Marcus Benjamin, of Washington, D.C.; "Our Departed Heroes," Mr. Alfred D. Mernard. Letters of regret were read from Mayor Hooper, ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, president of the Sons of the Revolution; Capt. James Hooper, who was a powder boy on the sloop Comet during the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, and Mr. John Lamberson, who enlisted at New Orleans in 1814. Captain Hooper wrote that he had the stars and stripes flying from his window all day.



Descendants of Colonial Governors.

Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner, of Detroit, Mich., Governor General of the Order of the Descendants of Colonial Governors, will soon issue a year book containing the names of the Detroit Chapter.

The officers of the organization are: Mrs. Henry Whipple Skinner, of Detroit, Mich., Governor General; Mrs. Emma Wescott Bullock, Bristol, Rhode Island, Vice Governor General; Miss Mary Cabell Richardson, Covington, Ky., Secretary.

Governors—Mrs. Selden Wright, California; Miss Mary R. Talcott, Connecticut; Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, New York; Hon. Randolph Harrison Blair, Kentucky; Hon. Daniel Linn Gooch, Kentucky; Dr. Marcus Benjamin, Washington City. Chairmen for the different states are as follows: Illinois, Mrs. Lucia Russell Fellows, Chicago; California, Mrs. Selden Wright,

910 Lombard St., San Francisco; Minnesota, Hon. Edward J. Edwards, Minneapolis; Massachusetts, Mrs. Prentiss Webster, Lowell; Rhode Island, Mrs. Emma Wescott Bullock, Bristol; Connecticut, Mrs. Katharine Dudley Bramble, New London; New York, Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, 1025 Park Avenue; Canada, Mrs. Edith Ward Dwight, Montreal.

Miss Gail A. Treat, of East Orange, N. J., has organized a chapter.

Mrs. Emma Wescott Bullock, of Rhode Island, the Vice Governor of the Order, was the first chairman to organize a chapter and has done much efficient work.

Children of the American Revolution.

A society of the Children of the American Revolution was organized in Milwaukee, Wis., on February 6th, 1897. It is called the "George Rogers Clark Society." The officers are:



President, Mrs. William L. Mason, Daughters American Revolution; Vice President, Mrs. James H. Turner, Daughters American Revolution; Recording Secretary, Miss Marinette Lombard; Corresponding Secretary, A. G. Miller, Jr.; Treasurer, Miss Grace Collins; Registrar, James F. Fox. It will hold its sixth meeting on October 2nd. Mr. W. W. Wright will give an address on the "Life and Services of the Revolutionary Hero," after whom the society is named. One of the children will read a paper about the National Society. The Constitution will also be read, and a ribbon badge, together with a card bearing the inscription "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner," will be given to each of the forty-nine members, with the request that they learn the words. On November 19 the society intends to celebrate General Clark's birthday.

John W. Fowler, of Milford, Conn., died on Sept. 2d at the age of 90 years. He was for years engaged in the wholesale drug business in this city, then became president of the American Exchange Bank and the president of the Panama railroad company. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Mr. Samuel E. Barney was drowned last month in Lake Champlain. His body was recovered a few hours afterward. He was a man of extensive acquaintance and was universally liked. He had been for many years an active member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

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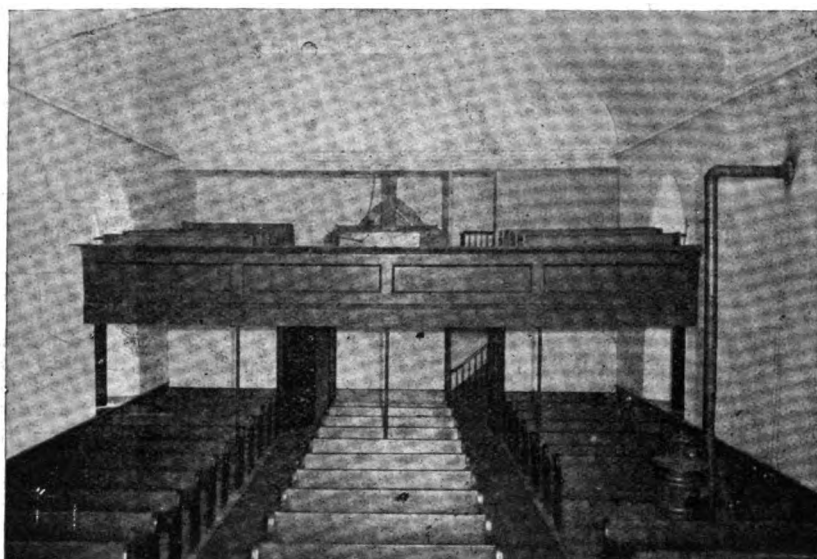
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THE OLD SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH.

THE passenger on a Hudson River steamer can see, if he knows exactly where to look, the little low belfry of the old church at Sleepy Hollow. It is quite a distance north of Tarrytown, and the glimpse obtained is very quickly lost. It is interesting to us of this generation on account of its great age and associations. It is in the heart of the region made famous by the pen of Washington Irving, and it was eminently fitting that his bones should rest by its side. It is properly known as the First Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Tarrytown, and was built by Vrederyck Flypse or Frederick Phillips, an English speaking person would call the name, probably about 1697. There may have been an older church on its site. The work of building went forward slowly. Lord Flypse (Felipse or Philips), becoming anxious to complete his mill dam, ordered work on the church stopped. Providence visited this action with wrath. Three times did the elements prevail, and each time they carried away the dam. Then Cuffy, a slave boy, had a dream in which he was told that the mill dam would never stand until the work on the church was completed. The date 1685 is cast on the bell, but Guiliamus Bartholf was called in 1697 to preach three or four times in the church. A little bell still hangs in the cupola. It was cast in Holland and bears this inscription: "Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos 1685." (If God be for us, who can be against us?) The table and service were also brought from Holland at the same time. In 1730 a chalice bearing the name of Catharine Van Cortlandt, the baptismal bowl and the communion table and cloth were given by will of Mrs. Phillis to her stepson, Adolph Philipse, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court, in trust for the use of the Dutch church erected at Philipsburg by her husband. On either side of the pulpit were seats, elevated somewhat above the level of the others, covered with rich curtains and meant for the special use of the lord and mistress of the manor. These seats were called "thrones" by the simple folk. Among the names in the parish register is that of Wolfert Ecker, who built Wolfert's Roost, afterward Irving's home, at Sunnyside. In 1698 Ecker was made an elder in the church. The first time English was used was at the baptism of Lovine Hammon, in September, 1785. The pastor was Rev. Stephen Van Voorhees. The innovation aroused a deal of anger and gossip. Rev. John F. Jackson was pastor from 1791 to 1806. He was held in high esteem by his ministerial brethren, but was not popular with the people, being considered too haughty and exclusive. He never spoke to any member of his flock on the streets. Rev. Thomas G. Smith was pastor for thirty years after Rev. Mr. Jackson was called away. His affliction was a shrew of a wife. She would often lock him in the house when it was time for him to go to church. When she accompanied him to church, which was not often, she invariably carried a large pillow and annoyed the congregation by her snoring. The building was constructed of irregular-shaped stones quarried in the neighborhood and indissolubly fastened together with the strong mortar of that time, which even now, with yellow lichen growing upon it and making it mellow and beautiful, defies the blows of pickaxe and

chisel. The door and window arches were built of flat, yellow Dutch brick. The window panes were diamond-shaped, thick, hard and green, and inside the windows were strong wrought iron bars, so close together that no one could crawl between them. The roof, curved in concave from comb to eaves in Dutch fashion, was of heavy oak shingles. Inside, the high, arched ceiling was of unpainted thick oak planks, lapping each other, and the cross beams below were solid pieces of square oak neatly hewed from the tree, ten inches square. All the timbers were mortised together and fastened with strong pins of oak. Where nails were used they were of wrought iron a foot long. They show yet where the strokes fell on them from hammers wielded by stout muscles long ago dust in the churchyard just outside. The building was put there to stay, with the Flypse Castle on one side, probably with a fort at the top of the hill, within easy running distance, to the north on the other side. The Boston Road followed the course of the Pocantico between that stream and the church, which was in itself a fortress. It was fifty

feet long by forty wide, and forty feet high. A stunted little cupola stands on the roof at the front, with a tinkling bell in it. In 1835, the spirit of improvement reached it and transformed the interior to suit modern notions; but, thanks to the good sense of the people of the present generation, this work has been undone as far as possible, and the old appearance restored. Washington Irving came into the region before 1830. His tomb is at the crest of the hill just beyond the limits of the churchyard. Sleepy Hollow and the stream over which Ichabod Crane galloped madly in flight from the headless horseman are less than half a mile away. On the other side, at a distance of only



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH PREVIOUS TO 1835.

a few hundred yards, a monument marks the spot where Major John Andre was halted, where the courtly persuasiveness which would have prevailed against the experience of a veteran diplomat failed to move the impassive suspicion of the three countrymen with whom he argued and parleyed for his life and his mission. There are the remains of a Continental redoubt on a hill close by. With it are also associations of Washington and Commodore O. H. Perry.

On Sunday, October 10th, the Society celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. There were three religious services, one of which was held in the old church. On the following day, the 11th, Dr. Cole of Yonkers gave an historical sermon, and in the evening there was an address by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt. The attendance was very large, and most of the patriotic societies of the neighborhood were represented.

Do you want to make a suitable present to your Village Library or School? something that will inspire patriotism and love of country in your surroundings. What better way than by cutting out the coupon on the last page and sending it to the publisher. On another page you will find an application blank that may help your society to gain in numbers, and you will help this paper if you will write to advertisers saying that you saw their announcement in THE SPIRIT OF '76.

(The following song is included in James Cary Eggleston's capital selection of American War Ballads and Lyrics. In the introduction he speaks of it as "being as nearly destitute of poetic quality as metrical writing can be, and yet no editor of a collection like this would think of omitting a piece that had for so many years stirred the hearts of patriots and moved them to rejoice in the achievements of their country's heroes.")

"Constitution and Guerriere."

It oft-times has been told,
That the British seamen bold,
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, oh!
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankee did them catch.
Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by Dacres, the grandee, oh!
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew,
Could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy, oh!

When this frigate hove in view,
Said proud Dacres to his crew,
"Come, clear ship for action and be handy, oh!
To the weather gage, boys, get her."
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink gunpowder mixed with brandy, oh!

Then Dacres loudly cries,
"Make this Yankee ship your prize.
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, oh!
Twenty-five's enough, I'm sure,
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy, oh!

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankee answered not,
Till they got within the distance they called handy, oh!
"Now," says Hull unto his crew,
Boys, let's see what we can do.
If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy, oh!"

The first broadside we poured
Carried the mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandoned, oh!
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
"Lord, I didn't think those Yankees were so handy, oh!"

Our second told so well
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which doused the Royal ensign neat and handy, oh!
"By George!" says he, "we're done,"
And they fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy, oh!

Then Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword.
Tho' loth was he to part with it, it was so handy, oh!
"Oh, keep your sword," says Hull,
"For it only makes you dull.
Cheer up and take a little drink of brandy, oh!"

Now, fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, oh!
John Bull may toast his fill,
But let the world say what they will,
The Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!

Polly Barnum, the oldest woman in Tennessee, died recently at the age of one hundred and nine. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary patriot, and in her day was acquainted with Sevier, Blount, Roan, Carroll, Sam Houston, Andrew Johnson, Andrew Jackson, Polk, and other men of national reputation.

The old log cabin in Fort Royal, Va., in which George Washington lived while surveying between 1748 and 1752, is still standing in fair condition and is used as a spring house.

Washington as a Cigar Sign.

In front of a tobacconist's place in Harlem a large figure of George Washington takes the place of the customary wooden Indian. This statue is historic; a remnant of Colonial days, dating back to 1792. The figure is of noble proportions. It stands ten feet high, and is said to be an excellent likeness of Washington. It is hewn from a single block of solid oak, and is said to be 105 years old. The figure of Washington is dressed in a blue dress coat with brass buttons and gold epaulets, lemon colored breeches, high boots and the cocked hat is held in the left hand, which rests upon the hip. The origin of the figure is something of a mystery, but it is said that it stood in Bowling Green from 1792 to 1843, when it was sold to a collector of antiques of the name of Jacques for \$30. He died in 1883 and his effects were disposed of by auction, among them being the figure. D. J. Schiff of 273 West 125th street was the purchaser. He says that he knows its original history which he stumbled on by mere accident. In examining his new treasure he thought he detected a place in the breast that sounded hollow. He sent for a friend, a carpenter, and had a piece cut out. Sure enough, there he found a memorandum book, giving the carver's name, the place where he made the figure and the date, all set forth in pages of fine handwriting. As the feet were not in good repair, he considered it would not be a bad idea to have new ones put on. So the same carpenter went to work, and a fearful and wonderful pair of feet was the result. It is the one thing that mars the figure. At the time of the Centennial in 1893, Mr Schiff lent his possession to the committee which built the temporary arch in Washington Square, and it surmounted the arch, attracting a great deal of attention; but notwithstanding his efforts, he could not dispose of it. He also offered to sell it to the World's Fair Commissioners at Chicago, but they had exceeded their appropriation and were unable to buy it. Its present owner is Joseph Liebman of 264 West 125th street, who bought Schiff's business a short time ago, and with it his "cigar sign," as they called it. Liebman thinks that he has a valuable relic. The historical society in Alleghany City, Pa., endowed by Andrew Carnegie, wants it, and the Sons of the Revolution of this city have made overtures with a view of getting possession of it. The statue, to-day, is considerably damaged, and is beginning to show the ravages of time. Several cracks have made their appearance in different parts of the body.—N. Y. Sun.

The Mott homestead on the east side of Broadway in Tarrytown, N. Y., is the old Van Tassel tavern and was the home of Katrina Van Tassel, whose memory is embalmed in Irving's writings.

The ruins of Fort William Henry, near Butol, Me., are still visible. The fort was situated forty-six miles east of Portland, and was built in 1692. Basteons and citadel can be clearly distinguished. It was attacked and reduced by Baron de Castine in 1696 and soon afterwards was rebuilt. It was abandoned about one hundred and fifty years ago. An old picture and plan of it is now in the British Museum.

Mrs. Sarah Wilson, who died in Stratford, Conn., near Bridgeport, on September 22, was over one hundred and one years old. Her father, Alfred Sherwood, lived to be over ninety. She saw Washington on two occasions.

The Revolutionary Memorial Society of New Jersey held its third celebration at its headquarters, the Wallace House in Somerville, N. J., on October 19th, and commemorated the surrender at Yorktown. A very interesting item in regard to Washington's occupancy of this famous house and the location of the General's stationed near is published in the "Royal Gazette," Saturday, December 19th, 1778, which I copy. "New York, December 19th. By late accounts from New Jersey we are informed that General Washington's headquarters are at Mrs. Wallace's, about twelve miles from Brunswick, the Earl of Sterling's at Convivial Hall, a seat of the jocund Philip Van Horne, Esq., about seven miles from Brunswick, Major General Greene at Van Vechten's on Raritan River, Brigadier General Rudge's with the artillery at Col. McDonald's, at Pluckenum, about eighteen miles from Brunswick. With these four general officers there are about seven and twenty hundred *Rebels*. Brigadier General Maxwell commands at Elizabeth town with his brigade consisting of 800 militia, cantoned between Elizabeth town and Newark. Col. Stephen Moylan marched, it is said, to Lancaster in Penn. A Southern brigade, commanded by a Col. Woodruff, lately consisting of nine hundred rank and file, we are informed, are now reduced by desertion to 500."

Mrs. Phoebe Crilley lives at 316 West Fortieth street, New York City. She is one hundred and one years old, and active. She belongs to a family living at Connecticut farms noted for its longevity.

The elm tree under which Penn made his treaty with the Indians stood till 1810 on the banks of the Delaware at Schuckamaxon within the city of Philadelphia, when it was blown down in a storm. The trunk measured twenty-four feet and its rings showed its age to be two hundred and eighty-three years. It is commemorated in song and story. Lehman and Birch left sketches of it, and Benjamin West in a picture, marked alike by technical beauties and absurdities, tells the story of the treaty in a celebrated painting.

The societies of the War of 1812 will be greatly interested in the Andrew Jackson relics at the Tennessee Centennial. They include walking canes, swords, pipes, snuff boxes, medals, books, manuscripts and miniatures, notably a likeness of General Santa Anna sent by him to General Jackson; the Holy Bible and hymn books used constantly by General Jackson; miniature of Mrs. Jackson, worn by the ex-President until his death, spectacles, gold watch, broadcloth suit and velvet vest of General Jackson; wedding dress of Mrs Sarah Jackson, wife of his adopted son, who was married in 1831. The lace flounce on this costume cost \$400 per yard.

Among the relics exhibited at the Tennessee Centennial were other bridal outfits over 150 years old, which look well, even now, and quaint old lace 200 years old; slippers worn in 1779 at a ball given in honor of General Lafayette; a mirror made in 1700 and which was buried eight years during the Revolutionary War to keep it from the British; a Damascus blade made in 1414; Benedict Arnold's spy glass; spoons 200 years old; a leaf from the Bible of Patrick Henry; a copy of the *Knoxville Gazette*, dated Saturday, November 4, 1791.

The museum at Van Courtlandt Park is free to visitors except on Saturdays—then an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged. It can be reached from the city by the Sixth and Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroads to 155th street, where a connection is made with the Putnam division of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad for Van Courtland station.

The Antiquarian Society of Concord, Mass., observed the two hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the settlement of that town on the 11th ult. Gov. Roger Wolcott delivered an address on "William Hickling Prescott and His Spanish History," at the First Parish Meeting House, where the first provisional Congress held its sessions before the War of the Revolution.

Barkhamsted, Conn., famous for its lighthouse fifty miles from the sea, furnished five more soldiers to the Continental armies in the War of the Revolution than it did to the Federal army in the war of the rebellion. The number of the latter was 125, which is ten per cent. of its present total population.

Up in North Beverly, Mass., the Historical Society has put up a tablet at the corner of Dodge and Calor streets to mark the site of the first cotton mill in America. The work is the result of researches made by Hon. R. S. Rantoul of Salem. It seems that when Mr. Rantoul was mayor of Salem he was invited to Pawtucket, R. I., to attend the celebration of the centennial of the opening of the first cotton mill in America. He did not go, but he began to look up the history of the cotton mills. The result demonstrated beyond doubt that the mill in Beverly antedated that in Pawtucket by some years. The facts are substantiated by no less a person than George Washington, who on his tour through New England made a visit to this mill in 1789, and recorded at length his impressions. This was a year before Slater came to America, and two years before he started his mill in Pawtucket. The Beverly mill was built and running in 1788. This industrial history is too often neglected. In the Ramapo gorge near this city several tablets should be erected and in Birmingham, Conn., are localities of great interest.

A daughter of Col. Carrol D. Wright was married to a son of the late Edward McPherson, the well-known clerk of the United States House of Representatives in Marblehead, Mass., on the 8th ult. The bridal gown was famous. It was of Dresden silk and had been worn by the great-great-grandmother of the bride when, in 1787, she became the bride of Dr. Nathaniel Parker of Salem. A quaint old fan went with it. The veil of old-fashioned lace was made by the bride's great-great-aunt, Miss Duncan of Haverhill, and her silver shoe buckles were worn on his wedding day by her father's great-grandfather, Col. Jacob Wright, a Revolutionary soldier of renown, and one of the pioneer settlers of New Hampshire.

It is said that Mrs. Mary Jane Gaylor, who died recently in Cleveland, O., was a direct descendant of Gen. Gates of Revolutionary fame.

The residence of William P. Fiero, on Broadway, in White Plains, N. Y., occupies the ground where stood the Westchester County Court House in 1760, which was burnt by the British sympathizers in 1776, rebuilt in 1778, and where, on July 9, 1776, the Provincial Congress or Convention held its sessions. There the Declaration of American Independence was read and ratified, on July 9, thus creating the State of New York as an independent sovereign State. The Legislature of 1893 passed an act to purchase this property from Mr. Fiero, and erect a Memorial Hall to mark the birthplace of this State, but Governor Flower vetoed it on the ground of economy. Recently, the commission appointed under a general act to purchase special historical sites has been considering the project. There was, of course, but little saved from the burning of the old Court House in 1776, but Mr. Fiero is the fortunate possessor of the most important relic, it being an old-fashioned chest used to hold public records and documents, bearing the date of 1760. This old chest contained, at one time, all there were of title records and court records of this great county.

On September 14, the citizens of Columbus, Ohio, and vicinity celebrated the centennial of that city. The original settlement was made within the present city limits at the junction of the Scioto and Olentangy rivers, then known as the "forks of the rivers," by Mr. Lucas Sullivant, in 1797. Mr. Sullivant was a Virginian by birth, but had spent years in surveying in Kentucky, and was attracted to Ohio by the beauty of the country along this river. The village he established was named Franklinton. It was surveyed partly on the river bottoms on the edge of the Indian corn fields. A great flood which occurred the following year, overflowing all the lowlands, caused the site to be somewhat changed, its boundaries being thrown back to the higher ground in the vicinity of what is now the State Hospital for the Insane. Mr. Sullivant built himself a substantial brick house, the first of the kind to be erected in central Ohio, on the plat of ground now occupied by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Here he brought his wife in 1801, making it his place of residence during the remainder of his active and useful life. The old house is still standing as a part of the convent buildings. It has been erroneously stated by some historians that his homestead was out on the asylum hill. His son, William, built a home at the latter location. He had married in his early manhood the daughter of Colonel William Starling, a prominent Virginian, and at the time he founded Franklinton he was but 32 years of age. With characteristic energy and foresight the owner of the new settlement in the wilderness at once began to invite immigration. The origin of the name of Gift street, one of the best-known thoroughfares of the West Side, is due to the circumstance that lots on this street were set aside to be given to persons who would become actual residents.

Numbers 71-73 Pearl Street in New York city form the probable site of the old Stadt Huys of Dutch days. It is directly at the head of Coenties slip, and at that time was at the water's edge. The "huys" was a three-story building, erected in 1642, and was used as a tavern till 1649, when it became the City Hall. In front of it stood the whipping post and cage for malefactors. When it was removed no one knows exactly, but it was not there in 1740. The building occupying the site which has just been removed was erected in the early part of the present century.

The Continental Drum Corps of Sardinia, N. Y., is an organization of musicians growing out of the old-fashioned training days. The members are men ranging in age from ninety years down to seventy-five, and when one sees them in their uniforms—cocked hat, blue and buff coats and yellow leggins—he can easily persuade himself he is looking at a participant in the battles of Trenton, Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

In tearing a building in the rear of a pickle factory on Spruce Street, in Philadelphia recently, an old English dungeon was found. The brick were evidently brought from England, and the edifice must have been over two hundred years old. Tradition says that it was the court house of the early settlement. Underneath were the dungeons or cells. It was probably simply a lock-up. The building adjoining (now standing and probably quite as old), has no windows on the fourth floor, simply port holes looking downward.

The old Ontario County jail at Canandaigua, N. Y., will soon be torn down. In this building Morgan, who wrote exposing Masonry, was incarcerated in 1826. The old tablet and his cell will be preserved by the county.

Department of American History.

EDITED BY

Henry Baldwin, Founder Library Americana.

Library Americana.—Old America.



WHERE did the original American Indian come from, and who was he? This is a serious question, and there have been many who have written learned essays upon the subject, most of them leaving the question just as they found it and providing no case or answer that was in any way satisfactory. Theories and speculations are of very little value to the scientist, and real history should be treated as a science, yet such ideas may

direct the course of investigation which may lead to some definite results. Last May some parties from Guaymas, Mexico, found in the mountainous region of Magdalena twelve leagues (about 48 miles) from the Llano station of the Sonora railway, "a small watercourse, where are seen, upon the smoothed and polished surface of a limestone rock, some Chinese inscriptions. It contains ten lines of inscribed characters, which are sunk in the ground to a considerable depth." A Chinaman who saw the inscription, "claims that this monument was wrought twenty centuries ago, for it contains a date, and a list of Chinese names." Northeast at a distance of five leagues is the ranch "Los Haros," and there it is said is the remains of a Chinese wall that climbs a hill "in a spiral course." Five leagues north of the Magdalena river in the Jojoba mining district there are Chinese tombs and monuments.

Llano station is 128 kilometers (79½ miles) from Noyales in Arizona, and these reported remains exist probably somewhere between Magdalena and Alter in what was at one time the territory of the Pima Indians. There are abundant ruins throughout the Mexican states of Sonora and Sonolaa, and the Gila (Jila) river, whose source is in the mountains of Santa Mimbes, is said to have such remains through its entire course.

Father Bahtolome Sanchez in a letter to Father (Prior) Juan Antonio Baltazar, dated May 6th, 1757, which is quoted by Dr. Buelna, states as follows:

"From the vicinity (Todas Santos,) which is near where the Gila river takes its rise in the Sierra of Mongollin, commence to appear ruins of ancient buildings, with square court yards, and plentiful fragments of earthenware belonging to pitchers, large pots and tiles in a variety of colors. And I have verified on the ground the fact that they had an irrigating canal which would still serve he cultivated fields in that quiet, extensive site, capable of containing a fine town and mission buildings, if the warlike Apache tribe could only be reduced to subjection. In the vicinity of the cottage, down the river westward, there is another of the same sort, and there I have a like melancholy stretch of ruins. They spread over ten leagues of distance, and I am persuaded that from here to the Pimeria (the portion of the Pimas who live near the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers) might have been built the seven cities of which we hear in tradition."

In western New Mexico seventy-two miles west of Albuquerque, in the immediate vicinity of the Indian Pueblo of Aloma there rises out of the plain a huge rock shaped like an irregular figure eight. Its walls are precipitous perhaps seven hundred feet in height, and there seem to be no evidences of any stairways or means by which the summit might be reached. This curiosity has lately been visited by Prof. Libby of Princeton University, and also by Prof. Hodge of the Smithsonian Institution. Both of these gentlemen succeeded in reaching the summit; one returned satisfied that it had never been inhabited, while the second brought back some specimens of pottery and two stone axes. The "Mesa Encandata," it is said, was ascended in 1883 by an American who was guided by Francisco Manrique, an old Albuquerque, a rancher who lived in 1876 in Santa Fe. On the summit this party discovered a stone slab upon which were written hieroglyphics; it was resting under another stone which was supported by large boulders, which

it was thought had been placed there to protect it from the weather. The side with the characters upon it was lying face down; it weighed about thirty pounds. This stone was lowered down the side of the cliff, but slipping from the loop of the rope, was broken, but the broken pieces were gathered and taken away. There appears to be no record of its whereabouts to-day.

The "find" at or near Los Haros and the visits to the Mesa Encandata have been during the past summer. Further investigation doubtless will be made, and perhaps we may from the results find some fuller means for the discovery of an answer to the question which commences this paper.

The Chinese restauranter who visited the "find" noted could not be induced to "give us a translation of his copy," but he offered to go again to the spot, "and to furnish all possible explanations, so far as his state of education, which is but average, will permit him to do." This Chinaman is reported to have said that there was a tradition that the Chinese emigrated to America, coming in eighteen ships, but the dates he had forgotten.

Let us now go back to history as we find it on record in China. I wish to give an extract from the report of Hwui Shan, or Hoei Shin, a Buddhist priest, "probably a native of Cophene, called by the Chinese Ki-pin," who appeared in China and gave his account of his visit to a distant country which he called Fu-sang or Fu-sang-kwah (The Land of the Mulberry Tree.) The translation given is that of Edward P. Vining, and may be found in full, together with a Chinese text and seven other renderings of the same in his book, "An Inglorious Columbus," which was published at the time of the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.

"In the first year of Ts's dynasty, known by designation Yung Yuen, or 'Everlasting Foundation,' (i. e., year 499 A. D.,) a Shaman, or Buddhist priest, named Mwui Shan, came to King-cheu from that country, and narrated the following account regarding the country of Fu-sang (or Fu-Sang-kwoh.)

"Fu-sang is situated twice ten thousand Li (Chinese miles) or more to the east of the Great Han country. The land is also situated at the east of the Middle Kingdom (China.) That has many Fu-sang trees, and it is from these trees the country derives its names. The leaves of these resemble (??), and the first sprouts are like those of the bamboo. The people of that country eat them and the (or a) fruit, which is like a pear (in form,) but of a redish color. They spin thread from their bark, from which they make cloth, of which they make their clothing. They also manufacture a finer fabric from it. In constructing their houses they use planks, such as are generally used when building adobe walls. They have no citidels or walled cities. They have literary characters, and make paper from the bark of the Fu-sang. They have no military weapons or armor, and they do not wage war in that kingdom.

"Formerly they knew nothing of the Buddha religion; but during the reign of the Sung dynasty, in the second year of the period called Ta-ming (or 'Great Brightness,' i. e., the year 458 A. D.,) from the country of Ki-pin (i. e., Cophene, now Cabul,) five men, who were Pi-K'iu (i. e., Shikshus, mendicant Buddhist monks) went by voyage to that country, and made Buddhist rules and his religious books and images known to them, taught them the command to forsake family (for the purpose of entering a monastery,) and finally reformed the rudeness of its customs."

When Hwui-shan arrived in Fu-sang, and when the five Buddhist missionaries who came forty-one years before landed upon the shore, the legend says they found the land peopled; he tells of some of their peculiarities. This I believe is the earliest record of a landing upon the shores of what is now America. Whether the story of Hwui-Shin is true in every particular or not is a matter for each one to judge for himself who reads the account. If the story is the truth, it is quite possible that the Chinese had an influence in shaping the Mexican and Peruvian culture, and the inscriptions found may with the help of the Chinese and Japanese characters be read. I have a memoranda of nine Codices or manuscript writings, perhaps there are more. "These books were written on a large sheet, which was folded up and then enclosed in ornamental boards. As for the paper, they made it from the roots of a tree and covered it with a white varnish, upon which one could write very well." Such books are called Anoltes. (The Paleque Tablet, by Charles Rau, 1897, page 53.)

NOTE.—I am indebted to Mr. Frank de Thoma, of Santa Fe, for the facts concerning the "find of Chinese inscription," in letter dated October 10th, 1897.

Philadelphia is inquiring what has become of the corner stone of Independence Hall. Would it not be well to find out whether the structure ever had one?

Send the Editor your annuals and any programmes your societies issue. They will receive due credit.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.



GRAND HOTEL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The following letter appeared in the *Commercial Tribune* of Cincinnati on the day before the meeting of the convention of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution on consolidation, in answer to a previously published article, feeding the public with a rehash of the various misstatements that have been given to the press during the several years past. The thanks of every worthy member of both societies are due to Mr. Pugh for this correction.

To the Editor of the *Commercial Tribune* :—

I note an article in your paper this morning regarding the meeting of the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution, to be held in this city to-morrow, which is so full of misstatements that I would be pleased to have you correct same, that those delegates who arrive here to-morrow will be informed as to the situation. The requirements for membership in both societies are the same at the present time. Some years ago the Sons of the Revolution permitted one collateral, which was never permitted by the Sons of the American Revolution. There has been no discussion whatever on the part of the membership of the Sons of the Revolution as to who will be officers in case union is effected. It is the desire of those in favor of union that this union will take place on a fair and equitable basis, and anything that will produce this result will be favored by the friends of union.

Yours truly,
A. H. PUGH, Pres. Ohio Society Sons of the Revolution.

As Seen by the Delegate From Brooklyn.

WELL, we are all glad to be home again, every man to his own environment.

Being chosen among others to represent the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at a Harmony Congress in Cincinnati, we left our homes and accumulated on the banks of the Ohio, contiguous to Kentucky. It was a noted gathering of simon pure Americans collected from all parts of our country with the earnest desire to combine under one Society the two "Sons."

Arriving at Cincinnati Monday evening we found the "The Putnam Phalanx," of Hartford, Conn., with the genial Mayor Preston in possession of the Grand Hotel, and being acquainted with the Lieutenant, Edward Mahl, were soon made to feel at home.

The Phalanx is uniformed as Old Continentals and take after its ancestors in more ways than in outward appearance; it is a close second to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston in the matter of getting outside of the "spiritual" necessities and understands the art of having a good time while on its annual pilgrimage.

The Joint Committee on consolidation met with Secretary General Murphy and as he had good cigars to burn they consumed them until a late hour. The result of their labors, however, was apparent at the meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution at 11 a. m., when without a murmur their work was adopted unanimously.

It was a manly act and one of which the society should be proud, and there are many good men who will think so and join the ranks of the new society who were deterred from doing so before on account of there being two evils from which to choose.

At 7 p. m., with a goneness within, we sat down to the following:

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER

—OF THE—

OHIO SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE
REVOLUTION,

—AND—

CINCINNATI CHAPTER
OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,

—TO THE—

GENERAL SOCIETIES of the SONS OF THE
REVOLUTION

—AND THE—

SONS of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION,

—GRAND HOTEL,—

Cincinnati, Tuesday Evening, October Twelfth, 1897,
seven o'clock p. m.

—:—MENU.—:—

Oleroso (1884.)	Blue Points.	"Bunker Hill."
	Clear Green Turtle Soup,	"A la Bon Homme Richard."
Celery.	Olives.	Radis.
	Soft Shell Crabs—Bordelaise.	"Long Island."
	Pressed Cucumbers.	
G. H. Mumm's Ex. Dry	Sweetbreads Saute aux Champignons. in cases.	["Washington."
Cigaritos } Cigarettes }	Sorbet a la '76.	
	Doe Birds Roti-Sur Canape.	"A la Sumpter."
	Pommes Saratoga.	Haricots Vert.
	Tomatoes au Celeri Mayonnaise.	"La Fayette."
	Frozen Pudding, Nesselrode.	"A la Valley Forge."
	Sweets.	California Grapes.
Cigars.		Fromage—Rocheport.
	Coffee.	"A la Yorktown."

This delightful banquet was given at the Grand Hotel in honor of the visiting delegates by the Ohio Society Sons of the Revolution and the Cincinnati Chapter of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. Achilles H. Pugh presided as toastmaster, when he introduced Hon. John Lee Carroll, the first speaker of the evening, as the grandson of the illustrious "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence, the assemblage of 250 distinguished men rose to their feet, wildly cheering. Ex-Governor Carroll delivered a masterly speech, and was followed by Governor Asa A. Bushnell, General Joseph C. Breckinridge, Inspector-General United States Army; Judge W. D. Hardin, of Georgia; E. M. Gallaudet, LL.D., founder of the National Deaf and Dumb University at Washington; Rev. Dr. Dudley W. Rhodes, of St. Paul; Hon. James M. Richardson, President Ohio Society, of the Sons of the American Revolution; Hon. Charles Whitehead, New Jersey; Hon. Rukard Hurd, President Minnesota Society, of the Sons of the Revolution. The Committee on Entertainment (Colonel Brent Arnold, Colonel Cornelius Hadle, Messrs. Pugh, Rhodes and their associates) is entitled to much praise for the elegant entertainment of the visitors from all over the land.

The Empire State Society was not represented at the banquet by an orator, and unless our brilliant president, Chauncey M. Depew, can attend all these meetings we will have to get some one into training as his under study, a long way under may be, though when you have aspirations they might as well be for the top, and if you tumble a long way the rebound will bring you higher than a fall from a lesser height.

As St. Clair McElway would say, there are few New Yorkers who can aspire to Brooklyn Heights.

A New York man never assumes modesty as he has no need of it; he knows that what he has is the best in the world, and makes

no bones of letting others know it also, and before he would let a western city beat him in population he would plant the American flag on the soil of New Jersey and annex that State.

But the Ohio man's modesty at the banquet was so palatable that he had to tell his guests that it was modesty. The chairman said that Ohioans were willing to take all the government offices to which a good salary was attached, and another conveyed the idea that it was a pity that Washington was not defeated so that he might have retreated to the valley of the Ohio and raised a family.

But as Mayor Strong said of the Holland Dames, "they were a good thing," so it can be said of the Ohio societies, they are a good thing; they gave us the glad hand and jollied us in a pleasing manner, inasmuch as they modestly told of the greatness of their section. It will not be amiss to tell of our impressions.

Before the train ran into Cleveland the porter lighted the lamps in the car as they do here in the East before entering a tunnel, but there was no tunnel, nothing but a black pall of smoke; the air of the towns is loaded with it, and before approaching a settlement of any size you will see in that direction what looks like a thunder cloud, but is nothing but the everlasting nuisance of soft coal.

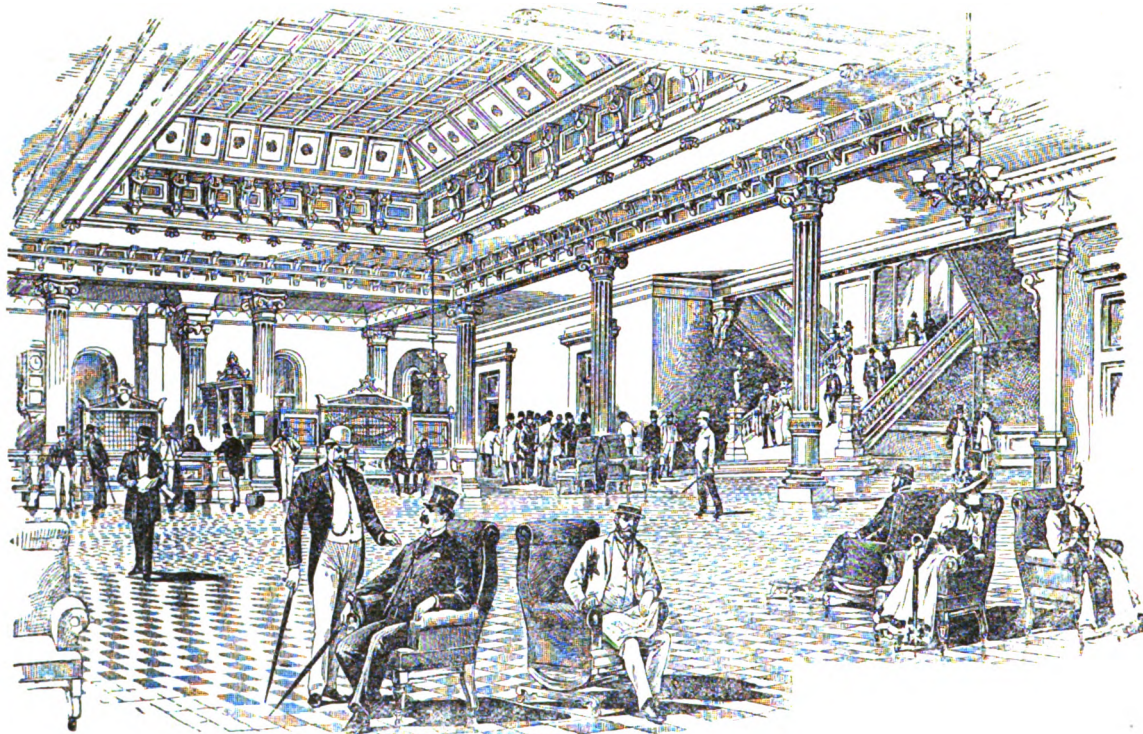
The old Puritan spirit was apparent in the number of stories told at the dinner about the Episcopal Church. The first one was,

The morning after the banquet the sun dawned upon many parched throats, and as it was only across the river to Kentucky, we went over to commune with Spirits other than those of '76.

On our return the idea struck us that one of the reasons for Ohio's success was that they fed their systems on coal dust that enables them to get up steam. In one of the old readers is a story of the "Three Black Crows." "He threw up something as black as a crow." As a youth we were rather credulous when we read this, but since seeing a Cincinnati man expectorate we can see how the tale originated.

Of Brooklyn little has been said. A New York father answering a question about his children said sadly, two of them are dead and the other lives in Brooklyn. Brooklyn has 1,500,000 people and in ten years would have absorbed New York; it is a city for the rich and poor; an impecunious man can go to Coney Island and eat of the sand which is there without expense; not so, however, of the Raines sandwich, that was never meant to be eaten. Brooklyn has beautiful parks and boulevards, and God's greatest blessing—pure air, in fact the air is so fresh that it has to be salted to be palatable. Brooklyn is the biggest borough on earth, and our own immortal George Washington left it with regret.

L. H. C., Delegate, Borough of Brooklyn, N. G. N. Y.



LOBBY, GRAND HOTEL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

John and Sarah wanted to get married; John was a Baptist and Sarah a Quakeress, and the friends of each labored with the other to convert them to their respective beliefs, but apparently without success, for one day John came out and said, Sarah can't be a Baptist and I can't be a Quaker, so we have decided to join the Episcopalians and go to the devil.

Another one was told of an old lady, a Methodist, who had fallen away from the church, happening to pass an Episcopal chapel entered, and becoming interested in the sermon gave away to her inclinations and came out with a strong amen; this being repeated one of the wardens came over to her and told her she must keep quiet and asked her what she wanted. She replied that she wanted to get religion, and his answer was you can't get religion here.

The Episcopal Church or Established Church of England was hardly tolerated during the Revolution, and we have heard our grandmothers tell of Priest Hewes of St. Andrew's parish, Bloomfield, Conn., who refused to pay an assessment for the support of the Congregational Church, and was taken by the members of that congregation, tied to a horse's back and carried nine miles to the prison in Hartford.

But the cloth had a very able champion in the Rev. Dr. Dudley W. Rhodes of St. Paul, who made an eloquent address on the subject of the women's part in our success.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 recognizes that union between the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution is virtually accomplished. There is a little drift-wood to be removed. Certain formalities are to be observed, but the union is in the air. THE SPIRIT OF '76 is with those who think that there is still room for improvement in both constitution, by-laws, purposes and plans of work, but with Darwin it recognizes that those who come after will be even more able to deal worthily with these problems. Now a word as to THE SPIRIT OF '76. This is the one publication, with the exception of the official organ of the Daughters of the American Revolution, that stands peculiarly for the work to which the members of these societies have dedicated themselves. It is the official organ of the Sons of the American Revolution. Every member of the now to be consolidated societies should keep himself in touch with the work and with his fellow-members by reading it regularly. He should draw his check for this subscription at the same time and with the same regularity that he pays his annual dues. This copy of the paper is sent to every member of the Sons of the American Revolution, paid for out of the national society treasury, in order that he might be informed of the action over consolidation. Will you not acknowledge its receipt by filling out and returning the enclosed subscription blank?

REPORT OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION, HELD OCTOBER 12, 1897, GRAND HOTEL.

The adjourned session of the Eighth Congress of the society of the Sons of the American Revolution, pursuant to a resolution passed at the Cleveland session, was called to order at 10.30 a. m. October 12, 1897, in the parlors of the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, by Edwin S. Barrett, President-General.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. George A. Thayer, Chaplain, Cincinnati Chapter, S. A. R., as follows:

"Almighty God, God of our Fathers and our God, before whose face generations have arisen and passed away, age after age infinitely; we thank Thee for Thy favors, and as Thou guided our fathers through the great struggle, resulting in the blessings which we enjoy, so may we be guided by that love of country which inspired their hearts; grant that every individual effort on our part may be faithfully guided, and that we may all unite and increase the strength of this Republic; bless Thou the Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth of ours; bless Thou those that are called upon to guide the deliberations of this Order, and let Your fond blessing be with us always. Amen."

The President General:

We are now ready for any business. What is your pleasure?

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet (D. C.):

I move that the Secretary General be directed to call the roll of the States and Territories, and the delegates present be requested to answer to the roll-call.

The motion being seconded was put and declared carried.

The Secretary General then called the roll as follows:

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

EDWIN S. BARRET, President General.
JAMES M. RICHARDSON, Vice-President General.
JOHN WHITEHEAD, Vice-President General.
GEN. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, Vice-President General.
FRANKLIN MURPHY, Secretary General.

ARIZONA.

HENRY A. THOMPSON.

ARKANSAS.

JOHN WRIGHT.

CALIFORNIA.

W. E. HALE.

COLORADO.

JOHN F. TUTTLE, JR.

CONNECTICUT.

R. E. HOLMES.

THOMAS H. CARRUTHERS.

DELAWARE.

L. B. JONES.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

E. M. GALLAUDET.

F. E. GRICE.

J. H. VOORHEES.

M. M. SHOEMAKER.

FLORIDA.

W. O. H. SHEPARD.

ILLINOIS.

I. S. BLACKWELDER.

F. B. GIBBS.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

HENRY B. FERRIS.

J. D. VANDERCOOK.

J. C. HARDING.

INDIANA.

ADOLPH ROGERS.

DUNCAN T. BACON.

C. H. MACDOWELL.

IOWA.

GEORGE H. RICHARDSON.

G. C. WILSON.

KANSAS.

GEORGE R. WRIGHT.

KENTUCKY.

THOMAS P. CAROTHERS.

ROBERT R. BURNAM.

GEORGE D. TODD.

JOHN R. SELDEN.

LOUISIANA.

J. H. BRADFORD.

MAINE.

GEORGE A. THAYER.

MARYLAND.

GEN. JAMES L. BRENT.

SAMUEL H. SHRIEVER.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CHARLES K. DARLING.

DEXTER B. CHAMBERS.

M. B. PARKER.

MICHIGAN.

HENRY S. SIBLEY.

E. W. GIBSON.

GEORGE W. BATES.

MINNESOTA.

JOHN SWASY.

MISSOURI.

GEN. GEORGE H. SHIELDS.

CLARK H. SAMPSON.

C. H. HUGHES.

JAMES SILCOTT.

NEBRASKA.

JOHN R. WEBSTER.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HOWARD S. ROBBINS.

ARTHUR L. FOGG.

NEW JERSEY.

KENNETH D. WOOD.

JOHN F. FOLLETT.

THOMAS H. NORTON.

NEW YORK.

COL. RALPH E. PRIME.

STEPHEN M. WRIGHT.

GEN. THOMAS WILSON.

LOUIS H. CORNISH.

TRUEMAN G. AVERY.

CHARLES A. HOYT.

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

LOVELL H. CARR.

ANDREW LANGDON.

WILLIAM H. HOTCHKISS.

J. LAWRENCE McKEEVER.

OHIO.

L. E. HOLDEN.

COL. JOHN W. HARPER.

COL. WALTER H. CHASE.

TODD B. GALLOWAY.

MAJOR ROBERT M. DAVIDSON.

JOHN D. FOLLETT.

GEORGE KINSEY.

OREGON.

MAURICE McKIM.

PENNSYLVANIA.

JAMES DENTON HANCOCK.

THOMAS S. BROWN.

HENRY D. SELLERS.

RHODE ISLAND.

CHRISTOPHER RHODES.

A. W. HAYWARD.

VERMONT.

COLLIN FORD.

VIRGINIA.

CHARLES U. WILLIAMS.

JOSEPH B. TREE.

JOHN URI LLOYD.

WASHINGTON.

CHARLES M. CIST.

WISCONSIN.

WILLIAM WARD WIGHT.

Subsequently the Committee on Credentials, consisting of the Secretary General, Messrs. C. J. Darling of Massachusetts and W. O. H. Shepard of Florida, verified the foregoing list.
Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.)

Mr. President General—If permissible, I would like to offer at this stage the following resolution:

We, the Sons of the American Revolution, in congress assembled, prior to the formal reception and action upon the report of the Joint Committee having the matter of union in charge, do

Resolve, That fraternal greetings are hereby extended to our brethren of the Sons of the Revolution with expressions of the kindest gratulations that in the faithful attempt to unite all descendants of Revolutionary ancestors in a common cause and a single organization, we are again under the same roof, and have every hope that a more perfect union will be effected with all honor to these societies and every prospect of greater usefulness to our beloved country.

Col. R. E. Prime (N. Y.)

I take great pleasure in seconding your resolution.

W. E. Hale (Cal.):

In behalf of California I also desire to second the resolution.

The motion being put, the resolution was declared carried unanimously.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.):

I move that Gen. Breckinridge and the two compatriots who seconded this resolution constitute a committee to report this resolution and the action of this congress to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution now in session.

The motion was seconded and unanimously adopted.

President General:

Gen. Breckinridge, yourself, Col. R. E. Prime and W. E. Hale constitute a committee to convey to the Sons of the Revolution the resolution just passed.

The committee retired to perform the duty assigned it, and in a few moments returned, when its chairman made the following report:

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.):

I have the honor to report that a copy of the resolution passed by this Congress and its action thereon was taken by your committee to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, where we were received standing, and requested to read the communication, which your committee did, and which was received with applause by the members of that society, and we now come to report the performance of the duty assigned us.

President General:

The report of the committee is received.

At this point in the proceedings a committee from the Sons of the Revolution appeared at the door of the Congress.

The President General:

There is a committee of the Sons of the Revolution in the hall, and when they enter I would like to have all delegates rise in their places to receive them.

Rev. Dudley Rhodes (Ohio Society S. R.):

"We appear before you as a committee from the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. We should feel gratified if we could express as gracefully to you, as your committee expressed to us, the sentiments that our society feels.

"To the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution:

"Gentlemen: The Society of the Sons of the Revolution, in convention, conveys to their colleagues of your society a cordial appreciation of the kindly and courteous message just presented by your committee, and heartily reciprocates the same.

The committee then retired.

The President General:

I now call for the report of the Committee on Union.

Before reading the report printed copies were furnished the delegates, and

E. Hagaman Hall (N. Y.)

Might it not be advisable to take some steps toward preserving the secrecy of our proceedings? I move that our proceedings be conducted at present only by the delegates, and that any person present and not a delegate or an alternate be requested to absent themselves.

After a full discussion, in which quite a difference of opinion developed as to the advisability of a secret session, the motion was withdrawn.

Gov. Bushnell of Ohio entered the room at this time and was presented by the Chair to the congress. The congress rose and gave the Governor three cheers.

Gov. Bushnell:

Mr. President General and Sons of the American Revolution, I did not come here to interrupt the proceedings of your meeting.

I simply came to pay my respects to a society for which I have great respect. (Applause.) I consider myself in part yourself, and I hope after the meetings to-day we shall be with one another. (Applause.) I happen now to belong to the other society. I want, and believe that there will be, such a union, and that after the meetings to-day we shall belong to one another. (Applause.) That something will be presented, I am certain, and that it will be upon such a basis that you can accept, and also be honorable to the other society. In union there is strength. These two societies united will be one of the strongest patriotic societies in the Union in my judgment. (Applause.) Thanking you very much for your kindness in permitting me to express my views on the business that brings us here, I give you a cordial greeting. As I believe you are all Ohio people at the present time, it would be superfluous for me to welcome you to Ohio. You are cordially welcome, and I think these people in Cincinnati will say that whatever is here is yours, so you can take it along.

Mr. Breckinridge (D. C.):

I move that Gen. Bushnell be accorded the privileges of the floor.

The President General:

I declare it a unanimous consent of this congress, without putting the question.

The committee on Union proceeded with its report.

Hon. J. M. Richardson (Ohio):

I will now read the proposed constitution. I will also state as a part of my report that, considering the fact that the general officers of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution were in session in New York at the same day and hour at which we held our meeting, and the word having come to us that they were insisting upon the appointment of a committee by their society for the revision of the membership rolls under the authority of the resolution which created this committee at Cleveland, we concluded it would be expedient to appoint a Committee on the Revision of Rolls.

The committee reported as follows:

PLAN OF UNION AND CONSTITUTION
of the
NATIONAL SOCIETY
of the
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

To EDWIN SHEPARD BARRETT, President General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

And JOHN LEE CARROLL, General President of the General National Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

The committees of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution, who were appointed by their respective societies to confer together upon the subject of union of the two societies, beg leave to report jointly for the consideration of each society the result of their labors.

First: They were profoundly impressed by evidences of a universal sentiment favoring union reaching them from members of both National societies, as well as with the cordiality and harmony inspiring the members of the committees, who approached the difficult and delicate task assigned them with great deliberation and with a deep sense of responsibility.

Second: The two committees met, on the call of their respective chairmen, in a joint conference on basis of union, and after a careful consideration of the constitution and plan of union of 1893, and proposed changes thereto, unanimously decided upon and do now recommend the adoption of the following basis of union:

BASIS OF UNION.

1. The members of the two National societies shall unite in forming the National Society of the American Revolution by the adoption of the constitution hereinafter following and the election of officers as provided therein, at a meeting to be held jointly in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, October 12, 1897.

2. The General Board of Managers shall designate the colors, seal and insignia, and direct a rule or rules for wearing insignia and use of colors.

3. The insignia of either or both existing societies may be worn on ceremonial occasions with the insignia of the united society or alone.

4. The State societies of both existing societies shall report the adoption of a constitution in accordance with the new National Constitution, to the Secretary General promptly on that action being taken or united State organization effected.

5. The Treasurer General of each existing National society shall turn over to the new Treasurer General when he shall be duly qualified all balances in their respective treasuries, taking his vouchers therefor.

6. The Registrars General of the two existing societies shall turn over all records and documents in their respective offices to the new Registrar General when he shall have been duly qualified, taking his voucher therefor.

7. The constitution recommended herein shall become operative by virtue of its ratification by the delegates of a majority of the States of each National society voting at the joint meeting of the two National societies contemplated.

CONSTITUTION

of the

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION.

PREAMBLE.

We, the lineal descendants of Revolutionary sires, inspired by the heroic deeds of a liberty-loving ancestry, in order to form a more perfect union of patriotic men, to foster true patriotism and love of country, to cherish and maintain the institutions of American freedom, do ordain this constitution:

ARTICLE I.

The name of the society shall be "The Society of the American Revolution."

ARTICLE II.

The objects of this society are to perpetuate the memory of the men who, in the military, naval or civil service of the Colonies and of the Continental Congress, by their acts or counsel, achieved the independence of this country; to further proper celebrations of the anniversaries of the birthday of Washington and of prominent events connected with the War of the Revolution; to collect, publish and secure for preservation the rolls, records and other documents relating to that period; to mark by appropriate monuments historic places; to impress upon the present and future generations the patriotic spirit which actuated our ancestors in establishing the Republic of the United States, and to promote the feeling of friendship among its members.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. Any male person above the age of twenty-one years, of good character, and a lineal descendant of an ancestor who shall be proven by official record or other equivalent evidence to have served as a military, naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine, in actual service, under the authority of any of the thirteen Colonies or States, of the Continental Congress, or Vermont, or a lineal descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who, as a member of the Continental Congress, or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such legislative bodies, actually assisted in the establishment of American independence by overt acts of resistance to the authority of Great Britain during the War of the American Revolution, prior to the declaration of peace, in 1783, shall be eligible to membership in the society;

Provided, That when the claim of eligibility is based on the service of an ancestor in the "minute men," or "militia," it must be satisfactorily shown that such ancestor was actually called into the service of one of the thirteen original States, or Vermont, or United States, and performed military duties; and,

Provided further, That when the claim of eligibility is based on the service of an ancestor as a "sailor" or "marine" it must

in like manner be shown that such service was other than shore duty, and regularly performed in the Continental Navy, or the Navy of one of the original thirteen States, or Vermont, or on an armed vessel, other than a merchant ship, which sailed under letters of marque and reprisal, and that such ancestor of the applicant was duly enrolled in the ship's company, either as an officer, seaman or otherwise than as a passenger; and,

Provided further, That when the claim of eligibility is based on the service of an ancestor as an "official," such service must have been performed in the civil service of the United States, or of one of the thirteen original States, or Vermont, and must have been sufficiently important in character to have rendered the official liable to arrest and imprisonment, the same as a combatant, if captured by the enemy.

In the construction of this article the Volunteer Aides-de-Camps of General Officers in the Continental Service, who were duly announced as such, and who actually served in the field during a campaign, shall be comprehended as having performed qualifying service.

No service of an ancestor shall be deemed as qualifying service for membership in "The Society of the American Revolution" where such ancestor, after assisting in the cause of American independence, shall have subsequently either adhered to the enemy, or failed to maintain an honorable record throughout the War of the Revolution.

No person shall be admitted unless he be eligible under one of the provisions of this article, nor unless he be of good moral character and be judged worthy of becoming a member.

Section 2. That every member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution and of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in good standing at the time of the adoption of this constitution, who has been admitted to either of these societies under their respective constitutions and the by-laws of their respective National societies shall be enrolled as a member of this society.

Section 3. Applications for membership shall be made to any State society, in duplicate, upon blank forms prescribed by the General Board of Managers, and shall in each case set forth the name, occupation and residence of the applicant, his line of descent and the name, residence and services of his ancestor or ancestors in the Revolution from whom he derives eligibility. The applicant shall make oath or affirmation that the statements of his application are true, to the best of his knowledge and belief. Upon the approval of an application by the State society to which it is made, one copy shall be transmitted to the Registrar General of the National society, who shall examine the same and upon approval notify the secretary of the State society. If satisfied that the application is not properly made out, he shall return it for correction. No election of a new member shall be valid unless his eligibility shall be approved by the Registrar General.

ARTICLE IV.

National and State Societies.

Section 1. The National society shall embrace all the members of the State societies now existing, or which may hereafter be established under this constitution.

Section 2. Whenever in any State or Territory in which a State society does not exist, or in which a State society has become inactive or failed for two years to pay its annual dues to the National society, fifteen or more persons duly qualified for membership in this society may associate themselves as a State society of the American Revolution, and organize in accordance with this constitution; they may be admitted by the General Board of Managers of the National society as "The — Society of the American Revolution," and shall thereafter have exclusive local jurisdiction in the State or Territory, or in the district in which they are organized, subject to the provisions of this constitution; but this provision shall not be construed so as to exclude the admission of members living in other States.

Section 3. Each State society shall judge of the qualifications of its members and of those proposed for membership, subject to the provisions of this constitution, and shall regulate all matters pertaining to its own affairs. It shall have authority to establish local chapters within its own jurisdiction and to endow the chapters with such power as it may deem proper, not inconsistent with this constitution. It shall have authority, after due notice and impartial trial, to expel any member who, by conduct unbecoming a gentleman, shall render himself unworthy to remain a member of the society.

Section 4. Each State society shall submit to the annual congress of the National society a report, setting forth by name the additions, transfers and deaths and any other changes in the membership and progress of the State society during the preceding year, and make such suggestions as it shall deem proper for the promotion of the objects of the whole society.

Section 5. Whenever a member in good standing in his society changes his residence from the jurisdiction of the State society of which he is a member to that of another, he shall be entitled, if he so elects, to a certificate of honorable demission from his own State society, in order that he may be transferred to the State society to whose jurisdiction he has changed his residence, provided that his membership shall continue in the former until he shall have been elected a member of the latter. Each State society shall, however, retain full control of the admission of members by transfer.

Section 6. Wherever the word "State" occurs in this constitution it shall be held to include within its meaning the District of Columbia and the Territories of the United States.

Section 7. A society may be formed in any foreign country by fifteen or more persons who are eligible to membership under this constitution, which shall bear the same relation to the National society as a State society, subject to the provisions of this constitution.

ARTICLE V.

Officers and Managers.

Section 1. The general officers of the National society shall be President General, five Vice-Presidents General, Secretary General, Assistant Secretary General, Treasurer General, Assistant Treasurer General, Registrar General, Assistant Registrar General, Historian General, Chancellor General and Chaplain General, who shall be elected by ballot by a vote of the majority of the members present at the annual meeting of the Congress of the National society, and shall hold office for one year and until their successors shall be elected.

Section 2. The general officers shall constitute the General Board of Managers of the National society, which Board shall have authority to adopt and promulgate the by-laws of the National society, to prescribe the duties of the general officers, to provide the seal, to designate and make regulations for the issue of the insignia, and to transact the general business of the National society during the intervals between the sessions of the congress. Meetings of the General Board may be held, after not less than ten days' notice, at the call of the President General, or, in case of his absence or inability, at the call of the senior Vice-President General, certified by the Secretary General. Meetings shall be called at the request of seven members. At all such meetings seven shall constitute a quorum.

Section 3. An Executive Committee of seven, of whom the President General shall be the chairman, may be elected by the Board of Managers, which committee shall, in the interim between the meetings of the Board, transact such business as shall be delegated to it by the Board of Managers.

ARTICLE VI.

Dues.

Each State society shall pay annually to the Treasurer General, to defray the expenses of the National society, twenty-five cents for each active member thereof. All such dues shall be paid on or before the first day of April in each year for the ensuing year, in order to secure representation in the meetings of the National society.

ARTICLE VII.

Meetings and Elections.

Section 1. The annual meeting of the National society for the election of the general officers and for transaction of business shall be held on the 19th day of April of each year, unless the same falls on Sunday, when it shall be held on the 20th. The time, hour and place of such meeting shall be designated by the Board of Managers.

Section 2. Special meetings of the congress may be called by the President General, and shall be called by him when directed so to do by the Board of Managers, or whenever requested in writing so to do by at least three State societies, on giving thirty days' notice, specifying the time and place of such meetings and the business to be transacted.

Section 3. The following shall be members of all such annual or special meetings of the Congress and shall be entitled to vote therein:

(1.) All the officers and ex-Presidents General of the National society.

(2.) The President and Secretary of each State society as delegates at large.

(3.) One delegate from each State society for each one hundred members of the society within a State, and for a fraction of fifty members or over.

ARTICLE VIII.

Amendments.

This constitution may be altered or amended at any meeting of the National society, when the same shall have been recommended by a State society. A notice of the proposed amendment or alteration shall be sent by the Secretary General to the president of each society sixty days in advance of such meeting. An affirmative vote of two-thirds of the States present shall be necessary for their adoption.

ARTICLE IX.

This constitution shall take effect when ratified by a majority of the States of each National society voting in joint meeting.

We would respectfully recommend that in the event of the adoption of our report by the two National bodies to whom it is submitted, that they immediately meet together in joint session for the purpose of completing the organization herein provided for.

For the Sons of the Revolution:

ACHILLES HENRY PUGH,

Chairman;

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF,

HORACE KENT TENNEY,

GAILLARD HUNT.

For the Sons of the American

Revolution:

JAMES M. RICHARDSON,

Chairman;

GEORGE H. SHIELDS,

NATHAN WARREN,

EBENEZER J. HILL,

SAMUEL EBERLY GROSS.

Dr. Gallaudet (D. C.):

I take great pleasure in arising to move that the report of the committee presented to us by Brother Richardson, as chairman of the Committee upon Union representing our society, be accepted. In making this motion I ask the privilege of expressing for myself, and I trust that my views will be concurred in by all present, a high appreciation of the manner in which our committee have discharged the duty devolved upon them. Their duty has been no light task. I was through the courtesy of the chairman of the committee called in conference, I might say at the eleventh hour, as it was nearly 12 last night when we got through. So I can testify that the labors of that committee have been most onerous, careful and painstaking. We were together several hours last evening, considering several points. And I will say we owe a great debt of gratitude to the committee for the very successful issue of their labor.

Mr. President General, I have not moved the adoption of this report, for in my judgment the adoption would be taking action we are not prepared to take. We are here in Congress at the suggestion, practically on the invitation of, the joint committee of the Sons of the Revolution and our own committee. The other society is considering a report similar to the one we have before us. There are certain matters being considered by them, and inasmuch as we are in open session I need not allude to them. I think all the action proper for us to take is to accept the report of the committee, and lay it upon the table for consideration immediately upon hearing anything from the Sons of Revolution, which would justify us in going forward and adopting it. I am sure we are ready to adopt the constitution; we are ready to go forward and take the necessary step, but I think we are not ready to do it until there is a similar disposition in the other chamber which is now sitting.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.):

I arise for the purpose of seconding the motion to accept the report of the committee. I was about to ask for its adoption, but after hearing the remarks of Dr. Gallaudet I am not so sure I would be right in doing so; but, for the purpose of making it formal, I second the motion, and add that the thanks of this congress be tendered Mr. Richardson and the other members of the committee for the results to which they have arrived.

The President General:

The question is on the motion of Dr. Gallaudet as seconded.
Gen. Brent (Md.)

Does the motion provide for the acceptance of the report, and then provide that it lay upon the table? If so, I would suggest that it be separated, that the report be accepted with thanks, and then we could act on it further along.

The President General:

The question on the motion of Dr. Gallaudet, seconded by Judge Whitehead is that the report of the committee be accepted and the thanks of the congress be tendered the members of the committee.

The motion being put was declared unanimously carried.
Col. Prime (N. Y.)

Does this report being accepted operate as a discharge of the committee? The particular point which I desire to reach is to know whether or not the Committee on the Revision of Rolls is discharged.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.)

It certainly is not. The committee was created for the purpose of meeting another committee, and then they had certain general work to do; they have presented a part of that duty in this report which we have accepted, and it does not discharge that committee, neither does it discharge the Committee on Revision of Rolls. That Committee on the Revision of Rolls, if it ever had any existence still has an existence, and we shall come to it in time.

The President General:

I do not think the discharge of the committee is comprehended within the motion.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.)

The business of the morning being concluded until we can hear from the other society, I now move that we take a recess until half past 2 o'clock.

Secretary General Murphy:

I ask Gen. Breckinridge to withdraw his motion for a moment. I doubt if the congress has fully considered the position in which they will be placed if they adjourn without taking further action. We have accepted this report, and if we go away without adopting this report this morning, I think we will make a great mistake. It cannot be said that we have made every effort toward union. It may be that union will fail. If it does fail, we do not want to have left undone a single possible thing that should have been done to show to the members of our association and the rank and file of our sister society that we were ready to do everything that this joint committee has recommended, and whose report is signed unanimously by that committee with a single exception. (Applause.)

Let me make my point clear. It is suggested that we defer action upon this report until we shall hear whether our sister society does or does not adopt it. What point is gained by waiting for their action? This committee presents us a report; they say it is presented to both societies for their action. Now, why should we wait to see what the other society does before we act? If they refuse to adopt this report, shall we therefore refuse to adopt it? If so, how can we go before our State societies and say we have done all we could? We must say we have done everything asked of us by this committee which is called upon to accomplish union, and we have not done so until we adopt the report. If our sister society adopts this report, as I hope and believe it will, it seems to me union of the societies will come. If not adopted by us then the whole thing rests. (Applause.)

I simply want the society to understand the danger, or the possible danger, of postponing action upon this report. We owe it to our committee, to our larger numbers and to our own dignity to take action at once.

L. E. Holden (Ohio):

I am most thoroughly in accord with the statements made by our Secretary General. I believe we should adopt this report. I believe it is a most important thing to adopt this report. In the first place, these two societies are one in purpose, and they should be one in organization; that is the feeling of every Son of the American Revolution and every true son of the Sons of the Revolution, and it is the best of policy for us to take up this report, section by section if desired, and adopt it. We owe it to our committee, to our ancestry and to the country in which we live.

Gen. Shields (Mo.):

I warmly concur in the sentiment of the Secretary General and the brother following him. It seems to me that we can do nothing better than to take up section by section or act upon the

articles separately and adopt them.

Dr. Gallaudet (D. C.):

I hope that the members of the society will not reach the conclusion that there is any difference of opinion between us; certainly there is no difference of purpose between the Secretary General and myself. I think there is a misapprehension of the motion. It is only a question of time when we should take up the matter before us, and I had hoped by the afternoon session we should have had an encouraging word from the other house. I will not allow any member of this society to take precedence of me in my desire for union on the basis of the report before us. I stand among the foremost asking that union be accomplished upon that basis and for an adoption of the plan proposed by the committee, and I am here in full sympathy with it. My motion was not a dilatory motion, but merely for the purpose of proceeding in a manner that was thoroughly deliberate. I did not think that we should go forward and take it up section by section. If accepted by the other society, we might have them in conference. I want it distinctly understood that my sentiments are perfectly in harmony with the recognized principles of that report, but I hope that we may take a recess until half past 2 o'clock, when we can meet and accomplish our full purpose.

The President General:

I will state for the information of the members that I am informed that the other society has adjourned until 3 o'clock.

Secretary General Murphy:

I am certain that Dr. Gallaudet does not need any certificate from me, nor from any one, as to his position. I know of no warmer advocate of union, and of no member who has been more interested in this matter, and I should be very sorry if anything I have said should cause any one to doubt his position. I know that he has worked earnestly and accomplished much to bring about what is now before us. I thought it was the purpose of this motion to postpone action of this society until action has been had by the other society. It is later than I thought it was and the other society has adjourned, and I would like to have Gen. Breckinridge add to his motion of adjournment that this report be made the special order of business immediately upon reconvening.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.):

I will accept it as an amendment.

John R. Webster (Neb.):

Do I understand that there is an understanding between the two societies that the Society of the Sons of the Revolution shall take action first?

The President General:

No, sir; there is no such understanding.

John R. Webster (Neb.):

Then I suggest that they may be waiting for our action. And I believe that it is the duty of this society to take this action now.
Hon. J. M. Richardson (Ohio):

It seems to me that ordinarily if this body was acting entirely independently, without the action of any other body, it might be well when it takes up the constitution to take it up section by section and pass upon it; but in this case there are some other things to be considered; the Society of the Sons of the Revolution will adopt or reject it as a whole. The Committee upon Conference have gone over this with a view of presenting such a constitution, having in mind the fact that the society in joint session might make changes. If there are some typographical errors of course those can be changed by consent, and will be readily assented to by the other congress; but it seems to me that we must adopt this constitution as a basis of union as a whole.

Charles U. Williams (Va.):

I feel that now is the accepted time. I do not see any use for any further discussion of the provisions of this constitution, and every man has read it, and perhaps read it more than once. I take it that this afternoon there will be plenty of work for this congress, and if I am in order I make the motion that the report of this committee be adopted by a rising vote.

Gen. Shields (Mo.):

I desire to withdraw the motion that I made and second the motion of Brother Williams.

The President General:

It is moved and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted by a rising vote; those in favor of it will please rise.

The adoption was declared carried unanimously.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.)

I move that a committee consisting of Brother Williams of Virginia, Richardson of Ohio and Gen. Shields of Missouri report the action of this body to our sister society.

The motion being seconded was put and declared carried.
Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.):

I now renew my motion that we adjourn until 3 o'clock this afternoon. Carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Congress was called to order at three o'clock by the President-General.

Col. Prime (N. Y.):

Some three years ago the Congress of the National Society of the Sons of the Revolution appointed a Committee to endeavor to do something with that interesting old relic of National History, the War-ship "Constitution," otherwise called "Old Ironsides." I regret to say that little or nothing has been done by that Committee. In the meanwhile another Society has been more active. The Massachusetts Historical Society has succeeded in having the ship removed from Portsmouth, N. H., to the Charleston navy yard near Boston, where she was originally built, and where I believe she should be left as an ornament, as a part of the volume of the history in which she played so prominent a part. I am told also that the ship needs repairs. I am also told that there is an effort to remove her to Washington, where she may be used as a part of the National Museum. It is felt by some of us that the proper place for her is Boston Harbor, and that our Society could not be engaged in any better work than in keeping her where she is, and at the same time aid the Government towards preserving that old ship, and as I understand it will be necessary to have an appropriation to make repairs, I think a committee should be appointed that would have more or less influence over the members of Congress at Washington, where the appropriation will have to come from. I have the concurrence of at least one member of the old committee to move that the committee be discharged, and in place of the former committee, a committee of nine be chosen of well-known influential members of our Society to be scattered all over the country, and chosen by reason of that influence which they can bring to bear, and who will be able to give such influence as will bring about the appropriation. I therefore move that the committee on the Ship "Constitution," or "Old Ironsides," be discharged and a new committee of nine be appointed, and that they be instructed to exercise such influence as may be necessary to retain the ship in Boston Harbor, and to obtain the necessary funds from the Government for her preservation.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

The President-General:

How shall the committee be chosen?

Delegates:

By the chair. By the chair.

The President General:

On the 21st of October we celebrated the Centennial of the "Constitution," built in 1797; I was on board the ship the other day, and I was amazed to see how poor her condition was; you could stick a jack-knife through the side of her, or into the rotten timber. It would require a large appropriation to put her in a good condition. The Massachusetts Historical Society, not having the necessary funds, has not been so active to retain it; I found that the President has signed a petition for its removal, so I consulted with Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the President of the Historical Society, and asked his reason for that. I told him that our Society had passed a resolution asking that the "Constitution" be retained in Boston Harbor, where she was built and where properly she belonged. He said that the only reason of his joining in the petition to have her removed from Boston Harbor was because they feared they could not get the appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars through Congress. Now Secretary Long is in favor of keeping the "Constitution" in Boston Harbor, and being Secretary of the Navy he has something to say about it. On the 21st of this month we have this general celebration in Boston, and there will be some officers of the United States Government and the Mayor of Boston present. I with some other members of the Society have been invited, and I think some action may be taken then. I think the resolution of Col. Prime will be very satisfactory to Massachusetts. I think a resolution of that kind passed by this Congress will have very great influence upon the delegates from the various societies that will be there.

Later in the session the following was named as the committee, the President-General being added by a unanimous vote:

E. J. HILL, CONNECTICUT.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

MAHLON PITNEY, NEW JERSEY.

JAMES J. BELDEN, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM LINDSAY, KENTUCKY.

CHARLES U. WILLIAMS, VIRGINIA.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

MARK HANNA, OHIO.

RALPH E. PRIME, NEW YORK.

Secretary Gen. Murphy:

I have been requested by the President of the Cincinnati Chapter of the S. A. R. to say that this convention is regarded by that chapter as their guests, and after this convention adjourns this evening will be glad to have its members attend a banquet, which it tenders, and tickets for the same will be furnished by its committee to all members at about 5.30 p. m.

Hon. J. D. Follett (O.):

I want to say on behalf of the Cincinnati Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, that this banquet is very largely the product of the Sons of the Revolution of Cincinnati. I do not want you to think that you are indebted to this branch, as now constituted, but that you are largely indebted to the other branch, with whom we expect to be associated when this meeting is over. Nobody has been more active in bringing about the union of these two bodies than the chairman of the State Society, Mr. Pugh.

Jas. D. Hancock (Pa.):

I rise to ask for an explanation, and that is this. Did we by our action in adopting this Constitution preclude ourselves from passing upon any portion of it in the united society in case they adopt it. It is possible that the other Society may adopt it with qualifications. I say for myself, and for nobody else, I voted for that Constitution with some serious doubts, with relation to the organization of the societies in the different states. It seemed to me to give power to the first chapter to make the others subordinate to it. If that is the case, it gives a power which is not Republican, and it seems to me that there should be in that particular some amendment which would place the chapters on equal footing. Secondly, that there should be some committee appointed by the two societies to pave the way in which the two societies are to unite. In the State of Pennsylvania, in the Eastern part, the Sons of the Revolution have almost absolute control; in the western part of Pennsylvania the Sons of the American Revolution, of which I am a member, have almost absolute control. When you pass to New York you find in the eastern part of the State the same situation as in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and the same situation in western New York as in western Pennsylvania. It seems to me when you come to that part under the Constitution there is destined to be some friction, and that these two bodies unite, if they are to be united, and take some action to do away with the friction which will exist in those two States and may be a few other States. It seems to me that we ought to consider a way, not with a view of action here to-day, but if we become united, to do away with the cause which exists between the two societies to-day. I simply ask the question if when we come together we have the power to amend the Constitution; if it shall become necessary when we become united bodies.

The President-General:

The Chair will state that in a general Congress the congress itself has control in reconstructing or changing the Constitution.

Wm. W. Wight (Wis.):

Article 9 of the Constitution provides when it shall take effect. Of course, it means a majority of the States represented in the National Society.

Dr. Galludet (D. C.):

If it be true that the Constitution as a whole was adopted, we adopted the 9th article, and that 9th article reads: "This Constitution shall take effect by a majority of the States of each National Society voting in joint meeting." We could not assume or work under this Constitution until ratified by a joint meeting of the State societies.

E. Hagaman Hall (N. Y.):

If there is nothing to occupy the attention of Congress, I would

I like to ask for information from whatever source offered. I would like to know if the Committee on Conference has considered the subject or process of amalgamation, or formed in their mind any definite plan for amalgamating the respective societies going to form the National Society. We will suppose that it is an established fact that there is to be a National Society; what is the next step in the State to form State societies. The delegates here will return to their respective States and report the action of this Congress, and will want to know what is the next step for the State Society to make. Of course the respective societies might appoint committees, and those two committees get together and go through some action; what will be the necessary action?

The President-General:

I presume it is for the State societies to start it by some conference.

Mr. Hall (N. Y.):

Take for instance New York, which is a peculiar State. Suppose we go back and notify our sister society that we have appointed a committee who will meet with a committee of their society. Suppose that they reply courteously, which undoubtedly they will, acknowledging the receipt of our communication; then suppose they take no further action; how long would we have to wait before we could assert that no amalgamation of those two societies could be affected, and that we are the only society of the American Revolution.

The President-General:

The Chair is unable to answer that question, how long you would be expected to wait. I can only refer to the report of the committee. That must be a matter of conference. You have a peculiar situation in New York State, which does not perhaps exist in any other place. In the State of Massachusetts I think they would unite very cordially; in fact, they are aching to unite together; the District of Columbia is likewise ready to unite, and Ohio and probably many other States. So that there will have to be a sort of a negotiation.

Mr. Hall (N. Y.):

Of course in some States they might not have to wait at all, but that would not throw any light upon our situation. What I do want to find out is about how long we might properly wait before we were authorized to declare ourselves The Society of the American Revolution of New York State. If the Constitution is adopted the next Congress would be held April 19th or 20th; suppose that negotiations were delayed up to the close of that period, we could not have a representation.

The President-General:

I think personally six months would be sufficient, but how long you might have to wait I could not tell.

Hon. J. D. Follett (O.):

Before taking a recess I want to make a single suggestion, that the appointment of a committee to procure an appropriation from Congress is quite proper; but I think if the members will bring their influence to bear, each member upon his representative in Congress or Senator, we can accomplish it; I also think that the committee should consist of members of this organization who have influence enough to secure the favorable action of Congress upon anything recommended by this organization. The difficulty is if we appoint committees we are liable to leave the work to be performed by the committee, and we take no individual interest in it, and we might not meet with success; while if each member of the organization will bring his influence to bear on his member of Congress I have no shadow of doubt but that we shall succeed.

Col. Harper (O.):

At Cleveland we made an appropriation of five hundred dollars to the "Spirit of '76." I think it very important that our proceedings be made public as speedily as possible, and by publication in the "Spirit of '76," it will be done in a short time, while if you have to wait for the annual, it will be some time before it is out. I do not know the condition of the treasury, but if we have the money I would suggest that we make the appropriation. I make the motion, of course, if you have the money, that five hundred dollars be appropriated out of the funds of this organization to publish the proceedings of this Congress in the "Spirit of '76," a paper published monthly, and to which every Son of the Revolution ought to be a subscriber.

Secretary General Murphy:

I suggest that we make it at a price not exceeding five hundred dollars.

Col. Harper (O.):

I will accept the amendment.

The President-General:

You have heard the motion; that we appropriate a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars for the publication of the report of the proceedings of this Congress in "The Spirit of '76."

Motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

The President-General:

Is the committee appointed by the Chair to report the action of this Congress to the Society of the Sons of Revolution ready to report.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.):

I can not report any action of the Sons of Revolution. I can report that your committee waited upon our sister society, where we were received with great distinction by rising and listening to what was said. That the spokesman of your committee informed the convention there assembled of the action of this Congress in pursuance of their instruction, and that we were ready to proceed to a complete organization under the Constitution. It was said a great deal better than that; I made the speech myself.

The President-General:

At the Cleveland Convention the Chair was directed to appoint a committee on Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and I now appoint as such committee:

New York.....	Col. Ralph E. Prime, Yonkers, chairman.
Arizona	William H. Robinson, Phoenix.
Arkansas	Fay Hempstead, Little Rock.
California.....	Col. A. S. Hubbard, San Francisco.
Colorado.....	Edward L. Kelley, Denver.
Connecticut	Everett E. Lord, New Haven.
Delaware	Frank R. Carswell, Wilmington.
District of Columbia.....	Noble D. Larner, Washington.
Florida	Charles A. Choate, Jacksonville.
Hawaii.....	Peter C. Jones, 1730 H. St., Washington, D. C.
Illinois	Charles D. Dana, Chicago.
Indiana	William E. English, Indianapolis.
Iowa.....	C. H. E. Boardman, Marshalltown.
Kansas	George D. Hale, Topeka.
Kentucky	Dr. Thomas P. Grant, Louisville.
Louisiana	Frank Stoddard Wyman, New Orleans.
Maine	Rev. Henry S. Burrage, Portland.
Maryland	Gen. Joseph L. Brent, Baltimore.
Massachusetts	Shepard D. Gilbert, Salem.
Michigan	John N. Bagley, Detroit.
Minnesota	Daniel R. Noyes, St. Paul.
Missouri	Gen. George H. Shields, St. Louis.
Montana	Cornelius Hedges, Helena.
Nebraska	John R. Webster, Omaha.
New Hampshire	Howard D. Porter, Concord.
New Jersey	John J. Hubbell, Newark.
Ohio	James M. Richardson, Cleveland.
Oregon	Ralph W. Hoyt, Portland.
Pennsylvania.....	M. L. Lockwood, Zellenope.
Rhode Island	W. T. C. Wardwell, Bristol.
Texas	C. W. Preston, Galveston.
Utah	Hoyt Sherman, Jr., Salt Lake City.
Vermont	William Paul Dillingham, Waterbury.
Virginia	Charles U. Williams, Richmond.
Washington	Col. S. W. Scott, Seattle.
Wisconsin	George H. Noyes, Milwaukee.

Secretary Gen. Murphy:

I move a recess until five o'clock unless sooner called together by the Chair.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

The Congress was called to order at 5.15 by the Chair.

Col. Harper (O.):

I believe there was a Flag Committee appointed at Cleveland, and I want to call attention to the use of flags as used in the streets of Cincinnati. There is one now stretched across the street with some kind of an emblem or picture attached to it, and it seems to be ashamed of itself as it will not flutter in the breeze. I hope this society will take some action upon that matter that the American flag shall not be desecrated. I object to any flag being called the American flag other than the Red,

White and Blue. We have banners called the American flag with gold stars, and in this room we have one with gold fringe; while I do not object to gold fringe for some purposes of decoration, I do object to it on the flag.

The President-General:

Perhaps the Chairman of the Flag Committee would make known what is being done. It was not anticipated that any committee, except the Conference Committee on Union would be required to report at this conference.

Coi. Prime (N. Y.):

Your committee has no written report to make. It has communicated with all the State societies of the Sons of American Revolution, urging them to appoint a similar committee. In the work we have secured the appointment of committees of the Loyal Legion, having the same object in view; we have also succeeded in having committees appointed in the same line by the Grand Army of the Republic, and have communicated with other patriotic societies, besides those named, urging them to appoint committees on that line. We purpose after the election to have in the City of New York a mass convention of all the committees, that we may then have all these parties there so as to have a hand in preparing a memorial for Congress setting forth to Congress the action of other countries beside our own in the use of the flag. There seems to be a little misunderstanding in some parts of our Southern country on the subject, and a little upon what we call desecration of the flag. So far it has been called to our attention that it has been used in advertising dry-goods, and there is a sentiment among the members that the flag should not be used for political purposes. We are not perfectly agreed as to what shall be considered desecration. We shall ask that the Congress push forward legislation proposed in the past, which has passed one House of two or three Congresses, but has not succeeded in making its way through the other House. We hope at the next National Congress of this society, or better yet if this Union which we have hoped for should take place, to report to the next United Congress some real work done, some real progress along the line of protecting the flag of our country in regard to desecration. We have considered the subject of foreign flags, as to where and when they may be hoisted at a time when either the President of the United States, or the Governor of a State, has issued a proclamation in which he has recognized some insignia and forbidding its use on another occasion. We have also ascertained that in some States the flag is now hoisted upon the school-house, or upon the flag-staff near the school-house, and on every school-house in such State during school hours; so that when the children gather at nine o'clock the flag is hoisted and remains there during school hours. In some States there is a Flag Day, and on that day all the pupils in the public schools are instructed in the history of the flag, and in the historical facts in connection with the adoption of the flag; so that the children are being educated to respect the flag as never before. We sincerely hope that this committee may not be without fruit, but that we shall succeed in obtaining legislation to punish those unpatriotic acts which desecrate the flag and put it to ignoble purposes.

The President-General:

The Chairman of the committee said that he did not know what the Grand Army was doing. I happen to know that in Washington the Women's Relief Corps have taken up this matter, and I do not doubt but that a good deal is being done. It depends absolutely upon public sentiment in the matter, and encouragement should be given to it.

E. H. Hall (N. Y.):

The correspondence of the committee has elicited a great many interesting things in connection with the desecration or what shall be considered desecration. One of the most interesting was from one of the presidents of the State Society, who said that he always felt when the flag was alluded to as "Old Glory" that it was in a disrespectful sense to him, much as one feels when a son calls his father "The old man." I remember that at a celebration had in New York, the speaker's table was covered before we commenced the exercises with a flag, and some one procured a pitcher of water, and started to set it upon the flag, and he was checked by Admiral Gerhardt, who said that it should not be so, and stated that it was a rule in the Navy never to place anything upon the flag.

Gen. Breckinridge:

There is another change that has occurred in the Navy in mil-

itary service, and is rather an effect than an official method, about the hoisting and lowering of the flag. In old times they used to allow it to come down with a run, but at present the band plays a patriotic air, and at the first note the running down is commenced, and it touches the ground just as the last note is finished and all officials during the lowering of a flag remove the head covering unless under arms. I saw that done during this tour at a militia camp in Douglas, Wisconsin. I hardly ever saw a much more effective sight.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.):

I desire to state that in New Jersey some four or five years ago, the president of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of Revolution addressed a letter to the different municipalities in the State, to the Postoffices and the Court Houses, asking them to raise the flag on Flag Day, and a year or two ago the same officer addressed every newspaper asking them to call the attention of the citizens to the fact that Flag Day came on the 14th of June, and I believe that every newspaper responded. I can not say that there was a general observance of the request, but I understand that there was an answer to the request which fully satisfied the trouble and expenses that it cost the society. I would recommend to the different State societies a similar process, that there may be a universal observance of Flag Day throughout the United States, so that in the course of time we may have that observed as a National holiday, and our children, and children's children may be taught to reverence the flag.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.):

I know another little incident that may be interesting to the Congress in this connection. I was asked to visit one of the public schools in California, and I found there a flag salute performed, and I became interested and have assisted the Society of the District of Columbia in stimulating and studying the adoption of various types of flag salute. At the Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth, of which Governor Smith was the Governor, he sent on to Washington to know about it, and was given the information, and on last Flag Day he sent soldiers down to instruct all the children throughout the city as to the best method of going through the ceremony, and then invited them all to come to his home. There were about eight thousand children accompanied by about four thousand veterans, representing infancy and old age, interesting and pathetic, a thousand small flags were placed in what is called in the Navy a cockpit, and at a given signal the entire thousand came sailing through the air down upon the children. It is described as being one of the most interesting scenes that has been had in that section in a score of years.

A committee from the Society of the Sons of the Revolution appearing at the door, they were met by the Secretary-General, who said:

Mr. President-General and Gentlemen:

I have the honor to present a committee from the Society of the Sons of Revolution.

At this point the Chair and the entire Congress assembled arose to receive the committee.

The President-General:

The Congress assembled welcome the Committee and await their pleasure.

Mr. Pugh (O.):

It is my pleasure, gentlemen, to represent a committee which has been sent by the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution to convey to you the result of their labors this afternoon. While they have not been all you may expect, generally the work which has been done by us in the last three hours has been very well done. With your permission I will say that the Constitution was adopted by a majority, with some changes, which we are to present to you, for your consideration, and we trust that you will accept the same from our Society.

The following resolution was passed by our Society and under this authority we appear before you.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to communicate the action of this General Society of the Sons of the Revolution to the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, which has been taken upon the question of the union of the two societies, and upon the question of the adoption of the new constitution; and that said committee be empowered to request similar action upon the part of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. And, further to agree upon a time and place of meeting of the joint committees of the two societies, for the purpose of fully perfecting the union of the two societies,

in the event of a majority of the State Societies approving of the action of the General Society.

The Chair appointed as members of this committee, Messrs. Achilles Henry Pugh, chairman; Rukard Hurd, Gaillard Hunt, Persifor M. Cooke and E. Morgan Wood.

The Constitution has been amended as follows: Art III, Sec. 2 (page 6) by adding to the same, "Subject, however, to the approval of the Joint Committee on Revision of Membership Rolls."

Art. IV., Sec. 2, by striking out and amending the typographical error.

By amending Art. IX. to read as follows: "This Constitution shall take effect when ratified by a majority of the State societies of each National Society."

Then comes a further resolution:

Resolved, That each State Society of the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution shall submit the papers of their respective societies to the Registrar of the other society for examination. That after such examination shall be had, each Registrar shall certify to the eligibility of each member of the other society under the National Constitution of the society of which he is a member. In case any doubt shall arise as to the correctness of any paper, then such doubtful paper shall be submitted to the Joint Committee on Revision of Membership Rolls. In case there is any jurisdiction in which there is only one society, such papers shall also be submitted to the said Joint Committee on Revision of Membership Rolls.

The object of this is to provide a method of reducing the labor of the Joint Committee, by having it done and agreed upon by the Registrars of the respective societies, as it is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the examinations and labor can be performed by them and assented to by the society without the necessity of going through the hands of a Joint Committee. It is simply a method of reducing the labor of a Joint Committee on the Revision of Rolls.

I come now to our last and final resolution:

Resolved, That the committee on the Revision of Rolls, appointed under the resolution adopted April 19th, 1897, be and is hereby continued in office; and is authorized and directed to at once proceed, in conjunction with the committee appointed for that purpose by the Sons of the American Revolution, to examine in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution as amended reported by the Joint Conference, the rolls of the members of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any member in either society is not in fact entitled to membership therein. And upon the report of the Joint Committee thus formed, all members not found to have been entitled to membership in their respective National Societies under their own Constitution and by-laws, be held not to be held to membership of the Society of the American Revolution, but stricken from their rolls; unless within such reasonable time as shall be approved by said committee such members shall prove their rights to such membership.

Mr. Richardson (O.):

What is the standard of eligibility?

Mr. Pugh (O.):

We understand it to be the present standard of our National Society, and any doubtful papers brought before the Registrars can be referred to the Joint Committee.

Dr. Galluadet (D. C.):

Is any provision made for a joint meeting of the two societies?

Mr. Pugh (O.):

None other than at the dinner table. The members of our society are not united as to the authority they have in regard to binding their respective State Societies to any action of this kind, and think it proper to refer to the State societies to act. States have instructed their delegates in some cases, and in other cases they have not done so, and we deem this action as the proper one to be taken under the circumstances.

J. Whitehead (N. J.):

I have listened with a great deal of interest to the report of the committee, and I desire to ask one or two questions with the permission of the Chair and the permission of the Committee. Do I understand that it is clearly and definitely stated in the resolution that all that is required to consummate the union is the passing of the resolution by a majority of the State societies.

Mr. Pugh:

Yes, sir; as adopted.

Mr. Whitehead:

I desire to further ask what is meant by the meeting of the

two societies in joint congress.

Mr. Pugh:

By the terms of this instrument, if we had adopted it as your society had, it would have been necessary for the two societies to have met together in joint session; the joint committees provided for in the resolution are to fix the time to meet, after a majority of the societies have ratified the plan.

The Committee of the Sons of Revolution then retired.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge (D. C.):

I move that the resolutions presented from the General Society of the Sons of Revolution be accepted and adopted, and the amendments to the Constitution proposed be accepted and adopted.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried unanimously.

D. Galluadet:

I move that a committee be appointed to wait upon the General Society of the Sons of Revolution, and report to them the action of this Congress.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

The Chair appointed on such committee Charles U. Williams, Gen. Geo. H. Shields, James M. Richardson and John Whitehead. Gen. Shields (Mo.):

I move that a committee of five be appointed by this society having the same purpose and object and authority with the corresponding committee of the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and to act with the committee designated in the resolutions presented to us this day by the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution; and that this committee of five be authorized and empowered to have prepared copies of the report of said committee of the General Society of the Sons of Revolution, as reported, and accepted and adopted by this Congress, for each of the committees and general officers.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

The President-General:

If there is no objection the Chair will name as such committee:

Dr. E. M. Galluadet (D. C.).

Major Charles K. Darling (Mass.).

Gen. George H. Shields (Mo.).

Stephen M. Wright (N. Y.).

L. E. Holden (O.).

I move that the Secretary General be instructed to procure copies of the resolutions, report and recommendations passed by this Congress relative to the union of the respective societies, have the same printed and forward copies to the various State Societies, including the whole of the Constitution as amended.

Motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

Col. Prime:

I move that the President General be authorized to appoint a committee of five upon Revision of Rolls, which is contemplated in the action just taken upon the report of the Committee on Union.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried.

The President General.

I will appoint upon such committee:

A Howard Clark, D. C.

D. W. Manchester, Ohio.

Wm. S. Stryker, N. J.

E. Hagaman Hall, N. Y.

Wm. J. Rhees, D. C.

Hon. J. Whitehead (N. J.):

I move that the Secretary General notify the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution of the appointment of a Committee on Joint Conference and the appointment of a Committee on Rolls.

I want to make it clear that everything has been done upon our part; I want the proper officers of the Sons of Revolution to be notified of the new committee, and that a new committee on Revision of Rolls has been appointed and the old one discharged.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried unanimously.

I. S. Blackwelder (Ill.):

I rise to tender to the Ohio Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution the thanks of this Congress for the attention, kindness and hospitality shown us upon this occasion.

The motion being seconded, was put and declared carried unanimously.

On motion the Congress then adjourned sine die.

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MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WARS AND OLD
GUARD.

This issue is sent to every member of the Sons of the American Revolution. The edition is fourteen thousand copies, and of principal interest to the Sons.

The December number will be sent to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and will be devoted especially to the "Daughters."

Paris on July Fourth, 1900.

SHALL the meeting of the French and American Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, on the Fourth day of July, 1900, at the Paris Exposition, take place? This remains for you to decide. THE SPIRIT OF '76 finds that, if the company consists of from three hundred to five hundred persons, about half the regular cost can be saved. It has already been promised a very much larger number, but it must be certain. If you intend to go please notify THE SPIRIT OF '76 at once, accompanying your notice with a registration fee of five dollars. If the party is not made up this fee will be returned. If for any reason later you are unable to go, you can transfer your rights to another eligible party. If a sufficiently large number register, contracts covering all necessary expenses will be made for a thirty-day trip, giving from ten days to two weeks in Paris, and for the deposit of the necessary amount, by monthly payments, in a strong and safe trust company. The full rate commanding the very best, including, passage, grand banquet, board in Paris and admission to the Exposition, ought not to cost more than \$150 or \$200. To meet and to know the eminent men and women of these liberty-loving, patriotic societies that have already assured us that they intend being of a party is alone worth the trip. Gen. Horace Porter, Past President of the Sons of the American Revolution, now Ambassador to France, has been elected by the Society of the American Revolution in France its President, that the welcome may be most complete. The reception by both the

government and the people of France will doubtless exceed any previous effort in this direction. The programme will include a pilgrimage and a service at the grave of Lafayette and a reception and banquet. Please register at once that no time may be lost.

CHARLES A. DANA is dead! A mighty oak has fallen in the silence of the forest, and its place will remain vacant forever. The man may not be missed, but the energy of his active life will be a lost force that was working ever for the good of man. The incidents of Mr. Dana's life must be left to the columns of other journals with more space at their control. But he was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and as such is entitled to our recognition of his eminent worth. The central point about which revolved the soul and aspiration of Charles A. Dana was his intense Americanism. This is much to say at a time of such decadence of public spirit that with many among us foreign sentiment claims their following and royal pageantry gains the fullest admiration. Mr. Dana was a living representative of the American Revolution. Every impulse of his mind and every fibre of his frame were patriotic. To him there was but one country upon the earth, and that was the land which Washington and his compatriots made free. He was for the expansion of that land in all directions. If Canada whispered for annexation he bent a willing ear. If Hawaii turned her suppliant look towards us, favoring union, he launched his literary thunderbolts of sympathy. If Cuba struggled in the grasp of tyranny, his pen mightier than the sword, smote the oppressor to help the helpless. In a word, he was a brave American. He would defy the world for the right, and dreaded for his country nothing so much as cowardice in high station which tended to lower national dignity.

"Farewell, brave man!

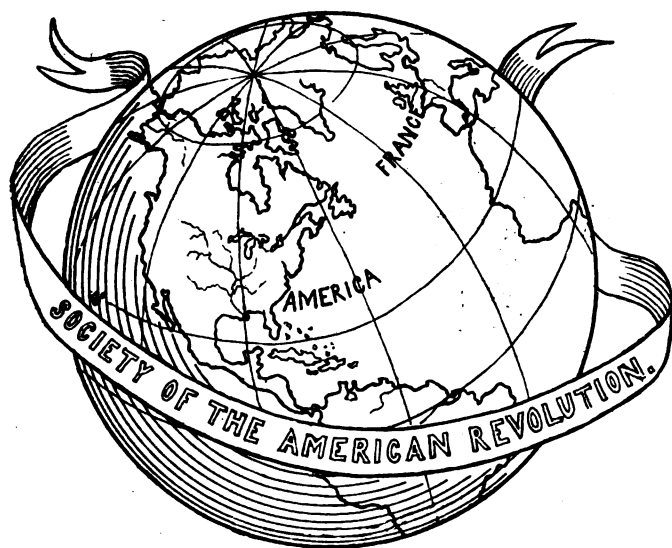
Let the muffled drum be the only music,
Till he receives an honored sepulchre."

And then to emulate the grand example
Of his life as best we may.

The editing and publishing of the Colonial Statutes of New York, provided by Act of the Legislature in 1891, has been completed. The work takes five volumes in the same style as the Session laws. They include also the Charters to the Duke of York, the Instructions to the Colonial Governors. Hon. Z. T. Lincoln has had charge of the work.

Little need be said by THE SPIRIT OF '76 in regard to the Cincinnati Convention. Its position for the union is well known and has been as plainly stated as Saxon derivatives could express it. Notwithstanding the delay which has occurred, the consummation is as sure to come as the sun is to rise in the east on to-morrow morning. The convention perhaps builded better than it knew, for now the union will be as complete as state societies can make it, and a much larger vote will be given.

Some time in the summer a patriotic flag fund was started to supply rural schools with "Old Glory." A contribution of \$5.00 was made by J. Richards, which is all that is so far available. Will you extend it by a similar contribution? A flag will be presented to some deserving school with your compliments.



As the Earth is to the Moon, so are the possibilities of the New Society to those of the Old.

Union of Two Societies of the American Revolution.

["Spirit of Washington! breathe upon our hearts, inspire our councils, and guide our policy."]

THE SPIRIT OF '76 believes as thoroughly in the union of the two societies of "Sons" as it does in the union of the States. They stand for the greatest epoch of human history, building upon the noblest ideas that have ever found record upon its pages. The occasion of dissention and the final separation into two organizations, the discussions that have taken place since over trivial questions, in fact everything in connection with the beginning and the continuance of the separate organizations, when compared with the story and the work of the men of '76, has marked the individuals that were responsible for it as "degenerate sons of noble sires."

Dissention in the nation is now unanimously accepted as an impossibility, and is to-day without a friend in the broad land; and he who opposes "union" to-day or places the least impediment in its way is worse than a "Tory" of the Revolution. Brothers all, members both of the "Sons of the Revolution" and of the "Sons of the American Revolution," do you understand what you have done in reviving the spirit of 1776, when you organized the men of the blood of that era into a band of patriots and started along the road of the second century of our national existence? The responsibility that you then assumed was great. Now prove yourself worthy of it and equal to your opportunity. There are some things that you naturally call small and narrow, carping over insignificant things—but this ought not to be expected of the men of the blood of 1776 with a century of such history as the cause of Liberty has made under the flag of the Union behind them.

WITH this number of THE SPIRIT OF '76 we give you a blank form of application available for either the Society of the American Revolution or the Daughters of the American Revolution. If you are a member of either of these societies will you kindly place this blank in the hands of eligible and desirable persons with

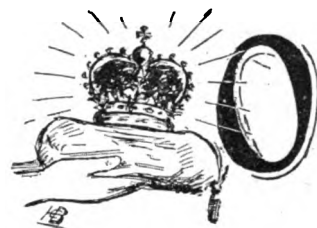


the statement that if they will fill it out and mail it to us, with a subscription for one year, we will, without further charge, investigate the recognized authorities and notify them if their claim is well founded, and aid them to membership. If further investigation is required we will place them in correspondence with reliable genealogists whose charges will be reasonable.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 would be more than pleased if every reader were not only a subscriber to but all his family were readers of the *American Monthly*, the organ of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the *Review of Reviews*, that grand organ which collates the progress of the world, gleanings the best thoughts of the master minds and recognizing that true progress comes from the broadest development of the spirit of '76. It has therefore arranged to club with these publications, giving both of them for \$8.50.

The *American Monthly* and THE SPIRIT OF '76, - \$1.50.
The *Review of Reviews* and THE SPIRIT OF '76, - 2.75.

King Washington.



ONE of the most important and dramatic incidents which occurred during Washington's residence at Newburgh in 1782 and 1783, was the attempt of the officers of the Continental Army to make Washington a King. During the same period also the Tories at Newburgh, assisted by an emissary from New York, made an effort to kidnap Washington and take him alive to New York City.

These incidents have been made the historical ground-work of a new romance entitled "King Washington," which has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia.

The authorship is the joint production of Miss Adelaide Skeel, of Newburgh, N. Y., a member of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; and of William H. Brearley, of New York City, who is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and until recently, the editor of THE SPIRIT OF '76.

The first four chapters of the story are located at the old Morris House on Washington Heights, New York City, now the property and residence of General Ferdinand P. Earle. They give the account of the forming of the plot to kidnap Washington, which there occurred April 4th, 1782, at a banquet given by Sir Henry Clinton.

The scene then shifts to the Hasbrouck House at Newburgh, where Washington had his headquarters from April 4th, 1782, to the 19th of August, 1783. Here and at neighboring sites the remaining fifty-two chapters are located, and deal with great skill and interest, with a network and counterplot of conspiracy and love—for it is a romance—which occupied the months of April and May of '82.

If there are any joints in the collaboration, they do not appear, for the story reads as if the work of one person. The authors discreetly decline to state how they divided the task, but say they shared in it "about equally."

Several chapters are devoted to a charming account of the ball, which Mrs. General Knox gave, where General Washington led in dancing the Minuet, and where three of the belles of the ball—so *Lossing* states—scratched their names on the window with a certain diamond ring.

Three chapters are given to an extremely graphic account of an Indian dance at the *Danskamer* near Newburgh; while through all the story, Miss Margaret Ettrick—who fluctuated between a loyalist and patriot lover—supplies to the narrative many a brilliant dash of color.

The authors of "King Washington" have evidently desired to honor the name of the great Commander, for they have magnified his characteristics, so dear to all Americans, and yet they have made him exceedingly human, especially in his liking for the pretty Mrs. Lucy Knox, which so aroused the jealousy of Mrs. Washington. These matters have been related, however, with so becoming a discretion, as to offend no one's sense of regard for Washington.

The story is well written; of sustained interest, and has many brilliant and effective bits of description, which make it delightfully entertaining. The book contains a surprising denouement, which is wholly separate from the indicated climax, but which we will not, by premature disclosure, rob the reader of the pleasure of discovering for himself.

The book has 307 well filled pages; is finely illustrated with "half-tone" engravings, from photographs taken by Miss Skeel, and is handsomely bound in cloth. The price is \$1.25.

Sons of the American Revolution.

From Our Paris Correspondent.

PARIS, October 6th, 1897.

At last the Sons of the American Revolution have reached the gay capital of France. In 1894 Commander R. H. Wyath and the writer undertook to gather enough sons to form a society of the Sons of the American Revolution at Paris, but without success. Recently Lieut. W. J. Sears of the U. S. Navy next came to the front and went to work in a manner that entitles him to great merit. Within two weeks' time he succeeded in gathering several Americans and two Frenchmen who are interested in the society, among whom were General Horace Porter, United States Ambassador to France; Major Moses P. Handy, Special Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, 1900, and others well known in the American colony here.

Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Gernon, the manager of the Hotel Chatham, a room was placed at the disposal of Lieut. Sears as a headquarters for the preliminary arrangements. This room was the private sitting room of Mr. M. H. Holzschuch, the proprietor of the hotel. In this little room seventeen men gathered together on the 17th of September for the purpose of the formation of the society. At 8.30 p. m. Lieut. W. J. Sears called the meeting to order, and at his suggestion Compt. Frank E. Hyde, of Connecticut, was requested to preside, and United States Vice-Consul-General Edward P. MacLean to act as secretary of the meeting. General Horace Porter, who had taken an active interest in the formation of the society, sent word from Switzerland regretting his absence. The result of the meeting was that those present proceeded to the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and the election of officers. The following were elected to serve until their successors are elected. President, General Horace Porter, United States Ambassador to France; vice-president, W. J. Sears, Lieutenant United States Navy; secretary, Edward P. MacLean, United States Vice-Consul-General, Paris; treasurer, J. D. Stickney; registrar, Edmond Hurtle; board of managers, General Horace Porter, Lieutenant W. J. Sears, Vice-Consul-General E. P. MacLean, J. D. Stickney, Edmond Hurtle, Major Moses P. Handy, Frank E. Hyde, Colonel Chaille Long, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Dr. Benjamin T. Deering, George A. Audenried, William F. Gill, J. P. Michaels, Henry A. Alexander.

PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY,

Sons of the American Revolution.

On Saturday evening, October 16th, the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the American Revolution, held its first banquet and social meeting of the season. The date was chosen as commemorative of the Surrender of Burgoyne. The banquet was held at the Pittsburgh Club, and was very recherche. Mr. Alexander Guffey read a scholarly and instructive paper on the events which led up to and made possible that great victory. Rev. W. A. Stanton, D.D., followed with an address on the results of the surrender, showing particularly how it gave standing among the nations to the struggling cause of the colonists and enabled them to effect the advantageous alliance with France. The society's delegates to the Cincinnati Congress made report of the action taken by that assembly. There is little doubt of this society's approval of the "plan of union," and its ratification of the proposed constitution of the new society. At the close of the meeting a toast was drunk in silence to the memory of Compatriot Roger Sherman of Titusville, whose recent death was a great loss to the society. Mr. Sherman was a leader of the bar in Western Pennsylvania, and a man of the highest character and position. For two years he was vice-president of this society, and testified his interest in it and its work in many ways, which made it greatly his debtor.

MINNESOTA SOCIETIES

Sons of the Revolution—Sons of the American Revolution.

ST. PAUL, MINN., October 14, 1897.

COMPATRIOTS—The joint conventions of our General and National Societies, held at Cincinnati on the 12th inst., have happily adopted a plan of union and a constitution which will soon be submitted to the State societies for their ratification. The 116th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurs on the 19th inst. Our Minnesota societies will celebrate both victories by a joint meeting to be held at the Commercial Club rooms in St. Paul, on Tuesday, the 19th inst., at 8 p. m.

Good addresses and a good time are assured. Come one, come all.
 RUKARD HURD, President, JOHN B. SANBORN, President,
 Sons of the Revolution. Sons of the American Revolution.
 JOHN TOWNSEND, Secretary. EDWIN S. CHITTENDEN, Sec.

Sons of the Revolution.



Amid enthusiastic demonstrations, and accompanied by speeches of felicitation and congratulation, the Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution adopted, without a single dissenting voice, the constitution and plan of union which was promulgated at the joint convention of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution Societies, which held their history-making session in the same room of the Grand Hotel one week ago. It was supposed that Ohio would be able to lead the Union in this work of ratification, and, owing to the difference of time in favor of Cincinnati, it may yet be that Ohio can claim that honor, but as the Minnesota society had also called a meeting for the same day and was also expected to pass favorably on the proposition the two States will be found to be in close competition for the coveted honor. However that may turn out, no State can exceed the hearty response Ohio made to the proposition for a union of the two societies.

There were some sixty members present at the meeting and banquet in the convention hall at the Grand, to perform the double duty of commemorating the battle of Yorktown and Lord Cornwallis' surrender, which occurred October 19, 1781, and to take action on the consolidation proposition.

President A. H. Pugh was in the chair. After the banquet the President called on Secretary John W. Bailey to read the proposed constitution and plan of union. When he had finished, Mr. Pugh said: "The question now comes on the adoption of the constitution. As many as are in favor of the adoption of the constitution of the Society of the American Revolution will signify the same by saying 'aye.'" There was a chorus of vehement ayes. "Contrary minded 'no,'" Not a voice responded, and then the company broke into enthusiastic applause and cheers. Mr. W. H. Doane moved that a telegram announcing the action of the society be sent to Mr. Rukard Hurd, President of the Minnesota Society, Sons of the Revolution, in session at Minneapolis. Carried with enthusiasm. On motion a similar telegram was ordered sent to Mr. James M. Richardson, of Cleveland. When the order of business was resumed the president called on the secretary to read the reports of the committee appointed to make awards of prizes for the best essays on the "Battle of King's Mountain, and Its Effects on the War of the Revolution." The committee's awards were: First prize, a gold medal, to Bradley Hull, Jr., of Cleveland; second, a silver medal, to J. W. Garby, of Caldwell, O.; third, a bronze medal, to H. R. Hale, of Salem, O. A number of congratulatory speeches followed these proceedings. Mr. John F. Follet declared that when the ratification of the constitution shall have been given by the required majority of State societies, as he had no doubt it would be, the Ohio Society would be lacking in appreciation if it did not give some suitable testimonial in acknowledgment of the pre-eminent services which had been performed in this work by the president of this society, Mr. A. H. Pugh.

On October 15 the Sons of the Revolution of New York commemorated the battle of Harlem Heights by unveiling a bronze tablet. The new buildings of Columbia University occupy the battle ground and the tablet is set in the walls of the Engineering Building of the university facing the Boulevard on the line of 117th street. This is possibly as near the line of battle as can be determined, though the contest was a running fight from 130th street to 190th. Good authorities dispute the correctness of this site. The Sons organized their parade at 19th street, since the action began there. The tablet is one of the largest in the country—six feet square—and is the work of John Edward Kelly, who designed the panels for the mammoth monument. It represents the action at one of the most exciting points of the battle. The tablet shows Colonel Thomas Knowlton and Major Andrew Leitch attacking the flank of the enemy before they started to retreat. Knowlton and Leitch lost their lives in the encounter at a point that is now on the line of the Boulevard near 125th street, perhaps a third of a mile to the north. The enemy was defeated. Washington looked upon the victory as a most important achievement. The inscription on the tablet reads: "To Commemorate the Battle of Harlem Heights. Won by Washington's Troops on This Site, September 16, 1776. Erected by the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York." Prof. H. P. Johnson presented the tablet to the society; President Tallmadge accepted it for the society and presented it to President Low of the University, who in turn accepted it and Prof. W. M. Storm gave the address.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

KNICKERBOCKER CHAPTER.

Through the generosity of a few members, the Knickerbocker Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York City has been enabled to secure very pleasant headquarters at No. 226 West 58th street. The members met Monday afternoon, October 18th, for an informal tea and to inspect their new rooms. Twenty-eight of the fifty-one members of the Chapter were present. Owing to the serious illness of her husband the Regent, Mrs. Richard Henry Greene, was unable to meet with the Chapter. The meeting was called to order by the vice regent, Mrs. Frederick Hasbrouck, and the following prayer offered by the chaplain, Mrs. Pierre L. Boucher: "O Lord, our God, we pray Thee to prosper this, our dwelling place, not only to the spiritual and temporal good of our chapter, but also to that of others. We heartily thank Thee for all Thy past mercies, and beseech Thee to grant that in our new abode we may continue to perpetuate

the glorious memory of the patriots who by their acts or counsel, under Thy divine guidance, achieved the independence of our country. May this house be to us a peaceable habitation and a sure dwelling and a quiet resting-place. Above all, be Thou, O Lord, our dwelling place in all generations and one strong habitation, whereunto we may always resort, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Amen." Mrs. Hasbrouck read a letter from Mrs. Greene and made a few remarks presenting the use of the rooms to the members. An informal discussion of matters of interest to the chapter followed, which continued until the arrival of General Egbert L. Viele, a descendant of the Knickerbocker family, who was born in the old manor house at Schaghticoke. He congratulated the Daughters upon the acquisition of a home, sketched briefly the events which led to the battle of Saratoga and read a paper upon the Knickerbockers of two centuries ago and the old manor house in Rensselaer county. General Viele promised to give to the chapter a gavel and frame for its charter of oak or walnut from the old manor, which place he invited the chapter to visit, and also promised some pictures and other articles to aid in furnishing the new headquarters. Light refreshments were served in the principal room, which was beautifully decorated with the national colors and a profusion of flags, among which were the French flag and Jubilee flag of Queen Victoria. The latter was in honor of the English grandmothers of some of the members who married soldiers of the Revolution after the war. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Frederick Hasbrouck, vice-regent; Miss Helen M. Fisher, registrar; Mrs. L. C. Brackett, secretary; Miss Annie Perrin, treasurer; Mrs. Pierre L. Boucher, chaplain; Mrs. William B. Coughtry, Mrs. J. M. Duncan, Mrs. Herman Baetjer, Mrs. Robert C. Brown, Mrs. Charles H. Brown, Mrs. Charles P. D. Peck, Mrs. George W. Leonard, Mrs. William Henry Nesbit, Mrs. James D. Donald, Mrs. James M. Bruce, Mrs. Charles E. Taft, Miss Alice Hart, Miss Clara Martin and Miss Catharine E. Colwell.

The following letter from Mr. E. H. Hall is published by request of the executive committee of the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of New York City, Daughters of the American Revolution. Too much cannot be said on this subject and no efforts can be more worthy than those devoted to the preservation of these landmarks.

14 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK CITY, }
September 29, 1897. }

Mrs. A. G. Mills, Secretary Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, 157 West 86th Street, New York City.

DEAR MADAM—Upon return from my vacation, I find upon my desk the circular request of your chapter concerning the formation of a State Memorial Association. As I am not the secretary of the New York State Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, I would suggest that you address another copy to Henry Lincoln Morris, Secretary, 253 Broadway. I am a member of the Council of the General Court, and if the matter comes before that body it will have my hearty endorsement. It may possibly be of some interest to you to know that the necessity of some such action as your Chapter proposes is strongly brought to the attention of any one who makes leisurely trip up the Hudson River, such as I have just completed. I have just travelled from New York to Albany on my bicycle for the express purpose of visiting the historic places on both sides of the river and noting their present condition, and I have found

much to confirm the necessity of some prompt and concerted action looking to the rescue of many historic sites and objects from complete destruction and oblivion. For instance, the eminence which was the sight of Fort Independence, near Peekskill, is being carried away bodily to furnish gravel for the park-ways of New York and elsewhere. In our idle wanderings about our city parks, we may be walking on soil which was soaked with the blood of our Revolutionary ancestors. In Poughkeepsie I found another pitiful illustration. A picturesque and ancient stone house, one of the few connecting links with a by-gone historical period, is currently reported to be used for the basest purposes. Your sisters of the Poughkeepsie Chapter have been trying to raise money enough to rescue the property from disgrace, but thus far have been unsuccessful. At Verplanck's Point excavations (made by brick manufacturers I am informed) have completely obliterated old Fort Fayette, the complement of Stony Point across the river. Just below Haverstraw, near the place where Andre landed to confer with Arnold, a vast system of machinery is grinding up a mountain with its iron teeth and sending it to make macadam roadways in our cities, illustrating in a forcible but unscriptural way man's power to remove mountains, not by faith but by works. At Tappan the old stone house in which the chivalrous and unfortunate Andre was confined and from which he was led to his execution is crumbling to pieces from neglect, and the old and picturesque house, which was Washington's headquarters at the same time, is rented to tenant after tenant, like any rentable property, with nothing to mark its significance or preserve it from the ravages of time and indifference. I could give many other illustrations of the need of some action for the conservation of the natural beauties and the objects of historical interest along our American Rhine. I believe that the Palisade Commissioners and the New York State Trustees of Historic and Scenic Places and Objects have objects similar to yours, but there is need for the development of a more widespread public interest for the rescue of these precious landmarks from the devastation wrought by commercial vandalism. I certainly wish your chapter abundant success in its laudable undertaking.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

The first meeting since the vacation season of the Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Bedford, Mass., was held at the rooms of the Historical Society, Monday, October 4. Applications for membership were received from several persons and acted upon, and a number of others have expressed a desire to join the chapter, which grows steadily in favor. An excellent paper on "The Frigate Constitution" was read by Miss Sarah L. Clark; that favorite poem, "Old Ironsides," was recited, and extracts from "Beside Old Hearthstones" read by Miss Helen T. Wild. The meetings have been held in the afternoon, but for the convenience of the greater number of the members will in the future be held in the evening.

ELIZA M. GILL, Historian.

Order of the Founders and Patriots of America.



At the September meeting of the New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America the following were elected members of the Order: Hon. Theodore C. Bates, Worcester, Mass.; Prof. John Wilder Fairbank, Boston, Mass.; James S. Van Cortlandt, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Charles L. Tillinghast, Albany, N. Y.; Dr. William Frederick Holcombe, New York City; Charles Henry Ropes, New York City; Albert Smith Gallup, New York City; William Stowell Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Azariah Hall Sawyer, Watertown, N. Y. The insignia of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America were issued this week. The insignia is a beautiful addition to those of other societies. It is an eight-pointed rayed star of gold, (representing the eight original colonies), charged with the cross of St. George in red enamel with ideal heads of the Puritan and Revolutionary soldiers, surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel. The reverse has a thirteen-pointed star with blue enamel, (representing the thirteen Revolutionary colonies,) a centre medallion with the arms of the United States, with a motto of "Stand First for God and Country." The ribbon has a centre of black with red and white stripes for Colonial period, with blue and white stripes for Revolutionary period.

The New York Society of the Order of the Founders and

Patriots of America held a meeting October 15th at the Hotel Normandie, New York City. The membership of this society is nearly three hundred and a large number of applications are before the committee and officers. The following were recently elected members: Charles Longstreet Poor, U.S.N., Washington, D. C.; Samuel Strong Spaulding, Buffalo, N. Y.; John Peek Burt, San Diego, Cal.; Amos Avery Brewster, Montclair, N. J.; Frank Butler Hurd, George Brown Hurd, Charles Spielmann Richards, New York city; Rev. Edward Payson Johnson, Albany, N. Y.; Edward Steele Brownson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Eugene Lewis, New York city; Charles Bennet Tillinghast, Albany, N. Y.; William Stowell Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Azariah Hall Sawyer, Watertown, N. Y.; John Wilder Fairbank, Boston Mass.; Dr. William Frederick Holcombe, John S. White, New York city; Eben Putnam, Danvers, Mass.; William Dugnell Stuart, New York city; Murray Edward Poole, Ithaca, N. Y.; Reginald Heber White, Cooperstown, N. Y.; Edward Foster Williams, New York city; George Howard Street, Boston, Mass.; James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Hon. Theodore Bates, Worcester, Mass.; Charles Henry Ropes, Albert Smith Gallup, New York city.

The Pennsylvania Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America had a meeting October 5th and elected as members Hon. Charles King Francis and Hon. John Milton Colton, Philadelphia. This society was organized by the late Rear Admiral Richard W. Meade, U.S.N., and has a membership of nearly forty. The officers are as follows: Governor, Captain Samuel Emlen Meigs, Philadelphia; deputy-governor, Prof. Charles Edmund Dana, Philadelphia; treasurer, Charles Wurts Sparhawk, 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; secretary, Edward Lang Perkins, 110 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia; states attorney, Frederick Augustus R. Baldwin, Allentown; registrar, Charles Field Haseltine, 1720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Historian, Prof. James W. Moore, Easton; councilors, Dr. Henry Morris, Edward Lang Perkins, William Howard Hart, Philadelphia; Rollin Henry Wilbur, South Bethlehem; Charles Copelaad, Wilmington, Del.; Frederick Rogers Meigs, William P. Ellison, Dr. Francis Moore Perkins, Philadelphia.

The New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America will have a dinner early in December. While at the next meeting of the society several historical papers of great interest will be read to the members.

A Massachusetts Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America is being formed, and a meeting for organization will be called in November. There are already forty members of the Order living in Massachusetts, while several have applied to the charter members of the society when organized. Among those now enrolled as members are: Edward P. Chapin, Springfield; Hon. Theodore C. Bates, Worcester; George Ernest Bowman, Boston; Eben. Putnam, Danvers; William Bolles Baldwin, Pittsfield; William H. Clapp, Northampton; Prof. John Wilder Fairbank, Charles E. Rice, William Sanford Hills, Edward Augustus Hills, Boston; Frank E. Fitz, Wakefield; Edward Burchard Cox, William Emerson Cox, James Birney Alden, James Myles Standish, Boston; Henry M. Burt, Robert O. Morris, Fred Case Wright, Springfield; Charles William Gallampi, William T. Strong, Boston.

Order of the Old Guard, Chicago.



A meeting and banquet was held at the University Club, Chicago, on the evening of October 19th, to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The decorations were very tasty and appropriate, the table being laid in red, white, blue, buff and black, the colors of the Order. After enjoying a delightful banquet, numerous toasts were responded to, Colonel Charles Page Bryan, the president, acting as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to: "True Americanism," by Colonel Charles Page Bryan; "Old Colonial Days," by Colonel Charles Cromwell; "The Growth of the Order of the Old Guard," by Edward Forman; "George Washington as an Ideal Soldier and Ruler," by Colonel William Porter Adams, and others. It is hoped and expected that members of other societies will join this Order, so that in a short time Branch Orders may be in active existence in every State in the Union. A new and very attractive book giving the constitution and by-laws, charter members, officers and other information, will soon be

ready for distribution. Address Henry H. Walton, Secretary, 149 State Street, Chicago.

United States Daughters of 1812.



The first meeting for the season of the society of the United States Daughters of 1812 was held at the house of the president, Mrs. Alfred Russell. It was a very spirited and successful affair. Many letters of interest were read from different parts of the country urging the society to push forward the project to erect a monument to the memory of Major General Alex Macomb in the city of Detroit, where he was born. Congress has already been petitioned for an appropriation. Vermont and New York will be asked to unite in this, for to both these states General Macomb gave his distinguished services. Hon. Redfield Proctor has been asked to donate the pedestal as a gift from Vermont. A movement is on foot to have a "Macomb Day" in our public schools, when the life and services of this brave man and soldier shall be recounted and the sum of one penny asked of each pupil to buy one stone, so that every one shall have a part in doing this patriotic work. We have been too long unmindful of the heroes who made this the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Two very seasonable books are issued from the Macmillan Co., of New York. The Battle of Harlem Heights, by Prof. Henry P. Johnston, A. M., Professor of History, College City of New York, is full of interesting matter for the members of the patriotic societies. "The Family of Lafayette" will also attract attention. Prospectuses of both of these books will be sent to the readers of THE SPIRIT OF '76 by mentioning the paper, or the books will be forwarded by the Bureau of American History upon receipt of price. These books will be reviewed fully in another issue.

On November 30th the National Society of New England Women will give an entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York under the special direction of Mrs. Charles Elliot Fitch. It will consist of a dramatic and scenic reproduction of the history of this country from 1620 to 1865, a period of 245 years. So far as is possible, the men and women who took part in these great occurrences will be represented by their lineal descendants of to-day. The proceeds are to be devoted to the building fund of the society.

In the October number of this paper the report of the Rhode Island Sons of the Revolution was inserted under the head of the Society of the American Revolution, and the Fort Greene Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, under the Daughters of the Revolution. This was really a mistake on our part, but then this paper has all along believed there should be but one society of each, or what would be better, only one society. This is but another argument for consolidation.

TIFFANY & CO.

New Silver Works.

MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO. announce that their new Sterling Silver and Silver-Plated Ware Works at Forest Hill, New-ark, N.J., are now in full operation.

THE greatly increased facilities, new labor-saving methods and other improvements introduced, enable them now to offer to their patrons more advantages in prices and workmanship than were possible heretofore.

Mail Orders, Estimates, or General Inquiries are always assured prompt attention.

Union Square
New York

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF

THE SOCIETY

— OF THE —

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

I,, being of the age of twenty-one years
and upwards, to wit, of the age of....., hereby apply for membership in this
Society by right of lineal descent in the following line from.....
who was born in.....on the.....day of.....17.....
and died in.....on the.....day of.....1.....
and who assisted in the establishing American Independence.

I was born in.....County of.....
State of.....on the.....day of.....18.....

I am the son of.....and
....., his wife, and
grandson of.....and
....., his wife, and
great-gandson of.....and
....., his wife, and
great-great-grandson of.....and
....., his wife, and
great-great-great grandson of.....and
....., his wife, and
great-great-great-great-grandson of.....and
....., his wife
and he, the said..... is the ancestor who assisted in
establishing American Independence, while acting in the capacity of.....

Nominated and recommended by the undersigned members of
the Society :

Signature of applicant,

Residence,

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH ONE DOLLAR TO THE SPIRIT OF '76, 18 & 20 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ANCESTOR'S SERVICE.

"Any man shall be eligible to membership in this Society, who, being of the age of twenty-one years or over, and a citizen of good repute in the community, is the lineal descendant of an ancestor, who was at all times unflinching in his loyalty to and rendered actual service in the cause of American Independence, either as an officer, soldier, seaman, marine, militiaman or minute man, in the armed forces of the Continental Congress or of any one of the several Colonies or States; or as a Signer of the Declaration of Independence; or as a member of a Committee of Safety or Correspondence, or as a member of any Continental, Provincial, or Colonial Congress or Legislature; or as a civil officer either of one of the Colonies or States or of the national government; or as a recognized patriot, who performed actual service by overt acts of resistance to the authority of Great Britain."—*Constitution of National Society S. A. R., Article III, Section 1, adopted June 16, 1893.*

When the applicant derives eligibility of membership by descent from more than one ancestor, and it is desired to take advantage hereof, the history of each of said ancestor's services and the intermediate generations of the pedigree may all be written upon these pages; but it is desired that the history of each ancestor shall be written upon a separate blank when possible.

State fully such documentary or traditional authority as you found the following record upon, and also the residence of ancestors if known.

My ancestor's services in assisting in the establishment of American Independence during the War of the Revolution were as follows :

The following are references to the authorities for the above statements:

Signature of applicant,

WASHINGTON, OR THE REVOLUTION.

The following are some more of the many criticisms made upon Ethan Allen's "Drama of the Revolution" in its prose-form.

I. M. Toner, LL D—*Pres. of Columbian Historical Society, Washington, D. C., and President of Washington Monument Association, D. C.* "When I took up this book, I could not lay it down till I had read it from cover to cover, notes and all. It is a great national epic, worthy of Homer;—and amid the privations of the period, it shows our Washington, 'steel clad against despair.' The characters will live in the future as here drawn, and the presentation of each is so just. It will grow from age to age in grandeur like Milton's Paradise Lost. There are a hundred speeches in this work each equal to that of Lincoln at Gettysburg. Future ages will erect statues to this Author, and poets sing of his natal day."

William L. Stone—*A Leading Historian of the United States; Author of "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," "Burgoyne's Campaign," "Saratoga Battle Grounds," "History of New York City," and many other notable works.* "I can say nothing that will better show my appreciation of this 'Drama' than that I have just finished it, and feel that I can't retire to sleep till I have written this criticism, now half past one o'clock. I can honestly say, the author has made a most grand success. The style is perspicuous; the characters very naturally drawn; the historic details absolutely correct; while at the same time the narrative glides along smoothly and gracefully, each event leading up to the next without any straining. It will surely take high rank as a permanent classic and the time is near when not to have read it will be a mark of ignorance. It should be introduced at once into our schools as a reader. A higher reward than this no man could ask."

Rev. R. Heber Newton—*All Souls (Episcopal) Church, N. Y. City.* "I have read the 'Drama of the Revolution' with the greatest interest. It shows wide

reading in the authorities of the period, and a well digested conception of the history and personages. The idea of the 'Drama' is admirable. Characters live in it and move like human beings and not like the manikins of 'history.' The arrangement of parts secures a wide variety of scenes and action, while threading the story clearly. I found the old tale growing, fresh to me, and well-known heroes looming up like veritable men. I am particularly struck with the command of fine and racy old English displayed, betokening deep and habitual draughts from 'the wells of English undefiled.' I hope that the publishers will do their part to secure for this a wide reading. Then it will help on that renaissance of Americanism which we need so greatly.

Professor J. H. Allen, New York—"I have been reading the 'Drama' over and over again, and have learned more about the history of the United States than I ever knew before from volumes of study. It presents the facts in a way so concise that the actors become living characters, very interesting to become acquainted with, and easy to follow in their work. This book will live long after we, and coming generations, have passed away. Indeed, to-day it ought to be in the hands of every one of the Anglo-Saxon race. The author 'has left his footprints on the sands of time.' Shakespeare is often muddled in his sentences, but there is not a line in this 'Drama' that is not as clear in meaning as a crystal spring.

Frank B. Carpenter—*Author of "Life of Lincoln," "Six Months in the White House," and Artist of "Emancipation Proclamation" in Washington; and "Arbitration of Alabama Claims" in Windsor Castle, England.* "I became more deeply interested in this 'Drama' than ever before in a book of its class. In constructive ability it is most wonderful. The whole story of our struggle for freedom is told. Its language is poetic blank verse, as can readily be observed, and it should be so printed. It is the work of a copyist to give it the metrical form, for which evidently it is written. It is a work to live, and for this generation to be proud of. It is more fascinating than any romance. Hereafter, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and the others of the era of 1776, will be the men that the author has made to speak and walk in this noble story. When the bronze monument to Nathan Hale, erected in the City Hall Park, New York, shall have surrendered to the corroding forces of time, the Nathan Hale of this book will still continue to be an inspiring influence touching every heart."

Ethan Allen's Drama of the Revolution.

(IN BLANK VERSE.)

In regular succession the Fourth Act appears with this month. Now for the first time France reveals her friendship for us, thanks to Franklin, who had secured the favor of the Count de Vergennes in the Cabinet of King Louis 16th. This minister rode down all opposition at the French Court, and directly to his influence—according to this Drama—is this nation indebted for the fleets and armies whose cannons and swords were united with our own, till Yorktown fell. It was of the Third Scene in this Act, that the eminent historian John Clarke Ridpath wrote, "this is a thrilling and remarkable summary. The colloquy herein given between Washington and Arnold, every American should read and ponder."

Elsewhere we again call attention to some more of the remarkable criticisms which this work called forth in prose.

Washington, or the Revolution

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Room of Count de Vergennes, Minister of King Louis XVI., in Royal Palace, at Versailles, France. Time: February, 1777.*

COUNT DE VERGENNES, Minister of Foreign Affairs, seated at a table.

VERGENNES.—Since the English Henry was at Agincourt, no time has been more auspicious to amend that history. The New World passed from our grasp at Quebec.

And again the Briton beat us down. France Can now revel in a revenge that cancels Ages of humiliation. Before me, Choiseul saw the future as I do now, And humored this revolt. To follow him Is wisdom. Strike from England these colonies, And she no longer threatens as the Colossus She hopes to be. Spain would have France do the

Deed of injury; but to share in it She dares not. Nor is it policy that France Too greedily, advances to opportunity. Diplomacy shall hide the hand of mail; And that extend which is loaded with good Intentions. The British Ambassador Suspects our purpose;—but filmy suspicion With no solid proof supporting—the

Shadow, and not the knowledge of open act, Is thus far his possession.

Hence Lord Stormont storms in vain.

[*Enter Louis XVI., King of France.*]

Heaven grant that your Majesty Is in health this morning!

LOUIS—Thanks, good Count.

Receiving my summons, perhaps you Divined the motive of this meeting?

VERGENNES—The Colonies— Now in revolt from England?

LOUIS—Precisely.

I am much harassed, not knowing what to do. Maurepas and Turgot—far-seeing men— Are both against our interference.

VERGENNES—How difficult it is

To map the future, and line it here and There as if subject to our hand like the Firm and measurable earth! If this may Be done with the precision of mechanics, Then the statesman has survived his skill, and The dolt is as good as he in politics. Uncertainty ever hides behind the Curtain of the future, and doubt rides with All foretelling. Choiseul was of opinion The opposite of Maurepas, and, as I think, was wiser in his reasoning. Now or never is the time to bring England To her knee; and we do this with the weapon We extend in friendship to these Colonies.

LOUIS—Shall I forget my place;—and the duty Which royalty owes to royalty? Joseph of Austria, my royal brother— And here my visitor,—refuses to see The agents of this revolt, saying: "I am a King by trade!" So, indeed am I! And, therefore, may not hurt my guild more than

He of other calling.

VERGENNES—Sire! As the years roll on, Great changes come. The people, once the puppet of the throne, Are become its prop and master! The King Who notes not this,— Or gives to it but little of respect,— May some day miss the path of safety. Frenchmen to-day burn with a fiery Frenzy to strike our rival across the Channel. It may scorch him sadly—even Though he wears a crown—who Seeks to check Vesuvius while he flames!

LOUIS—Your words fall upon ears, Which receive their lesson because they must.

All Paris, all France, the Continent!—go Stumbling over rank and station to

Caress this democrat—this Franklin—whose Name obscures all others.

VERGENNES—Then let us profit From this current of opinion, since it Runs to the defeat of England. This modern Prometheus controls the lightning; and, He permitting, we may direct the bolt!

LOUIS—We are not prepared for war;— And the Colonies may fail.

VERGENNES—It is prudent They be smelted for a season; That we may know if they are gold or dross. When their swords shall win the right to kindness, Then be it extended openly. Meanwhile, under cover, we alone Shall know that which we do.

LOUIS—Their agents are already informed,— In answer to that petition, handed To us when this year was young,—that we Cannot furnish either ships or cargoes?

VERGENNES—Yes, sire. In happy contentment did they receive Your gracious answer of refusal. This contentment grew, from the private gift Extended in your royal hand of credit And of money, which meant so much to them At home. The restless Beaumarchais quickly Pushed to sea three ships, burdened deep with arms.

Two of these have safely sailed their course! The third fell a prize to British guns.

LOUIS—Then thus far Has tribute been granted to the people. But we play a game that needs a crafty Hand. The ocean is swept by American Privateers, and they seek our harbors for Their confiscations. The state must not forget

Its honor, even in deference to The people wild with zeal to hurt our rival.

VERGENNES—All this admitted, Stormont has done no more than beat the air In harmless protest. We surely would not Try to change the drama as now it runs.

LOUIS—France sleeps serenely, While your discretion guards.

[*Exit the King.*]

VERGENNES—So may France always sleep! Charles, a son of France, the mighty Hammer For distinction called—struck down the Moor, and Saved all Europe to the Cross, the Crescent Rising never more to threaten. She is ever found in the lead of Liberal thought, whence grow generous states.

France has earned the right to sleep serenely;—
If she sleeps at all.

[Enter FRANKLIN]

VERGENNES—Good morning, Doctor.
You have opportunely come. I expected you.

FRANKLIN—You please me much.
If coming, I hear good news. A lackey
Told me you were present;—and, as I have
Come on your commands,—I was not then
Too bold to enter?

VERGENNES—You are now, as ever, welcome.
The King has just departed.

FRANKLIN—And I hope, left behind him,
In your keeping, good intentions for those
I serve.

VERGENNES—Louis is a King!
And as a king, has no love for subjects
Who rebel. No king has. Charles of Spain
will

Not sanction popular revolt, and so
Decides. Louis, however, bows to his
People, who through their ministers, or some
Of them, daily make their wishes known to
him.

FRANKLIN—The French are friendly to our
cause.

But not so you who govern. Upon my
Landing, I was forbidden to enter
Paris. Forbidden, as if a culprit!

VERGENNES—You came, however!
The restraining order was much too late,—
Or you too venturesome.

FRANKLIN—And being here,—
You would not turn me out for a dozen
Englands? It was so unfortunate,
You failed in time to stop me.

[Both laugh.]

VERGENNES—It was a lapse most lamentable!
And so the Ambassador of England
Was informed.

FRANKLIN—The shipment of many cargoes, for
Our help, have been forbidden from these
ports?

VERGENNES—In all these, again, too late!
The orders limped, and the cargoes sped.
A strange misfortune, as England knows.

FRANKLIN—You have denied
The rights of harbor to our privateers?

VERGENNES—And in every case,
You have enjoyed that right, as if you owned
This Kingdom. And saucily have your
ships,—
With stomachs filled from keel to deck,—
put out

To sea for further depredations. How
Like a snail in motion have been official
Mandates here, when aimed against America!
Upon each lapse, as a convent nun, with eyes
Demurely floored, we make to England sighs
Of deep repentance. Then, comes the offence
Again.

FRANKLIN—[Laughing heartily]. Count,—
It grieves me much to note such negligence.
I fear that you give that worthy
Ambassador of England cause for much
Anxiety. Watch me! Watch me closely;
Or here I'll equip an army, and with
It march away.

VERGENNES—A thing most likely.
Your pleasantry may be reality
When you have successfully held the field
A little longer. Be content that
Equivocation aids you now; and till
The iron hand filled with material gifts
Openly supplants it.

FRANKLIN—I can ask no more.
You gave me notice, Count, that I should
meet
A stranger here.

VERGENNES—An impetuous youth,
Who will not be denied admittance to
Your presence. He is now due.

[Enter LAFAYETTE.]

Good-morning, Marquis. You are on the tick
Of punctuality. Doctor Franklin,
This is the Marquis de Lafayette, whom
I commend to you.

[DR. FRANKLIN and LAFAYETTE bow.]

FRANKLIN—It gives me the greatest pleasure
To meet my friend of yours, Vergennes.
I did not catch the name

LAFAYETTE—My name is
Gilbert Mortier de Lafayette.
Called here at home Marquis de Lafayette.

FRANKLIN—And, Marquis, something of
Your name and family I know already.
What service may I render you?

LAFAYETTE—Commend me to your Govern-
ment.

I have closed a contract with Mr. Dean,—
Your colleague,—to serve your people as best
I can in arms.

FRANKLIN—Such commendation you shall have,
And my heart dictate it. But you are young
For such a daring enterprise.

LAFAYETTE—If youth be my only fault,
Then this can be cured.

FRANKLIN—But you must live to cure it.
I would not encourage your journey across
The sea. Disaster has followed us in
America—though the news of Trenton
And of Princeton, lately come, revive brave
Expectations.

LAFAYETTE—If your country did not need my
sword,

I would not tender it. I seek
To confer—not to receive—a favor.

FRANKLIN—I am overwhelmed
With such as offer aid, but from very
Different motives:—who would fight our
Battles, if sure profit followed! We are
Very poor in purse. You should know the
worst.

LAFAYETTE—The greater reason this
For my engagement. I am rich in purse,
And will provide my own ship for
Transportation.
Then I am not debtor to any man.

FRANKLIN—You are a favorite of the Court.
Distinguished in rank—with youth and
health and

Wealth—to buttress it securely. A young
Wife adds to favors which fall upon you,
Thick as flowers poured from the cornu-
copian
Horn.

VERGENNES—To this you may add,
The King in disapproval, forbids this
Madcap's journey to America.

FRANKLIN—What moves you to this sacrifice of
pleasures,
Which others would dare much to keep when
gained?

LAFAYETTE—Were I made for no better end
Than to loll in drowsy dullness, it were
Well to ask me as you have. The dog in
My kennel, which this hand feeds, is sleek
from

Luxury, and daily fawns for more. I
Could take a lesson from his contentment,
And in the rounds of ease sing my own life
Away:—And be a dog. With this as highest
Wish, then let me die at once,—a groveller
Upon the earth,—and give place to some
better

Beast From across the water, he who
listens
Hears that men of brave thoughts, and with
high.

Inspiring aims, are up in action to
Lift mankind into a higher destiny.
Wrong is to be suppressed; tyranny
Trampled down; and liberty defended.
Such purpose thrills, as if proclaimed with
voice

Supernal;—and every man worthy of the
Name should join his kindred. Shall I sit here
And seek a lazy rest, when others, in
God-like deeds, are spurring on to Fame's
proud

Temple that reaches up to Heaven? The
Thought of duty, in such stirring times, urges
The impatient body on:—
And healthy fibre tires from inaction.
The clarion call of heroes swelling
Across the sea, sounds in my ears:—
And I cry back to them, I come! I come!

VERGENNES—All the young men of France are
thus impelled! And our gracious Queen
abets them.

FRANKLIN (to Lafayette). So far as I can direct it
You shall stand with the best in our armies.

[All retire.]

SCENE II.—*Royal Council Chamber, Buck-
ingham Palace, London. Same
as Act 2, Scene 3.*

Time: February, 1777
Enter King George III., Lord
North, Lord Germain and Gen.
Burgoyne.

KING—This news of Trenton
Comes to plague us, at the time when
Expectation had fixed its seal upon
The bond of victory. Bad work has been
somewhere done.

GERMAIN—Our Generals
Have been slow to harvest after advantage
Gained, your Majesty. At Long Island and
On the heights of Harlem a quick advance
Would have secured to us all who stood
opposed

In arms:
The autumnal fruits thus garnered into
Our bins as the reward of summer's trials,—
The barren stubble left could not disquiet
Us. Across New Jersey we kept the traitors
In front, when we should have gathered them
Behind as prisoners. At Trenton we slept
Until the enemy, at his pleasure,
Awoke us with his guns. I am no soldier;
But as a novice say, this is not the
Way to conquer. Burgoyne, is this so?

BURGOYNE—Excuse me if I hesitate
To criticise my fellow-soldiers.
This is the courtesy of arms.

NORTH—Howe fails to recognize
The efficacy of energetic
Action. A younger and more dashing chief
Will redeem the past; and I think we have
Him here,—though he is too modest to
Admit it.

BURGOYNE—You do me too much honor,
If your reference be to me.

KING—General Howe calls for
Fifteen thousand more troops. We are not
Preparing to assail all Europe after
The Colonies. Yet upon such a levy
Might such suspicion rest.

GERMAIN—We cannot get them.
Every effort has been put forth with our
German friends,—hitherto so generous,—
And the additions made to us will not
Exceed three thousand.

KING—Carleton, too,
Calls for thirty thousand. Burgoyne, are so
Many men required?

BURGOYNE—Your Majesty, with skill led for-
ward—

A wise plan, of course, preceding—one-third
Of this number could cleave from north to
south;
As the ax divides the log by blow of
Proper aim.

KING—Have you arranged a plan?

GERMAIN—We have, your Majesty:—
To be followed upon your approval.
The line of strategy is now as it
Was a year ago—a march from Canada

To New York, down a dividing stream, the Hudson named. To our Gen. Carleton, last Autumn, was given the order to do this deed. He advanced to Crown Point, scattering

Opposition, and there encamped; further Motion was to return upon his march To Canada; leaving, as we learn, a Stricken enemy wondering at his retreat. Thus he in part did the work assigned him. The better half remained undone when he Fell back.

KING—We have in America Too many generals who, like this one, Promise much and do but little.

GERMAIN—Burgoyne agrees, With ten thousand men, to march to Albany, The central point in the field of action. With a column from the west, through the Mohawk Valley—and General Howe from New York—all conjoining here, the work is Not in part, but wholly done;—and then Rebellion, as we believe, dealt a Mortal wound.

KING—Who is to lead this column from the West?

GERMAIN—No one has yet been named. It is a wild march through a savage land.

KING—Then let it be Colonel Barre St. Leger. A trusty man for a desperate work. And chief command be given to Burgoyne. Who is here to pledge success. We are weary Of this delay to restore to our Kingdom Peace.

BURGOYNE—Bearing this confidence of your Majesty, I will be in Canada before May Blossoms fall; and moving at once bring Victory home when the fruits ripen in The autumn.

GERMAIN—Upon the calendar this is a year Distinguished. Three like figures mark it. May three sevens, with the unit in front Of all, be the lucky number in the Links of time, that wins a rest from this tedious Strife!

KING—What success Attends recruiting in America?

GERMAIN—In New York and in New Jersey,— We have gained more than a regiment of Resident soldiers. Loyalty to the Crown is still there found, and heard, too, when free To speak.

KING—This does not include Savage support? My thoughts run to this.

GERMAIN—Brant, The chief of many Indian tribes, is Enlisted with us. Thousands will follow In his train, with tomahawk and scalping Knife; terrible both to civilized Communities. I maintain my promise To the Commons, that the plan just submitted Will surely end this war, and before this Year is closed.

KING—There is one annoyance That should have abatement even at the Cost of severest remedy. Our commerce Moves with timid sail, since armed cruisers of America dare molest it. No recognized Power grants charters of the sea to these Marauders; hence they are pirates, and should As such be treated.

GERMAIN—The naval commissions, As issued now, so direct. Armed vessels Of America are pirates, as we Make the law; and within the scope of our Instructions their men, as soon as captured, Are to be hanged at the English yardarm.

KING—Lord Stormont Continues to report the perfidy Of France. She receives these corsairs and their

Prizes, all the while professing friendship And neutrality for us, a friendly Power.

GERMAIN—More than that:—

She entertains, upon the footing of An Ambassador, this Franklin; too long Tolerated here in London. And the Court and mob exalt him as a hero.

BURGOYNE—If all goes as here provided, The day is near when French manners must be Mended! Tumble your hero into the Gutter and he becomes as loathsome as His companion there, even to his idolaters! When their banners are toppled down by the King's artillery the gutter awaits Them all! In the campaign this day arranged We shall do our best to teach the need of Greater honesty in French diplomacy!

KING—Blow high or low, traitors are on the rack; And we'll not rest till treason bows the neck. [All retire.

SCENE III.—*Camp of Washington, at Middlebrook, New Jersey.*

Time: May 28, 1777.

Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, and (CAPT.) now COL. STANDISH.

STANDISH—Here we are in the camp of my chief; And here I could contentedly remain.

ARNOLD—Since you left, however, You have changed the signs upon your shoulders To a higher grade. In the army we live for rank and honors.

STANDISH—And you, too, General, have been fortunate. What Congress denied to your merits a Few weeks ago, you have wrung from it by Your valor since:— The epaulets of a Major General.

ARNOLD—These sages of civil life! They select commanders from the soil they Grow upon, as they do their cabbage! I was born in Connecticut; and that State had two Major Generals to it Accredited. Because of this, though I Were an Alexander, geography Was as fatal to me as a ton of Lead around my neck in the open sea. In these new selections! Standish, this was To me an insult, which sooner or later I would have avenged upon these men. And as it is, I fear, sometimes, that I May remember it when I should not do so.

STANDISH—Danbury changed that; And humiliated the humiliators.

ARNOLD—But for Washington, Who knew a wrong was done, and urged a Remedy, I am not sure Congress would Have revised its map. For like reason, since I know no other, Stark was neglected. He breasted hostile bullets at Bunker Hill, At Princeton, and in other fights between. Had he been Great Jove, and smitten the Enemy with his lightnings, having been Born in New Hampshire, his deeds would weigh as

Nothing against this natal error. Stark Has gone home angry. To curse his native Hills, no doubt, for playing the base trick of Wet-nursing him!

STANDISH—You are in error as to Stark. In him Congress found a stubborn will, but Little used to the obedient mood;— And so did not call him. Gallant Stark! No matter where he sulks or hides, when the Blast of war blows in his ears, he will be Found in the front ranks for Freedom! Honor

Holds him fast to honor's shield, heedless of The rank his shoulders carry! General Tryon will not seek to cross swords Again with you, General Arnold?

ARNOLD—Perhaps not.

At Danbury we were outnumbered heavily. Tryon destroyed the stores and burned the Village. But homeward bound, we caught him.

While I was in front at Ridgewood, brave Wooster, From behind, pushed him on, as the mastiff Tears at the flanks of the frightened bull! We rode fetlock stained among the dead! Night came to the relief of these torch-bearing

Britons—and under its friendly cover They escaped our further vengeance!

STANDISH—Your horse was shot under you! And for this Congress votes you a fresh Animal,—and in rank makes you what you are!

Wooster, pressing close, fell with his face to The British line! I then crimsoned my sword With the wine of British lives in recompense!

ARNOLD—And so heavy was the toll Extracted that you are now a Colonel.

[Enter WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON (*bowing to both*).—Gen. Arnold, To this camp I could give no one a warmer Welcome. Of late, as heretofore,—for so Your habit is,—you have been giving these English a cutting blade! At Danbury, You added new laurels to such as already Twine around you!

ARNOLD—General! The hardships of war are lighter, when they Are softened with such commendation.

WASHINGTON—Since Princeton, We have rested upon these Jersey hills. But, winter has folded her icy wings, And summer brings a grateful recompense For his nipping rage. Howe, shaking off a city's dullness, has Ventured forth to tread among our flowers; and, Like busy bees we have stung him back again. To-day we advance our camp from Morris-town Here to Middlebrook,—to test the courage Of these Britons. In New York City, and Within its call, they have a force of Twenty-five thousand men;— We confront them with one-third that number.

ARNOLD—You will whip Howe badly, With no greater difference between you. One to five against us, I regard as Fair battle. He will not assail you upon Present terms.

WASHINGTON—You jest on serious things. I dare not venture a struggle against Such odds, unless entrenched. If he throws the Gauge—and so he may—I will repel him From these hills, which are nature's battle-ments.

But I would not risk a conflict in the Open field. Suspecting him of wish for Philadelphia to quarter in next Winter, should he cross New Jersey to gain His end, we are here to dispute the road. If he wins his goal, we shall still be near To watch and worry him;— As once we did when Boston gave him shelter.

STANDISH—I notice, General, That you at least have not lost heart; since even To the coming winter you forecast your plans.

WASHINGTON—If, after Long Island, I held fast to hope, I surely will do So now. Thanks to Franklin and to generous France, we are at last equipped. Guns, stores and Ammunition have crossed the seas to us.

Our little navy has done its share; and,
In a measure independent of them all,
We now make for ourselves things most
needed.

Unity!—Unity of action!—is
What we sadly want to-day.

ARNOLD—The old cry:—
Our cause still weakened from the jealousy
Of meaner men, who fawn at the feet of
Power, and by private favor win the
Place of eminence. And Congress favors
this!

Will this go on forever?

WASHINGTON—I make no reflections
Upon any man; and will be no partisan,
Since I am the Chief. It is a grave danger
That Schuyler and Gates will not act in
Harmony. To their dissensions we may
Chiefly charge the loss of our stores at
Peekskill.

STANDISH—Schuyler is the older in rank.
Gates should not seek to climb at his cost.

WASHINGTON—In March last
Congress ordered that my judgment in the
Army be supreme. It was a decree
Of empty sound; for, since then, Congress has
Taken sole charge of this Northern quarrel.
When Gates was made,—one year ago this
June,—

Commander of the forces operating
In Canada, it was not supposed that
He would claim from this to rank Schuyler,
when

This same Canadian army came within
Our borders. This he did, however, and—
Congress opposed his view.

STANDISH—And straightway,
Like a tricky politician, Gates began
To flatter and plead for place, to Schuyler's
Detriment. For this he sought Congress, and
Left you at the ferry;—and while the
Delaware you crossed to Trenton, he crossed
To Baltimore. From that day he has
Bombarded the civil rulers in his
Own behalf.

WASHINGTON—I will not join you, Standish,
In your criticism. Men are weak. And even
Those of merit sometimes value themselves
Higher than others do. Schuyler, fretting
From interference, in petulance wrote
To Congress;—and that body, without
Consulting me,—not even giving notice
Of the act appointed Gates as chief of
Schuyler's army.

ARNOLD—Were I the head of our troops, Con-
gress
Should know the danger of such insolence.

WASHINGTON—Then, Arnold,
I rejoice that you are not that head. There
Can be but one supreme authority
In the State; and we should bow to that,
though
Error at times may taint it. Gates was of
Opinion that too many troops were here;—
And asked Congress to divide my command
For his benefit. The makers of our
Laws so ordered, and I obeyed. I did
Think application should be made by Gates
To me as Chief; but, since he thought other-
wise,—

I would not cavil about the shadow,
If the substance was to be made more secure.
The substance is to destroy the invaders
Of our soil; all else is shadow.

ARNOLD—I assure you, General,
You act with too much patience. Times are
out
Of joint when subordinates thus flout their
Commander; yielding does not mend them.
With all his cunning, Gates lost his game!
Schuyler is again in favor.

WASHINGTON—So you know that, do you?
In the turn of fortune's wheel, only one
Week ago, Schuyler was once more, by
Congress, given command of the Northern

Army. But will this stay so? I have laid
The plans for meeting these hirelings from
Canada; but who, at last, will execute
Th-m? Arnold, I intend to send you there,
When the plot ripens and the battle comes
Threatening on.

ARNOLD—Wherever Washington directs,
There will Arnold go, pledged to do his
utmost.

WASHINGTON—This I know.
And, therefore, want Arnold at our Northern
Gates, where giants will assail. I cannot
Tell—Indeed I do not yet know—who will
Lead the British; but the importance of
The movement will enlist their best.
Standish,

You will also gather new honors there,
Or have the opportunity. I cast
From myself the bayonet and flint of
My own armor for such you are to me—
When I send you off. But I would defeat
These visitors at any cost. Near New York
I must remain to watch the head assailant,
Who there encamps his mightiest power.
With such a strength as I may gather here,
I will trust myself to fortune.

[All retire.

SCENE IV.—*Headquarters of GEN. HOWE in
New York City.*

Time: June, 1777.

*Enter GEN. HOWE, GEN. SIR
HENRY CLINTON, and GEN. LORD
CORNWALLIS.*

HOWE—Sir Henry, I shall do no such thing!
If this be disobedience of orders,
Then Germain may make the most of it.

CLINTON—It is commanded, so I read, that you
And your power shall join Burgoyne at
Albany; when he comes there the expected
Conqueror.

HOWE—Not so, Sir Henry.
I am notified that Burgoyne will try
And join me by way of the Hudson.
Very well! This he may do, if he can.
It is an outrage that Carleton is so
Treated; and also much of insult this
Order brings to me. Should we, who have
grown

Old in dodging cannon balls, now bow in
Deference to this upstart John Burgoyne?
These men who plan campaigns in London,
may

Come and execute them. I have written
Germain that this Northern Army will get
Little aid from me; and that while he makes
Plans, I do the same; that I have resolved
To assault Philadelphia.

CORNWALLIS—General, was not that a hasty
letter?—

Which cooler thought will wish to cancel?

HOWE—No! By the Heavens above us, no!
For years I have had a soldier's fare here
In America. Lived in wretched tents,
And many times, of necessity, with
Coarsest food satisfied dainty appetite.
Have frozen in the winter and scorched in
Summer's heat, and through it all planned,
marched,
And fought; and with all borne such anxiety
As is known only to a chief commander.

CLINTON—And, as I think,
Have won great battles, worthy of reward.

HOWE—And this reward?
It is that I give myself as a wing
To this fledgling—tho' he may soar, and say
To a gaping world,—“Look!
I am the conqueror of America!”
Again, I will not do it. I have asked
For reinforcements; and, where I expected
Fifteen thousand, got but three. This noble
Lord is mortified, indeed, that my
Successes are tarnished by defeat! He
Has written so. Who rolls on,—and still on,
To successive triumphs? The highest

Soaring pinion from mere exhaustion will
Sometimes seek the plain, though it mounts
again.

CLINTON—It is the fault with some
Never once upon a field of battle, to
Think they can set the fighting squadrons
best.

CORNWALLIS—It is the wisdom of ignorance.
The world is full of it.

HOWE—Then I will not yield to it.
I would rather be a traitor to a
Fool than to my King.

CLINTON—General,—pardon me; you are rash.
You will feel less of injury when the
Fever goes. Meantime let me counsel
Moderation both in speech and conduct.

CORNWALLIS—As your friend,
I urge Sir Henry's wise advice.

HOWE—I accept your cooler judgment,
Gentlemen; and sink the man into the
Soldier. These are my plans. I leave you
here,
Sir Henry, with six thousand, to keep what
We have gained. Such aid as you may give
Burgoyne be your affair, not mine. With the
Rest I will sail for Philadelphia,—
Since the sea is more friendly than dry land—
And so give up the march intended.
As you know, when Washington advanced
from

His hills in Morristown to Middlebrook,
I offered battle upon the plain, which
He declined. I will not attack his
Entrenchments, nor move across New Jersey,
With him on flank and rear. It is now high
Summer,—and we can best show our regard
For July Fourth—become the day of honor
With the profound reformers—by sailing
hence

At this pompous time, and advancing, as
Wind and tide may favor us, upon the
Town where was hatched this ill-feathered
bird

Of Independence. I will gain it, or
Germain may mortify again at my
Tarnished glory.

CLINTON—With knowledge
Of the grave responsibility, I
Assume command here; as so you
Honor me

HOWE—Cornwallis,—you sail with me.

CORNWALLIS—Whenever the sails
Are bellied by favoring winds,
I shall be found on board.

[All retire.

SCENE V.—*Headquarters of GEN. CARLETON
at Three Rivers, Canada.*

Time: June, 1777.

*Enter GEN. SIR GUY CARLETON
and GEN. FREDERICK RIEDESEL.*

CARLETON—You men of Germany
Must learn the field from us; who for years
have
Tramped through its briars and felt the
pricking thorns.

RIEDEL—An old soldier
Can claim some right to judge the future from
The weight of his artillery and that
Opposed. This campaign will surely end a
Wretched war and England regain her own.
I am posing as a prophet.

CARLETON—And so have others;—
And been scourged, by loss of reputation
As seers, for doing so. You men from
Brunswick will better know the enemy
When you have met him.
You may then revise your prophecy.

RIEDEL—The plan
Of uniting the army of Canada
With that of Howe at Albany,—
St. Leger advancing from the west,—
Is well laid. Successful execution
Must bring the end, as I have prophesied.

CARLETON—Who will stand sponsor
For such successful execution?
I will not. If you consent, then great is
Your generosity. I have tried to gain
The views of Howe thereon, and the cave of
Silence is not more quiet, so far, than he.
I much suspect he turns his eyes away,
And refuses to see the signal of
Attack in this direction. And I do
Not censure him; though between us there is
No friendship that should make either fret at
The other's injury. He,—as well as I,—
Has been overreached by a subordinate.
This plan of attack is mine!
Another would pluck and wear its honors.

RIEDELSE—Gen. Carleton!
I came here to fight the enemies of
King George; not to mingle in the quarrels
Of his officers.

CARLETON—Nor shall you find any quarrel,
With me a party. I obey as a
Soldier should, but not beyond the letter
Of my supplanting order, stintedly
Construed. I have turned over the army
Of Canada—that part about to cross
The border—to Gen. Burgoyne.
Such is the command. He may lead it where
And how he will;—
But, I go not with him to grace his car.
I remain in Canada;
As General Burgoyne knows from me.

RIEDELSE—And so all of us
Who march will share in a common loss.

CARLETON—In fifty-nine I was with Wolfe
Before Quebec; and on my person bear
The scars of battle there as my credentials.
For years I have been the ranking soldier
Of the King in all America; but
Specially have commanded the Canadian
Army. Some service is set to my account.
But what of that?
A life of toil and triumphs, such as the
Great Macedonian endured and won,
Would all go as nothing,—should an un-
friendly
Minister be the critic.

[Enter GEN. BURGOYNE.]

RIEDELSE—Good-morning, General.

BURGOYNE—Also to you, Riedesel.
And may every morning renew a blessing
To you, General Carleton!

CARLETON—A timely salutation;—
And needed much by me.

BURGOYNE—I am sure
You would not scold Dame Fortune, who has
Crowned an honored brow so lavishly?

CARLETON—And yet, sometimes,
Her good intent will fail, counterpoised
By the bad intent of others.

BURGOYNE—We all meet disappointments.
Constant pleasures sicken, as continued
Sweets would do. Variety is the new birth
Of daily life,
And rescues the humblest from monotony.
Too smooth a road is tiresome, as one
Too rough; and the reason in each the same.

CARLETON—A soldier
Seldom finds his road too smooth.

BURGOYNE—I trust, General Carleton,
To yourself pertaining, I am free from
The charge of any act that roughens it.

CARLETON—I am without evidence,
And so acquit you. But this I know:—
You have my command; how you gained it—
While I was at the post of duty here
And you in London, three thousand miles
away—
You can better answer.

BURGOYNE—Do you doubt me in this?
Or do you put in question my loyalty
To you, whom so long I followed with most
Willing steps?

CARLETON—I know not whom
To doubt or question. But I shall know in

Time. The guilty man shall answer to me
For this affront, even though he be a
Minister of the King.

BURGOYNE—I regret
That thus you arraign Germain;—
For to him, as I perceive, you point.

CARLETON—He has censured me!
And, after, deprived me of command
As one unfit to lead That command is
Now yours.
May you have honor in keeping it!

BURGOYNE—And the honor in keeping it, no whit
Outweigh the honor in obtaining it!
And both be as two rills that, flowing through
The land, are each unto the other a
Counterpart in clear and sparkling volume.

CARLETON—You sing in a lofty strain!
You were with the King and his advisers
When I fell from the grace of all.
He who seeks a place which royalty may give
It is better for him to bombard a prince's
ears
Than a battery of hostile guns.

BURGOYNE (*grasping the hilt of his sword*).
General Carleton!
Your words convey a meaning for which the
Speaker should feel resentment from this
blade,
Did they fall from other lips.

RIEDELSE (*stepping between them*). When
two commanders
Of such rank assail each other,
Both injure a prop that upholds a throne.

BURGOYNE—General Riedesel,
If you are ready, we will join the army
And move at once upon our expedition.
The wives and families of officers, who
So desire, have permission to attend
Our march,—since no danger can threaten
Them.

[All retire]

SCENE VI.—*Encampment in the Valley of the
Mohawk, near Fort Stanwix.*
Time: August, 1777
Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD and
COL. STANDISH.

ARNOLD—We need go no further
At such breathless pace. Herkimer has
Paralyzed this arm of Burgoyne without
Our aid. Fort Stanwix has not yielded, but
St. Leger has, and is now in full retreat.

STANDISH—Glorious news!
From what source obtained?

ARNOLD—A scout just in reports it.
In ambuscade of savage warriors
At Oriskany, Herkimer was sorely
Pressed, till Gansevoort sent relief from the
Fort, upon the report to him of the
Approach and battle. This changed the
conflict.

The Indians carried some scalps away,—but
Left in death many of their braves as recom-
pense.

STANDISH—Schuyler will find in this
Great solace for all his troubles; and they
Are many.

ARNOLD—The plan to strike the enemy
And wound him here was wise. Our march
back to
Albany will be quickened from the news
We carry.

[Enter a messenger.]

MESSENGER—I am sent to you,
General Arnold, to make report.

ARNOLD—You may give it here.
Who sends you?

MESSENGER—Colonel Gansevoort.
After the fight at Oriskany,—where
Slaughter sought the Indian as if Death's
Favorite,—by savage scouts reports were
Carried to St. Leger that you were
Approaching, many thousand strong.
Whether

True or false, the end was that, panic-
stricken,
These red-skinned allies of the English swept
From their General's hands all authority.
They turned in plunder upon the men they
Served,—and many a British soldier now
Mourns their contact. St. Leger, infected
With the fear, followed them in retreat.
When this fight began, you, with such force as
You may lead, were yet forty miles away.
Tents, artillery, and stores are left to us.

ARNOLD—Then we have not marched in vain.
Upon my head be the guilt of the false
Rumor that did an army's labor.
While marching hither—this you may report
To Gansevoort—Hon-Yost was taken as
A spy; and condemned, as such, to die.
His mother, an Indian witch or gypsy,
Begged his life, which I gave back on condi-
tion

That he carry the tale into St. Leger's
Camp, now by you reported. For surety,
His brother was held as hostage. He has
Done his work. The brother gains his free-
dom;—

And the fortune-telling mother may now
Resume her ghostly task, of turning the
Mirror of the future to the present Eye.
If deception were a diety, and
Did good like this, I'd worship her.
Here we find rich recompense for tiresome
Days of tramping through trackless forests,
And how fares gallant Herkimer?

MESSENGER—Wounded,
He refused to leave while the fight was on.
Supported by a tree, he ordered the
Battle to the end.
Though yet alive, his wound is mortal.

ARNOLD—I wish that part had been left untold;
For it is a heavy cloud upon a
Radiant sky. To him in such a death,
Is all the gain, and the loss is ours.
Most favored of mortals, he, to strike, and,
Striking, win the first blow in this last cam-
paign

Of tyranny! Wounded and dying, he
Would not leave the fight while yet life's
current

Run—it was thus you made report—and that
Stopping, he mounts to bivouac eternal.
Immortal sacrifice! In years to come,
Little children upon their sire's knee
Will be told this tale, and wondering, lisp
"Brave Herkimer!" Grey-beards tottering
Under the load of years, when they repeat
The story o'er and o'er a thousand times,
With rekindling eye will add at close, to
Round their eulogy: "Grand old Herki-
mer!"

Beware Burgoyne! Tremble at the name of
Herkimer! He yet fights on, for deathless
Is his example. This August heat glows
With goods news! Then let it rage and
burn its

Blessings upon our submissive heads!

MESSENGER—In this battle
Was raised over the fort the banner of
The Republic, last June adopted.
Thirteen stripes of red and white, and
Thirteen stars upon a ground of blue.

STANDISH—Why, this is the baptism of our flag,
Emblem of free men! thus saluted,—
Its destiny be the engirdled globe!

ARNOLD—To our troops,
The command,—on, on to grasp the hand of
Honest Gansevoort—and then right about
And back to Albany; there to finish
With the invader, so badly crippled here.

[All retire.]

SCENE VII.—*Camp of GEN. BURGOYNE on the
Hudson at Fort Edward.*
Time: August, 1777.
Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, COLONEL
BAUM, and COLONEL BREYMAN.

BURGOYNE—Thus far we have advanced
Into the heart of opposition without
A pause. As once before Crown Point has
fallen,

But this time has been held. Fraser and
Riedesel, refusing to sit in idleness
When other trophies there were to win,
Moved on and captured Ticonderoga,
With stores and prisoners. This without a
Gun to speak for its surrender. My
Proclamation that this army would not
Retreat, time and our march defend!

COL. BAUM—But at great labor, General.
We have been an army of axmen, hewing
Our roads through forests which even the
savage
Could not enter.
Our soldiers are much worn, having much
endured.

BURGOYNE—Rest will ease the pains
Of their tedious labors ;—
Which have given muscle as well as patience.
August is yet young; and in this month we
Will prepare for the end we seek in the
Month that follows.

BREYMAN—My soldiers are pleading for more
food.
Before us as we have advanced, the land has
Been swept and barren left, as if nothing
Thrived but trees.

BURGOYNE—At Bennington, near at hand,
Are magazines which would feed our soldiers.
Colonel Baum, will you take a detachment
Of your faithful Brunswickers and bring
home
These needed stores? A support of savages
Will help you much for this people dread the
Tomahawk, from terrible experience.
The red children of our King have brought us
Many scalps, and Brant, their leader, moves
Them as a demon, in ways of slaughter.

COL. BAUM—I will march at once.
A Brunswicker is always ready to
Obey his prince!
And here, you stand with his authority.

BURGOYNE—This land you visit is rich in
horses.

Our cavalry have suffered. If you will
Gather in about a thousand, and bring
Them with you when you come trooping
back, we
Shall hail you homeward with greater obli-
gations.

COL. BAUM—Expect me back, with this evi-
dence
Of loyalty to England's King.

[Exit COL. BAUM.]

BREYMAN—I trust that Baum
Will return with well filled sacks, for the need
Is great. Supplies from England, following
Our tramp, are not assuring; and it would
Take time to gather them.

BURGOYNE—We have gone too far;—been
Too successful, for apprehension now.

BREYMAN—I will give promise to my soldiers of
Relief, as I have such from you.

[Exit BRAYMAN.]

BURGOYNE—I have left open no road for retreat;
So, we must go forward. It is not supplies
That give me anxiety. Where is St. Leger?
That is the grave question. Can he have
failed?
With his well-armed veterans against this
mob;—
I'll not believe it!
And Howe cannot, or he will not, respond!
Like Carleton, is he, too, nursing his hate
At the rise of a younger soldier? If
This be true, so much greener will be the
Bays I wear, gained without their aid!
Burgoyne, your star is rising to mid-heaven!
When in the zenith there it shall remain!

[Retires.]

SCENE VIII.—*Camp of GEN. STARK, near
Bennington, Vermont.*
Time: August 16, 1777.
*Enter GENERAL STARK, with
soldiers.*

STARK—Bennington is saved!
On front and right we have given our leaden
Salutations to these hirelings!
They do not like our hospitality,
And would fly from it if they could.
Their savage allies have left them to fate
And fled to refuge! Their cannon cease to
Belch in thunder, as our marksmen have
picked
From them the cannoneers!
Baum, the commander, is dead, and his fate
Be that of all!

[Enter an Aid in great haste.]

AID (to Gen. Stark)—Heavy reinforcements
For the enemy have just arrived;—
And I learn that Colonel Breyman leads
them.

They are worn with a rapid march!

STARK—Carry word to Warner
To bring his regiment into action.

[Aid retires.]

Now is the hour to send these new arrivals
Up to heaven, while the fatigues of this
World are on them;—and so give them in the
Next much needed rest! Soldiers, there
come the

Enemy! Every man look well to his

Priming;—

And see to it that not a bullet fails!

To-day we conquer, or this night

Molly Stark shall sleep a widow! Charge!

[All rush off the stage upon the enemy.]

[A group of savage warriors, plumed
and armed, and shouting the war-
whoop, fly panic-stricken across
the stage. These are followed by
a company of English soldiers,
also in flight.]

[Re-enter GEN. STARK.]

STARK—The cowards fly, and like
Stricken deer make for a place of safety!
The artillery, the field, and a thousand
Prisoners remain!
Accursed minions of a tyrant King,
This is your welcome upon freemen's soil!

[Re-enter Soldiers.]

Men of New England; gathered to repel
Invasion, you have made this spot forever
To be honored by your valor!

Burgoyne must stagger, here hit with a vital
Wound, and if he falls it is your hands that
Helped to smite him down! Upon the calendar
Be this August day marked for a memorial
Of brave deeds, done for the liberty of man!
Carry its report wherever winds may blow,
That this much we do for Washington and
Independence! (Cheers). And now,
Home again to our neglected fields! March!

[All retire.]

SCENE IX.—*Room in house of GEN. PHILIP
SCHUYLER, at Albany.*
Time: August 19th, 1777.
Enter GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER.

SCHUYLER—In the crowning hour of my success
Congress again supplants me in command.
From May till August I have planned to
conquer

The common enemy; and all this while
Gates has planned to conquer me. Each of us
Has been successful. On this nineteenth day
Of August I yield to him this army.
Shall I now feel wounded because my rival
Wins?

Perish the thought, worthy of basest mortals!
By greater support to him, in loyalty
To our cause—thus overthrowing all personal
Resentment—I win greater laurels than
The sword can gain!

Oriskany and Bennington both remain
As loud-tongued champions of my rule—this
Day ended—and so they must remain for-
ever.

I bow to the authority of the State,
As expressed in Congress, without a murmur!

[Enter GEN. HORATIO GATES.]

General Gates, I welcome you with all my
Heart to what was my headquarters of the
Northern Continental Army;—
Now yours, if you will choose it!

GATES—Your kindness, General Schuyler,
Is no more than I might anticipate;
Knowing as all do, your fidelity
To the Republic, to the check of all
Other feelings!

SCHUYLER—To-day, and now, I formally with-
draw

From the command. And as my successor,
I tender to you all aid and obedience
In our common purpose to defeat the
Invaders of our country.

GATES—I thank you;—
And will draw heavily upon that
Nobility of character which never
Yet has failed.

SCHUYLER—I am ready to explain
My plan for resisting Burgoyne when he
Offers battle, as soon he must. These you
Will follow or change, as your better
Judgment may direct. From the day he left
Canada I have had the land before
Him swept, as if the great Sahara had
Here a sister in desolation.
He must starve or fight; and fighting, he
must fall.

GATES—To-morrow we will confer together
Upon this matter. I shall be fortunate
If these plans for the future be as
Effective as those against St. Leger and
General Baum. And still more fortunate if
I may execute them.

SCHUYLER—To-morrow
I shall be at your service, General Gates.
[All retire.]

SCENE X.—*Camp of GEN. WASHINGTON, at
Chadd's Ford, on the Brandy-
wine.*

Time: September 11, 1777.
*Enter GENERAL SULLIVAN, GEN-
ERAL GREENE, and MARQUIS DE
LAFAYETTE.*

SULLIVAN—What day is this?
And what time does this place carry?

LAFAYETTE—The Eleventh of September. This
spot

Is called Chadd's Ferry on the Brandywine.

GREENE—On the twenty-sixth day of August,
Howe reached the Elk with his eyes upon
Philadelphia.
The hawk is fluttering above his prey.

LAFAYETTE—I deem it a gift
Of some good angel that I may help to
Check his march. And I am not the only
Foreigner to this soil, who to-day thus
Rejoices Casimir Pulaski will
Draw his sword, and, like all Poles without a
Country, he will win a country here,
Or gain a grave.

SULLIVAN—Howe comes on
With twenty thousand; and we oppose with
But half that number.

LAFAYETTE—And yet we should win the day,
finding
Safety in the justice of our quarrel.
In July last Colonel Barton carried
To captivity General Prescott from
The very front of his command. Numbers
Opposed checked him not. It was a desperate
Act born of desperate courage.
Such honor brave men envy.

SULLIVAN—If we had the troops
Which would be here but for timid tongues
Clamoring at the North, no fear need shake
Us. Morgan and his riflemen have been
Sent to Gates. Schuyler plead in vain.

GREENE—Schuyler's fall
Was illumined by Oriskany and
Bennington.
So a departing day, with gorgeous tinting,
Flashes in the rays of a brilliant sun.

SULLIVAN—His loss of Ticonderoga;
And his desperate cries for help in terror
Of Burgoyne, unhorsed him. Congress
sought a
Firm hand. But since, Gates calls with as
loud

A voice, and Washington replies at his
Own cost of veteran soldiers. With raw
Militia,—whose training has been upon
Some village green, in the vanity of
Their belief focusing the eyes of all
The world upon their strut and showy
Uniforms—must we drive home these vet-
erans

Of a hundred conflicts?

[Enter WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—Here, directly
In the path of General Howe, will we make
Our stand. Here fling out our banners and be
Shield to Philadelphia. We contest his
His privilege to cross this river flowing
At our front. The rapids below Chadd's
Ford

Help us on the left, which we entrust to
The Militia; the forests along the
Brandywine join with the current to
Protect in that direction. On the right
Will come the struggle which makes or
mars this

Day; and General Sullivan I intrust
This point to you.

SULLIVAN—I shall make effort
To deserve the confidence so reposed.

WASHINGTON—From information—to me re-
liable—

General Howe, attended by Cornwallis,
Marched this morning with more than half
his

Power up the valley, intending to
Cross the Brandywine to our side; and then
Moving down, to strike the right wing of our
line.

Since we are the owners in this land, and
He a visitor we will play the generous
Host and anticipate his visit.
Across this stream, and in front of us,
Encamp the battalions he has left behind.
Here he is vulnerable; and at this
Spot may be wounded mortally, if no
Move fails in this bloody game. Go, Sullivan,
And at a point above cross the Brandywine
To the shore of Howe, before he visits us;
And take your place between him and those
whom

He has left. And then see to it with all
Your strength, that he may not return to aid
His mewling kittens while we, with tigers'
Claws, are tearing them. He will surely strive
To retrace his march when he hears of your
Position. You have force enough to hold
Him back, and that done means his present
Overthrow.

SULLIVAN—This shall be done.

[Exit SULLIVAN.]

WASHINGTON—Greene, put your troops in
motion
And assail in front. The river here is
Shallow. You have an easy conquest, for
These Hessians whom you meet are much
encumbered,—

And surprise may give birth to panic.
In straits of danger, the unexpected
Sickens judgment and leaves it smitten with
Overcrowding doubts, each pointing a
Threatening spear. This indecision is the

Javelin which we now invoke.

GREENE—Knyphausen commands
These Hessians opposite I hope I may
Induce him to come home with me.

[Exit GREENE.]

WASHINGTON—Lafayette, will you join Pulaski
Now in his tent, and both report for
Service to General Sterling, who is on
The right. There may be work to test your
Mettle before the sun goes down.

[Exit LAFAYETTE.]

If we gain this day, and I see no sign
Otherwise, then shall we send greeting to
The North worthy of those received. Her-
kimer

And Stark have there clipped either hostile
wing.

And against retreat—if this hawk flies that
Way; the wide-extended cage is firmly closed.
So at last this high-soaring pinion falls
Into the fowler's net, that is spread in
Front and rear. Burgoyne marches to de-
feat,

Else argument mocks at its just conclusions.
He comes in pomp to hear the linnet sing;
And he shall stay to hear the lion roar.

[Enter Aid, in great haste.]

WASHINGTON—In your face I read bad news.
What has gone wrong?

AID—I hope all goes well, your Excellency.

At least, I come not to croak disaster.
I am from General Sullivan to say
That he has disobeyed your orders, as
He finds no proof of the march of Howe,
As you have been informed.

WASHINGTON—Oh! The most dismal news
That courier could bring. Orders disobeyed,
And in that act ruin threatened. The sky
So full of promise, without a note of
Warning, now suddenly hurls its
Bolts of danger. And all because some
Subordinate assumes to supervise his
Chief and to disobey his orders.

Quick! To Gen. Greene, now at the river
Bank in front, and say he must not advance,
But report at once to me. Quick! Speed is
Life, and Death may be in tardy steps.

[Exit AID.]

What cruel demon has come to check us here,
Wrecking highest expectations?

[Enter AID in haste.]

Out with it! What new thrust comes
Again to wound?

AID—General Stevens sends me to say
That Cornwallis has crossed the Brandywine,
And in great force upon this shore, is
Moving to turn our right.

WASHINGTON—As I expected.
To Sullivan at once! Ride as horse never
Before was driven, and direct him, from
Me, to form at once across this advance;—
And to check it! To check it, if strong
hearts

Can do so. [Exit AID.]

Oh! Sullivan! Sullivan! The air
Infected is, and disease breathed upon
A healthy brain,
When a man so good, does a wrong so great!
Had you obeyed your orders and crossed to
The other shore, Cornwallis had not been
Free to come to this. He must then have
turned

To assist divisions which your guns cut off.

[Enter AID in haste.]

And still a running current of choking seas?
It must be breasted with head above the
waves,
Or all is lost. Speak! I am prepared to hear.

AID—On the right,
General Sullivan with General Stevens
And Sterling, with the main body of the
British are heavily engaged.
General Howe has joined Cornwallis.

With heavier weight opposed, our lines waver
And may give way. Lafayette is wounded.

WASHINGTON—If that noble youth is wounded,
Then so am I, for I am drawn to him.
See to it that the best of surgeons here
Plies his skill. [Exit AID.]

Howe under cover of this attack, will
Move to our rear. His must not happen
While a soldier is left in arms.

[Enter GEN. GREENE.]

(To Greene): Fly! General! To the sup-
port of

Sullivan,—now engaged with Howe and
Cornwallis. With all your force, and Heaven
Give to each arm a giant's strength!
The night comes too slowly on.

Its darkness is worth ten thousand men.
Stop!

This is a trying moment, when all is
Put to hazard. My army is in peril;
To save it I risk myself. Greene! I go
With you, and in person will lead your
soldiers.

And now away!

To change the fortunes of misfortune's day.

[All retire.]

SCENE XI.—*Street in Philadelphia. Time :
September 26, 1777*

*Enter British troops with flags
and beating drums. GENERAL
CORNWALLIS and a citizen.
Troops halt.*

CORNWALLIS—And thus we
Victoriously enter the City of
Independence. Where now are these boasters
Of human rights, these pullers down of
Kings?

I am told they have fled.

Sir, tell me, whither they have gone?

CITIZEN—If you refer to the American
Congress,—it has adjourned to Lancaster.
Alarmed by the report of your success
At Brandywine, it moved away.

CORNWALLIS—Our success there was not so
great

As our plan provided. We expected to
Bring the Continental army into this
Town as prisoners—to follow our cohorts
As captives in a Cæsarian triumph.

All was favorable at Brandywine,
Until Washington came upon the field,
And then we advanced no further. Our
pursuit

Was checked, and we were glad to hold what
we

Had when the sun went down. We did no
more.

On the morning Washington was gone. So
Stood affairs, till the twenty-first, when our
Road was barred by Wayne—I learned his
name from

A deserter—but he had the prudence
To retire; and five days later, being
Granted an open way, good loyal souls
Now find us here.

CITIZEN—And all good citizens
Who still love the King—and I am one—
Feel safer for your coming.

CORNWALLIS—Here we settle down
To test your hospitality, till another
Winter howls its frosts away. Great has been
The task of getting to this end, and great
Will be the joy of the rest it brings.
We receive it with more zest for the labor
It has cost, as that fruit tastes sweetest which
Hung upon the furthest limb.
And now to quarters (to the soldiers)
Forward! March!

[The drums again beat, and
soldiers march on, while
the curtain falls.]

[END OF ACT IV.]

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Phelps. - Information is desired of Deacon Elijah Phelps and his wife Eunice Phelps (nee Starkweather), of Lanesboro, Mass. Is there a genealogy of the Phelps family, and where can it be purchased? Address Francis C. Courtenay, The Martin, Milwaukee, Wis.

Humphreys. The ancestry of Joshua Humphreys, of Philadelphia, who designed the guns for "Old Ironsides."

Bowes. The ancestry of Hugh Bowes and his wife Charlotte ———, whose only daughter, Margaret Bowes, married Capt. James Montgomery, original member of the "Cincinnati." Record of marriage Nov. 14, 1787, in Christ Church records.

Hawkins. I wish to obtain information concerning the parentage of Sarah and Rebecca Hawkins, who lived near Woodstock, Va. Sarah married Gen. John Sevier, of Tennessee, in the year 1782. Rebecca married Lieut.-Col. Richard Campbell, who was killed at the battle of Entaw Springs.

Goode. The name of the wife of Joseph Goode. Joseph was the son of John Goode and his wife, Ann Bennett.

Rising. The parentage of Susanna Rising, of Southwick, Mass., who married Reuben Clarke, of Northampton, in December, 1794.

Dickinson. - The parentage of John Dickinson, of Hatfield, Mass., and his wife, Sarah. Their daughter, Eunice, married Noah Clarke, of Northampton. Eunice Dickinson was born in 1897 and died August 27, 1770.

Smith. - The parentage of Sophia Smith, a Quakeress, who married Michael Garoute in Pleasant Mills, N. J., on October 2, 1778.

May Ross, 2124 West End Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Barton. - Jedediah, son of Edmond Barton. Born May 6, 1747. Died September 15, 1848. He married Lydia Pierce, born February 19, 1755; died 1842. Wanted record of his Revolutionary war services. M. B. N., 18 Rose St., N. Y.

Hawkins Whitmore. Information is desired regarding the ancestry of Sarah Hawkins, who married Darius Morgan, born Sept. 28, 1746, of New London, Conn. Also of Elizabeth Whitmore, of Middletown, Conn., who married Feb. 28, 1739, Peter Morgan, of Norwich, Conn. Ozro T. Love, 168 W. 16th St., New York.

Wallace-Swanton. - Information is desired of Susanna Swanton, who married William Wallace, Dec. 13, 1770, and lived in Boston. Also of Thomas Wallace, who married Grace Waite (daughter of John Waite), April 7, 1702.

Hooper. - Can any one give information concerning Joshua Hooper, born October 24, 1742, and came from Biddeford, Maine, with his mother, the widow Elizabeth and his brother, and lived in Charlestown, Mass.

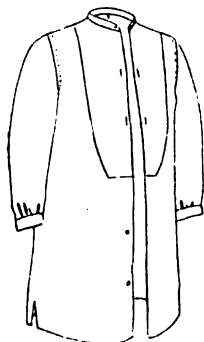
Souther. - Will some one give me the ancestry of Nathaniel Souther, born March 29, 1695, and married Mary Wood, Aug. 11, 1721, and lived in Charlestown, Mass. E. R. Downs, Denver, Colorado.

Litchfield. - The subscriber desires the address of every Litchfield in this country, and of every descendant of a Litchfield, for the purposes of genealogical compilation. W. J. LITCHFIELD, Southbridge, Mass.

Doty. - Information is desired of the ancestry of Sarah Doty, of New Jersey, who married John Jackson; born March 8, 1701, son of James and Rebecca Jackson. Also name of the wife of John Moore, born in Woodbridge, New Jersey, in 1700. They had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Reuben Fitz Randolph.

JAMES R. WEBSTER, Hamilton, Ohio

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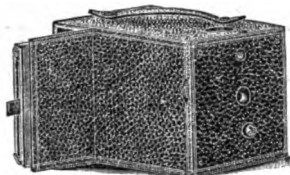
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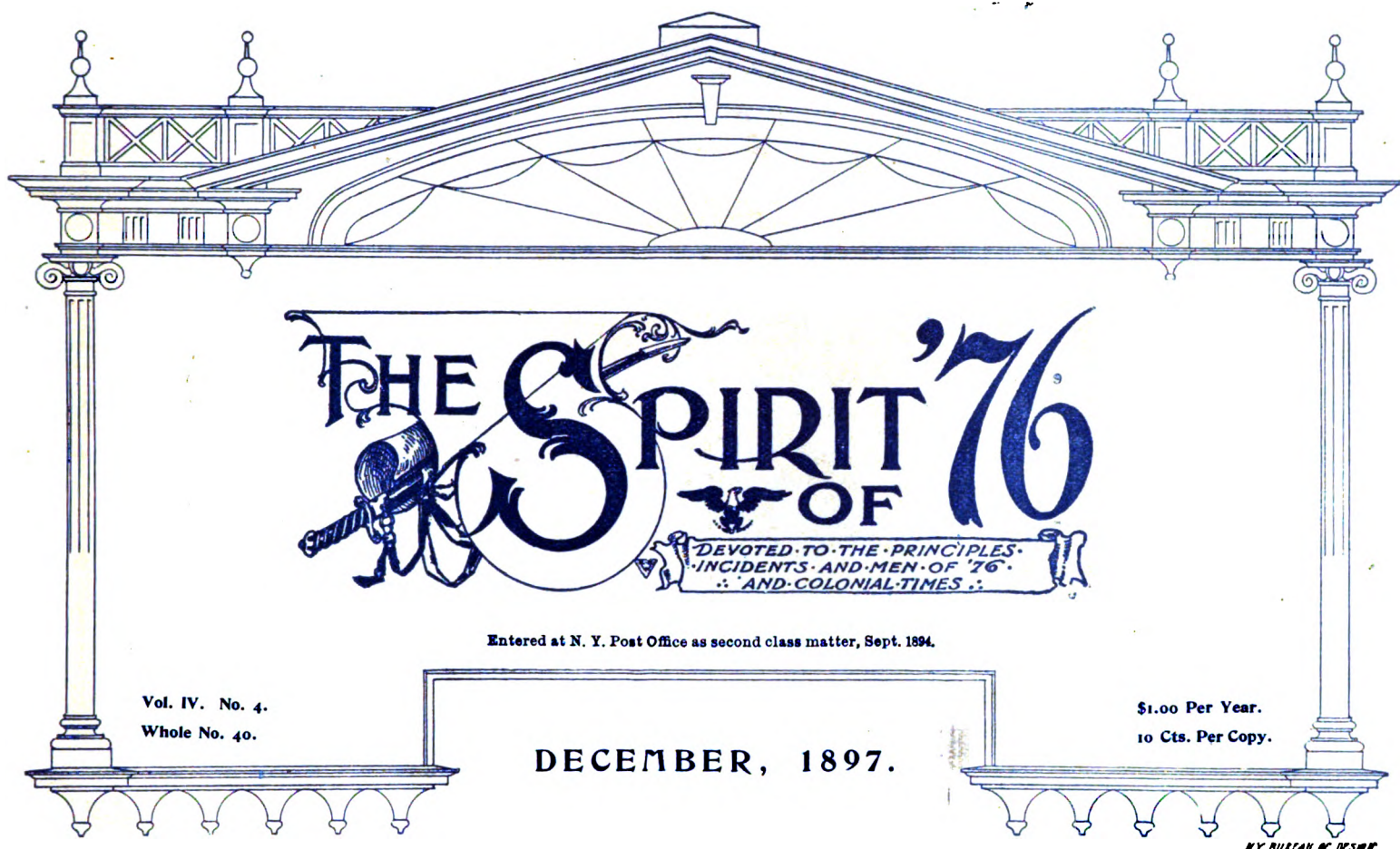
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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

By SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE.

The readers of "THE SPIRIT OF '76" may be interested to know that Senator Lodge has just completed the historical work upon which he has been engaged during the past year, and it is now to appear in *Scribner's Magazine* as the leading serial for 1898. It will begin in the January number.

The Author undertook this large work with two ideas in view :

(1) To present the fight for American independence as a vivid picture of a vital struggle, reproducing the atmosphere and feeling of the time, and making its men and events realities instead of conventionally accepted text-book phrases.

(2) To make clear the historical significance and proportion of the events described, as they can now be discerned with the perspective of years and with the aid of authoritative scholarship such as the author of "The Life of Washington" brings to bear upon the work. Senator Lodge will show, for instance, that the historical importance of the Battle of Bunker Hill has never been fully appreciated,—in fact he is one of those who think that some of us are forgetting the importance of the struggle and what it means to us to-day.

Within recent years many errors have been sifted out and considerable new material has been brought to light. And this is a subject in which Senator Lodge has been all his life intensely interested.



Sketch from Painting By F. C. YOUNG. [For Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution."]'

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

For the first time all the modern forces and resources of the illustrative art will be brought to bear upon the Revolution. As in the story so in the illustrations, the atmosphere of time and place will be sought.

A corps of artists started out last summer to sketch the historic scenes and already over a hundred paintings and drawings have been made (specially for the series) by Howard Pyle and other well known artists. No photographs will be used. There will be drawings of battlefields as they are to-day, and sketches of historic rooms, buildings, and relics in various parts of the country that played a part in the Revolutionary conflict. Also, there will be a selected list of portraits from rare sources.

OTHER PLANS FOR '98.

CAPTAIN MAHAN's illustrated articles on the "THE AMERICAN NAVY IN THE REVOLUTION;" THOMAS NELSON PAGE's first long novel "RED ROCK A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION;" and SENATOR HOAR's "POLITICAL REMINISCENCES" are also part of the plans for *Scribner's Magazine* in '98.

The full particulars for the coming year in small book form printed in colors with illustrations (cover and decorations by Maxfield Parrish) will be sent upon application.

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THE SPIRIT OF '76.

No. 40

[Published Monthly by The Spirit of '76
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DECEMBER, 1897

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Per Copy, 10 Cents



The Bostonians Paying The Excise-Man, Or Tarring And Feathering

Two Old Prints.

BY M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.

TWO queer old prints once used to hang
In my grandfather's wide old hall,
In mahogany frames, by worsted cords,
On the side of the western wall.

"Bostonians paying the Exciseman,"
Was the one with the "Liberty Tree,"
While the exciseman, all feathered and tar,
Was begging for liberty!

A rope 'round his neck, a noose over head,
Showed hanging might be a fact;
On the trunk of a tree, placed upside down,
A sign bore the words "Stamp Act."

And the exciseman they drenched with tea—
Did these good men of Boston town,—
Till the grin on their faces would lead you to think,
Each one was a circus clown.

In the background a ship, and men in disguise,
Who into the waters so blue,
Were swiftly unloading the chests of tea,
Three hundred and forty-two.

There stood on a hill, in the other old print,
A gibbet, with rope dangling there,
And the custom house officer feathered and tarred,
In an attitude of prayer.

While with pot of tea and a good strong club
On either side stood a man;
And under the picture in lettering quaint,
This notable legend ran:

"For the custom house officer's landing the tea
They tarred him and feathered him, just as you see;
And they drench'd him so well, both behind and before,
That he begged for God's sake they would drench him no more."

Oh, wonderful stories these old prints held,
Which we heard 'round grandfather's knee.
Of the men and women of 'Seventy-six,
Their hardships and bravery.

THE history of the Boston Tea Party is so well known that merely a passing glance at is sufficient at this time. The anniversary occurs on the 16th of December. The town had become excited over the appearance of the ships bearing the hated tea in the harbor, especially since they were protected in a measure by British men-of-war. On the afternoon of that day in 1773 several thousand people had assembled in the vicinity of the Old South Church and Josiah Quincy had delivered one of his finest orations. The meeting was prolonged till nearly dark and soon afterwards figures disguised as Indians were seen stealing along the streets making toward the wharf. The moon rose clear and beautiful above the horizon and the air was frosty. There were fifteen or twenty of the Indians, but others caught the spirit and helped them; so that at first there were about sixty persons, and before the work was done over one hundred and forty were engaged in it. Some simply disguised themselves by blackening their faces, others did not even take this trouble. Lendall Pitts seems to have been the leader. At first the ship Dartmouth was boarded, then the Eleanor and the Beaver, and in all three hundred and forty-two chests were emptied. The work was done in about two hours, and then the rioters marched homeward in procession led by a drum and fife. And all this time British war vessels were less than a quarter of a mile distant and British troops were in the town. But neither gave any heed. Their quietness is explained by the fact that the owners of the tea expected a riot if they attempted to land the cargo and were anxious to avoid it, and by this action they were relieved from a dilemma. About sixty of the men are known and over a dozen of them were alive in 1836. The last survivor was Corporal David Kennison, who died in Chicago in 1852 at the age of one hundred and seventeen years.



A New Method Of Macarony Making as Practised at Boston.

Hannah Arnett's Faith.

HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

THE days were at their darkest and the hearts of our grandfathers were weighed down with doubt and despondency. Defeat had followed defeat for the American troops, until the army had become demoralized and discouragement had well nigh become despair. Lord Cornwallis, after his victory at Fort Lee, had marched his army to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, (December, 1776) where they were at this time encamped. On the 30th of November the brothers Howe had issued their celebrated proclamation which offered protection to all who within sixty days should declare themselves peaceable British subjects and bind themselves neither to take up arms against the Sovereign, nor to encourage others to do so. It was to discuss the advisability of accepting this offer of protection that a group of men met in one of the large old houses of which Elizabethtown was at that time full. The debate was long and grave. Some were for accepting the offered terms at once; others hung back a little, but all had at length agreed that it was the only thing to be done. Hope, courage, loyalty, faith, honor, all seemed swept away upon the flood of panic which had overspread the land. There was one listener, however, of whom the eager disputants were ignorant, one to whose heart their wise reasoning was very far from carrying conviction. Mrs. Arnett, the wife of the host, was in the adjoining room and the sound of the debate had reached her where she sat. She had listened in silence until carried away by her feelings she could hear no more and pushed open the parlor door and confronted the assembled group. Can you fancy the scene? A large low room with the dark, heavily carved furniture of the period dimly lighted by the tall wax candles and the wood fires which blazed in the huge fire places. Around the table a group of men, pallid, gloomy, dejected, disheartened; in the doorway the figure of the woman, in the antique costume with which in these latter days we have become so familiar. Can you not fancy the proud poise of the head; the indignant light of her blue eyes; the crisp, clear tone of her voice; the majesty and defiance and scorn which clothed her as a garment? The men all started up at her entrance, for the sight of a ghost could hardly have caused more perturbation. Her husband advanced hastily; she had no business here, a woman should know her place and keep it. Questions of politics and political expediency were not for them, but he would shield her as far as possible and point out the impropriety of her conduct afterwards when they should be alone. So he went quickly up to her with a warning whisper. "Hannah, Hannah! this is no place for you. We do not want you here just now," and would have taken her hand to lead her from the room. She was a docile little woman and obeyed him meekly in general without a word, but now it seemed as if she scarcely saw him as with one hand she pushed him gently back and turned to the startled group: "Have you made your decision, gentlemen," she asked; "have you chosen the part of men or of traitors?" It was putting the question too broadly, so like a woman seeing only the bare, ugly facts and quite forgetting the elegant drapery which was intended to veil them. It was an awkward position to put them in and they stammered and bungled over their answer as men in a false position will; a reply came at last, mingled with explanations, and excuses and apologies:

"Quite hopeless, absurd for a starving, half clothed, undisciplined army like ours to attempt to compete with a country with England's unlimited resources; repulsed everywhere, ruined, throwing away life and fortune for a shadow." You know the old arguments with which men try to fight staggering conscience.

Mrs. Arnett listened in silence until the last abject word was spoken, then she inquired simply, "but what if we should live after all?" The men looked at each other, but no one spoke.

"Hannah, Hannah!" urged her husband, "do you not see that these are no questions for you? We are discussing what is best for us, for you, for all. Women have no share in these topics. Go to your spinning wheel and leave us to settle affairs. My good little wife, you are making yourself ridiculous; do not expose yourself in this way before our friends." His words passed her ear like the idle winds, not even the quiver of an eyelash showed that she heard him. "Can you not tell me," she said in the same strangely quiet voice, "if after all God does not let the right perish. If America should win in the conflict after you have thrown yourself upon the British clemency where will you be then?" "Then," spoke one hesitating voice, "why, then if it ever should be we would be ruined. We must leave the country forever, but it is absurd to think of such a thing. The struggle is an utterly hopeless one. We have no men, no food, and England has everything."

"No," said Mrs. Arnett, "you have forgotten one thing which England has not and we have, one thing which outweighs all England's treasures, and that is the right. God is on our side, and every volley from our muskets is an echo from His voice. We are poor and weak and few, but God is fighting for us. We entered into this struggle with pure hearts and prayerful lips; we had counted the cost and were willing to pay the price. Were it with hearts' blood and now, now, because for a time the day is going against us you would give up all and sneak back like cravens to kiss the feet that have trampled upon us; and, you call yourselves men, the sons of those who gave up home and fortune and fatherland to make for themselves and for dear liberty a resting place in the wilderness? Oh, shame upon you cowards!" Her words had rushed out in a fiery flood which her husband had vainly striven to check. I do not know how Mrs. Arnett looked, but fancy a little fair woman with kindly blue eyes and delicate features, a tender and loving little soul whose scornful, blazing words must have seemed to her amazed hearers like the inspired fury of a pythoness. Are we not all prophets at times, prophets of good or evil according to our bent and with more power than we, ourselves suspect to work the fulfillment of our own prophecies. Who shall say how far this fragile woman aided to stay the wave of desolation which was spreading over the land?

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Arnett uneasily, "I beg you to excuse this most unseemly interruption to our council. My wife is beside herself, I think. You all know her and know that it is not her wont to meddle with politics, or to brawl and bluster. To-morrow she will see her folly, but now I pray your patience."

Already her words had begun to stir the slumbering manhood in the bosoms of those who heard her. Enthusiasm makes its own fitting times. No one replied; each felt too keenly his own pettiness in the light cast upon them by this woman's brave words. "Take your protection, if you will!" she went on, after waiting in vain for a reply. "Proclaim yourselves traitors and cowards, false to your country and your God, but horrible will be the judgment you will bring upon your heads and the heads of those that love you. I tell you that England will never conquer. I know it and feel it in every fibre of my heart. Has God led us so far to desert us now? Will He, who led our fathers across the stormy winter sea, forsake their children who have put their trust in Him? For me, I stay with my country, and my hand shall never touch the hand, nor my heart cleave to the heart of him who shames her." She flashed upon her husband a gaze which dazed him like sudden lightning. "Isaac, we have lived together for twenty years, and for all of them I have been a true and loving wife to you. But I am the child of God and of my country, and if you do this shameful thing, I will never again own you for my husband."

"My dear wife!" cried the husband aghast, "you do not know what you are saying. Leave me for such a thing as this?"

"For such a thing as this?" she cried scornfully. "What greater cause could there be? I married a good man and true, a faithful friend and a loyal Christian gentleman, and it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward! If you take your protection you lose your wife, and I—lose my husband and my home." With the last words the thrilling voice broke suddenly with a pathetic fall and a film crept over the bright blue eyes. Perhaps this little touch of womanly weakness moved her hearers as deeply as her brave, scornful words. They were not all cowards at heart, only touched by the dread finger of panic, which, now and then, will paralyze the bravest. Some had struggled long against it and only half yielded at last. And some there were to whom all traditions had never quite lost their power, whose superstitious consciences had never become quite reconciled to the stigma of rebel, though reason and judgment both had told them that, borne for the cause for which they bore it, it was a title of nobility. The words of the little woman had gone straight to each heart, be its main-spring what it might. Gradually the drooping heads were raised and the eyes grew bright with manliness and resolution. Before they left the house that night they had sworn a solemn oath to stand by the cause they had adopted and the land of their birth, through good or evil, and to spurn the offers of their tyrants and foes as the deadliest insults. Some of the names of those who met in that secret council were known afterwards among those who fought their country's battles most nobly, who died upon the field of honor, or rejoiced with pure hearts when the day of triumph came at last. The name of the little woman figured on no heroic roll, but was she the less a heroine?

Treaty of Alliance and Commerce with France,

"NEWS of the treaty brought in *La Sensible*, Monsieur Maragine, commander, a royal frigate of France, of twenty twelve pounders and three hundred men. She left Briest on the eighth of March, and after a passage of thirty-five days arrived at Casco Bay" — on the coast of Maine. Traveling overland, and hailed everywhere with enthusiastic delight, Simeon Deane carried the glad tidings of the Treaty of Alliance and Commerce to Congress, then sitting at York-Town, Pa., on May 2d, 1778. Before May 1st Mr. Deane and General M'Dougal had sent from Bethlehem intelligence of the treaty to General Washington at Valley Forge. Near midnight of May 3d he received the official dispatches from Congress.

Almost two years had passed since the American States had declared themselves independent. The undisciplined militia and continental troops had been defeated, and had retreated hither and thither, with now and again a questionable victory, which they were often too weak to hold, until the decisive Battle of Saratoga revealed to the world the fact that the United States of America were able to attain and worthy of their independence. The people of France had been from the first heartily in sympathy with the colonies, but Louis XVI and his ministers were of necessity cautious. Reports of the surrender of Burgoyne were received in France with amazing joy. The crisis had come, and the king of a powerful nation of Europe heroically and alone first recognized the United States of America as a nation, and made with it a treaty of alliance and commerce upon terms of perfect equality.

The American Plenipotentiaries and Mons. Girard, Royal Syndic of the city of Strasburgh and Secretary of his Majesty's Council of State, signed that treaty on February 6th, 1778. A little later in the same month the French minister to England announced the probability of such an alliance to the Court of St. James. In alarm Lord North made a famous speech in parliament on the situation of affairs in the colonies, and presented two bills, one providing for the appointment of Commissioners to treat with "our rebellious subjects," and the other an arrogant proposition of terms of peace. The bills passed, and with a copy of Lord North's speech was hastily dispatched to William Tryon, royal governor of New York. Immediately, before these papers could be officially published, he sent copies of them with a most impertinent letter to Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, requesting him to have them circulated among his troops. On April 23rd, 1778, General Washington sent that letter to Congress. It is curious to read the tory papers of New York and Philadelphia at this time. For several weeks copies of the above bills and speech were conspicuously published in every issue, but when news of the treaty came it was simply noted, and sometimes doubted and even questioned. It was positively asserted that there would be no war between England and France. Although proud and obstinate, England began to despair. "An American" thus tauntingly wrote to the Earl of Carlisle, (one of the commissioners): "You want to know, my lord, what treaties we have entered into. In pity to your nerves Congress has kept back this knowledge. It will make the boldest among you tremble." These words were perfectly true, for about this time England in her despair stooped to perform some of her most despicable acts of injustice to her colonists in America. The tory papers published false and damaging Acts of Congress, bushels of counterfeit continental money were thrown into circulation to further depreciate our currency, while the Indians along the frontier were excited to such deeds of savage violence as the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Vallies in the summer and autumn of 1778.

"Mr. Washington and his ragamuffins" had spent the winter at Valley Forge in their "mud-holes." The army of the United States with whom the Court of France made the Treaty of Alliance and Commerce on terms of equality was encamped, hungry and half-naked in a frontier forest. La Fayette, Trenant and Fleury in sympathy had left their homes and positions in France to share the hardships of that army, and to serve even in the rank and file. Baron De Stuben, a Prussian soldier of the Seven Year's war, and who was gladly appointed Inspector-general by Gen. Washington, aided by those young French officers, had through the winter in the snow and ice of those forest-parade grounds taught that army military discipline. Baron De Stuben states that:—"The arms at Valley Forge were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which a single shot could not be fired. The pouches were quite as bad as the arms. A great many of the men had tin boxes instead of pouches, others had cow-horns; and muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, and rifles were seen in the same company. The description of the dress is easily given. The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats, had them of every color and make. I saw officers at a grand parade at Valley Forge mounting guard in a sort of dressing-gown, made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover."

These men who drilled, slept and ate (or went hungry) among a winter's snow-drifts, were intelligent and determined patriots—men who were willing to die for a principle. Is it possible to-day to imagine the effect of the news of the alliance upon such men, at such a time and in such a place? Can we wonder that for a while the effect was almost demoralizing, and they fell into a kind of lethargy of dependence upon others? It was impossible to rise in moderation from such a depth of despair.

The news came to that army on a May morning amid bursting of leaf-buds, beds of arbutus, violets and anemones and the songs of

swollen torrents and returning birds. What could men do but shout, weep and pray? It was the second of May. The Marquis de La Fayette, full of proud joy, gathered about him the other French officers in camp, and together they celebrated the momentous event. Gen. Washington issued General Orders for a celebration by the whole army in camp on May 6th, 1778. The following is an account of the day's programme and a copy of the General Orders, taken from a newspaper of that time:—

"Headquarters Camp, Valley Forge.

"It having pleased the Almighty ruler of the Universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally by raising us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation; it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness and celebrating the important event which we owe to his benign interposition.

"The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow, when their Chaplains will communicate the news.

"At half past ten o'clock, a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms. * * * Upon a signal given, the whole army will *Huzza! Long live the King of France!*

"The artillery then begins again, and fires thirteen rounds. This will be succeeded by a second general discharge of the musketry in a running fire—*Huzza! Long live the Friendly European powers!* Then the last discharge of thirteen pieces of artillery will be given, followed by a general running fire—*Huzza! for the American States!*

"Agreeably to the above orders, his Excellency, General Washington, his amiable lady and suite, Lord Sterling, the Countess of Sterling, with other officers and ladies, attended at nine o'clock at the Jersey brigade, when the postscript mentioned above was read, and after prayer a suitable discourse was delivered to Lord Sterling's division by the Rev. Mr. Hunter.

"Upon the signal at half past eleven, the whole army repaired to their alarm posts, upon which General Washington and the general officers received the whole army at their respective posts; and after the firing of the cannon and musketry and the huzzas were given agreeably to orders, the army returned to their respective brigade's parades, and were dismissed.

"All the officers of the army then assembled, and partook of a collation provided by the General, at which several patriotic toasts were given, accompanied with three cheers. His Excellency took leave of the officers at five o'clock, upon which there was universal huzzaing, *Long live General Washington!* and clapping of hands until the General rode some distance. The non-commissioned officers and privates followed the example of their officers as the General passed their brigades. Approbation indeed was conspicuous in every countenance, and universal joy reigned throughout the camp."

In a spirit of the deepest reverence and gratitude did the Commander-in-chief call upon his army to celebrate the central, critical, event of the Revolution. That army responded, not only with gratitude to God and to France, but with loving gratitude to their noble commander. This was especially notable as the "Conway Cabal" was just dying out. The intensity of those persistent and prolonged huzzas to their chief proclaimed the loving faith and constancy of his troops, in spite of the malicious scandals spread by jealous fellow officers.

As the representative of his Nation the Marquis de LaFayette commanded a portion of the American forces and received the honor and appreciation which he had won by self-sacrifice and true military skill and bravery. The officers and ladies in camp listened to the words of the Treaty, to a prayer and discourse at the headquarters of Lord Sterling's division of the Jersey or Maxwell's brigade, one of the best organized and most reliable brigades of the Revolution. Lord Sterling married the daughter of Philip Livingston, and it is probable that he had extended his hospitality to the officers and ladies because of his ability financially to do so. Gen. Washington gave at his own expense the dinner to his officers—the only social event of the day. Lord Howe's foragers and at last those from the camp Valley Forge, had scarcely left a living ox for a barbieque in the surrounding country. Every resource must be husbanded to meet the needs of the coming campaign. No gorgeous pageantry expressed the joy of those most interested in one of the important events of modern history, while a few days later the departure of Lord Howe from the command of the British forces was celebrated in the most extravagant manner by his army at Philadelphia in the midst of a plundered and impoverished people. The splendid masquerading of Major Andre's "Mischiefs" the draping of the city and vessels, were parts of the revelries that occupied almost a week and cost great sums of money. The brilliance of these great festivities was expected to eclipse the celebration of an event of vital importance to England, France and America—an event only celebrated by a military parade, shouts of joy and prayers of gratitude.

After the battle of Brandy-wine, on their retreat through Philadelphia to Germantown and Valley Forge, the army of the United American States decked themselves with leaves and flowers to hide their rags. May we not suppose that that same half-naked army, in the following spring, clothed themselves with the ever-green laurels of a leafless forest. Laurels typical of the wreaths bestowed by loving hearts upon the memories of them and of their French allies for almost a century and a quarter.

M. C. MURRAY HYDE,

Member New York City Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.



WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH.

**Mr. Ellsworth's Lecture,
"From Lexington to
Yorktown."**

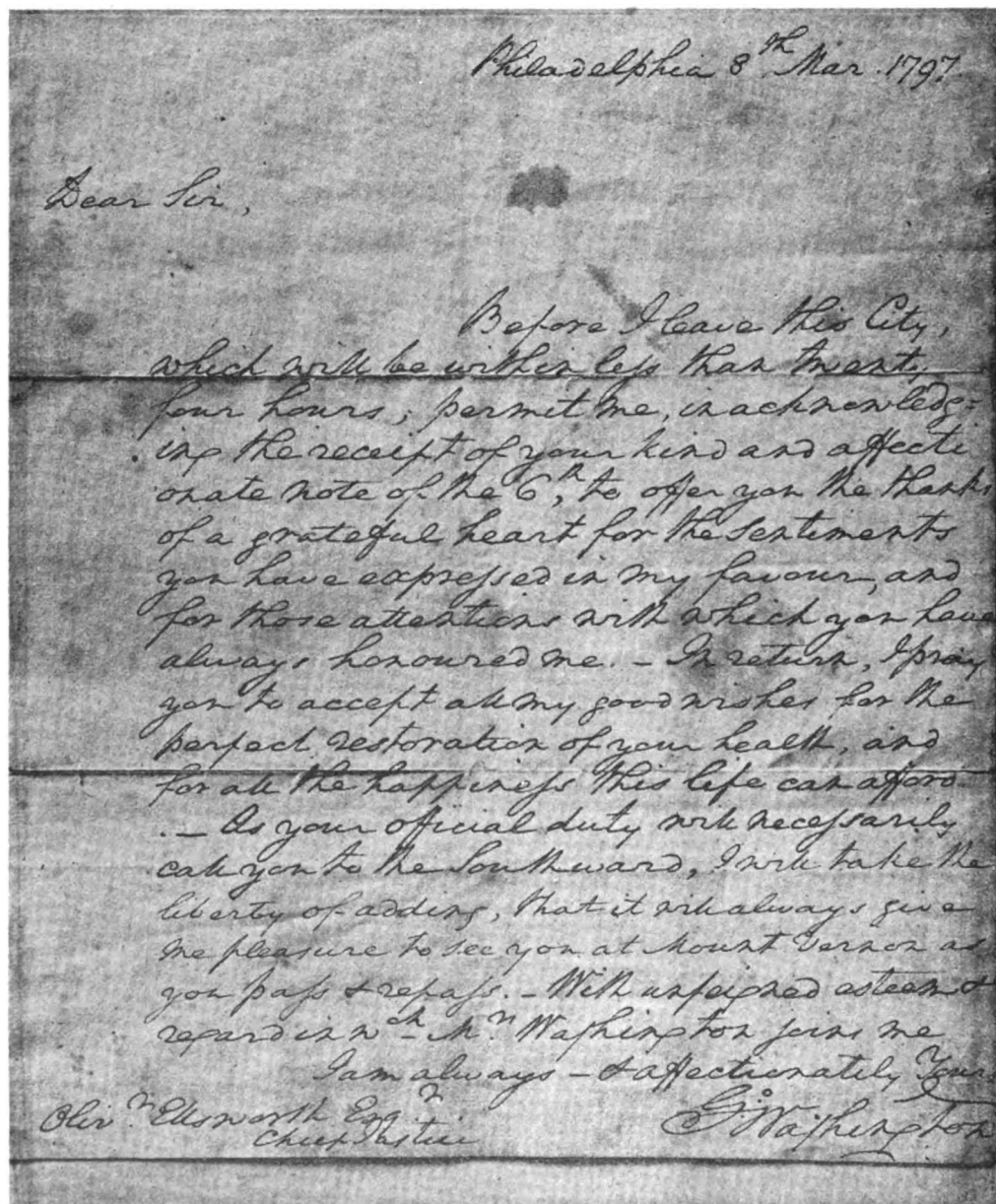
A RECENT meeting of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at the Hotel Normandie in this city was entertained with an illustrated lecture on the Revolutionary War by Mr. William Webster Ellsworth. It was entitled "From Lexington to Yorktown." The publisher of this paper, Mr. Cornish, was present and was deeply impressed by it. The selection and excellence of the pictures and the lucid style in which the lecturer talked led him to say that he learned more of American history during that hour and a half than in all his previous reading. Really it is a resume of the incidents and battles of the war for independence, bringing forward some new matter, but presenting the whole subject in a way that showed the work of the various colonies, and it gives the bearer a clear and condensed view of the six active years of the Revolution. The speaker adopted the plan of a trip over the historic grounds, stopping to talk of the events by the wayside; and his pictures gave him ample support. They were not simply reproductions of Mr. Lossing's views—they are original and made from photographs taken within the last few months. They showed the war-places as they appear to-day, and it will interest those compatriots who have labored to erect tablets and monuments on their sites to know that all of them were shown. In taking these views, Mr. Ellsworth visited every spot with camera in hand and established its claim. So that

sitting in the hall one sees all the points of interest in the war without the fatigue of travelling. No attempt at vivifying history has ever been so successful. Combined with the view of the battle fields are scores of interesting contemporary prints, manuscripts, proclamations, newspaper reports of battles, etc., taken from many sources, chiefly the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library. Mr. Ellsworth exhibits a full set of the famous "Doolittle prints" of Lexington and Concord, and he has been permitted to reproduce from the archives of the State Department, where it was found not long ago, the original letter of Andre's to Washington asking that he be shot instead of hanged.

At Hartford, Conn., last month the lecture was given under the auspices of the Ruth Wyllis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, twice in one day to large audiences and all were enthusiastic in their praise. And in Amherst, Mass., Waterbury, Conn., etc., where it has been delivered it has greatly increased the interest of the people in the patriotic societies, their work and their membership.

Mr. Ellsworth is the Secretary of the Century Company and comes from two well-known Connecticut families. By the one he is a great-grandson of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, who married Abigail, of the Oliver Wolcott family. The father of the Chief Justice was at the siege of Louisburg in the old Colonial War. By the other family he is a great-grandson of Dr. Noah Webster, the lexicographer, whose father was a soldier in the Revolution. The family runs up to Governor Bradford of Plymouth. Through these ties he is entitled to membership in most, if not all, of the American hereditary, patriotic societies.

The letter of General Washington to Mr. [Ellsworth's great-grandfather, reproduced in this number, was written three days after he had ceased to be President of the United States for the last time. The signature "affectionately, yours" makes it of especial interest.



A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON TO CHIEF JUSTICE ELLSWORTH.

The letter is of special interest because it was written just as General Washington was leaving Philadelphia at the close of his public life.

The Dominie's Pilgrimage

FROM FORT AMSTERDAM TO FORT ORANGE.

BY EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

PART I.

[Introducing the genial Pilgrim and his gentle steed, and narrating his observations from Fort Amsterdam to Spuyten Duyvil Creek.]

IT WAS a happy chance that threw me into temporary companionship with the Pilgrim whose experience I am about to narrate. The kalends of October were at hand. The slanting rays of the southing sun were losing their fervid aggressiveness, and old Boreas, making ready for his wintry revels, was driving the summer's invaders from his mountain fastnesses. Joining the retreating host of home-seekers, I boarded the day boat at Albany, one crisp and sunny morning this Fall, promising myself, in the ten hours' passage down the queenly Hudson, a day's final communion with Nature before plunging into the restless whirl and nervous strain of city life again. My anticipations were more than realized, but in a way quite unforeseen.

Soon after the great black rhomboidal walking-beam of the "Albany" had begun its ponderous but noiseless see-saw, and the shallow lands which characterize the upper Hudson had commenced to glide by in monotonous panorama, I found myself on the hurricane deck, engaged in the diversion—not uncommon, I find, with lonely travellers—of studying and speculating upon my fellow-voyagers, and of constructing from their appearances and such snatches of conversation as drifted to my ears, theories about their personalities, characters and occupations. Whilst thus occupied, my interest was engaged by the figure of—I was about to say, of an "elderly" man; but in the light of subsequent developments, perhaps I should qualify that term. When does a man cease to be young? At thirty? At forty? At fifty? You remember that the autocratic, but generally accurate, Professor stated one morning at the breakfast table that, figured from the combustion of carbon in the human system, old age begins at forty-five, substantially corroborating our old friend Cicero, who, in his "De Senectute," records the ancestral tradition that forty-six is the turning point. I fear that if old Father Time should break confidence with our Pilgrim and show us the tally-stick on which the score of his fugacious years had been kept, we would find that the notches counted well up into that period of life to which the Roman custom applied the unwelcome term of "senex." On the other hand, judged by that half truthful, half cynical saying, "A woman is as old as she looks; a man is as old as he feels," I was soon to discover that he was yet a young man. I love to conjure up again the image of this almost quaint but altogether amiable personage—old-fashioned enough to be picturesque, modern enough to be real; courtly enough to reveal the genial nature of a cultivated gentleman, yet indifferent enough to the details of dress to suggest that he had devoted his mental activities to objects higher than that of personal decoration. Of medium height, his equatorial dimensions seemed to rob him of some of his actual stature and give him a rotundity of form which, I afterward learned, proceeded not from physical inactivity and gastronomical enjoyment, but from racial inheritance. His garments presented a discord of materials and an anachronism of ages. They seemed to have been acquired at different times with no relation to each other, and were harmonious only in their appearance of frequent use. If the venerable brown cloth cloak which hung from his neck to his hips had been laid aside, and the soft, once-black, felt hat which surmounted his head had been replaced by a cap, he might possibly have passed, among the other knickerbockered passengers, for only another devotee of the bicycle. A pair of easy, almost voluminous, knee-breeches and a pair of buckskin leggings buttoned up on the outer side of his well-developed calves, betokened a man given to some form of physical exercise; but the incongruity of his costume left the beholder in doubt as to its nature. An iron-gray beard, with such a wiry determination to curl and to resist cultivation that it had evidently been abandoned to its own refractory ways by its despairing owner, grew unrestrained over his well browned features; and upon his generous nose sat a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, which, by the usual thickness of their lenses, suggested a vision impaired by excessive strain. From the outer corners of his clear blue eyes radiated sheaves of upward-tending wrinkles which indicated an elastic and genial nature, capable of relaxing in hearty and jovial enjoyment from the concentration and care recorded in the three deep vertical lines between his shaggy eyebrows. His laughter, with which it was to be my pleasure to become acquainted before the day was over, was the most all-potential and all-possessing expression of merriment into the contagion of which I ever came. When amused, either by

his own humor or that of another, the upper parts of his cheeks would begin to swell, rise and encroach upon the orbits of his eyes, until the latter appeared like two twinkling bits of blue Dutch china glistening through inverted crescent-shaped apertures. By a singular contraction of the muscles of the forehead, the outer ends of his eyebrows would become elevated, one more than the other, imparting a piquantly droll aspect to his expression. At the climax of his merriment, a dark and capacious cavern would appear in the midst of the wilderness of his whiskers, permitting a resonant roar of laughter to escape into the outer air. His whole frame was involved in the manifestation; and at its conclusion, his steel-bowed spectacles, invariably shaken to a position perilously near the extremity of his nose, were rescued in the nick of time and restored by a pressure of the expanded thumb and middle finger against the hinges of the bows, with a dexterity that revealed a custom of many years' practice.

For the first eight or ten miles of our journey down the Hudson, apparently absorbed in his own reflections and an indifferent observation of the uninteresting shores between which we were passing, he paced slowly up and down the deck, the flaps of his time-honored cloak drawn snugly together over his ample front by the hands which they concealed. Presently he paused by the side of one of the ship's officers, and I heard him ask, in a sonorous but well-inflected voice: "Can you tell me, sir, how I can recognize Beeren or Barren Island when we pass it?" "Yes, sir," replied the officer. "It is twelve miles below Albany, on the western side of the channel, near Coeyman's. You will recognize it by a pagoda-like structure which marks a pleasure ground." I soon recognized the island in question—a little heap of misplaced rock and soil off our starboard quarter, about as long as a city block and perhaps forty or fifty feet above the water at its highest point. Although noticeably, more elevated than the brood of islets that dotted the surface of the stream above, it still wanted sufficient measure of extent and boldness of feature to mark it especially above its neighbors. As we neared it, however, I noticed that the demeanor of my fellow-passenger changed from that of quiet reflection to one of alert and concentrated interest. He advanced to the rail, and, releasing his grasp on his cloak—which now vied with the colors at the mast-head in the violence with which it fluttered in the breeze—he leaned eagerly forward, and bent his gaze intently on the island so long as it was in sight. My curiosity was aroused by what I had observed. What was there about this Barren Island that should make it the object of his special interest? I had never heard of it before, although I must have passed it many times in my travels up and down the river. I determined to probe the mystery, and taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, I addressed the stranger:

"Can you tell me, sir, the name of that little island which we just passed?" "That is Beeren Island," he readily replied. "In Dutch, the name signifies Bear Island, but, like most of the Dutch nomenclature of the Hudson, it has become corrupted, and is commonly called Barren Island. It is not what you would call picturesque, but it possesses two points of interest—one geographical, one historical. It is the meeting place of four counties. At a certain place on the Island, my good horse Peg might stand with one hoof in Albany county, one in Rensselaer, one in Columbia, and one in Greene. But that does not interest me as much as the fact that it is the site of the ancient castle of Rensselaerstein. Here the doughty agent of Kilian Van Rensselaer, Nicholas Kroon, maintained the dignity and rights of his worshipful master, and compelled passing vessels to dip their colors and pay tribute, or take their chances of being sent to Davy Jones' locker by the guns of the fort."

Like myself, my informant was travelling alone, but (also like myself) apparently not from choice, for he manifested a companionable disposition, which I welcomed the more gladly as I perceived him to be a man of culture, well informed concerning the history and traditions of the famous water-course through which we were plowing. My evident interest in these topics seemed to win his favorable opinion, for he at once assumed a friendly bearing toward me, and it was not long before we were tipped back comfortably in our deck-chairs against the pilot house, our feet resting on a convenient support at the elevation most conducive to masculine enjoyment, and, under the influence of our cigars, we had abandoned ourselves, I a delighted auditor and he an enthusiastic narrator, to the tale of travel which I am about to try to repeat. I cannot hope to impart to the reader the pleasure with which I listened or transmit the romantic fascination of the narrative as it fell from the lips of one filled with the inspiration of his first personal visit to many of the historical places which he described. If I had the power so to do, I have not the time to enter into the innumerable minor details with which he embellished his tale. And so, with apologies to the Pilgrim himself, should these unworthy lines fall

under his observation, and craving the reader's kind indulgence. I will recount, as best I can

THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

"Yes," began the Pilgrim, in evident continuation of his former remarks, "if we could have reached Barren Island, Peg might have had the pleasure of spreading himself over four counties at once without half exerting himself. Peg, by the way, has, for these many years, been the faithful companion of my journeys, which, until this summer, have chiefly been confined to my pastoral visits in a widely spread but scarcely populated parish not many miles from the lower Hudson. The familiar term of address Peg, let me explain, is not the abbreviation of the feminine Peggotty, but of the masculine Pegasus; and while he may lack some of the fiery characteristics of his distinguished namesake, by whose aid the Chimæra were put to rout, and by the kick of whose hoof the inspiring spring of Hippocrenes was brought forth, yet it has been in his gentle companionship, while jogging about my parish, that I have composed most of my sermons which, I trust, have dispelled the spiritual Chimæra from the minds of my congregation and developed in their hearts the springs of spiritual truth. It may seem strange that, living, as I have lived for so many years, almost within the hearing of these historic waters, it was not until this fall that circumstances rendered practicable the gratification of the desire which I have long entertained, to visit personally the scenes of historical and traditional interest which distinguish the Hudson above all other rivers of the continent. This year, taking advantage of propitious circumstances, I made the journey from the site of ancient Fort Amsterdam to that of ancient Fort Orange, between which, like the covers of a wondrous book, are bound up so many chapters of our most vital national history and most delightful national literature. And I was delighted not more by what I saw than by the many evidences which appeared of a renaissance of interest in these chapters, and of effort, among patriotic societies of men and women, for the culture of our distinctively American spirit. I will allude to these later on. I selected as the date for starting, the 12th of September, the anniversary of the day on which Hendrick Hudson entered New York harbor in the Half Moon and started on his voyage up the river that now bears his name. The day suited me the better as it fell on Sunday, for I had my misgivings about my ability successfully to pilot my way through the dense throngs of vehicles and people that congest the lower streets of the metropolis on week-days; and entertained apprehensions about the seemingly behavior of the ordinarily well-mannered Peg in the distractions of such unaccustomed surroundings. I reached my starting point at the Battery just as the chimes of old Trinity were sounding forth their mellow tones to the deserted buildings that tower above her gothic spire. I stood long on the steps of the Cunard Steamship Company, No. 4 Bowling Green, reflecting upon the scenes summoned up by the inscription on the bronze panel set into the face of the building:

The Site of Fort Amsterdam.

Built in 1626.

Within the fortifications was erected the first
Substantial Church Edifice
on the Island of Manhattan.

In 1787 the Fort was Demolished
and the Government House Built upon this Site.

This Tablet Was Placed Here by
The Holland Society of New York,
September, 1890.

"I'll warrant me that as I stood there, in the midst of a city of three millions of inhabitants, there was less disturbance on that Sabbath day than in the primitive days of my Dutch ancestors, when, in this church, Dominie Bogardus hurled his anathemas from the pulpit and the offended victims of his wrath attempted to neutralize his thunderous denunciations by firing cannon and beating drums outside of the door. I do not imagine that Fort Amsterdam was a very formidable structure. I remember reading a proclamation issued in 1650, by their 'High Mightinesses, the Gentlemen Directors, our Lords, Majores and Patroons,' reciting that this fortress, 'formerly in a tolerable state, had been in a great degree trodden down by the hogs and goats and the sheep,' and forbidding all inhabitants 'to allow all hogs, sheep, goats, horses or kine,' to run at large under penalty of fine and confiscation. A fortress so readily reduced by goats and pigs could not have been a very effective defense against the more formidable enemies of our forefathers. You will see from this incident that the Harlem goats of to-day has an ancient and honorable pedigree, dating back to the first twenty-five years of the history of the island.

"In Bowling Green, close by, where once a leaden George III. maintained his balance without stirrups on a leaden charger until pulled down by an excited multitude and melted into forty thousand bullets, now sedately sits the bronze figure of the worthy Abraham DePeyster, placed there by one of the seventh generation of his de-

scendants, Gen. J. Watts DePeyster, of Tivoli, N. Y. From this starting point, I rode eastward a few rods to the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, where stands what is said to be the oldest building in the City of New York, Fraunces' Tavern. In the famous long room, in which Washington's fellow-officers raised their glasses in a parting toast to their victorious and laurel-laden chieftain, I drank a glass to the memory of the past. Remounting Peg, I proceeded up Broad street (through which formerly plied the market boats of New Amsterdam,) to the Sub-Treasury building which stands at its head on Wall street. Here I paused to read the inscription on the base of the Washington statue:

On this Site, in Federal Hall,
April 30, 1789,

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Took the Oath as First President
Of the United States of America.

"It had taken but a few minutes to reach this northern boundary of the ancient city of New Amsterdam, but I had before me the distance of over ten scriptural Sabbath Days' journeys to reach the northern limit of Greater New York. Proceeding up narrow Nassau street to the City Hall Park, three sites and objects especially interested me. First was the spot now occupied by the New York Sun office, where, at the time of the English Revolution, Lieutenant Governor Leisler was unjustly hanged for treason—the first and last execution for that cause alone within the territory of the United States. The second was the Hall of Records, opposite the Elevated Railroad terminal, which, during the American Revolution, was a British prison so thickly crowded with prisoners that at night the unhappy patriots desiring to ease their aching bones, had to turn over simultaneously at given signal—"right" or "left." The third was the statue of the martyr Nathan Hale, who was executed as a spy near the present Third avenue and 65th street, four and a quarter miles to the northeast. Crossing the Park, I made a circuit of the blocks bounded by Broadway, Barclay street, College Place and Warren street, where formerly stood the old King's College, in the days when Alexander Hamilton, instead of training his fellow-students in the manly science of chasing a bag of wind, manoeuvred his artillery company on the 'Fields' which I had just crossed and taught them how to handle good solid cast iron cannon balls for the cause of American Independence. Later in the day I viewed on Morningside Heights the beautiful new buildings of Columbia University, (formerly King's College) in one of which, I am informed by Prof. Thomas Egleston, the distinguished geologist, is carefully preserved the iron crown that surmounted the parent institution in the days of George III.

"Recrossing the Park, I journeyed up Park Row to Chatham Square, in the name of which I found the only conspicuous reminder, in that vast city, of America's powerful friend in the mother country in the days of her struggles for her rights. I have often wondered what ever became of the marble statue of Pitt which was erected by a grateful people at the corner of William and Wall streets upon the repeal of the Stamp Act. It was mutilated by the British during their occupation, but was known to be in existence as late as 1865 at the corner of Franklin street and West Broadway. Continuing up the Bowery and Third avenue, I turned through Stuyvesant Place to St. Mark's Church, and gazed thoughtfully at the exterior mural tablet which reads:

In this Vault lies Buried

PETRUS STUYVESANT,

Late Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Amsterdam

In New Netherland, now Called New York,

And the Dutch West India Islands,

Died A. D. 1672½. Aged 80 Years.

"I know of no person of equal historic prominence," continued the Pilgrim, with an amusing twinkle of the eye, "who lived so long with one foot in the grave as this last representative of the Dutch dynasty. It has always been a problem with me, which foot entered first. About half of the pictures of the celebrated Petrus represents him with a beautiful lathe-turned right leg, and the other half with an equally well and similarly fashioned left leg. I wish the illustrators would come to some agreement on this important subject. But the loss of this member, whichever it was, seemed not to impair his facilities for living up to the meaning of his illustrious name, which, derived from the Dutch 'stuiven' and 'sand' signified literally to 'kick up a dust.' May his own dust rest in peace.

"Remounting my horse, and following as well as I could the old Bloomingdale Road (now Broadway and the Boulevard,) along which the Americans retreated when the British captured the Island in 1776, I soon found myself on the classic ground of Morningside, where the Battle of Harlem was fought. As a Broadway car whirled by me (much to Peg's disturbance,) I could not help thinking that if "Old Put," and his timorous breth-

ren from Connecticut had been aboard such vehicles of transportation that unhappy 15th day of September, there would have been no necessity for the hospitable detention of the British by Mrs. Murray to prevent their catching the escaping Americans. It appears to be all that a lively American can do now to catch one of those cars. Barnard College, at 118th street and the Boulevard, now occupies the sight of the famous buckwheat field in which the most desperate part of the battle of Harlem Heights occurred, and the brave Knowlton and Leitch fell near the intersection of the Boulevard and 124th street. I understand that one of the patriotic societies of the city is about to erect a massive tablet on the granite wall near the main entrance of Columbia University, commemorative of this battle.*

"Following the Boulevard down the declivity leading to the historic Hollow Way (now Manhattan street,) I turned eastward until I reached St. Nicholas avenue. The latter is the modern representative of the ancient post road which began at the junction of the original Bowery with the Bloomingdale road at Madison Square, and ran in a circuitous but generally northerly direction to the King's Bridge at Spuyten Duyvil creek. At 141st street I left it temporarily to visit the house of Alexander Hamilton, which stands on Convent avenue just north of its intersection with 141st street, and which is now devoted to private educational purposes under the title of the 'Hamilton Grange School.' It was from this house that the illustrious soldier and statesman went forth, in the early morning of July 11th, 1804, to meet his death at the hands of a vice-president of the United States, Aaron Burr. Across the avenue stand the remains of the thirteen symbolical trees planted by Hamilton to commemorate the thirteen original states. Some of the number have disappeared entirely and the remainder gave no signs of life.

"Entering St. Nicholas avenue again at 152d street, I journeyed less than half a mile before turning eastward through 160th street one block to visit the famous Roger Morris mansion, Washington's headquarters during the battle of Harlem Heights. To me, this house and Fraunces' Tavern, ten miles below, are the two most interesting historic edifices on Manhattan Island. The Morris house is a superb specimen of colonial architecture, and is carefully preserved by its patriotic and appreciative owners, Gen. and Mrs. Ferdinand P. Earle. A book of romance might be written about this building alone. I could not but wonder what were Washington's emotions upon becoming possessor of the mansion from which had fled his former companion in arms, its master, and his former sweetheart, its mistress—the Tory Roger Morris and his wife, *nee* Mary Philipse. This house was subsequently the residence of Madame Jumel, whose temporary marriage to Aaron Burr added one more picturesque chapter to the biography of that sinister individual.

"Returning to St. Nicholas avenue, which at 162d street takes its proper name as the King's Bridge Road I traversed it due north to 181st street. There, turning to my left through the stable-yard of Christ's Hotel, and following a winding lane, I emerged into the Fort Washington Road, about on a line with 183d street, opposite the residence of James Gordon Bennett. On the high ground immediately south of this mansion I identified two well-defined bastions of old Fort Washington. One of these is gradually crumbling away under the action of the elements, and I was told by a woman who lives close by, that years ago she used to see bullets and cannon balls roll out of the bank after a rain storm. When I think what difficulty I had in finding the spot on which, November 16, 1776, occurred what our American historian Fiske calls 'the greatest disaster of the war,' I blush for shame of the great city which shows so little pride in her own traditions. Is it because a great University has been built on the battle field of Harlem that it is to be decorated with a tablet commemorating a skirmish in which the Americans lost perhaps fifteen or twenty men, while the site of Fort Washington goes unmarked—Fort Washington, where the Americans, betrayed by a renegade, made a glorious resistance, and after sustaining a loss of one hundred and fifty killed and wounded and inflicting a loss of five hundred, yielded three thousand prisoners to an enemy who outnumbered them more than five to one? I say, as I stood on the soil made sacred by the tragedy that wrung tears from the eyes of Washington as he stood watching it from Fort Lee, and saw on it absolutely no mark of identification or evidence of reverent memory, I blushed for the patriotism of the second city of the world.

"Three-quarters of a mile north of Fort Washington I found three well-preserved redoubts of Fort Tryon, on a bluff commanding a superb view of the Hudson. And a ride of a mile and a half more brought me to the creek where, according to tradition, perished the vain-glorious trumpeter of Peter Stuyvesant, who attempted to swim it 'in spite of the Devil.' Having no occasion myself to defy the Evil One, by reason of the facilities for crossing afforded by a substantial modern bridge, I passed safely off from the Island of Manhattan and entered the famous Neutral Ground of the Revolution."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Memorial to France in 1900.

186 LENOX AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

The Editor "Spirit '76:."

My Dear Mr. Editor—Having been requested to send to your publication a statement in regard to a proposed memorial to France to be presented by the Daughters of the American Revolution; it gives me great pleasure to give the following brief outline of the plan: In June, 1897, the regent of the New York City Chapter, Daughters American Revolution brought forward for consideration by that body, the project of proposing to the society at large such presentation as is above mentioned. The chapter unanimously endorsed the undertaking. The *modus operandi* will be to bring before the Continental Congress, Daughters American Revolution, convening in February, 1898, the proposition that the entire National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, shall present to France a memorial fittingly expressive of the grateful remembrance in which are held those heroes of French blood, whose services—voluntarily tendered—were of incalculable value to the heroes of our land struggling for "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in 1776. This presentation to be made to the president of the French republic in 1900, during the Paris Exposition, in token that, although centuries roll by, republics are *not* ungrateful, the one to the other, when the heart of woman is enlisted.

I would suggest that the memorial services take the form of a piece of symbolical silver, which would also be historical—for instance, a model of the French ship *La Victoire*, so full of Revolutionary association to every Frenchman and American.

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution could purchase such silver without taxation of a single cent upon its individual members, in a way to be specified at the Continental congress.

It is not designed nor desired that this proposed memorial should, in any wise, interfere with any contemplated presentation to France by another association or by the

American public. Indeed, so great is the debt of gratitude we owe to that nation that multifarious gifts could but accentuate, not liquidate it. But there seems such peculiar reason why the descendants of the Patriots of the American Revolution, banded together to keep alive the memories of such ancestry, should perpetuate in permanent form their living sense of thankfulness, that it is earnestly hoped the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, will adopt and carry to completion such a project. And thus, while performing an act worthy of its great number and generous spirit, it will itself be immortalized.

Faithfully yours,

E. W. R. McLEAN, (Mrs. Donald McLean.)

Regent New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

On page 87 of the October issue of this paper, under the head of Colonial Governors, the name of Edith Ward Dwight is given as Governor of Canada; it should be Mabel Ward Cameron.

Mr. John R. Robinson of the Croker building of San Francisco, is a veritable son of the Revolution—since his father was an officer, and he is now over eighty years of age. He is still hale and active and finds plenty of employment in conducting a genealogical bureau.

*This tablet was dedicated October 16, 1897, by the Sons of the Revolution.



MRS. DONALD McLEAN.

Sons of the American Revolution.

THE Michigan Society Sons of the American Revolution was organized early in 1890. Its first officers were: President, Mr. Henry B. Ledyard (president of the Michigan Central Railroad); Frederick T. Sibley, Esq., secretary, and Mr. Silas Farmer, registrar and treasurer. In 1892 Mr. Sibley was chosen secretary, Fitz Hugh Edwards, M.D., registrar and treasurer, Mr. Henry B. Ledyard served as president up to last April, when the Hon. Thos. W. Palmer was elected in his stead; R. Storrs Willis, vice-president; Mr. Henry S. Sibley re-elected secretary, and George W. Bates, Esq., chosen registrar and treasurer. The following named gentlemen became board of managers: John N. Bagley, W. M. Courtis, T. R. Chase, L. S. Larrabee, E. W. Gibson, W. A. Butler, Jr., J. C. Smith, Jr., C. W. Hitchcock, M. D., Rev. R. W. Clark, D.D., F. T. Sibley, Rev. L. A.



HON. THOMAS W. PALMER.

Arthur, E. C. Skinner, M.D., Oliver Phelps, F. B. Gaylord, Silas Farmer. During the past seven years of the society's life much has been accomplished in keeping alive the memories of that great struggle that gave to this land its liberty and independence. The annual banquets have been memorable and the occasions of some brilliant after-dinner speaking. The most important celebration of the society was the Evacuation Day ceremony on July 11th, 1896. The holding of this marked event was proposed by the Rev. Dr. Rufus W. Clark, a member of the board of managers, and it is a tribute to citizens of Detroit that on that day everything was done to commemorate with pomp and pageant the evacuation of Fort Sernoult by the British and the raising of the first American flag over Detroit on July 11th, 1796. The tablet which marks the spot of the old fort is now the location of the new Federal Building, in the very heart of the city. The tablet bears the following inscription: "This tablet designates the site of an English fort erected in 1778 by Major R. B. Sernoult as a defense against the Americans. It was subsequently called Fort Shelby, in honor of Governor Isaac Shelby of Kentucky, and was demolished in 1826." The evacuation of this fort by the British at 12 o'clock noon on July 11th, 1796, was the closing act of the War of Independence. On that day the American flag was for the first time raised over this soil, all of what was then known as the western territory becoming at that time part of the federal union. The next important event in the society's history was the marking of the graves of Col. Francis Hamtramck and Major James Witheral by the society on October 18, 1897; it was participated in by a large number of the members. Our honored president, who is a grandson of Major Witheral, together with the vice-president, R. Storrs Willis, Esq., delivered the addresses at the graves. Col. Hamtramck was commandant of Detroit and its dependencies in 1800. In closing his address Mr. Willis said: "Col. Hamtramck, knightly soldier and gentleman, in thy grave with the spirit of Washington and the sentinel souls of thy devoted officers happily hovering over thee, and the benedictions of the church breathing near, the Sons of the American Revolution salute thee."

This ceremony was one of much interest and is a great tribute to those Revolutionary heroes of so long ago. These are the only known graves of Revolutionary soldiers buried in Michigan.

A committee was appointed at the June meeting to compile a year book of the Michigan society which shall contain a list of members and all important events in the history of the society. The book will be issued in the near future. At the last meeting of the board of managers resolutions were adopted on account of the death of Dr. Fitz Hugh Edwards, former registrar of the society. Dr. Edwards was for a long time a resident of Detroit and moved to New York city last year, where he died suddenly in October last.

It can be said that no other State Society contains a larger number of representative business and professional men than does the Michigan Society; its membership now numbers 227 with prospects of many more additions from time to time. The new quarters of the society are at No. 46 Moffatt Block, Detroit, where it is proposed to keep all valuable papers, records, and such historical books and relics that the society may acquire.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Louisa St. Clair chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Detroit dates back to the 19th of January, 1893, when the following ladies met at the residence of Mrs. Fitz Hugh Edwards: Mrs. Eugenie B. Gibbs, Mrs. O. M. Poe, Miss Blanche Wetmore, Mrs. Rodney Mason, Miss Katherine Hendrie, Miss Mary E. Trowbridge, Mrs. Larned Williams and Mrs. Edwards. The formal organization was then effected with the following officers: Mrs. Edwards, regent; Miss Gibbs, treasurer; Miss Wetmore, registrar, and Mrs. Poe, secretary. To Mrs. Hendrie was assigned the task of finding a name for the new organization, and she proposed that of "Louisa St. Clair," in memory of the devoted daughter of a gallant soldier of whom the Northwest may well be proud, though over his name for nearly a century has hung a cloud and for years he lived in poverty and neglect. Gen. St. Clair was a true and tried officer in two American wars, doing excellent service in the Revolution. He was president of Congress when the Ordinance of 1787, creating the Northwest Territory, was enacted and was its first governor. When removed from that office by President Jefferson he was broken in spirit, having lost home and fortune in the service, and though he had unsettled claims against the government amounting to thousands of dollars, he retired in poverty and distress to a log cabin on the summit of the Chestnut Ridge by the side of the great road leading to his own beloved territory and spent the remaining years of his life watching the settlers go trooping by to people its beautiful plains and valleys. His daughter Louisa was a beautiful and highly cultured woman and devoted her life to cheering his sad hours and caring for his lonely old age. Her devotion had in it all the elements of heroism. And so it was eminently proper that this chapter, here by the lake that bears the general's name and in the city she had so often visited should perpetuate her name.

From that small start—of eight names—the chapter has steadily grown in membership and influence until to-day it stands among the patriotic orders of the state second only to the state society of the Sons of the American Revolution. It has held three annual banquets—all delightful occasions. It attended in a body the Evacuation day services (July 11, 1896,) and was represented at the marking of the graves of Col. Francis Hamtramck and Major James Witheral. The regular meetings are held the third Thurs-



MRS. W. J. CHITTENDEN.

day of each month from October to June. Papers are prepared and read by members selected by the regent; after the reading of the papers the regent calls on the members for patriotic plums consisting of patriotic quotations or events that happened in Revolutionary times on or near the monthly meeting day.

The present officers of the society are: Mrs. William J. Chit-

tenden, regent, who is a granddaughter of General Alpheus S. Williams, who served through the Revolutionary war with much distinction; the vice-regent is Mrs. John S. Newberry; the secretary, Mrs. Oliver Phelps; the treasurer, Mrs. H. K. Lathrop Jr.; the registrar, Mrs. T. H. Seymour and Mrs. Emery Wendele; executive committee, Mrs. Russell A. Alger, Mrs. R. C. Faulconer and Mrs. William A. Butler, Jr.

Society of Colonial Dames.

A meeting of the board of managers of the Society of Colonial Dames of America in Michigan was held Thursday morning, October 12th, and after the transaction of routine business the following resolution was adopted: "That the twenty-five charter members of the Society of Colonial Dames of America in Michigan shall be, in so far as possible, the original members of our society, those who have served on the board and others in the order of their admission to the society."



ELIZABETH B. A. RATHBONE.

At the general meeting held on Friday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. R. H. Fyfe, Detroit, October 13, the articles of incorporation were signed by those present who were eligible, according to the resolution passed on Thursday, and the additional names will be secured at the next meeting. Several letters of greeting from other state societies were read at this meeting. The president appointed a committee, of which Mrs. Justin E. Emerson is the chairman, to devise ways and means to raise a fund to provide a statue of George Washington to be erected in Paris during the Exposition in 1900. This monument has been proposed by the National Society of Colonial Dames, and it is hoped that all the societies in the colonial and non-colonial states will contribute. The meetings of Colonial Dames in Michigan are held on the first Thursday of alternate months. The officers are as follows: Mrs. J. Henry Rathbone, president; Mrs. Don M. Dickenson, first vice-president; Mrs. John A. King, second vice-president; Mrs. James T. Sterling, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Henry B. Joy, recording secretary; Mrs. Henry M. Duffield, treasurer; Miss Harriet E. P. Farnsworth, registrar; Miss Mary L. Stebbins, historian. Board of managers: Mrs. James C. Smith, Jr., Mrs. James T. Sterling, Mrs. Charles A. Ducharme, Miss Harriet E. P. Farnsworth, Mrs. Henry F. Lyster, Mrs. Daniel Embury, Mrs. Henry W. Skinner, Miss Katherine W. Terry, Mrs. Henry M. Duffield, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Mrs. R. H. Fyfe, Miss Mary L. Stebbins.

The work of the Dames in Michigan is to uphold the high standard set forth in the National Society constitution and to make their influence felt throughout the state by educational, historical and patriotic work.

Mrs. J. Henry Rathbone, the president of the Dames in Michigan, is also regent for Michigan of the Mount Vernon Society.

United States Daughters of 1812.

The Society of the "Daughters of 1812" in Michigan was organized on March 5th, 1896, and the following officers chosen of the society are: Honorary vice-president general for the state, Mrs. John H. King; Mrs. Alfred Russell, president; Mrs. John V. Moore, vice-president; Mrs. James T. Sterling, secretary; Mrs. J. B. Nichols, treasurer; Miss Madeline King, historian. These are the present officers also. The society has fifty-five members and meets the first Tuesday in each month at the home of the president.

The local chapter has been recently named the Pontchartrain Chapter in honor of the private secretary of Cadillac's. At the regular meetings, papers relating to principal events connected with the war of 1812 are read. The society has petitioned Congress to appropriate a fund for the purchase of a handsome bronze statue of Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb who was born in Detroit and acquired much of his early military experience there. It is proposed to place the monument to his memory in one of the public parks of Detroit. The assistance of the senators and congressmen of Michigan will be invoked as well as the senators of New York state which Gen. Macomb so ably defended from the British in 1812. The petition was signed by all the members present, including a great granddaughter, cousin, and a great niece of the general. The petition is: To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled the undersigned members of the patriotic society of the United States Daughters of 1812 petition your honorable body to appropriate a proper sum for the erection of a bronze statue to the memory of Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb, formerly commander-in-chief of the United States Army, to be placed in some public square in the city of Detroit, Michigan, where the late Maj. Gen. Macomb was born April 13th, 1782, this public memorial to commemorate his services in the war of 1812, for which services he received the thanks of Congress, a gold medal, and the brevet of Major General. At the November meeting letters were read from prominent men endorsing the monument and wishing the society every success in its undertaking. A letter was read from Senator Proctor of Vermont, pledging his support in every way. After the routine business, the president of the society, Mrs. Russell was toasted with loving sentiment, it being an anniversary of her wedding day. The society is very prosperous and the outlook is for successful work.

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HARRIET DANA SKINNER.

On July 11th, 1896, Mrs. Henry Whipple Skinner of Detroit, was appointed by the founder of the Descendants of Colonial Governors, first chairman in Michigan, to organize the order in that state. Mrs. Skinner was Miss Henrietta Channing Dana, youngest daughter of the late Richard Henry Dana, Jr. of Boston, Mass. She is a Colonial Dame of Massachusetts by descent from Governors Dudley and Bradstreet, and a Daughter of the American Revolution by descent from William Ellery, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Chief Justice Francis Dana, member of the Continental Congress. She immediately began work and has now enrolled thirty-six descendants of Colonial Governors; sixteen men, and the following well-known women: Mrs. John J. Bagley, Miss M. L. Baldwin, Mrs. James Biddle, Miss Louisa Biddle, Miss Cornelia L. Campbell, Mrs. H. M. Duffield, Mrs. Daniel Embury, Mrs. J. E. Emerson, Miss Marie Hall, Mrs. H. B. Joy, Mrs. H. F. Lyster, Miss M. C. Mason, Miss Anna Pitkin, Miss Helen Pitts, Mrs. J. S. Rogers, Mrs. Horatio Seymour, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. J. T. Sterling, Mrs. Norton Strong, Miss Terry. The first membership book of the order in Michigan will be issued soon, and will contain the names and pedigrees of the members, and short biographies of the governors from whom they are descended. Mrs. Skinner was appointed first governor-general of the National Order in August last, and appointed Mrs. Henry F. Le Hunte Lyster chairman in her stead.

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MRS. ALFRED RUSSELL.

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"KING WASHINGTON" REVIEWED.

The following is a critical review of the new historical romance, entitled "King Washington," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The romance is the joint production of Miss Adelaide Skeel of Newburgh, N. Y., a member the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and of William H. Brearley of New York City.

EVERY novel must be judged from two standpoints. First, is it a good tale? and second, how far does it satisfy the reader in its picture of humanity? When the novel is historical, to these two is added a third: how far does it recreate for us a period with which we are ourselves unfamiliar, except by tradition? An author may be said to have won his spurs if he has succeeded in any one of these three tasks, and if he has successfully embodied all three elements in his book, there can be little question but the novel is a great one. In the work under review there can be little question that the first requisite has been achieved. Using a Tory conspiracy to abduct Washington, in conjunction with a scheme of certain army officers to place Washington upon an American throne by force, the dual authors drive their dual plot briskly through a couple of months in the spring of 1782, with few pauses and with no breakdowns. Something is happening most of the time, and while some of it is, perhaps, extraneous to the general plot, it all holds the attention at the time of reading—a quality often lacking in writers of much greater reputation. At moments, indeed, one is tempted to feel that the canvas is too crowded, but an error on this side is far better than the reverse. The inherent defect of the plot is one involved in most historical novels, for the veriest tyro of history is sure from the moment the conspiracy to capture Washington is broached in the second chapter, and the conspiracy to make him king, which is later developed, that they are both doomed to failure, and, therefore, the doubt as to the end, which is so important an element in a novel, is never present in the reader's mind; but this is only a part of the story, and a true doubt is supplied by the element of romance, the denouement of which is well veiled to the very end, and which then ends in a complete if satisfactory surprise.

As with most historical novels, we have here a blending of actual persons, who play minor parts, with a number of imaginary persons, who play major ones. Washington and his wife, (whom, by the way, we think he always called "Patsy," and not "Martha," as the book would lead us to believe), General Knox and his wife, Major Tilghman, and three or four others, figure with more or less prominence; but no character drawing for any of these is attempted unless it be for Mrs. Washington, and the endeavor to give her verisimilitude is by no means convincing. The character of the spy, half French, half Indian, seems an anomaly until the end, when the key to the puzzle is supplied, and what has seemed strikingly improbable becomes far less so. The hero John, or Jonathan, as he is variously styled at different times in the narrative, is apparently one of Washington's aids, but we note that the authors have made the same mistake with both him and "Major" Tilghman, that Dr. Weir Mitchell has made in his "Hugh Wynne" in giving Washington's staff improper rank. By resolution of Congress, Washington's aids were given the brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and

even a month's service in the General's family conferred that grade upon the server. The best character in the book, by all odds, is the little heroine, Margaret Ettrick, which is drawn sympathetically and charmingly, and about which the real interest of the story centers.

As an historical novel it is both good and bad. To many of its readers, no doubt, it will bring a first knowledge of the very foolish desire of a few officers to create a monarchy in this country, an attempt from which there was never the slightest danger, even had Washington not crushed it in embryo by his treating the proposition as practically an insult to his honesty. The inherent democracy of America was really as strong then as to-day, and any attempt to have forced a king upon the country, even if it had been possible to unite the Continental army for that purpose, would have been absolutely unsuccessful. That the project was mooted is quite true, and furnishes good material for a romance. Very little attempt is made to create an historical atmosphere, the characters, save in a dozen passages, talking the most modern English, and while the dress, household utensils, and other scenic materials are better used, the effect is none the less unhistorical. This flows it is true, not so much from the authors' own mistakes, as from the lack of unison between their method and

subject; constant digressions and parentheses are inserted in allusion to our modern life as compared with bygone days, with an inevitable loss of verity in the story, since the reader is never allowed to remain in the "times that tried men's souls," but is constantly, as it were, dragged back to the year of grace 1897. There are minor anachronisms, too, which could easily have been avoided. Thus the introduction of the ballad of the "Capture of Prescott," written many years after the Revolution, is wholly unnecessary; Washington is made to plunder the Tories in a way that was never done by the military

forces at any time during the war, and still worse, an endeavor is made by the General to win the aid of the Indians against the British, which was one of the great Continental grievances against Great Britain. Yet when every deduction has been made, the facts remain that one's historical knowledge has been added to, and that one has been pleasantly diverted, by the reading of this book.

ADDITIONAL PRESS NOTICES OF "KING WASHINGTON."

"The perusal of this story (King Washington) is calculated to arouse a purer patriotism and a deeper reverence for those staunch heroes who impressed their names on the pages of history. Characters that were prominent, seem to step out of the mists of history, and assume their respective parts in the events of those days."

—*Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.*

"It affords an admirable idea of the American army's headquarters at Newburgh."—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Record.*

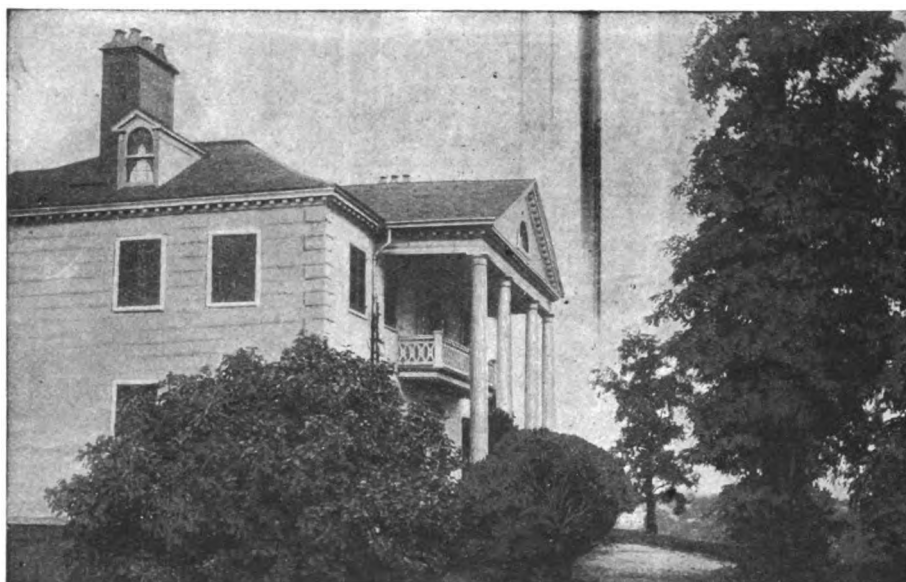
"A fascinating story that keeps you reading until the last page is turned."—*Providence (R. I.) News.*

"The work is highly romantic and is thoroughly entertaining."

—*Boston Courier.*

"A love story, delicately related."—*Fishkill (N. Y.) Standard.*

"A stirring well told tale."—*Hartford (Conn.) Post.*



THE MORRIS HOUSE. (Also known as the Jumel Mansion.)

The first four chapters of "King Washington" describe a banquet given in this mansion by Sir Henry Clinton, on April 4th, 1782. It is situated on 181st St., near St. Nicholas Ave., Washington Heights, New York City.

Colonial Wars in Michigan.

THE complete organization of the Society of Colonial Wars in Michigan was effected at the Russell House, Detroit, on the evening of Nov. 18th, last. The constitution provides for only one hundred members who are chosen by invitation, but the membership will probably never reach more than fifty. It started with only fourteen charter members and ten applications pending. The petition sent in to the general council for the charter for Michigan was said to be the most elaborate ever received by the General Council.

The following officers were unanimously elected: Governor, Mr. Frederic Trowbridge Sibley; Deputy Governor, Mr. Theodore Horatio Eaton; Secretary, Mr. Charles Albert Duhaune; Treasurer, Mr. John Newberry Bagley; Registrar and Historian, Mr. Henry Whipple Skinner; Chaplain, Rev. William Prall, S. T. D. Members of the Council, Mr. Rufus Woodward Gillette, Mr. Henry Hawes Meday, Mr. Truman Handy Newbury, Mr. Edward Lowery Woodruff, Mr. Sidney Trowbridge Miller, Mr. Benjamin Hand Scranton. Delegates to the general Council, Mr. Frederic Trowbridge Sibley, Mr. Truman Handy Newbury, Mr. William Charles McMillian and Mr. Theodore Horatio Eaton. Alternates, Mr. Henry Whipple Skinner, Mr. Edward Lowery Woodruff, Mr. Sidney Trowbridge Miller and Mr. Benjamin Hand Scranton.

Mr. Frederic Trowbridge Sibley, the Governor, is a prominent lawyer of Detroit, a member of the Cincinnati Society, the Aztec Club, and the Sons of the American Revolution. His grandfather was the Hon. Solomon Sibley, first mayor of Detroit. Mr. Theodore Horatio Eaton, the Deputy Governor, is a member of the old and well known firm of Theodore U. Eaton & Son (established in 1838) dealers and manufacturers of chemicals and dye stuffs. Mr. Eaton qualifies through nine ancestors in the Colonial Wars, and is also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and its Colonial Governors. Designs are to be submitted for a seal of the Society, which is expected to be of a historic character, with one or more of the early Michigan Pioneers as part of the design.

A Colonial Tea.

THERE was an old lady lived over the sea,
And she was an island queen.
Her daughter lived off in a new country,
With an ocean of water between.
The old lady's pockets were full of gold,
But never contented was she,
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax,
Of three-pence a pound on her tea.
Of three-pence a pound on her tea.

"Now mother, dear mother!" the daughter replied,
"I shan't do the thing you ax;
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
But never the three-penny tax."
"You shall," quoth the mother and reddened with rage,
"For you're my own daughter, you see,
And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on her tea.
Her mother a tax on her tea."

And so the old lady her servant called up,
And packed off a budget of tea,
And eager for three-pence a pound, she put in
Enough for a large family.
She ordered her servant to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should obey,
Or old as she was and almost woman grown,
She'd half whip her life away,
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
All down by the ocean side,
And the bouncing girl poured out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide.
And then she called out to the island queen,
"O mother, dear mother," quoth she,
"Your tea you may have when it's steeped enough,
But never a tax from me.
No, never a tax from me."

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Benjamin Roe, born Sept. 1759, and Mary Ware, born Oct. 1766, were married in Newburgh, New York, by Rev. John Close, June 30, 1782. The undersigned is anxious to learn the names of immediate ancestors of Benjamin Roe and Mary Ware, or either of them. Benjamin had three brothers; John, Stephen and Charles. Mrs. Wm. L. Mason, Milwaukee, Wis.

Wadhams: Information wanted about Abraham Wadhams, who served in the Revolutionary War. He lived in Connecticut. Address, C. M. Van Vuklenburgh, Lockport, N. Y.

Levi Smith, born in Brattleton, Vt. 1761, enlisted at age of 14 years: records from Commonwealth of Mass. Who were his parents? N. W. S. Jr., Spirit of '76.

Fox, Samuel Fox of Glastonbury, Conn., died in the Autumn of 1766, just prior to the birth of his son, Samuel, October 6, 1766; who afterward became a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He—the elder Samuel—had one daughter, Esther, who married Ichabod Hollister; Samuel and Esther were their only children, and their mother's name was Eunice. What was her maiden name? W. R. Webster, Bradford, Pa.

Webster, Jonathan Webster, son of Jonathan and Mabel (Risley) Webster, born in Glastonbury, Conn. Jan. 24, 1780; married Agnes, but we have not the maiden name; can any furnish it? M. E. Webster, Bradford, Pa.

William West: Can you tell me anything of him? Catherine Dudley Bramble.

Lombard: Betty Lombard of Boston, who afterwards married Mr. LeComte of Maryland, used to tell of the meeting at her father's house of some of the members of the "Boston Tea Party," for the purpose of donning their disguises. Who can confirm this tradition and give names? After Mr. LeComte's death, his widow married Samuel Handy, whose ancestor was one of the earliest settlers of the eastern shore of Maryland. Address, G. Spirit of '76.

Lord.—Information is desired regarding the ancestry of Mary Oshersbrough Lord who was born in Providence, R. I. June 18th 1881 and was married to James Sheldon, January 25th 1780.

Sheldon-Perry.—Will some one give me the ancestry of Rev. James Sheldon born Dec. 19, 1726 at Pawtucket, R. I. and Methodist minister there for 38 years, also of his wife Diadama Perry born Pawtucket, July 12, 1781. Theodore G. Fletcher, 670 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The editor of this paper, wishes information about old bedquills. As nearly as he can learn, the fashion of "piecing bedquills did not originate much before the present century. It does not go back to the Revolution. Can anyone tell whether this statement is correct or not? Also he would like to get the various designs that were in vogue and descriptions of materials used. Was it purely American fashion? Any informations, drawings or samples of old quilts that persons are willing to part with will be appreciated. The information obtained will be used in the Spirit of '76.

I have been a subscriber to the "Spirit of '76" from its beginning and have carefully preserved the back numbers. I desire to congratulate you on its growing improvement and its splendid patriotic teachings. It has earned a place on the book table of every American home where its graphic lessons of the heroic struggles of our Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors may be an incentive to the youth of our land to emulate their forefathers and transmit to their descendants unshaken and undiminished the free institutions made possible by a heroic ancestry. The story of the Revolution should ever be taught to the youth of our land to remember the historic past aids us to enjoy the present and the better to provide and protect the future. The fires on the altar of liberty should never grow dim may the "Spirit of '76" long continue on its mission of stimulating and encouraging true patriotic sentiment in our beloved land.

Very Respectfully Yours,
T. F. SPANGLER.

Patriotic Books Received.

"The Young American" by Harry Pratt Judson, LL. D. Maynard Merrill & Co., New York. Publishers is a book that will supply a long felt need and teachers will welcome it. Every school should have at least one copy or set of fifty, to be used as the author intends, as a supplementary reader in true patriotism and good citizenship. The book has numerous illustrations, some of which are colored, and maps which add to its value.

"The Household of the Lafayette," written by Edith Sichel and published by Macmillan is the latest biography of the great Frenchman. It is decidedly fascinating. The author does not overload the pages with facts; indeed she does not bring forward any new material, nor make any attempt at philosophizing but, simply tells her story in a straightforward way and groups the various characters around the central figure so as to make a word picture of the narrative. Her description of the "Annie Bégault" is very beautiful and vivid. Its polish and its sterling worth is very human and quite different from the ordinary work. Miss Sichel's romantic temperament seems to touch with the people of that day and though she may not state facts in their true significance, yet the reader remembers them. The work deals very largely with the whole family and the influence of the women-members. Little is said about his life in America, though it is not ignored. Really it is as readable a book as one could wish to meet.

"An Unwilling Maid," written by ——— and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, is a very pleasant story whose heroine is Betty Wolcott of Connecticut, and her portrait forms the frontispiece of the book. It is essentially a romance, though it never becomes profound or uninteresting. It cannot be recommended to persons who like historic novels that do not overwhelm them with learning.

Samuel Adams Drake's "Watch Fires of '76," (Boston, Lee and Shepard,) is a collection of stories of the Revolutionary struggle purporting to have been told by an old man. The author says that in his wanderings over old Middlesex years ago he met an old man who had been a Revolutionary pension agent and gathered these stories from the lips of actors in the scenes. They deal with the main events of the war and cover the entire period. They are excellent for juveniles.

"Guarding the Border" by Everett T. Tomlinson, (Boston, Lee and Shepard) belongs to the "War of 1812" series, and is a connected story of adventure. The author claims the entire setting of the book is historically accurate and my leading desire has been not only to interest my readers in a story but also to lead them into an appreciation of the efforts of their fathers to strengthen the land they so dearly bought. It is distinctively a juvenile along the regular lines.

"The Story of Patriots Day" by George J. Varney (Boston, Lee and Shepard) finds its origin in the abolition of the old fast-day by the Massachusetts legislature in 1864, and the creation of a new holiday April 19, under the name of "Patriots Day." He has accordingly written up the Lexington and Concord fights, following them topographically somewhat closely. It is a general sketch however; not an exhaustive treatise. He has gathered some traditional stories, and has reprinted some of the leading poems which have been written about these battles. The pictures are interesting and the maps very useful. In all it makes very pleasant reading.

Two other books have been received from the same publishers and both by the same author, Mr. A. E. Brown. The one entitled "Beneath Old Roof Trees," and the other "Beside Old Hearthstones," and both treat of the more obscure movements of the early patriots in the towns surrounding Boston. They give wide publicity to a great deal of local history and many family traditions—out of the way facts. They are finely illustrated with views of old houses, historic sites and personages, and are very interesting.

Prof. Henry P. Johnston of the College of the City of New York, has written a monograph of the "Battle of Harlem Heights," which the Macmillan Company publishes. It is a very valuable book on account of the original matter brought forward, and is written in simple style. It is only within a few years that anything like an adequate account of it has appeared, and still fewer that its site has been fixed with any degree of precision. The author has a threefold object in writing: first, to bring together all authorities in convenient form for local reference; secondly, to establish the fact that "we must fight the battle on the west, and not as heretofore on the east side of Morningside Heights." And truly to introduce new details into the account and enlarge the picture. "If any lover of American history; if any schoolboy; if Mr. Felix Oldboy wishes to follow our Harlem Battle from point to point, let him go to Morningside Heights and walk along the Boulevard and the Riverside Drive and Claremont Avenue, or stand on the ground of Columbia University and Barnard College, or look down the eastern slope of the great hill on which the mausoleum of the great Union soldier stands, and then he will find himself in some sort of touch with the men of 1776." After stating the causes that led up to the battle the author describes the action itself, following the armies over the ground as it is to-day; then he devotes two chapters to the work of previous explorers for the site, and follows with extracts from contemporary letters; many plans and maps—some of recent date and some old, are re-produced.

Washington Society, Sons of the American Revolution.
SEATTLE, Washington, Aug. 21, 1897.

THE SPIRIT OF '76, GENTLEMEN: I take a great deal of pleasure in renewing my subscription to your excellent journal. I regard it as one of the best ever issued, and feel that it should be in the hands of every member of the allied societies you so ably represent. Very sincerely yours,
E. WALDON YOUNG, Registrar.

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LOUIS H. CORNISH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

“THE women—God bless them”—are doing about all there is being done towards reviving patriotism in this country. The work which the Ruth Wyllys chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Hartford, Conn., took upon itself has done more to bring the patriotic societies close to the great American heart than all the “aggravatin’” teas with their attendant tribulations. This band of women so agitated the subject of improvement that the city has taken hold, will tear down a whole row of rookeries and build the only presentable approach from the centre of trade to the city's beautiful park. Not content with raising their \$13,000 for this purpose they are now restoring the time-worn and storm-damaged gravestones in the old Center churchyard.

This is perhaps the most notable instance, but similar work is being done in other parts of the country, and before long it is to be hoped that the traditional country churchyard will be a thing of the past.

THE National Society of New England Women gave a very entertaining and instructive exhibition at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 30th and December 1st, in which were presented American historical scenes. The attendance was very large and the people well satisfied. “Fuss and Feathers” formed a prominent part, but the great underlying current of thought and feeling was intensely patriotic and very commendable. The Pilgrims sang their songs to New York time and many of them looked as if they needed their hair cut. The Dutch Peter Stuyvesant appeared with his hereditary wooden leg. The Thanksgiving dinner and the sleigh ride were so intensely real that they awoke joyous remembrances in the heart of every New Englander, while the song “Hurrah for Old New England,” sung by Erricson Bushnell, brought tears to the eyes of every true Yankee, and the old contra dance was much more enjoyable and natural than the stately and affected gavotte of the embassy ball. The various patriotic societies had decorated the boxes with their beautiful insignia and the blue and the white, the blue and the buff, the red and the white, shrimp pink and white, lobster red

and white were mingled with the bloody cross of St. George and the sign of the Holland Dames; nevertheless the exhibition was a success.

THE Mrs. Donald McLean Scholarship of American History in Barnard College established by the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution promises to be a brilliant success. Not only will it increase the diffusion of historical knowledge in the country, but will give the recipient a chance of self-support since the certificate of graduation will take the place of a college diploma in the course American history, and prove an efficient aid in securing a place as teacher. It is limited to members of the chapter, and will be awarded every alternate year. It is secured by competitive examination, for which the committee is selected by Columbia and Barnard colleges.

THE announcement that a trip to Paris in 1900 of the members of the patriotic societies under the auspices of the SPIRIT OF '76 is awakening much interest, and the details of the trip are being perfected. It is intended to hold a re-union, July 4, 1900, of the descendants of the French and American who fought for our independence.

ON the inside page of the cover of this paper will be noticed a picture of the Patriotic Memorial tablet recently made for the Jeanette expedition. It is the work of Messrs. J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine Street, whose advertisement is directly beside it. The firm is devoting a great deal of attention to the making of tablets for patriotic societies and consequently are doing a great deal of the work.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE announces that during the coming year it will publish two series of articles of particular interest to readers of this paper. The first is the “Story of the Revolution,” written by Henry Cabot Lodge. No comment of any kind is required for an historical article written by Senator Lodge and accepted by the Scribner's—the very fact means that no one can afford to pass it by. The idea underlying the articles is to give an account of the events of the war in their sequence and significance and to describe the political and social atmosphere in which the men of the time worked. This is a view which few writers take and enables the author to bring out much new material and many interesting criticisms. The illustrations will be drawings of battle fields, historic places, and relics and portraits. The other series will be on the American Navy during the Revolution, which is an interesting because little known subject. The writer is Capt. Mahan—a fact which guarantees the value.

IT is the plan of the publishers of Scribner's Magazine to gather together the original paintings and drawings made for “The Story of the Revolution” into a gallery of Art, which will be exhibited in various cities of the country under the auspices of various chapters of the patriotic societies. And those societies desiring to avail themselves of this handsome gallery of Revolutionary Art will do well to correspond with Messrs Scribner about the matter.

Hartford's Ancient and Historic Burying Ground.

IN the crowded center of the City of Hartford, surrounded by large buildings of brick and stone with the First Church in front, almost concealed from the public gaze, lies an ancient burying ground containing the dust of a greater number of illustrious colonial founders, perhaps, than any other cemetery in this part of the country. Of a peculiar interest to many thousands of persons in the United States is this spot of ground, for the descendants of those quiet sleepers of the dust have helped to populate this great country. It is estimated that one fourth of the population of the United States is descended from New England's early citizens, and as Connecticut has been a conspicuous factor in colonization, even a larger proportion than that stated could undoubtedly be traced back to this parent colony. In close proximity lie these colonial ancestors; men of high and low degree who served their time and generation well; a noble company who wrought out in the midst of privations and hardships indelible a wealth of freedom and luxury which is our inheritance to-day. Not from a wanderer's curiosity nor from stress of poverty did these English pioneers leave home and friends to seek a new land, but fired by an enthusiasm of religious fervor, and revolting against the "divine right of kings," they determined to found a religion suited to the rather extreme needs of their puritan consciences. Even in Newtown, Mass., their first abiding place this side of the Atlantic, they found more constraint than was pleasing or consistent with their ideas of freedom; so their leader, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, with John Haynes, and a goodly company of England's stout sons and comely daughters, in June 1636, made that memorable journey through the wilderness to that lovely and attractive spot on the Connecticut river where, in a very short time, was born that constitution of which Professor Alexander Johnston writes: "It is on the banks of the Connecticut, under the mighty preaching of Thomas Hooker and in the constitution to which he gave life, if not form, that we draw the first breath of that atmosphere which is now so familiar to us. The birthplace of American Democracy is Hartford." All too soon there was need of a burial place for the dead. The delicately nurtured women and children, and even the men, did not well endure the unmodified severities of a New England winter, and many soon found a rest from their labors in the land of their adoption. Several interments were made in a temporary ground, but in 1640 the spot now known as the "Old Burying Ground" was established, and until 1803, a period of 167 years, was the only cemetery in Hartford, and to it were consigned nearly 6000 persons. A modern historian says that "historical scholars are agreed that among the sources of our American constitutional life the spring from which gushed the purest stream of influence was opened by Thomas Hooker and his associates of Hartford," and the same writer affirms "that Hartford more and more is becoming one of the Meccas of American historical students." But notwithstanding the historic as well as sacred character of this cemetery it had, in its obscure position, gradually fallen away from the sight and thoughts of most of the present and preceding generations, suffering neglect and the destruction of its monuments. The decay in the stones was peculiarly destructive in this locality where light was excluded by large trees, as well as the surrounding buildings; extreme dampness was the result and a woeful disintegration of the stones, many of which like those whose names they bore, have returned to dust. A year ago the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, D. A. R., undertook the work of redemption in this ancient ground. To clean and straighten stones and clear up the yard is about the labor usually required in old cemeteries; but here mammoth difficulties stood in the way of complete redemption, for to purify and honor this sacred heritage a complete transformation of its southern neighborhood was necessary. By its side is a narrow, dirty alley—one of the slums of the city, and a reproach to a Christian community. The plan mapped out by the Ruth Wyllys Chapter was to remove the tenement houses adjoining the cemetery and convert this alley into a broad thoroughfare, much needed by Hartford as an avenue from its main street to the Park, to the railroad station and the west. The cost of the buildings would be \$80,000; the assessments on adjoining property holders might amount to \$60,000. The Ruth Wyllys Chapter offered to raise \$10,000 to give to the City. (Let it be borne in mind that the City owned the Cemetery.) A public appeal was made through the columns of the press and circulars issued to the business men of Hartford. \$5,000 had been pledged when the appeal went to press, and in just two weeks the \$10,000 was subscribed. On June 1st., the Regent was able to report to the President of the Street Board that the Chapter was ready to make the contribution of the sum named, \$10,000 to be used in any way arranged by the Street Board, and also that the First Church, which stands in front of the Cemetery and in the redemption of which the Church is much interested, had raised by individual voluntary gifts another sum of \$10,000. By July 1st the amount contributed to the "Ruth Wyllys Chapter Fund for the Improvement of the old Burying Ground and the Widening of Gold Street" amounted to \$13,000, all sums exceeding the \$10,000 to be used on the improvement of the Cemetery. This makes an aggregate of \$23,000 contributed by the City of Hartford, and this in a year when business depression has been very keenly felt. The Ruth Wyllys Chapter contributed the handsome proportion of four thousand dollars (\$4000.). The interest in this Cemetery extends far and wide, for the descendants of the early citizens are scattered over the entire country; and to Connecticut more than any other State, do the people from various parts of the Union come for those records which shall prove

their descent from the heroes of colonial and revolutionary days. A Hartford paper published the following: "We print elsewhere the appeal of Mrs. John M. Holcombe, Regent, and other women of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter D. A. R., of this City, in which they offer to descendants of persons buried in the Old Hartford Cemetery the opportunity to join in putting that sacred spot in order."

Was it not a shame in itself to block in such a space and shut it out of the thought and sight of the people?

With things in that condition and with the public in a state of chronic and hereditary apathy on the subject, the Daughters of the American Revolution of this city decided this year that the time had come to do something. It is being done. By their efforts public opinion has been so aroused that the success is assured of a plan for widening Gold Street, the south boundary of the Cemetery, tearing down the buildings there, bringing the burying ground, park like, to the street front, and exposing it to the sight of all. This was a work of the city for the city, but additional money was needed to meet the cost, and the D. A. R., raised from Hartford people by public subscription about \$13,000 for the Ruth Wyllys Chapter fund, thus making the improvement a certainty.

All this being accomplished, the next and imperatively necessary step is to put in order the old stones, many of them quaint and fine specimens of carving, and all of them memorials of our honored dead. The descendants of these dead are scattered now all over the country. But in this ground rest the bones of their ancestors. Here lie the founders of their families. And it is for all their descendants, whether they live in Hartford or out of it, to put these graves in order, re-establish and restore the tipped and crumbling stones, and show a filial respect for those whose names we bear or whose blood is in our veins. This is not a local but a family matter.

Experts say that many of the stones can last but a few years longer; some are gone already. But now is the time to save all that can be saved, and the opportunity is one that combines the qualities of a duty and a privilege.

In response to letters and circulars \$1,200 have been received from non-residents of Hartford for the restoration of family tombs in the cemetery. In some cases the amount donated exceeds the sum necessary for the care of the stones, in which case the balance is devoted to the general improvement and subsequent beautifying of the grounds. From the City of New York, particularly, have come generous tokens of interest. Our first season's work has been more than satisfactory, and nearly 100 monuments have been restored and preserved, the power of restoration having exceeded our fondest expectation. There has, of course, been no modernizing, and only stones are cared for by the Chapter where authority has been extended by family representatives, or where those stones are erected to persons leaving no descendants. The right to care for these sacred emblems is surely a privilege for those who by the ties of blood have an interest in such family memorials. In imposing array stand the table stones of illustrious personages. The one to the memory of Thomas Hooker, that "Father of the Constitution," stands between that of Governor Haynes on his right and his associate and successor, Rev. Samuel Stone, on his left. Governor Haynes was one of the most prominent men in the Colony, and with Thomas Hooker is supposed to be responsible for that First Constitution. He was chosen first governor of the Colony in 1639, filling that office, or that of Deputy Governor, until his death in 1654. He was a gentleman of culture and position in England, "whose wife, Mabel Harlakenden, was the descendant of kings and the daughter of English nobility. Reared in luxury, Mabel and her brother Roger, left their sumptuous English home, Roger being the proprietor of a grand park of 1,800 acres, to face the untold hardships of the American wilderness. Roger soon died and Mabel gave the wealth of her life to Connecticut." The Wyllys descendants are donating a large sum for the erection of a very fine colonial monument to the memory of this distinguished family, whose record for high office and long public service is almost, if not quite, unequalled. The first George Wyllys was Governor in 1640. His son Samuel served in the Legislature 36 years; his son Hezekiah was elected Secretary of State in 1711, in which office he continued for 23 years, until his death in 1734; his son George was his successor, filling the same high office 61 years, until his death in 1795, and again his son General Samuel Wyllys succeeded his father and filled the office from 1795 to his death in 1809; making a record of 98 years in which father, son and grandson filled this high office of Secretary of State, and the long period of 140 years in which some member of the Wyllys family in direct descent filled a high public office. Many of the celebrated Wadsworth family are represented in this group of stones, and several pastors of the First Church. A broken column is the significant memorial of General Jeremiah Wadsworth, the friend of Washington, and Commissary General during the War of the Revolution. The large table stone in front having seven pillars, the largest and handsomest in the yard, was erected to the memory of Samuel Olcott, a very prominent citizen of Hartford in the last century, was restored and preserved by one of his descendants. To the rear and left of this is the one to Governor Joseph Talcott, bearing on a slate tablet the Talcott coat-of-arms and a long inscription to his Excellency and two wives.

In the center of the grounds is a plain brown stone obelisk erected in 1837 to the "Founders of Hartford." On it are inscribed the following names—names to which such a vast number of American citizens,

scattered east, west, north and south may turn with pride, to find there the founders of their families in America John Haynes, Thomas Hooker, George Wylls, Edward Hopkins, Mathew Allen, Thomas Wells, John Webster, William Whiting, John Talcott, Andrew Warner, William Pantry, Wm. Westwood, James Olmsted, Thomas Hosmer, Nathaniel Ward, Wm. Wadsworth, John White, John Steele, Thomas Scott, William Godwin, Thomas Stanley, Samuel Stone, John Clark, John Crow, James Ensign, Stephen Pope, Stephen Hart, William Spencer, John Moody, William Lewis, William Rusco, Timothy Stanley, Richard Webb, William Andrews, Samuel Wakeman, Jeremy Adams, Richard Lyman, William Butler, Thomas Dord, Mathew Marvin, Gregory Wolterton, Andrew Bacon, John Barnard, Richard Goodwin, Nathaniel Richards, John Pratt, Thomas Birchwood, George Graves, William Gibbons, Edward Stebbing, George Steele, George Stucking, Joseph Mygatt, William Bloomfield, William Hill, William Hyde, John Arnold, Arthur Smith, John Maynard, William Hayden, Thomas Stanton, John Hopkins, Nicholas Clark, John Marsh, Edward Elmer, Richard Church, Zachariah Field, Joseph Easton, Richard Olmsted, Richard Risley, Robert Bartlett, Thomas Root, John Wilcox, Richard Seymour, Benjamin Burr, John Bidwell, Nathaniel Ely, Thomas Judd, Richard Lord, William Kelsey, Richard Butler, Robert Day, Seth Grant, Thomas Spencer, John Baysey, William Pratt, Thomas Bull, William Hulton, Frances Andrews, James Cole, John Skinner, Thomas Hale, Samuel Hale, Thomas Olcott, Thomas Selden, William Parker, Samuel Greenhill, Ozias Goodwin, Thomas Bunce, Clement Chaplin.

I must mention that Dr. Charles J. Roadley, State Librarian, made an exact copy of every inscription in the old Cemetery in 1870, and from this we can secure any epitaph in its perfect original form when desired.

It is hoped that in the spring Gold Street will be widened, and then the old Cemetery can be landscaped and adorned with a surface of velvety turf and beds of flowers, and become truly a hallowed and beautiful spot. There are four hundred stones remaining to be treated. I have perfect faith that at no distant day every monument in this ancient "God's acre" may have received, either from family representatives or the Ruth Wyllis Chapter (which is ready to be sponsor for any unclaimed monument) proper care and become a perfect and enduring memorial of some one of those early ancestors who long since labored for the fruits we now enjoy, and whose graves should receive our tender and loving care.

EMILY S. G. HOLCOMBE, Regent.

Hartford, Nov 22nd, 1897

Ruth Wyllis Chapter D. A. R.

Communications may be sent to Mrs. William M. Pelton, Chairman of Committee of Cemetery, 972 Asylum Avenue, or Miss Mary K. Talcott, Registrar of Ruth Wyllis Chapter, 815 Asylum Avenue.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

—IN—

The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

BY MISS MARY DESHA, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

One of the objects of this Society, as stated in Article 2 of the Constitution, is "to cherish, maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom."

Is not the government of the people, for the people, and by the people the greatest of the institutions of American freedom, and are we upholding such a principle when we permit illegal elections, unfair counts and usurpation of authority without a word of protest? Are we showing our belief in and allegiance to the faith for which our fathers fought—equal rights to all and special privileges to none—when we meet each year and conduct ourselves in Congress in such a manner that lookers-on characterize it as a parliamentary pandemonium?

Those of us who organized this Society with a belief that it would be a great factor in reviving patriotism and renewing our allegiance, and through us that of other citizens, to true American ideas, have seen these things go on year after year and have been powerless to prevent them.

But we have now resolved that as far as in us lies, we will go into the Congress of 1898 armed and ready to stand for "accuracy in business, economy of time, order, uniformity and impartiality." In order that this may be no empty boast we have organized a Parliamentary class to which every Daughter is welcome, and which is now composed of National officers, Chapter regents, honorary and ex-officers and probable delegates. We meet once a week and really drill in parliamentary tactics. We waste no time in theory but confine ourselves to practice. We have not mentioned the great struggle between prerogative and liberty that began before King John signed the great Charter on the meadow of Runnymede, nor the revolt of the Commons, nor the Bill of Rights. A leader is appointed and she asks the following questions:

"What is parliamentary law? What is a motion? How is a motion presented? How many kinds of motions are there? What are they? The object and effect of each motion; whether it can be amended or debated. How are subsidiary motions

divided? Which is of highest rank? Do all motions require a second? What motions cannot be debated? What motions require a two-thirds vote? What motions require a majority; what unanimous consent?"

After an hour's drill on these questions and others of like nature, a motion is made, amended, committed, postponed, laid on the table, taken from the table, reconsidered, the previous question is moved, and noted upon, and so on until we learn not to make motions out of order, and that the mover and the one who seconds shall be recognized before speaking. Then we discuss some question which is of great importance and may come up in the next Congress. We have considered some of the following resolutions and will consider others: *Resolved*, That it is best for the highest good of the Daughters of the American Revolution that the president-general be a "National woman"—[National woman being defined to mean the wife or widow of a man who does or has occupied high official position in the National Government.] *Resolved*, That Article IV. of the By-Laws be amended so that any member of the Congress may preside in the absence of the president-general. *Resolved*, That the ratio of representation be changed, allowing one delegate for every one hundred members. *Resolved*, That no programme be prepared for the Congress, but after the reports of national officers the Congress shall make its own programme, and that all matters to come before it shall be referred to committees whose report shall be acted on by the Congress. *Resolved*, That the president-general's power to appoint committees be limited to the committees mentioned in Article III. of the By-Laws, in accordance with the original intention of said by-law. *Resolved*, That the Continental Hall should be built by means of stocks or bonds and not by voluntary subscriptions. *Resolved*, That the term of office of National officers shall be two years instead of one. *Resolved*, That a larger proportion of fees shall be retained by the chapters. *Resolved*, That all legislative power be vested in the Congress and not in the National Board. *Resolved*, That if any National officer is accused of conduct unworthy of one holding her high position the matter shall be investigated by a committee appointed by the Congress.

Arguments are presented on both sides of the question and a spirited debate usually follows, in which we are again impressed with the high order of wit and repartee among the Daughters of the American Revolution and of how pleasant it is for sisters or Daughters to dwell together in unity.

We are guided altogether by Robert's rules, but as one member expressed it, "Robert jumps about so"—I have prepared a series of questions and answers based on his rules to be used in connection with his manual, which I shall be glad to send to any chapter that will write for them. If such chapter will send one good parliamentarian to the Congress, we shall present such a solid front that even the most biased presiding officer will be compelled to rule for the "good of the order," and the Daughters of the American Revolution will be pre-eminent in the conduct of public meetings as they now are in every other good and patriotic work.

The Nathan Hale Chapter of St. Paul, Minn. was organized on the 30th of November, 1895, with a charter membership of twenty, which has now increased to forty-eight. It is an invitation chapter and its membership is limited to seventy-six. The meetings are held on the last Tuesday of each month, at the residences of members. It is eminently a working chapter, each applicant for admission being required to pledge herself to engage in some branch of chapter work when called upon. A systematic course of study in American History has been laid out, beginning with the settlements of the different colonies. A program for the year's work is planned and arranged for during the summer months, and a full program with list of books of reference is sent each member. It holds two special meetings during the year, one on Sept. 22nd, when the anniversary of their hero's martyrdom is fittingly commemorated, and on the 6th of June, the anniversary of Nathan Hale's birth. The chapter's patriotic purpose, and one which is dear to the hearts of its members, is that of accumulating a sum of money which will enable it to erect some lasting tribute to their hero some time in the future. This work has been pursued in a quiet manner, but the sum of three hundred dollars has already been laid aside.

The Valentine Holt Society of San Francisco, California, presented an American Flag to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind at Berkeley on October 22nd.

The Children and their parents were welcomed by Superintendent Wilkinson, and were conducted to a recitation room, where a lesson in history relating to the War of the Revolution was given to the pupils. Patriotic and literary exercises were held in the Chapel afterward. Mrs. S. Isabelle Hubbard, President of the society, gave a history of the National Society, its objects and aims. "Columbia" was then sung by fifty blind pupils, and Mr. Zenas U. Dodge spoke of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, after which Miss Helen A. Hallowell made the presentation. As the flag was unfurled, after its acceptance by Dr. Wilkinson, the audience sang "The Star Spangled Banner," followed by "America."

Sons of the American Revolution.

EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY.



Pursuant to the directions of the Society a special meeting was held November 15, 1897, at No. 123 West 88th street, New York City, Vice-President Comp't. Robert B. Roosevelt in the chair, with more than a quorum of members present. The Secretary read the call for the meeting.

After the reading by the Secretary of the circular of information from the Secretary-General in connection with the resolutions on Revision of the Membership Rolls, as well as the basis of Union as adopted by the National Congress the Chair stated the question to be upon the ratification of the Constitution of the proposed "National Society of the American Revolution."

Compatriot Prime moved that the vote be taken *vive voce*, which was lost by a vote of 16 in the affirmative and 22 in the negative.

It was then moved that the vote be taken by secret ballot, which was adopted. The Chairman appointed as tellers Compatriots Cone and Sumner, and the Compatriots present at the meeting voting 72 in favor of ratification and 3 against.

The Chair appointed Compatriots Prime and Foye a committee to receive and examine the proxies. Upon such examination it was found that 884 were in favor of ratification and 4 against, making the total vote to be 456 in favor of ratification and 7 against. This result was received with hearty applause.

At a meeting of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, held November 15, 1897, the following resolution and memorial, offered by Edward Hagaman Hall, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the following memorial be adopted and signed on behalf of the Society by the president and three vice-presidents, and transmitted by the secretary, under seal of the Society, to His Honor, the Mayor, and the Common Council of the City of New York:

To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of New York:

GENTLEMEN—The Empire State Society, assembled on the eve of the 121st anniversary of the capture of and massacre at Fort Washington, respectfully requests you to take the proper steps to permanently mark that historic spot. It is a reproach to the patriotism, civic pride and generosity of the city that this spot, on which occurred the greatest disaster to American arms during the War for American Independence (according to an eminent American historian,) is so neglected that it can now be identified only with great difficulty, by two remaining bastions which are rapidly disappearing under the action of the elements. If prompt action is not taken, permanently to mark this site, its location will soon be involved in the same doubt and historical dispute that for many years, and until quite recently, enveloped the actual scene of the Battle of Harlem Heights. The misleading position of the name "Fort Washington" on some of the maps of the city, the diversity of locations attributed to it in popular opinion, and the practical difficulties which a visitor encounters in finding it, demonstrate that this sacred spot is already passing into the shadow of doubt which precedes complete loss of identification. Manhattan Island was the theatre of but two military engagements during the War of the American Revolution. The first and minor was the Battle of Harlem Heights on September 16, 1776 on the day after the unresisted invasion of the Island by the British. In this engagement the American loss was about 20 or 25 in killed and wounded. The second and more important was the capture of Fort Washington, on November 16, 1776. In the latter, after their gallant and desperate resistance of an enemy outnumbering them more than five to one, and having sustained a loss behind their works of 150 killed and wounded upon their adversaries, the Americans yielded to an overwhelming force, and surrendered 3,000 prisoners of war to languish in British dungeons or perish on British prison-ships. The Hessian mercenaries of the British, enraged by the desperate resistance which they had encountered, violated the laws of humanity and civilized warfare by wrecking their vengeance in a horrible butchery of their helpless captives; while Washington, standing on the opposite shore of the Hudson, wept like a child at the fate of his heroic companions-in-arms which he was powerless to avert. On that date, the last vestige of American authority disappeared from the Island of Manhattan until the evacuation of the Island by the British seven years and nine days later, after the American Independence had been won. The loss of Fort Washington was a crushing blow to the American cause.

We respectfully represent to your Honorable Body that the importance of that historical event and the greatness of the sacrifice then made, warrant you, and the present state of historical interest justifies you, in making such moderate appropriation as may be necessary for permanently and effectively marking this spot which to-day has neither stone, post nor finger board to assist in its identification, and which is known only

to a few residents of the vicinity, our city officials, and a handful of his torical students. As the site lies immediately within the private property boundary on the western side of the Fort Washington road, about in range with 188d street, we suggest that if the acquisition of a parcel of land for a small public park be impracticable, a substantial but not elaborate granite arch spanning the public highway at that point, properly inscribed, would be a suitable and effective means of marking the place. The Fort Washington road, in conjunction with the Boulevard Lafayette, is destined to become one of the most popular and picturesque pleasure drives of the city; and in the near future thousands instead of hundreds will daily pass in ignorance of the spot most deeply stained with the blood of our patriotic ancestors on the Island of Manhattan, and the spot which ought most reverently to be cherished in the hearts of our liberty-loving people.

Signed in behalf of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1897, and of the Independence of the United States the 123d.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, President.
ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, Vice-President.
WALTER S. LOGAN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. PRIME, Vice-President.

The Committee to present it to the City Government are Edward Hagaman Hall, W. W. Kenly, Gen. Horatio C. King, S. M. Wright and Colonel Ralph E. Prime.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

The gathering of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Nashville on October 9th was worthy of Tennessee and its Centennial. A large audience was present at the morning exercises in celebration of the battle of Yorktown. They came from widely separated sections of the land, but their hearts were as one. The welcome of the state was given by its governor and the response of Mrs. Joseph Washington, vice-president-general, presiding over the meeting, was equally eloquent. Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York city chapter, and Mrs. Bryan, daughter of Admiral Semmes, made brilliant addresses, and were frequently applauded. The programme included singing of the "American Hymn," written and composed by Miss Forsyth, state regent of New York. This hymn, well known to the Daughters of the American Revolution, was enthusiastically applauded and the composer asked to rise. The programme was one of great interest. The afternoon meeting was devoted to the Daughters of the American Revolution, although many others were present. Mrs. Washington again presided. Addresses were made by Miss Forsyth on "The True Outcome of our Work," and by Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, Mrs. Keim, Mrs. Dorris and others on the various lines of effort undertaken by the society. Mrs. Washington entertained the Daughters and Colonial Dames at luncheon in the Woman's Building between the exercises. Mrs. Major Lewis held a delightful afternoon reception. Miss Temple vice-president of the Centennial and regent of the Bonny Kate chapter of Knoxville, received during the evening at the Maxwell House. Mrs. Dronillard, Mrs. Head and others threw open their homes, so that it was difficult to find time to fully enjoy the great Exposition. On Wednesday, the 20th, a tree planting by the Walanga society took place on Capitol Hill. The Children of the American Revolution being present. The special "Children of the American Revolution" meeting occurred in the afternoon. Many children's societies came marching into the auditorium of their building, carrying banners, some of them wearing patriotic costumes, all ready to do their part by responses, patriotic recitations and songs. "In Tennessee," was beautiful in itself and admirably sung. A drill brought many of the young people upon the stage as the exercises were drawing to a close. The societies and the large assemblage in attendance were addressed by Mrs. Lothrop, the founder and president of the Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Henry of Texas, Mrs. Gentry of Tennessee, Miss Forsyth of New York, and others responded for their respective states. The Centennial Exposition was a marvel of interest and beauty, recalling many of the finest features of that of 1893; and the meeting of the Daughters was a constant delight and has given a fresh stimulus for earnest work to all who came together at Nashville.



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THE SPIRIT OF '76 thanks its correspondents for their generous support this month. So freely has its call for information been responded to that although the "blue pencil" has been used in the interest of space very many reports must go over till next month.

Nothing is more noticeable in the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the State of New York than its practical character. Those unfamiliar with the purposes of the society often ask the question "of what use is it." This can best be answered by an account of what has here been accomplished.

Some of the most notable efforts successfully made by our older chapters are already generally known. Among these are the founding of the Chair of American History in Barnard College by the New York City Chapter and its endowment of a free scholarship that offers more culture of those women who shall avail themselves of its provisions. We know, too, of many celebrations of historic anniversaries, some of which has brought to us patriot men and women from many sections of our country, and have stirred a whole community to enthusiasm by the story of its heroic past. But perhaps it is not realized that all our chapters now numbering about fifty are making the history of our own State better understood. Even those in the smaller, remote places usually find some link with our early history. The graves of Soldiers of the Revolution, the remains of an ancient fortification, the story of some event half forgotten but worthy of perpetual remembrance, the unknown history hidden away among family papers all those are now telling upon the thought, feeling and purposes of the men and women of to-day; still more, perhaps, upon the rising generation. The graves of the heroes, historic sites and buildings are being preserved and designated by tablets and monuments of kindred societies. Especially the Sons of the American Revolution and Sons of the Revolution unite with the "Daughters" in holding public celebrations. The clergy see the importance of such efforts and cordially further them. The Press sends far and wide the knowledge of what is done and of its ultimate purpose. So, a great wave of popular interest and enthusiasm is sweeping over the State to raise the standard of patriotism and of citizenship. The chapters devote much attention to the education of the young. One in the western part of the State for some years supervised all departments of the Public Schools. Usually, chapters offer prizes for the scholars who pass the best examination in American History, or who pass the best essay on some patriotic theme. Copies of the Declaration of Independence are placed in school-rooms and post offices. Societies of the Children of the American Revolution are being rapidly formed, under the fostering care of the Daughters, and often participate in the observance of historic anniversaries. The effect of this great movement upon family life is very marked. Parents and children unite in seeking to learn from the past for the sake of the future of the nation. An illustration of this was given on June 14th, when the Rochester University was presented with a large flag and flag-staff by the city chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution. The children's chapter held the flag preparatory to its raising. Loan collections in many places have had great value from an educational standpoint. Chapters have contributed valuable works on American history to local libraries, or, where these are lacking, are founding them, for the use of the public. They are also contributing to the Continental Hall, which it is proposed to erect at Washington as a permanent headquarters for the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is to contain many valuable relics already belonging to the society with others to be given when the building shall become an accomplished fact. The Key Monument Association, the Mary Washington Association have with various other patriotic interests been aided by the Chapters of this State. Many able historical papers have been written by chapter members and published in "The American Monthly Magazine" or local newspapers. One fact certainly deserves high commendation. In our chapters women of the highest social standing have worked in true fellowship with those met only through associations springing out of this wonderful organization. The importance of this is incalculable. It is impossible in this brief article to do justice to all phases of the subject considered. Enough, perhaps, has been said to show why a chapter should be formed in every town, and to answer the question asked, "What are Chapters doing in the State of New York?"

MARY ISABELLA FORSYTH.
State Regent for New York D. A. R.

The Princeton, Ill., Chapter was organized with sixteen charter members. Mrs. Austin Bryant Reeve was elected regent; Miss Mary M. Horton, vice-regent. The centennial anniversary of Washington's farewell address to the American people was celebrated on September 19, 1896, by a tea at the home of Mrs. Douglas Moseley. It took charge of the Woman's Club meeting on February 25, 1897. A large and handsome flag was presented by the chapter to the club: The Fourth of July, 1897, was celebrated by a speech from the regent and the singing of patriotic airs and the reading of patriotic papers. It now numbers twenty-five members, the most beloved of whom is its own daughter.

The Atlanta, Ga., Chapter was the first to organize after the National Chapter. It was also the first, if not the only one, to own a chapter house. This house, "Grange House," is the gift of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. During the first five years of its existence it had little to show as the result of labor or study, and the members numbered only seventy-five. But '96 and '97 were years of remarkable growth, not only in the greatly increased membership, which has reached one hundred and eighteen, but in the interest in chapter work. This has been brought about by a general interest in historical studies under the direction of the regent, Mrs. Porter King. Additional interest has been given to the meetings by the reading of genealogical papers by different members. The idea is to preserve in this way the records of the members, to serve as lineage books for future reference. The regent, Mrs. Porter King, was one of the charter members of the organization in April, 1891. Her effort has ever been to raise the standard of the chapter work, and to keep before the members those principles which form the foundation.

The Norwalk (Conn.) Chapter began its existence December 16, 1892, and is the fourth chapter organized in the state. It has preferred to keep the name of Norwalk, believing it to be proper and convenient to be known by the historical name of Norwalk. Its first public work was the celebration of the two hundred and forty-fourth anniversary of the settlement of the town, and with the assistance of the local branch of the Sons of the American Revolution, and of patriotic citizens outside the two societies, a brilliant programme was carried out. This consisted of a two days' festival at the armory, including an exhibition of Colonial and Revolutionary relics of great interest under the direction of a well known connoisseur and antiquarian, a citizens' meeting with notable addresses, a gathering of four hundred school children, and a magnificent Colonial ball, which concluded the celebration. It has marked three historic spots in the town with costly tablets, and the memory of Roger Ludlow, the noted Colonial noted as the "Founder of Norwalk," has been perpetuated by a magnificent monument erected by one of his descendants, the formation of the patriotic societies undoubtedly being its inspiration. A complimentary supper to the Sons of the American Revolution was given in 1896, the late distinguished Major General Darius N. Couch, president of the local branch, being the guest of honor. Each year a five dollar gold piece is offered to the school children for the finest essay upon some historical subject connected with Revolutionary times. Visitors from the Chapter are appointed each fall to visit the schools and speak with the children upon the study of United States history. It holds monthly meetings in the Assembly Rooms of the Central Clubhouse in Connecticut, and here are kept the insignia of the Chapter, and some valuable gifts. At these monthly meetings there is always an interesting programme, often an exhibition of relics, and the afternoon is pleasantly rounded out by a social "Tea."

The Jane Douglas Chapter of Dallas, Texas, was organized two years ago, with Mrs. T. L. Henry, regent. Its first meeting was held on December 16, 1895, the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the Boston "tea party." The first year of its existence was devoted to its growth and making friends—no easy matter in this state, where in addition to societies of all the wars of the Union, its own individual history as a republic is to be revered by the children of the heroes of Goliad, San Jacinto and the Alamo. The second year was devoted to the study of American history, the course of reading being prepared by Prof. Shepardson of the University of Chicago, and divided into portions calling for a recitation and discussion every second week. The chapter numbers forty-seven members with five applications pending, and it is now planning a renewal of the history class and the perfection of a long cherished scheme of establishing a public library which shall have a section specially devoted to a complete history of the United States, embracing any material of any interest or value to us as citizens of this country, and which will make that portion of the library a monument to the energy of the chapter. It is a stupendous idea but will be carried out.

The Cayuga Chapter at Ithaca, N. Y., has earnest and enthusiastic members. Framed copies of the Declaration of Independence have been placed in the school houses and the post-office, and for the present year there are three plans on foot—the systematic reading of American history by the chapter, the offer of a prize for the best essay in that line, and an effort to preserve the memory of some Revolutionary soldiers.

The Jacksonville Chapter is the only recognized chapter in Florida. It has a large membership and semi-monthly meetings at its rooms in the St. James Hotel during the winter months. There are many individual members of the Daughters of the American Revolution scattered over the state, and at St. Augustine the state regent hopes this winter to get a chapter fully established. There has been an effort made to organize a chapter

at Tallahassee and Tampa, but so far this has been unsuccessful. Last winter this chapter offered a prize on the best essay on American history by a pupil of the public school, and on Washington's birthday gave a luncheon for the members and friends of the chapter. The semi-monthly meetings were very enjoyable and there were historical papers read during the season. In the past summer many of the chapter members have been entertained by chapters in the North and West, and all have in consequence returned with increased enthusiasm to carry on the work of their own organization.

The Wadsworth Chapter of Middletown, Conn., was organized on February 1st, 1892, and has the honor of being the first chapter formed in Connecticut and the second in New England. It has nobly borne its part in the work of the National Society, having contributed handsomely to the various objects which have from time to time appealed to it. The local work in which it has taken part is that of the enclosing of an old and neglected burying ground containing the graves of Commodore McDonough and many of the earlier and eminent citizens of the town, which was organized in 1852. By contributions and influence, the work upon the old Riverside Cemetery is now well under way. During the six years of its existence many historical papers of rare merit have been prepared by members and read before the chapter, and the meetings have uniformly been most interesting in character.

Mrs. Georgia Moore de Fontaine, widow of Felix de Fontaine, formerly of South Carolina, died suddenly October 16th, at Englewood, New Jersey, where she was spending the summer. The funeral took place October 20th, at her old home in Columbia, S. C. Mrs. De Fontaine was a gifted woman, and as a writer and poetess won a reputation, and long will she be held in remembrance through her gifted pen. She was charter member of the original National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1890, and the second state member of New York Society. She was the first organizing regent of South Carolina, and through her pen and personal influence did valuable work. She was honorary vice-president of United States Daughters Society of 1812.

Princeton, New Jersey, stood for patriotism one hundred years ago and more, and the members of the Princeton Chapter do not mean to let that sentiment die out to-day. Teas are given once a month at the homes of different members. The lady who entertains provides a paper, sometimes of general historic interest, or descriptive of life in the Revolutionary times, or recounting the exploits of brave men and women in the cause of liberty. The most tangible service to the cause of patriotism of this chapter is the preservation and renovation of the old Berrien Mansion at Rocky Hill, once Washington's headquarters. Not that the Princeton Chapter has accomplished this unaided, but it has done still better, it has awakened interest, aroused enthusiasm and enlisted sympathy and help, till many outside of the chapter have joined in the enterprise. The house was purchased through the personal liberality of the Regent of the Princeton Chapter, and by her deeded to an association which now holds the title to the property. The house has been put in thorough repair and refurnished in true old Colonial style, and many interesting relics are here preserved. It was occupied by Washington in the summer and fall of 1783, while Congress was in session at Princeton. Many were the conferences with the committees from Congress held here, and here Washington wrote his farewell address to the army.

The Mary Draper Chapter of Jamaica Plain (Mass.) gave an author's reading last month which was largely attended.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Chapter at a recent meeting instructed its executive board to arrange immediately for an entertainment for the purpose of raising money to erect a Chapter building and care for the block house property. Miss M. W. Denny has been chosen regent and Mrs. Cyrus Clark corresponding secretary.

The Chicago (Ill.) Chapter has offered two prizes for the best original papers on "Our Country's Friends and Sympathizers at Foreign Courts During the Revolution." The contest must close on January 1st. Judge Blodgett, Franklin H. Head and Judge Grosscup are judges. Mrs. Frederick Dickinson is regent.

The Graphic Chapter of Providence (R. I.) has a membership of over two hundred and fifty, thirty-eight having joined during the last year. Mrs. Millicent Clay Peck, a "real daughter," was admitted. Following are the officers for the ensuing year: Regent, Mrs. Walter A. Peck; vice-regent, Miss Amelia S. Knight; secretary, Miss Anna Wales Stockbridge; treasurer, Miss Julia Lippitt Mauran; registrar, Miss Mary B. Anthony; historian, Mrs. Richard J. Barker; auditor, Mrs. Geo. E. Bixby.

The Connecticut Daughters, under the leadership of the Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter of Putnam, have begun the work of transforming the old "Putnam Wolf Den" property in Pomfret into a public park.

The Molly Varnum Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Old Middlesex Chapters of the Sons of the American Revolution are arranging for a Colonial relic exhibition.

The Newton, Mass., Chapter held a special meeting last month to receive its charter. The meeting was largely attended and many guests were present. One of the attractive features was the dancing of a minuet in costumes of two young ladies.

The Caesar Rodney Chapter of Wilmington, Del., gave a concert and loan exhibit recently. The partial list of objects shown indicate that it must have been excellent and gotten up with the greatest care. This chapter is doing excellent work for Delaware history.

The John Marshall Chapter of Louisville, Ky., is as active as ever, always responding to national appeals, and now is busy with plans for a monument to George Rogers Clarke, the man who saved the West for America and to whose memory scant justice has been done. It is to be placed in one of the parks of that city.

The Rebecca Bryan Boone Chapter of Newport, Ky., intends to erect a "Boone" monument. In all the chapters of this state the spirit of recognition of the work and sufferings of the early pioneers seems very active.

The ten officers of the Saratoga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, gave a reception September 9th to the members of the chapter, visiting daughters and the state regent, Miss Forsyth, of Kingston. It was held in the House of Pansa, and was a return for the many courtesies extended them by the members of their own and other chapters. It was very largely attended. Incident to the reception addresses were made by the regent, Miss Elizabeth Brown; Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth and Miss Forsyth. The guests of honor of the evening were Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee and Miss Forsyth. The occasion also marked the anniversary of one of the battles of Saratoga.

On August 30 the Bristol, R. I., Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island. Many members of sister chapters were present. An excellent address was delivered by Rev. James DeWolf Perry of Germantown, Pennsylvania, a native of Bristol. The musical part of the programme was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Sarah Bowman Van Ness, regent of the Lexington, Mass., Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has presented to her chapter a gavel made of woods obtained from historic sources. Parts of it represent Roanoke Island, 1585; Jamestown, 1607, and the old belfry, Lexington, 1775. It is enclosed in a box made of wood from the old Hancock-Clark house and from the Bowman home, the oldest house now standing in Lexington.

Mrs. Sarah Bowman Van Ness, of the Lexington, Mass., Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, is a descendant from Captain Nathaniel Powell, who, with his nephew, Captain John Powell, landed with Captain John Smith in 1607 and explored James River. In the British Museum, London, is the first map made of Virginia, commonly known as "John Smith's Map," but investigation has shown that Smith was an illiterate man, and that the map really was made by Captain Nathaniel Powell. A copy of it is kept at Washington, and the authorities there, recognizing the authenticity of Captain Powell's work, have presented still another copy of the map to Mrs. Van Ness. Captain Powell wrote much of the history of John Smith, who was at one time governor of Virginia.

A recent historian describing the enthusiasm with which New York and Brooklyn citizens labored in throwing up earthworks for the defence of the cities in 1814, at the time the report became current that the British were about to attack them, says, copying from a newspaper of the day: "A company of ladies from New York city went to Brooklyn, and forming a procession at the ferry, led by the music of Tammany Society, increased in numbers as they went toward Ft. Greene to between two and three hundred, when they performed an hour's work on the fortifications amid the plaudits of the citizens on the ground. Several patriots of the Revolution were among them, and a lady seventy-two years of age wheeled a barrow of earth with great activity.

The Massachusetts State Society of the United States Daughters of 1812, under the direction of its president, Mrs. Nelson V. Titus, celebrated October 21st, the one hundredth anniversary of the launching of the old Constitution, the reception being held on the historical war ship so rich in memories. A large attendance from various States and societies was present to honor the memorable occasion. The general officers and State presidents were in attendance.

Mrs. LeRoy S. Smith, Secretary General United States Daughters Historic Council, by special request of the citizens of Mount Vernon, N. H., read a paper on the life and character of John Quincy Adams (President) at the Congregational Church, Sunday, August 22, which is commented upon in high terms by the people who heard it and the press that gave it to the public.

The Aztec Club of 1847 was formed among the officers of the army of occupation which held the Mexican capital after Gen. Scott had made his triumphal entry. The troops were not withdrawn for two years afterward, and the club house there was a place of intercourse, and when the army was withdrawn in June, 1848, it was formed into a permanent organization. It is the boast of the club that two of its members have been presidents and three others have been candidates. The club meets every year on October 13, at a place elected the previous year. This year the meeting was held in New York, at Sherry's. A bronze medal has been prepared to commemorate the semi-centennial. On the obverse face in relief is a representation of the central ornament used at the banquets, with the dates 1847-1897, artistically placed. The central ornament referred to is a large piece of silver representing the home and religious life of the Aztecs. It was presented to the club by Colonel DeLancey Paul-Jones, the president. General Buckner is president of the society. Eleven original members and thirty-eight veterans are on the roll. The banquet hall of Sherry's was decorated with flags and plants. Menu cards of appropriate design graced the table. Among those present were: Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gen. W. W. H. Davis, Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, Gen. Egbert Viele, Mr. Macrae Sykes, Mr. Thomas Y. Field, Jr., Capt. Parmenas T. Turnley, Mr. Harry Campbell, Capt. Charles L. McCauley, Capt. J. C. Watson, Chief Engineer W. H. Shock, Mr. William Polk, Col. McL. Floyd-Jones, Mr. Loyall Farragut, Gen. Robert E. Patterson, Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, Mr. William M. Sweeney, Mr. J. W. S. Campbell, Major Robert Murray, Mr. Edward Frenchard, Mr. John W. Brannan, Mr. Allen Arnold, Mr. Roberdeau Buchanan, Mr. Charles E. Cadwalader, Colonel Fred D. Grant, Mr. P. Sherman, Mr. Henry May, Mr. J. F. O'Brien, Gen. Francis E. Pinto, Mr. William Turnbull, Col. Charles E. Thorburn, Mr. James Longstreet, Jr.

Mrs. William C. Hewett, a venerable representative of the old regime, died August 7th at the home of her son in this city. She was honorary vice-president United States Daughters of 1812, appointed at the date that enrolled Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell and Mrs. Franklin Hall. Two are taken, one is left—Mrs. Parnell is now a resident of Ireland.

The Dames of the Revolution is the name of an organization which held its initial meeting at the residence of its president, Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, on September 8th. The society is ready for work; its constitution and by-laws adopted, and a handsome badge has been decided upon, which will be made Tiffany. Among the members are several lineal descendants of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts, De Witt Clinton, Captain Daniel Broadhead, Captain Cornelius Van Derveer, and others famous in Revolutionary and Colonial days. There are in the library of the society several books of accepted value to the Nation, presented by members. Among them is the entire roll of this State during the Revolutionary war, proving that New York furnished 40,000 troops instead of the meagre number that has been credited to her. The officers are: Mrs. Steers, president; Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, first vice-president; and registrar; Mrs. John F. Berry, second vice-president; Miss Mary A. Phillips, secretary and historian; Miss Marie A. Dow, assistant secretary; Miss Sarah M. Westbrook, treasurer; Mrs. Frances E. Dougherty, librarian; Mrs. K. J. C. Carville, curator. Mrs. Sears gave a luncheon before the meeting. The table was exquisitely arranged after the manner of Revolutionary days, the linen in blue and white, to match the rare old china. The floral decorations were chrysanthemums, maiden hair ferns and the delicate hot house asparagus vine.

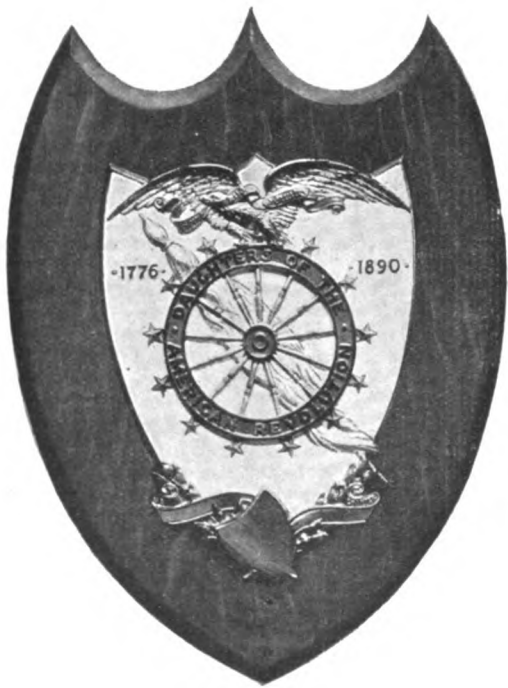
The Board of Managers of the New Hampshire Daughters of 1812 on Friday entertained the Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of 1812 at the home of the State President, Miss Bailey, in Nashua, N. H. Miss Campbell, the State Secretary, read some quaint clippings from newspapers of a hundred years ago regarding the launching of the Constitution, and Mrs. Greely, the State Treasurer, read Old Ironsides. A pleasant social hour with refreshments followed.

The work of restoration of the birthplace of President John Adams, at Quincy, Mass., which has been in charge of Mrs. Nelson W. Titus, has been finished, and to mark this completion the members of the Adams Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of which Mrs. Titus is regent, and who now control the use of the cottage, had a "Hanging of the Crane" and house-warming on Tuesday, October 19. The affair was confined practically to the members of the chapter, each of whom has been invited to contribute an old chair, if possible, as a part of the furnishing of the cottage. In connection with this restoration it may be mentioned that several relics of John Adams—a silhouette of lime and several little articles which are adapted to the tea table are in possession of a resident of Wiscasset, Me., whose father was a friend of the ex-president.

THE RECORD SHIELD

Price, \$6.00

Adopted by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and sold for the benefit of the Continental Hall Fund



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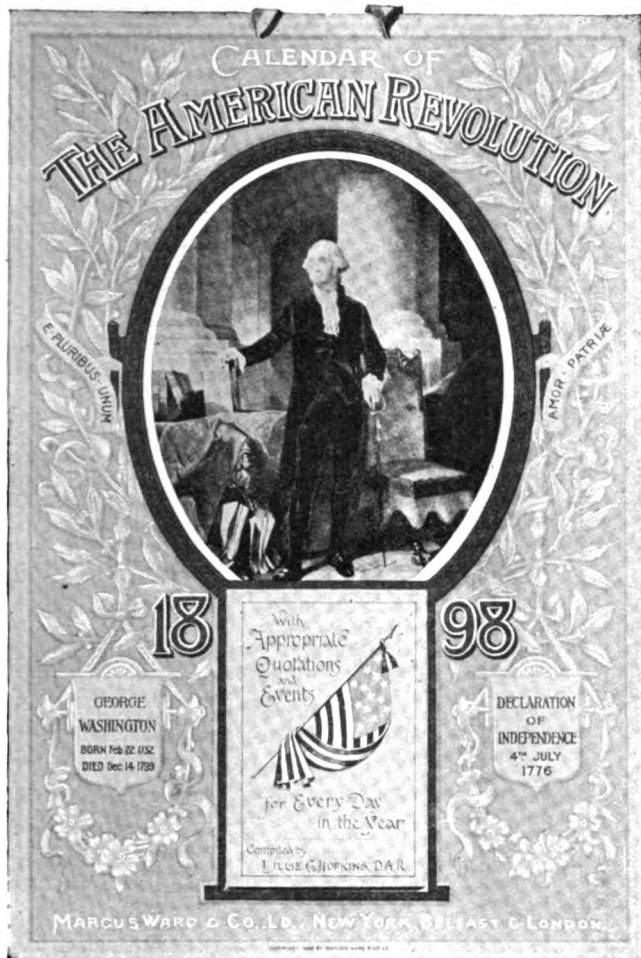
(Size, 16 inches x 12 inches)

A shield of rich dark antique oak, supporting a smaller shield of brass, the latter enameled in white and embellished with the Official Emblem of the Society. Surmounting the Emblem, an eagle bears a ribbon inscribed with "Home and Country," the motto of the Society. The hub of the wheel is in blue, bearing gilt letters, the spokes of the wheel and stars are in gilt, the flax in silver. The surmounting eagle is in gilt, and the ribbon in blue with gilt letters. At the base, in gilt, are two ribbons for the introduction of the name, national number and name of chapter, and a small shield for engraving ancestors' names. All marking is included in the price.

The shield affords a convenient and permanent record of valuable data, and moreover commends itself for its artistic and decorative qualities. Can be ordered by mail.

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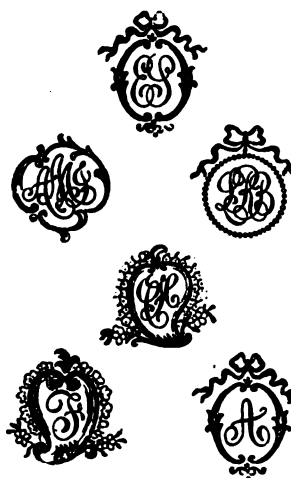
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“LOVE AND MINT.”

Love rather than history is the dominant motive and feature of “King Washington;” the new Romance of the Hudson Highlands, just issued by the Lippincotts. (Copyrighted, 1897.) This is partially illustrated by the following selection from Chapter XIV. of this entertaining volume.

Louis Paschal, the spy—sent by Sir Henry Clinton at New York—has arrived at Newburgh in the Spring of 1782, and has kept an appointment with Margaret Ettrick, a Tory's daughter, who has left her home under the pretext of gathering mint.

“Have I the honor, the happiness, to share a secret with you, Miss Margaret?”

“To protect my father! If it were known that he was a Tory we would lose everything. We have lived here all my life, and had no fear till the army came to New Windsor. That was last year, you know. Then, when General Washington returned early this month to Newburgh, all our old anxieties came back. It is dreadful for my father; but I was brought up here, and although I have been taught to love the mother country, yet, after all, this is my native land, and I love it best.” She spoke in a whisper, but her face when she lifted it to Paschal's was all aglow with feeling.

“I envy your native land,” he replied with significance; then, as if to qualify his protestation, added, “I am, as you know, part French and part Indian. I have hot passions and a strong right arm.” Somehow, the slenderly formed though sinewy arm he raised in gesture belied the pride of his boast; but this was before the days of athletes, and Peggy liked him none the less on account of his unusual fragility. “Yet I am lonesome,” he added, “and truly have no country,—no one to love.” It was an old plea. Even then it was not quite new; but the “old, old story” has always had charms, and the woman at the man's side lent the ever-ready ear.

“What is it that I shall write, Mam'selle?” he asked, presently, taking the book from Margaret's hands.

“Anything that you choose; only please write in English, as I am so dull yet about making out anything French.” In truth, Peggy feared that she had lost much that was sweetly valuable in the Frenchman's interesting conversation, owing to his habit of speaking in his native tongue whenever he became excited.

“But I am to teach you the musical, the poetical French, am I not?”

“Yes; but—”

“You should say *mais oui*,” he interrupted.

“May I ask one little question in English?” she begged, prettily.

“As many as you wish; but I will not promise to answer them all.”

“Is French poetical?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Because, if it is, I—I—”

“What?”

“I won't like it,” and a tear stole down Peggy's pretty cheek from sheer disappointment.

“Don't, please don't,” protested Paschal. “Poetry should bring smiles instead of tears.”

“But it never does,” said Peggy, earnestly, as she recalled the lugubrious verses on her sampler.

“Then you do not know the true poetry. I will teach you. Poetry is the language of the unseen. The soul is invisible, but it has a voice in the eye and the hand.” Paschal picked up one of her hands and gently chafed it, while the deep sympathy of his eyes, as he looked into her own, was gladly welcomed by the artless girl. “And only poetry can tell the story. Prose is too unsympathetic; it is not refined enough to describe anything so beautiful.”

Peggy's face glowed with responsive pleasure.

“Everything which we call ‘dumb’ has a voice,—the blue flowers below and the blue sky above. We are never alone, for everything speaks to us. It is we, instead, who are dumb.”

“And this is poetry,” responded Peggy with delight, as she heard reflections in which she had often indulged expressed in words.

“It is the real world—the unseen world—that gives us pleasure,” continued Paschal. “What we see of these trees and flowers are only the bodies of beautiful lives within. Some are brave and strong, and would lift us up in their huge branches and tell us stories of endurance, while the dear and lovely blooms of only a day's life, over which we bend, urge us to make life beautiful, since it is so brief.”

“If you know any poetry,” said Peggy, “which expresses

these beautiful thoughts, please do write it in my album.”

“I do; but it is French.”

“Never mind. If you will teach me, I will learn it.”

Thus bidden, Paschal released Peggy's hand and wrote the following:

UNE VOIX.
Ecoute, au fond des bois,
Murmurer une voix :
Rappelle-toi.
Ecoute, dans la nuit,
Une voix qui gemit :
Rappelle-toi.
Tant que mon cœur battra,
Toujours il te dira :
Rappelle-toi.

“I am afraid I am not clever enough to understand it,” Margaret said, peeping over his shoulder as he finished writing, and knitting her pretty brows in despair. “I have only read a very little poetry from some old books in a trunk in the attic. My father thinks it silly. Don't think me stupid, but please tell me what it means.”

“Some time,” replied Paschal, who suddenly appeared conscious of Peggy's errand. “Permit me to assist you in gathering mint for your roast. To-night, I shall think of you at your table as you are serving it to Monsieur your father, while I, *hélas*, am not so fortunate as to be at your side.”

The mint-gathering continued in silence after this, and at last, when the basket was well filled, Peggy bethought herself of returning home.

“Thank you for your help,” she said gratefully, then, with a look of most flattering and quite unmistakable sadness, added, “I am sorry to hurry away, but Chloe wants the mint. I will study over the verses you so kindly wrote for me. Good-by!” She gave him both hands this time, and, being quite as tall as he, in looking him straight in the eyes he found her face on a level with his and invitingly near.

“Margaret,” he said, caressingly, and she thought his clear voice the sweetest she had ever heard in all her life, “do you love the Yankee officer who gave you this book?”

The question was not only abrupt and unexpected, but most disappointing, and the girl answered, hastily: “How dare you pry into my private affairs, sir? You are worse than the old women on the Glebe at Newburgh, who sit all day, Maria Colden says, gossiping about herself and Sally and the other girls in the village.”

She was near tears, and there was real pity now in Paschal's reply: “Pardon me, dear one,” here he lightly touched his lips to the soft cheek half turned towards him and temptingly suggestive of a kiss; “I ask this question only because I like you very, very much, and I think you like me. Tell me, do you, do you like me as I like you—very, very dearly?”

“I do, I do; indeed I do,” confessed poor Peggy, now carried far beyond herself and frankly honest. She had been told, all girls have been told, that one must hide one's love from a man; yet passion in man or woman has power beyond conventionality, and more's the pity.

The Story of Hannah Arnett's Faith.

[Miss Holdich writes concerning the origin of the story as follows: “I can only say that it was merely putting upon paper what I had known all my life. Hannah White Arnett was my great grandmother, and the story of her heroism, which had been told her again and again by my mother and aunts, had been familiar to me from my earliest recollection. In 1876, when everything connected with Revolutionary times was of special interest, it struck me that Hannah Arnett's heroism should be now widely known, and therefore wrote an account of it and sent it to the *New York Observer*, in which it was published in the same year. I think it appeared on the 18th of May. In writing it I was careful to use exactly the words of Hannah Arnett, and to describe the scene as it had always been described to me. It needed no embellishment.”

“Some fourteen years later I was surprised to receive a copy of the *Washington Post*, containing my article, somewhat altered, and published over another signature. Subsequently I sent a letter to this writer asking the meaning of her action, and complaining of the alteration of my great-grandmother's name from Hannah White Arnett to Hannah Thurston Arnett.”]

“A Daughter of Two Nations,” by Ella Gale McClelland, A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago, Publishers, is one of the prettiest stories of the season. It is well written, and shows the author's insight in child study. It also proves that early training is not easily effaced. Dealing as it does with the history of our country during the revolution, and the society of Friends, it will be to the young people what “Hugh Wynne” is to the adult. It is a story that children and parents will alike enjoy, and should be in every library. The little heroine is a veritable Daughter of the American Revolution. It will be sent from this office, with *THE SPIRIT OF '76* for one year, on receipt of \$2.00.

Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to MISS M. WINCHESTER ADAMS, 18 and 20 Rose St., New York City.

On December 21, 1620, a little band of English people, now called Pilgrims landed on "Plymouth Rock." They had come because they wished to worship God in a simple way and enjoy peace and liberty of thought. They went first to Amsterdam in Holland, next to Leyden where they lived eleven years under the care of their pastor John Robinson, and finally became dissatisfied there, and started for America to form a new colony. The Plymouth company helped them. Two vessels were engaged: The Speedwell and the Mayflower. Twice the Speedwell had to go back for repairs and was at last left at Plymouth while the

Mayflower proceeded on her way alone. The Pilgrims had hoped to reach their destination in time to build their homes before winter came on and to reach New York bay but storms drove them out of the course and they did not arrive till cold weather. They named the new colony Plymouth in memory of the many kindness which they had received at the last place at which they had stopped in England. It was on board the Mayflower while in Cape Cod Bay that its little band of one-hundred and one passengers formed a compact to which we owe so much and was signed by forty-one instituting a new form of government. The spirit of this compact resulted more than one-hundred and fifty years later in the independence of the United States. It is to the Pilgrims we are indebted for the broad and liberal ideas of our country. In looking over the wise rules for the early government of the Pilgrims you will find that they have been unjustly charged with bigotry and narrow mindedness.

Christmas Greeting.

I've read some time—I know not where—
The Christ Child comes to every heart
On Christmas eve, and asks; "What message
Will you send your friends ere I depart?"
And if the messages have been
Of kindly thought and cheer
For one another, on Christmas morn
The sunbeams smile, the sky is clear,
And all the world looks glad;
But if too many hearts have answered not,
The sky is cloudy, and the world looks sad.

I know not if the story's true.
I like the thought, and so, have written it for you.
And whether skies are clear or gray,
I wish the boys and girls "A Merry Christmas Day."
M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.

SINCE so many events of interest in the American Revolution took place in December, this month seems the right time for patriotic boys and girls in America to begin their work. Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas day, and the battle of Trenton that followed on the morrow was the turning point of the American Revolution which brought us the great gift of liberty that we now enjoy.

What cannot we do by banding together this month and working in the spirit of '76?

We can not only begin learning the history of our country, but by the practical work we are going to do, and the kindergarten too has its part, show that we are living up to the liberty the patriots gained through hardships and privations; and thus we lay a firm foundation for the future patriotic societies of which perhaps "The Boys and Girls with the Spirit of '76" may be the largest. Then the cheer and "Peace on earth, good will towards men" of this Christmas will be extended throughout our lives.

(This ballad, sung to the air "Yankee Doodle" will be very pleasing as a "Marching Song" to the little folks in the kindergarten.)

A Ballad of Trenton.

HALE HOWARD RICHARDSON.

Across the ice-filled Delaware,
An Hero's errand bent on,
Went Washington that Christmas morn,—
To win the Town of Trenton.

Oh! cruel was the bitter wind,
And thick the sleet was flying,
Yet on they marched, the fearful odds
Of storm and foe defying.

The night lay on them drear and black;
Undaunted, firm, they went on,
And ere the dawn they stood before
The sleeping town of Trenton.

They stood, three thousand men or less,
Dear Freedom's cause intent on.
Their guns were wet; "With bayonet
We'll win the Town of Trenton!"

Oh, desperate was that fierce onslaught,
So sudden the intrusion;
The enemy, astounded, fought
In all dismayed confusion.

A thousand prisoners of war;
Oh! glorious to comment on,
How Washington's brave little troop
Did win the Town of Trenton!

1. When and by whom was Trenton first settled?
2. By what name was it known previous to 1720?
3. For whom was it probably named, and how was the name originally written?
4. What did the Indians call the Falls in the Delaware at Trenton, and why?
5. What is the battle of Trenton called in the American Revolution?
6. Where was Washington with his army before he crossed the Delaware on Christmas?
7. Where were the British at this time?
8. Who were the three most prominent men employed in ferrying Washington's troops across the Delaware?
9. What did Washington enjoin upon his troops during their march to Trenton?
10. Did they follow his advice?
11. What else did Washington say to the troops?
12. What was their condition as to clothing?
13. Into how many divisions did the troops form?
14. Who commanded them and what roads did they take?
15. What was the name of the Hessian commander who was killed?
16. What effect did the victory have upon Washington's army?
17. What was the name of the lad whom the British compelled the day after the battle of Trenton to guide them across to Birmingham, when they were informed that Washington had gone with his prisoners up the River road?
18. Who can write us something about this lad?

The Assunpink Creek flows into the Delaware at Trenton. Across this creek was a bridge, and it was here that the battle of Assunpink or Trenton bridge took place, on Jan 2nd 1777. Our army, after taking the Hessians on December 26th, retreated over the Delaware, where they remained several days, then they returned and took possession of Trenton, where they stayed until Jan. 2nd. Then the British, four or five thousand strong, marched in a body from Princeton to attack our troops at Trenton. Gen. Washington learned of this movement, and with his army, which was as large as that of the enemy, drew his men over the bridge of Assunpink Creek so that they might be on the high ground on the other side.

Just about sundown, which comes earlier in winter than in summer, the British marched into Trenton, and after looking around so as to find out the situation of the Americans, drew up in a solid body in order to force the bridge. This they tried to do three times, and were each time broken by our artillery and had to retreat and finally give up the attempt. They lost as many as one hundred and fifty men. By this time it was dark, and General Washington ordered the fires kindled and everything fixed for the night; then after everything was still he ordered a silent retreat, and with his army marched all night, by a round about way, and the next morning reached Princeton. This was all done without the British knowing anything about it, and, of course, in the morning they were greatly dismayed, not knowing where our army had gone until the firing at Princeton told them. The battle of Assunpink did much more towards gaining America's independence than most people think.

Is *The Spirit of '76* one of the magazines in the library of your school? If not, one hundred boys and girls can form a "Spirit of '76 Club" each giving one cent and thus pay for one year's subscription. They can then present it to the school they attend on one of the days of principal events of the American Revolution which occurs in the month in which the subscription begins.

No amount of after training can wholly take away the impression received in childhood. The following letter was received from a little boy who lived his first twelve years in the United States.

STANSTEAD, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Dear "Aunt Independence".—I am at a boys' school in this cold country of Canada. We have many out door games that we play here, but I like the United States best. I love its flag, with its brave stripes and bright stars, and will sometime come back to it.

Your little friend, J. F. M.

The boys and girls are invited to write to "Aunt Independence" everything that is of interest to all in the work they are doing in the "Spirit of '76"—and for any information they wish in regard to their work.

Washington, or the Revolution

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A clearing upon Bemis Heights. Time: Morning, Sept. 15, 1777.*GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, *with a glass, surveying the distance.*

ARNOLD—Yonder smoke proclaims the enemy. But in what force? That is the question. Were I commander here I would quickly know; and knowing, act. With stupidity At the head—stolid ignorance settles Upon our army. Here on Bemis Heights Good Kosciusko lays our camp, and in The impregnability of battlements By this Pole erected lie our hopes. I came to serve with Schuyler; and find

Gates

Instead—wearing Schuyler's plumes. Congress

Orders thus, and in its united wisdom Congress can do no wrong. So runs the new Catechism which our arms defend Congress May be right, and yet I hold to doubts, when It demands that the wreath which we are here

To win, shall settle upon this man's head.

Enter a file of soldiers, dragging

MOTHER YOST, *an Indian witch, bound, her head covered, and holding a crooked staff.*

ARNOLD—Men, if such you are, release this creature!

Cut these cords, and give her back her freedom!

[Cords are cut.]

What brutes are you, that, a dozen strong, you

Thus bind a helpless woman? Whose close Companions, as her frame and rags exhibit, Are gaunt hunger and pinching poverty.

SOLDIER—She is a witch.

An Indian witch.

ARNOLD—An Indian witch?

What mean you by this?

SOLDIER—She prowls around the camp; And tells fortunes. She has been seen before.

And we believe her dangerous. Some say she is a spy. We seized her to Bring before you for judgment, And she resisted. And so we bound her.

MOTHER YOST—*(Suddenly removing the covering of her head)*

You know me, General?

ARNOLD—Unsightly hag!

Yes! You are Mother Yost.

MOTHER YOST—We meet again.

To you, all good come! To these cowardly

Pale-faces, *(to the soldiers)*

Cramps and pinching pains,

Run through their bones; for touching

The red daughter of the Great Spirit!

With an Indian's curse I blight you!

And the red man make your faces like

The snow in terror of what he may do!

ARNOLD—That is enough, Mother Yost!

Keep your curses for a better time.

[To the soldiers.]

Retire, all of you, and leave this prisoner With me. *[Exit soldiers.]*

Mother Yost, I have hitherto Done you some service?

MOTHER YOST—And I have been of service To you, General Arnold. The pale-face At times wants the aid of the Red child of the forest.

ARNOLD—I freely admit obligations. Your son, Hon-Yost, faithfully carried my False rumor to St. Leger,—and scattered his Forces as the angry winds scatter the leaves.

MOTHER YOST—Manitou heard him promise. An Indian is never false to him, Who holds the sun and the moon as his.

ARNOLD—But I gave to your son his life. The brother would have hung as his hostage, If Hon had not journeyed to Fort Stanwix, As he agreed to do.

MOTHER YOST—Yes, hung as a spy, as Lovelace was.

And the earth cover him where the tree grows!

His spirit now roams abroad, and talks with Mother Yost. Yes, yes! Talks with me.

Great deeds are brewing.

A panther cried last night

With the voice of a dog.

Mother Yost understood.

ARNOLD—What brings you here?

MOTHER YOST—I came from the valley

Where the Mohawk flows and sings,

To see you. A feather

From a flying crow fell at my feet.

It was a message from the Great Spirit

That General Arnold wanted me.

I came over hills; and through forests

That never saw the moon,

And my feet tired not.

I am here!

ARNOLD—Weird and mysterious creature!

My flesh creeps in your presence.

You have come in good season:—

For I do want you.

MOTHER YOST—I knew it! I knew it!

The great pines whispered,

And pointed the way as I came.

What deed would you have me do?

ARNOLD—As I know, you have wit and judgment.

Find out for me where Burgoyne's army lies;

His strength, and what he is about to do.

Bring report to me.

Quickly do it, and have quick reward.

MOTHER YOST—And what reward,

Will come to Mother Yost?

ARNOLD—Foul, audacious scum of an accursed race!

You shall live a little longer to starve and freeze!

Is not this enough? See! I will do more.

I can trust you, for I have done so.

Here is money.

[He drops, one by one, several coins into her hands.]

MOTHER YOST—I do as you will have it.

Mother Yost serves him who serves her.

This will bring comfort to Mother Yost.

May she bring such to you!

ARNOLD—Now be off and at your work.

When will we meet next?

MOTHER YOST—On Thursday, three days away;

On Thursday you shall know all.

But not here! Not here! Where these

Prying pale-faces may look into the

Red daughter's heart and tie her hands again!

Not here! Not here!

ARNOLD—Then name your hour and place.

MOTHER YOST—In the Devil's glen;—

At nine, on Thursday night.

Upon the river, about a mile away.

You know the spot.

ARNOLD—I know it well.

Meet me there;

And fail not, if you hope for mercy! Go!

[Exit MOTHER YOST.]

This crooked, uncanny specter, seemingly

Not of this world, yet in it. A dozen

Scouts were not her value,

In gathering what we need to know.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Taylor House, within British lines and near to the British Camp, before the*

battle of Saratoga.

Enter MADAM RIEDESEL and LADY ACKLAND.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Dear Lady Harriet, We have much need to prop our fortitude For our husbands' sake; and for the army, Too, since we are its special wards. Of all The women on the weary march we have Been most favored.

LADY ACKLAND—My heart resolves like a lion; Yet throbs like a deer! To be out of this,— Worlds for recompense to return again, Would weigh as nothing!

MADAM RIEDESEL—How mistaken all have been!

I came from Germany, and, as I supposed,— Since so the heralds told us,—upon a Journey where the dance and pleasure were To be sole sources of fatigue.

LADY ACKLAND—And so I, from England.

We dance, and have danced again, since we left

Quebec; but how irregular the measure!

I declare, secretly to you, Madam,

I am frightened nearly unto death.

MADAM RIEDESEL—These men will not avow it to us,—

For we are women,—but I can see we Contend against a bitter and courageous Enemy.

LADY ACKLAND—And, as my husband Has confessed to me, who are fighting for Rights as sacred and just as is the right To live. This accursed thirst for power!— where

Might maintains it at the price of justice!

I already hate it.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Hush, woman!

You are, at heart, a traitor to your King.

The rebels use no stronger argument.

LADY ACKLAND—Then it may find a place Upon our private records—for no other Eye than yours—that half the army of the King,—in the lowest depths of conscience— feel

As I do; and bring into battle, when

It is on, a divided heart!

Such an army never conquers.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Beyond this;—

Frederick says that we are badly led;

Hesitate when we should go forward;

And push on when prudence leads to the camp.

St. Leger has failed; and the defeat and Death of Baum at Bennington! Oh! I can't Reflect upon these dismal ends of such High-sounding promises, and look with hope Into the days in front of us.

[Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, GEN. FREDERICK RIEDESEL and COL. BREYMAN.]

MADAM RIEDESEL and LADY ACKLAND *(bowing)* Good-morning, gentlemen.

BURGOYNE—And many returns to each of you, Of a day so bright as this.

MADAM RIEDESEL—I hope, General,

You are as stout of heart as ever;

And regard our foe as so much game,

Which good huntsmen bring home at last.

BURGOYNE—That we will gain the approaching battle,

I have the faith with which I left Quebec.

But the work is not so easy that we

Set it down in the sportman's catalogue.

We oppose a people terribly aroused!

And of Spartan valor.

LADY ACKLAND—In short;

You would say they are of English origin;

And hence English grit is against

English grit contending.

BREYMAN—Well said, Lady Ackland! All around us we have felt this truth;— A deeper impression—thus receiving it—than

When imbibed from your occult reasoning.
Bann is dead; St. Leger is driven back;
And we are in want of food for our soldiers.
I have seen more hopeful days than these, in war.

[Enter an orderly, who speaks to MADAM RIEDESEL.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Let her come in.

[Orderly retires.

A poor Indian squaw, who has been here before;
And claims the right to visit, since her people serve our cause.

[Enter MOTHER YOST.

MOTHER YOST—The red child of the Great King
Fears to come where so many pale-faces
Meet together. It was to the pale squaw
I came; so I will go back again.

BURGOYNE—No! Stay where you are.
This good lady (bowing to Madam Riedesel)
Vouches for you,—and you need no better friend.

What is your name? And where have you lived?

MOTHER YOST—I came from the Mohawk;—
And they call me Mother Yost. My people
Follow Brant, the Big Chief; and this name the

White children give him. He rises at the
Call of the Great King across the blue waters.
My son was condemned by the wicked
Pale-faces—who give trouble to the Great King—

To be hung as a spy. He was not hung.
When the moon was dark, and the faces of
All the children of Manitou of one
Color, he escaped.

BURGOYNE—You have suffered in our cause.
What know you of these wicked pale-faces?
How many are in front of us?
And where are they?

MOTHER YOST—I was sent by him who blows a
breath
And the mountain shakes, to tell this where
you

Would hear it. Before you are not many.
So many as the leaves left upon a
Tree when the frosts have come; and they
may be

Counted. Fear makes their knees shake, as
when the
Panther approaches in the open field.
The bird flies when the hunter shows himself.
If you hasten, you may trap the bird
Before he spreads his wings.

GEN. RIEDESEL—Heavens, General Burgoyne!
This is important information, and
With my life I will endorse its truthfulness!
Up to this moment we have been in utter
Ignorance of the enemy. In these
Primeval forests our scouts have not
Located a battalion.

BURGOYNE—You say in front of us. How far
away?

MOTHER YOST—As far as the crow would fly,
While the white man sits at meat.

MADAM RIEDESEL—This is the mode of speech
Of these simple souls. I have given time
To understand it. It means, in one hour—
While the white man dines—the crow can fly
the space.

LADY AOKLAND—And the crow will fly ten miles.

BURGOYNE—Then we have placed the foe;—
At least ten miles away; few and full of fear!
Madam Riedesel, we came to make a
Social call; but to a council of war—
With your assisting—it suddenly is changed.
We shall move to-morrow on to Albany.

GEN. RIEDESEL—With our force six thousand
strong,
We must make a successful march.

BURGOYNE—Colonel Breymann, will you
Please to attend me in conference with
General Phillips, and with Fraser

Too? For the present, Riedesel, we leave
You here, and say to all adieu.

[Exit BURGOYNE and BREYMAN.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Frederick! Frederick!
This means approaching battle;—
And now my fears come on again.

GEN. RIEDESEL—Be a soldier's wife;
For such you have ever been.

MOTHER YOST—The wives of the wicked pale-
faces

Have no fear. While I came on, I saw one
Lighting with fire her fields of maize. See!
See there, from this window, where the smoke
Now rises!

LADY AOKLAND—It is too true.
Desperate sacrifices of devoted souls!

MADAM RIEDESEL—Frederick! With a wo-
man's instinct,

I tell you here and now, people who can
Do these deeds cannot be conquered.
Oh! That we were safely out of it!

MOTHER YOST—I have more to walk, before
The day lies down to sleep. I go, I go.

[Exit MOTHER YOST.

GEN. RIEDESEL—This simple savage has given
aid

To-day, far beyond what she can under-
stand.

MADAM RIEDESEL—These savages are our
burden.

However much they serve. We are respon-
sible

For their bloody deeds. The face of Jane
McCrea

Is before me always. Before me now,
Whichever way I turn, as one confederate
With those guilty of her murder. Do I
Not consort with men who placed this hap-
less

Child where the tomahawk, which let her
gentle

Spirit forth, is our approved instrument?
Frederick, there is blood upon my hands!

And, as if in hate besprinkled, it will
Not out, wash them as I may! Now more
slaughter!

Heaping wrong on wrong—and all the more
so,

If our side prevails.
A cruel, unjust war! I see it now.

[Weeps.

GEN. RIEDESEL—You must not harbor thoughts
So dismal. I will lead you to your room.

[All retire.

SCENE III.—*The Devil's Glen. A dark ravine
of rocks upon the Hudson. Ter-
rific gale, with thunder and
flashes of lightning.*
Time: Night, Sept. 18, 1777.
*Enter GEN. ARNOLD, slowly de-
scending into the glen.*

ARNOLD—This is the Devil's Glen!
And it well deserves the name. Heavens!
Such peals of thunder! Where is the devil
I was to meet? The time is up.

[A vivid flash and MOTHER YOST is
seen upon the brink of the glen
above, with outstretched arms,
facing the gale.

What is that? Ye Gods! That is a sight
To appall a man of stouter nerve than mine!

[Another flash and the same sight.

It is the savage witch;
Facing this tumult as if she ruled the storm!

[Amid continuous thunder and
lightning, MOTHER YOST de-
scends into the glen, as ARNOLD
had done.

MOTHER YOST—I said I would come. I am here!

ARNOLD—Then out with your report!
Can I live to hear it in this place,
Appalling to the imps of hell?

MOTHER YOST—I saw the Big Chief
Of the Great King.

ARNOLD—You saw Burgoyne?

MOTHER YOST—Yes; saw him and other chiefs;
And heard them talk.

ARNOLD—What said they?

The truth, the truth only—or this place shall
Seem like a summer dell with what I bring
You to. [Heavy crash of thunder.

MOTHER YOST—The soldiers of the Great King
Are so many as six thousand, and no
More. They have begun the march on the
road

To Albany. If they meet you—
Hark! Do you hear?

ARNOLD—I hear nothing but the thunder.

MOTHER YOST—As I came this way
A panther crossed me. Next, a pack of
wolves

Howled at the heels of Mother Yost.
They were close as I came down.

Listen! There! [Vivid lightning.
Did you not see them?

ARNOLD—Where?

MOTHER YOST—There! Upon the edge, where
I came from.

ARNOLD—What?

MOTHER YOST—The lean wolves, with white
teeth;

And tongues as red as berries.

ARNOLD—No! I saw them not.
Fearless consort of friends, that sport with
Terrors damnable;—say what you have to
Say, and let me go!

[Lightning and thunder,
and ARNOLD crouches.

Great Ajax would tremble at these spiteful
Flashes.

MOTHER YOST—Ha! Ha! [Enters a fiendish
laugh)

The panthers and the wolves are now tearing
Each other. I hear them. The
Red children of the forest have good ears.
If the soldiers of the Great King meet you
To-morrow—I say to-morrow—the
Panthers and the wolves will then, too,
Tear each other.

ARNOLD—I understand you.
What did you tell Burgoyne of us?
He questioned you?

MOTHER YOST—I told him the wicked pale-
faces were

Few; like the leaves when the frost comes;
And these ten miles away, and full of fear.

ARNOLD—Cunning you are;
And lied so wickedly, because I paid you.

MOTHER YOST—If it does you good, it was no
lie.

It was a thing used as needed to help
You on. A gun went off when you did not
Intend to shoot; and yet it killed the deer.
The trees echoed a lie, since it was not
The truth that the owner willed it so;
But the meat to the hungry was as sweet.

ARNOLD—Intelligent and faithful,
You shall not fail of friendship. You plan
that

Burgoyne shall be ambushed and surprised.
Your lie was for his undoing; hence a mere
Instrument of war. True, though savage
logic.

I will leave you here—
To follow when I am gone.

MOTHER YOST—One thing more.

ARNOLD—And what is that, gaunt witch?

MOTHER YOST—I have here the
Eye of owl that hooted while it was day;
The wing of crow that like a robin sung;
The claw of a young bear that never tasted
prey.

The Great Spirit is with Mother Yost when
She carries these. I would tell your fortune.
Thunder.

ARNOLD—Quick, then,
Before these loud thunders deafen me.
What want you ?

MOTHER YOST—To see your hand.

ARNOLD—How can you see it
In such a night as this ?

MOTHER YOST—Stretch it forth,
And the Great Eye will hold his light to it.

ARNOLD—(*Extending his hand.*) Here it is
then. [*A vivid flash of lightning.*]

MOTHER YOST—I see, I see ! I have seen all !
Fear nothing. When the Great Spirit calls,
Arnold from his couch shall go to meet him.
Be of great courage, then,—when death darts
everywhere—
For no harm comes to him.

ARNOLD—I have no fear of hurt.
Since you would tell my fortune, be thorough
With it. What of the Future ?
That future which hides rewards and honors
From ambitious men.

MOTHER YOST—The sun shall shine to-morrow
Upon Arnold's head, and show great honors
there.
Before the new moon grows old, and is new
Again, Arnold shall be linked with fame.

ARNOLD—A pleasing and fair-spoken witch !
And a good prediction; much too good
For birth in a spot so damnable.
But what of the future, beyond the
Changing moon ?

MOTHER YOST—(*Shrinking back.*) Ask no more.
Be content with what you have.
[*Moves away in terror.*]

ARNOLD—Why, now, your fear
Excites my wonder of what you have to say.
Tell me, before I force you so to do.

MOTHER YOST—Arnold, beware of envy
And the hate that follows at its heels.
In its grasp the strong man shakes more than
These hills when the thunder smites.
See the lightning of the Great Spirit,
And listen to his voice.
Beware ! Arnold, beware, when Manitou
Makes such a storm within ! The sun that
shines
To-day, to-morrow will hide itself in clouds.
No more, no more ! I go, I go !
[*MOTHER YOST, in the glare of the
lightning, flies up the glen.*]

ARNOLD—Stop, unmannered hag ! I was to go
before.
She is gone !
Has a blessing or a curse been left behind ?
[*Crouches at a clap of thunder.*]
That storm within ! I feel it now,
Comporting with this external. I will
Not be made the stone by which others climb.
Prophetic witch, your oracle is easy.
In proud revolt shall Arnold some day rise;
Though the sun shines or black clouds bar
the skies !
[*Exit up the side of the glen.*]

SCENE IV.—*Headquarters of GEN. GATES on
Remis Heights.*
Time : September 19, 1777.
Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. ARNOLD
and COL. STANDISH.

GATES—Having advanced
Our camp thus far towards the approaching
foe,
Here we fling our banners to the breeze,
And throw the gauge of battle. Bryan, the
Trusty scout, brings word that, on the fif-
teenth,
Burgoyne crossed the Hudson—and, in three
Columns advancing from the north, will
strike
Us to-day, unless we first strike him.
Strover, whose faithful eye has seen every
Movement, confirms what Bryan gives.

This is the nineteenth of September;
Before the sun from his mid-heaven throne
Surveys the teeming world, blows may an-
swer blows.

ARNOLD—I can seal with confidence
The story of your scout, vouching its truth.
How informed, is not important.
Fiery action is the present cue.

GATES—General Arnold,
You will command the left wing of our force
And lead it into battle, if it opens.

ARNOLD—The enemy is deceived
Or ignorant as to our strength or place.
So I believe. We should begin the assault,
Before he awakens from his ignorance
Or feels the supporting arm of Clinton.
Putnam, as the eye of Washington, still
Guards the Hudson, shutting its watery
Gates against reinforcements there.
Now is the hour of advantage.

[*A gun is heard in the distance.*]

GATES—Ah ! That gun !
That gun is the Briton's signal, and,
Arnold, your advice prevails. Col. Standish,
Will you order Morgan to answer it
With his rifles ? So we begin the ball.

[*Exit COL. STANDISH.*]

ARNOLD—I will also seek the field.
This is a day for heads to fall, and,
If ours, then a glorious exit gained.

[*Exit ARNOLD.*]

GATES—(*Goes to a table, unrolls and consults
map—the firing of guns heard in the
distance*)

This is the chart of my growing fortunes.
Here is the game of chess, with each piece
fixed
Upon its proper square; and, if moved with
skill,
No check can come to us.

[*The firing draws nearer.*]

By the valor of those who serve do I
Rise or fall. (*Still nearer are heard the
guns.*)

The loud-mouthed voice of battle comes
this way ! [*Listens in alarm.*]

Is this repulse or stratagem ?

[*Again consults the map.*]

We have the vantage of position, and,
Besides, Morgan and his riflemen are
Ever a wall of consuming fire.

[*Listens, still in alarm, to the
roar of guns.*]

The fear that now knocks so suddenly at
My heart may not, shall not come in—since I
Am so hedged around with men of lion
Courage. [*Examines the map again.*]
Our forces, set with tact, are well in hand;
So advantage must wait on action.
This impatience for report shrivels the
Most hopeful argument. Here comes a
courier.

[*Enter hurriedly CAPTAIN now
COLONEL GEORGE ALDEN.*]

COL. ALDEN—Morgan, upon your orders,
Sprung to action, as springs the lioness
When its prey comes within its eye.
He found Breyman at Freeman's farm; and
After such welcome to him as a soldier
Gives when human lives are the pawns to win,
He has fallen back,—and bids me report
All this to you.

In three lines the British are advancing.

GATES—Order Scammell and Cilley,
With New Hampshire's battalions, quickly
To Morgan's aid. [*Exit COLONEL ALDEN.*]
How soon the pot begins to boil when
Marital fires force it ! From yonder point
I will observe the game. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The field within the lines of
GENERAL BURGUYNE. Free-
man's Farm*
Enter GEN. BURGUYNE and GEN.
FRASER, with soldiers.

BURGUYNE—We encountered opposition
Before it was expected. The old witch
Betrayed or ignorantly misled us
Sorely pressed as we have been, you came up
None too soon.

FRASER—Hearing your guns,—
Not yielding the heights—I moved from the
right

To your support. I fear we are outnumbered.

BURGUYNE—Phillips is on with his artillery;
But in these woods it is an encumbrance.
From report of prisoners, Arnold leads
The line opposed.

AID—Lieutenant Hervey is down,
And our cannon are captured.
Five times to-day have they changed hands.

BURGUYNE—Then one change more !—
And they come back again. Gen. Fraser !
To the rescue with all your force !
And may that suffice to redeem the day.

FRASER—Whatever strong arms can do shall be
done. [*Exit GEN. FRASER.*]

AID—Gen. Burgoyne, through yonder trees
I see hostile uniforms this way
Steadily advancing, though our troops make
Effort to impede their progress.

BURGUYNE—All fall back to station more secure.
[*All retire.*]

[*Enter GEN. ARNOLD, COL. STANDISH
and COL. ALDEN and soldiers.*]

ARNOLD—Who was that general officer
Just now retired from this spot ?

ALDEN—I have seen him once before to-day,
While pressing on with Courtlandt and Liv-
ingston

At the head of New York soldiers. Cook

with
His men was on his flank, and we thought
him

Captured. He rode with desperate but, we
Thought, depairing courage, in the face of
Our leaden storm.

ARNOLD—(*with great vehemence.*) Who is he,
I say ?

ALDEN—All said he was General Burgoyne.

ARNOLD—As I supposed, and we have lost him.
Were I not leading in the fight to-day,
I'd follow him, though the way betwixt us
Were strewn with teeth of the fabled dragon.
I tire with pursuit of smaller game.

STANDISH—No need for such rash risk
To a commander who supplies the
Puissance of a thousand men in the
Terror of his name. Burgoyne is at the
Muzzles of our rifles and cannot escape.

ARNOLD—This day has tried the mettle of both
sides.

Face to face and man to man, muscle and
Stout hearts gain the prize. My arm yet
thrills for

One more bout before the sun goes down.

Again into the whirl. [*All retire.*]

[*Enter GEN. RIEDESEL and BREYMAN,
with soldiers.*]

RIEDESEL—These men overmatch us
With their rifles. A man falls at every fire.
We have not such soldiers.

BREYMAN—For this clearing called Freeman's
Farm,
Both sides have this day struggled. We
hold it

Now, and the sun is nearly run.

It will surely set with victory for us.

RIEDESEL—And our relief secures it.
Coming on, the very air proclaimed our
Utter rout. But before our bayonets
The enemy has fallen back, and the day
Is too far gone for him to renew the
struggle. Again we have saved this Briton,
As we did at Hubbardstown.

BREYMAN—And for to-morrow as well,
We could have clinched this victory, if
Burgoyne had permitted us to pursue
While our bayonets were in that humor.

RIEDELSEL—It was a mistake to call us away;
But we only serve, and hence we obey.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI.—*Same as Act V. Scene IV.*
Headquarters of GEN. GATES, on
Bemis Heights.
Time; September 20, 1777.
Enter GEN. GATES, ARNOLD,
STANDISH and soldiers.

GATES—The result of yesterday was our victory.

ARNOLD—Burgoyne holds the field;
But since we did not contend for that we
Have not lost it. To check him in his march
Being our purpose, this was done.
And so far it was our triumph.

STANDISH—Burgoyne is badly crippled.
Six hundred men passed from his com-
mand to

The world of shadows He was
In no position to lose so many.

ARNOLD—While he is in this plight, finish him.
General Gates, yesterday I advised that
The fight begin. To-day I advise its
Continuance with the swiftest action.

GATES—When would you renew it?

ARNOLD—Now! This hour! Burgoyne is
outside

Of intrenchments and demoralized.
We are here to fight! And not to loll the
Hours away in rest.
With your consent, I will once more head our
Lines, and end invasion here.

GATES—I cannot consent to this.
Our troops are tired.

ARNOLD—Our troops are not tired!
Sir! brave men never tire while great deeds
Remain undone. You may be tired. But
those

Who yesterday faced English bullets are not!

GATES—General Arnold!
This language is grossly wrong.

ARNOLD—It is not wrong!
It becomes right—yes, the right and proper
Speech—when from the man who wins the
battle

To him who would basely lose it.

GATES—I will not suffer this from you,
Nor any man!

ARNOLD—Nor will I longer suffer you!
The enemy invites you to pick from
The ground his bruised and bleeding form,
and you
Refuse! When he grows strong again, and
looks

Forth behind high battlements, perhaps
You will be ready then to urge the further
Sacrifice of heroic men!
Scheming servitor for honors filched from
Schuyler's brow, I serve with you no longer!

GATES—But for the impropriety of the act—
My place constraining—I should demand a
Soldier's satisfaction for this gross insult!

ARNOLD—The day is not yet born,
Nor will it ever have its place in time,
When Gates calls Arnold to a combat!
I want release from every duty here. I go
To Philadelphia—there to consort
With soldiers!

GATES—With all my heart.
Attend me to this room adjoining,
And there we settle all. [*All retire.*]

SCENE VII.—*The field between two camps.*
In the woods.
Time: October 6th.
Enter GEN. LINCOLN, GEN. AR-
NOLD, COL. STANDISH and sol-
diers.

LINCOLN—We will go no further.
The opposing pickets may surprise us.
Gen. Arnold, I am tired of this delay!

ARNOLD—I became weary
When the sun hid his face on the nineteenth.
The enemy were at our mercy. Had
Not this man Gates refused reinforcements
While the hunt was on, no hostile battalion
Would have here remained to confront us
Again to-day.

LINCOLN—I brought two thousand sturdy men
to camp

After Burgoyne's repulse; arriving on
The twenty-second of September—two
Weeks ago to-day. The frosts of October
Begin to chill their ardor.

STANDISH—And it may be as long again before
They warm themselves behind their fire-
locks.

ARNOLD—Why came you here at all?
You knew this commander.

LINCOLN—It was at the call of Washington!
Which was heard in all New England.

Lethargy,
Like a fatal sleep, held us while Schuyler
Stayed; and Gates—as his successor—
aroused

Us not. But Washington's appeal lighted
Camp-fires upon every hill. It was this
Which sent Stark to Bennington and primed
Thousands of idle guns.

ARNOLD—It was he who planned against St.
Leger.

STANDISH—No point in this vast struggle
Is beyond his care. And if he ever fails,—
It is because poor workmen botch him.

LINCOLN—Under my orders,
Colonel Brown assailed Ticonderoga
Before Morgan's rifles had ceased to echo
Through these pines, in September's battle.
Much gain, in prisoners and stores, elated
Us to Burgoyne's depression. We now hold
The road behind him at all important
Points, as well as bar his progress.
Thus viciously, we hold him in a vice!

ARNOLD—The thing to do is to fight! fight!
fight!

So I have said to Gates;—
And we have quarreled on this issue.

LINCOLN—And hence you are without com-
mand.

Nor will Gates restore you. So you will not
Tread a measure when the next dance comes
on.

ARNOLD—And if I don't—then write me down
As the dull ass of Washington's Major
Generals. These stars upon my uniform
Carry with them the privilege to command.
They will dazzle—when the embattled
lightnings

Begin to play—nearest to the foe.
No danger there of meeting Gates, whose
state

And nerves seek safer station. I withdrew
In anger. I now elect to stay and
Finish the work Washington sent me here
To do.

I shall be in the dance when the music swells!

LINCOLN—Turbulent and restless spirit!
You were born sword in hand, and for strife
was

Your ordaining!
Before breakfast, it is your love to fight.
Before dinner—and supper, too—you would
Do the same; and after each meal, resume
Where you left off. In the feast that re-
stored

Nature's wasted strength you'd hurry on,
And begrudge the minutes given thus,
As so much filched from favorite pastime.
This is the tiger's quality! and is
The courage of brutish beasts—grandest in
The brute that is grandest in brutality.
True courage shines most in him who, fearing

Any hurt,—yet loyal to duty—marches
With steadfast step even to the lips
Of belching cannon.

ARNOLD—If I were ordained to fight,—
Then I am thus compelled. The occasion
when,

I hope, is left for me to choose.
I find such occasion now! now,
When the fighting plume befits it, as
Priestly robes do prayer. By thousands our
Kindred are this moment wasting in
New York prisons, while Cunningham's
curses are

The benedictions to their departing souls.
All this rushes with the blood; and nerves my
Arm and steals my sword for action.

After the occasion passes—I'll be
As gentle as yon hurtless wren; and bury
This blade as deep as the volcanic fires
It came from.

Then, I'll turn in my toes as I walk along,—
Be knock-kneed,—of simpering smile and
Lisping tongue;—and thus ape the man-
ners of

Lily-livered men. All this I'll do for peace;
Though for naught of this was ever I or-
dained

LINCOLN—(*A gun is heard.*) That gun was
not ours!

And is much too near. We will move away.
[*All retire.*]

[*Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, RIEDE-*
SEL, FRASER and soldiers.]

BURGOYNE—It was on the twenty-first
That Sir Henry promised aid. The sixth of
October is here—though not yet gone—
and

No further word from him, nor sign of help.

RIEDELSEL—In all this time, we
Have heard the morning drums of the op-
posing

Force,—so closely are we to each other
Camped—and yet know nothing of his power
Or position. This spot whereon we stand
Is common ground between us.

BURGOYNE—That he has not assailed us
In all this time, reveals timidity
Or weakness.

FRASER—It may be he only waits
Till we come forth to more certain over-
throw.

So the hunter waits for the starved lion
Driven to his lair.

BURGOYNE—At the council yesterday
Each of you voted for retreat.
Phillips his advice refused.

RIEDELSEL—I still maintain and urge my vote.
Our men are on rations much cut down. The
Foragers are captured and our cattle
Driven off. The sick and wounded are a
Heavy burden. I will vouch for a safe
Withdrawal, if made before all the doors
To Canada are closed;—
Trusting this is not done already.

FRASER—I am of the opinion that in
Retreat we escape from greatest dangers.

BURGOYNE—I have said this army would not
retreat.

How against the gorge it goes to swallow
Your own words, reversing what they meant.
Honor, reputation, pride—all cry out
Against it.

RIEDELSEL—The safety of the army!

BURGOYNE—I know! I know!
Still I am but human, and so follow
Human guides. Thus shall it be. To-mor-
row,

With a selected force of full fifteen
Hundred men—in person leading them—we
Will advance and know what is before us.
If we then retreat, we shall do so because
Knowledge gained compels it.

[*All retire.*]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

With this December number of *THE SPIRIT* of '76, from want of space, we print only part of the Fifth Act. The First Act appeared in August, followed by a single Act each month. With January the balance of this last Act of Part First will appear. Those who want the completed Acts from the opening, must send quickly, for the earlier fall numbers are fast disappearing.

This Fifth Act is given entirely to the battle of Saratoga, often proclaimed to be one of the few conflicts which changed the history of mankind. Grand as is the theme, the recital herein is worthy of it, according to the many criticisms printed herewith. The impulsive, turbulent and irresistible Benedict Arnold, stands forth in his true character. The very God of battle, and the demon of insubordination. He after fell from his impatience of official control and selfish immorality. At Saratoga he rose to the zenith of his fame, and was easily the "Hero" of this struggle. The weakness of Gates, the indecision of Burgoyne, and the final surrender, with a toast to "Washington," from the vanquished British commander, is told in thrilling lines, and rounds to a glorious historic end.

Ethan Allen's Drama of the Revolution.

(IN BLANK VERSE.)

We give herewith a few more of the many criticisms upon Ethan Allen's "Drama of the Revolution" in its prose form.

John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., Professor of History in Indiana University; author of "History of the World," "History of the U. S.," author of "The Races of Man," editor of the *Arena*, etc., etc.: "A remarkable work; the best of its kind that has ever appeared in American letters. The diapason of expression from the highest to the lowest key is broad enough to satisfy the ear attuned to Shakespeare."

Capt. John Reynolds Totten, U.S.A., for twelve years Professor of Belles Letters at West Point: "The greatest production of the age. A new form in presenting history, and sure to be followed. Instructive, thrilling and correct history. If placed in every school it will make us a nation of patriots."

Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent New York Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution: "I have read and enjoyed the stately march of eloquence in this 'Drama,' and as I read was proud that an American had done for his country what Shakespeare did for England."

Eliphalet N. Potter, D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Union and Hobart Colleges, President of Cosmopolitan University, author of "Washington in his Library," etc., etc.: "I find this 'Drama' most graphic, instructive, thrilling and interesting for older readers; and suited as well to benefit and delight the millions of young people for centuries to come."

Mrs. I. H. Smith, author and critic: "This 'Drama' has caused me for the time to forget the ills of life. The author's name should echo through the world, for surely he has won a fame to satisfy any man's ambition. I am proud to have lived in the age when this was written."

George G. Williams, President Chemical Bank, N. Y.: "This great book will keep the author's name in green remembrance when the rest—Presidents, senators, citizens and all of us—are buried in forgetfulness."

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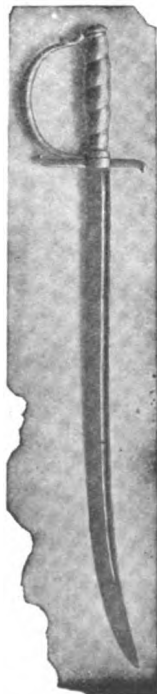
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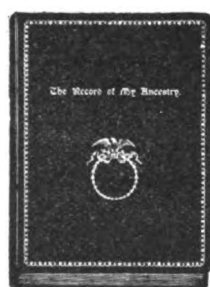
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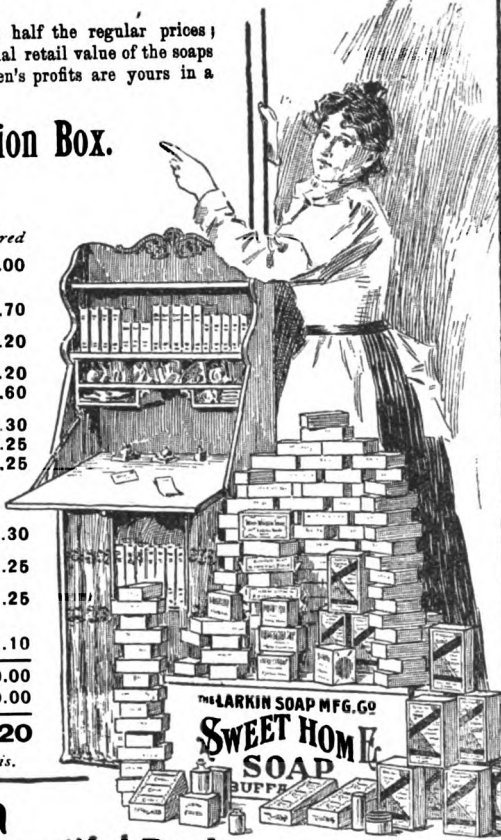
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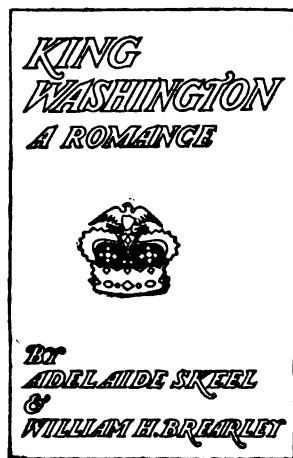
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Avery, James Denison Avery, who did not long linger after being forced by fire from the "Hive;" he died January 26, 1897.

The site of the old home is now marked by a beautiful granite memorial that bears a fine bronze representation of "The Hive," the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, a descendant of the builder of the house. The "Avery Memorial Association" was organized and chartered by the state; James D. Avery deeded to it the site; an adjoining piece of land that was desirable was bought and given by William Rockefeller, money was contributed by other members of the clan, and the work completed. The memorial is at once the pride of the association and a credit to it. The secretary of the association is Miss Helen Morgan Avery, Groton, Connecticut, born in "The Hive." The historian of the family would like the present address of every living member of the clan. If the reader of this sketch is an Avery, if he married an Avery, or if his mother was an Avery, he is requested to write to the historian, Dr. Elroy M. Avery, 657 Woodland Hills Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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THE SPIRIT OF '76.

No. 41

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Per Copy, 10 Cents



Shepard Kollock.

Born Lewes, Del., Sept., 1750. Died Philadelphia July 28th, 1839.

Editor loyal paper in New York City, started the day after the evacuation
by the British.

FOR thirty-six years Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Essex County, New Jersey; First Lieutenant of the Continental Artillery under command of Col. Neil; brevet Captain as aid-de-camp to Gov. Bloomfield, was born in Lewes, Delaware, the son of Shepard Kollock and Mary Goddard.

After receiving a good education he went to Philadelphia, where he acquired a knowledge of printing in the establishment of his uncle, William Goddard, editor of the *Pennsylvania Chronicle*.

In 1770, his health failing, he went to St. Christopher in the West Indies, where he carried on for several years the business of printing.

In 1777, on hearing of the battle of Lexington, and the troubles of the Colonies, he returned to his native country fired with a spirit of strong patriotism; giving up a lucrative business in order to aid her in her struggle for freedom.

He went at once to his father's house in Delaware, where he expected to find sympathy and encouragement in his endeavor to serve his country.

The next morning he went to New York, where he entered the army, serving in the artillery. He displayed so much courage and skill in the battles of Trenton, Fort Lee, Short Hills and other engagements that much confidence was reposed in him by the higher officers. Many incidents could be given to prove this, but one will suffice.

When Gen. Howe was landing his troops in New York, Washington supposing that his object was to go to Philadelphia, moved his army to Bucks County, Pennsylvania. While in camp there Gen. Gates asked for some artillery officers in whom perfect confidence could be placed.

Gen. Knox sent Lieut. Kollock. There being supernumerary officers in the artillery service. Mr. Kollock consulted with Gen.

Knox about resigning his commission. He was too good a soldier for the general to give him up willingly, and his resignation was only accepted on condition that he would publish a paper devoted to the cause of freedom.

He, therefore, on the termination of the campaign in 1779 established in the village of Chatham, New Jersey, the *New Jersey Journal*. This paper fully answered the expectations of General Knox, and by its editorial articles and the able contributions from all parts of that state, as well as from New York, did much to encourage and animate the people in their contest for liberty. The enemy felt that this was a powerful weapon in defense and often threatened vengeance against it, but never succeeded in reaching Chatham.

Upon the evacuation of New York in 1783 Mr. Kollock removed his press to that city and there established the *New York Gazetteer*; at first published weekly; afterwards three times a week; the first experiment of a paper issued so frequently in that place. He was also collaterally an extensive book publisher of that day, and had his headquarters in Hanover Square. At his printing house, corner of Wall and Water streets, opposite the coffee house in Wall street, he issued the first New York directory, compiled by David Franks.

In 1788 he removed to Elizabethtown and there revived the *New Jersey Journal*, of which he continued the proprietor and editor thirty-one years.

The state was not insensible to his merits, and when in his old age he asked not to be reappointed to the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, the Legislature was unwilling to listen to his request. They wished him to enjoy to the last the honor, if unable to perform the duties.

He was appointed aid-de-camp to Gov. Bloomfield and was reappointed by his successor. In 1818 he sold his printing establishment, and under the administration of President Monroe was appointed postmaster of Elizabethtown, which office he held until the year 1829, when he retired from all active public duties.

He was one of the original members of the Cincinnati Society, and it was at a dinner given by that body in Elizabethtown to Gen. Kosciusko—who visited America in 1797, wearied and worn from European battlefields—that a little namesake was presented to him, Shepard Kosciusko Kollock.

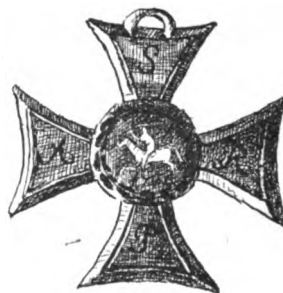
The brave general took the infant in his arms and kissed him. After handing the boy back to his nurse he took from his neck a cross of honor given to him by Stanislas, king of Poland, for military renown, and threw the ribbon over the child's head.

Mr. Kollock died in Philadelphia at the house of his son-in-law July 28th, 1839, eighty-eight years of age.

Shepard Kollock lived the life of a Christian; in adversity he never despaired; in temptation he was inflexible. His brother was once asked by some high British official if there was nothing that could buy his brother's services; he replied, "Nothing while his name is Kollock!"

MARY KOLLOCK,

Grand-daughter of Shepard Kollock.



The Kosciusko Medal No. 1 is gold, the letters in black—S. Stanislaus A. Augustus, R. King P. of Poland. The horse and rider in white enamel; the wreath of oak leaves in blue enamel; the date underneath 1794.

No. 2—the reverse side—black jet. The inscription on arms of cross in gold in centre—the coat of arms of Poland—is in white enamel, and wreath of oak leaves in blue.

The Great Social Event of the Revolution.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF SIGNING THE TREATY OF ALLIANCE, 1779.

WHEN King George opened the Houses of Parliament on November 27th, 1778, his speech dealt chiefly with the grievances of the Treaty of Alliance and Commerce between France and the United States. The following extracts cover the main points of that address: "My Lords and Gentlemen—I have called you together in a conjuncture which demands your most serious attention. In the time of peace without pretence of plaint, the Court of France hath not forborne to disturb the public tranquillity, in violation of the faith of treaties and the general rights of sovereigns; at first by the clandestine supply of arms and other aid to my revolted subjects in North America and afterwards by avowing openly their support and entering into formal engagements with the leaders of the rebellion, and at length, by committing open hostilities and depredations on my faithful subjects, and by actual invasion of my dominions in America and the West Indies."

"It would have afforded me very great satisfaction to have informed you that the conciliatory measures planned by the wisdom and temper of Parliament had taken the desired effect, and brought the troubles in North America to a happy conclusion."

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—I will order the proper estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you, and when you consider the importance of the object for which we are contending you will I doubt not grant me such supplies as you shall judge necessary for the public service and adequate to the present emergency."

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I have according to the powers vested in me for that purpose, called forth the militia to assist in the interior defence of this country."

After the departure of the king both Houses entered into a vigorous debate in which the policy of the king and his ministers during the past year was most severely criticised. That policy had been the deliberate plunder and devastation of the seaports and the western frontier of the colonies. Lord Derby claimed that while the French were a "humane people," they might be aroused, in behalf of their allies, to retaliate upon English seaports. Charles James Fox in the House of Commons against that policy made "one of the most rapid, nervous and interesting speeches ever delivered in that assembly, filled with a series of the most powerful oratory we ever heard." Lord Worth made a weak apologetic defense. In January and February of 1779 the newspapers throughout the colonies were publishing the king's speech and variously reporting that debate. It was the exciting topic of thought and conversation.

On December 24th, 1778, General Washington with his wife and military retinue left the headquarters at Newburgh on the Hudson and rode by stage or coach to Philadelphia, there with General Knox and other officers to make plans with Congress for the coming campaign, which was expected to be very active on the part of the enemy.

Owing to the supplies and money furnished by its generous ally the Continental army spent the winter in comparative comfort. Its can'onments were scattered in a semi-circle about New York, from Connecticut around to Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Thus dispersed, food and fuel were plentiful and easily obtained. The instructions of Baron Steuben and his inspectors made even camp life more systematic and soldier-like. Behind a protecting range of hills, about eight miles northwest of Boundbrook, in a little valley village called Pluckemin, General Knox and his artillery corps made their winter headquarters. On February 9th, 1779, just one year had passed since France had signed the treaty of Alliance. In that little village General Knox invited the Commander-in-chief and his officers and the ladies at winter quarters, with the people of New Jersey, to celebrate the first anniversary of that compact, the benefits of which were to them so patent.

Among the many Europeans now deeply interested in the cause of a people struggling for liberty against a justly despised tyrant,—a people developing and proving possible many of the then popular theories of republicanism—was one who had been visiting the cantonments of the army of the new-born republic. His letter to a friend in Philadelphia gives the best account that we now have of that celebration at Pluckemin. It was published in the *Pennsylvania Packet* on March 6th, 1779. Having touched upon several political subjects, he then describes the characters of some of the men comprising the Continental army.

"I have nowhere seen the influence of these principles more marked than among the gentlemen of the army. My old acquaintances are no longer the persons I have reveled with some years ago at Tunbridge and Bath, and such places of gay resort. Their manners are changed, but they are better men. Would you believe it, the luxurious and voluptuary treated me in the simple style of a man who had retired from the forms of the world; and yet with more hospitality than is to be purchased at the table of a prince. I was received into a hut, situated on the bend of a hill, by the once ceremonious with the plain address of that primitive Quaker, the founder of your State. That genius of dress and gaiety, now Lieutenant ———, showed me his wardrobe. It consisted of three shirts, as many stocks, three pairs of stockings, two linen handkerchiefs, a summer pair of overalls, a white dimity waistcoat and breeches; and this, said he, with a few trifles, and the regimentals on my back, is sufficient for an *American soldier*; adding with some emphasis, as he closed the valise which contained them, I wish that my associates were but as well provided for."

"These men may say, what I have heard attributed 'o Governor Henry of Virginia: 'Thank God I shall be poorer at the end of the war than at the beginning.'"

Our own old historian, Dr. Ramsay, writing of this period, says: "It became fashionable to suffer in the cause of independence."

The "foreign" guest at Pluckemin thus proceeds with the story of the celebration:

"Thursday, the 18th, I rode from my lodging, near the celebrated spot where General Dickinson in 1777 took from the enemy a large number of wagons, horses, etc., with but a handful of raw militia, to a place about eight or nine miles distant, called Pluckemin, where the artillery have their winter quarters. The huts of this corps are situated on a rising ground, at a small distance from the road, and unfold themselves in a very pretty manner as you approach. A range of field pieces, mortars, howitzers and heavy cannon make the front line of a parallelogram; the other sides are composed of huts for the officers and privates; there is also an academy where lectures are read on tactics and gunnery, and work huts for those employed in the laboratory, all very judiciously arranged. This military village is superior in some respects to most of those I had seen. Its regularity, its appearance, and the ground on which it stands throws over it a look of enchantment, although it is no more than the work of a few weeks."

"I am told that great philosophers and warriors of Prussia think it no dishonor to copy General Washington and his troops. Indeed this way of wintering an army has everything to recommend it, and more especially in America, where a great plenty of wood naturally points to such a practice. Little aid from the country is required; and the hands that would be necessary for the sawing and transplanting timber for barracks are by this means given up to the culture of our lands, or other useful employments. His Excellency the Commander-in-chief arrived from headquarters (at Middlebrook) about three o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Washington was in a carriage, accompanied by that steady friend to the rights of mankind, Mr. Laurens, the late President of Congress. I had also the pleasure of seeing Mr. Duer, late a member of that honorable body from the State of New York."

"I was introduced to Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox and the circle of *brilliant*s, the *least* of which seemed more valuable than that stone of immense price which the King of Portugal received from his Brazilian possessions."

"About four o'clock the occasion was announced by a discharge of thirteen round of cannon. We then repaired to the academy to dinner. The company was composed of the most respectable gentlemen and ladies for a considerable circuit around the camp, and as many of the officers of the army as could possibly attend."

"I had, till now, only seen the outside of the academy. It was raised several feet above the other buildings, and was capped with a small cupola, which had a very good effect. The great room was fifty by thirty feet, arched in an agreeable manner, and neatly plastered within. At the lower end of the room was a small enclosure elevated above the company, where the preceptor to the park gave his military lessons. This was converted into an orchestra, where the music of the harmony entertained the company. The style of the dinner was of that happy kind, between the extreme of parade and unmeaning profusion and a too great sparingness and simplicity of dishes. Its luxury could not have displeased a republican. The toasts were descriptive of the day, while the joy and complacency of the company could have given umbrage to none except our enemies, the British."

"Just as night came on we were called upon to the exhibition of fireworks. These were under the direction of Colonel Stevens of the artillery. The eye was very agreeably struck with the

frontispiece of a temple, about one hundred feet in length. It was divided into thirteen arches, each arch embellished with an illuminated painting, allegoric of the progress of our empire, or the wise policy of our alliance; the centre arch was ornamented with a pediment, and proportionably larger than the others; the whole supported by a colonade of the Corinthian order. The different works in pyrotechny were very agreeably disposed, and displayed to great advantage."

The log huts, the log academy and this elaborate "temple" were built without nails. The fireworks displayed from above the pediment were manufactured in the laboratories where ammunition was prepared. The paintings upon cotton cloth (or linen) were illuminated by bonfires of pine knots or tallow dips. The academy was probably lighted with the latter. The following is a list of the subjects of the paintings from Barber and Howe's Historical Collections of New Jersey:

First—Arch on the right represented the commencement of hostilities at Lexington, with this inscription: "The scene opened."

Second—British clemency. Represented in the burning of Charlestown, Falmouth, Norfolk and Kingston.

Third—The separation of America from Britain. A magnificent arch broken in the centre, with this motto: "By your tyranny to the people of America you have separated the wide arch of an extended empire."

Fourth—Britain represented as a decaying empire, by a barren country, broken arches, fallen spires, ships deserting its shores, birds of prey hovering over its mouldering cities, and a gloomy setting sun. Motto:

"The Babylonian spires are sunk,
Achaia, Rome and Egypt mouldered down;
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crushed by their own weight."

Fifth—America represented as a rising empire. Prospect of a fertile country, harbors and rivers covered with ships, new canals opening, cities arising amidst woods, splendid sun emerging from a bright horizon. Motto:

"New worlds are still emerging from the deep,
The old descending in their turns to rise."

Sixth—A grand illuminated representation of Louis XVI. The encourger of letters, the supporter of the rights of humanity, the ally and friend of the American people.

Seventh—The centre arch. The Fathers in Congress. Motto: "Nil desperandum reipublicæ."

Eighth—The American philosopher and ambassador extracting lightning from the clouds.

Ninth—The battle near Lexington, 7th October, 1777.

Tenth—The Convention of Saratoga.

Eleventh—A representation of the sea fight, off Ushant, between Count D'Orvilliers and Admiral Reppie.

Twelfth—Warren, Montgomery, Mercer, Wooster, Nash, and a crowd of heroes who have fallen in the American contest, in Elysium, receiving the thanks and praises of Brutus, Cato and those spirits who in all ages have gloriously struggled against tyrants and tyranny. Motto: "Those who shed their blood in such a cause shall live and reign forever."

Thirteenth—Represented Peace, with all her train of blessings. Her right hand displaying an olive branch, at her feet lay the honors of harvest; the background was filled with flourishing cities; ports crowded with ships and other emblems of an extensive empire and unrestrained commerce.

"The news announced to Congress from the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon, arriving at the moment of celebration, nothing could have so opportunely increased the good humor of the company, or added to those animated expressions of pleasure which arose on the occasion."

The correspondent continues: "When the fireworks were finished the company returned to the academy; the same room that had served to dine in served to dance in; the tables were removed, and had left a range for about thirty couples, to foot it to no indifferent measure. As it was a festival given by men who had not enriched themselves by the war, the lights were cheap and of their own manufacture; the seats the work of their own artisans; and for knights of different orders there were hardy soldiers, happy in the thought of having some hand in bringing around what they were celebrating.

"The ball was opened by his Excellency the General. When this man unbends from his station and its weighty functions he is even then like a philosopher, who mixes with the amusements of the world, that he may teach it what is right or turn its trifles into instruction.

"As it is too late in the day for one to follow the windings of

a fiddle, I contented myself with the conversation of some one or other of the ladies during the interval of dancing. I was particularly amused with lively sallies of Miss ———; asking her if the roaring of the British lion in his late speech did not interrupt the spirit of the dance? 'Not at all,' said she, 'it rather enlivens; for I have heard that such animals increase their noise when most frightened.'

"Is it that the women of New Jersey, by holding the space between two large cities, have continued exempt from the corruption of either, and preserved a purity of manners superior to both? Or have I paid too great attention to their charms and too little to those imperfections which observers tell us are the material growth of every soil?"

The names of some of those charming women were: Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, the Misses Andrews, the Misses Betsy and Sally Winslow, of Boston, and Lady Kitty Sterling, who married the following July William Duer, of New York. A Miss Linn, daughter of Judge Linn, also danced with General Washington that evening, or rather night. He opened the ball with Mrs. Knox. General Knox writes of this event: "We had it at the Park on the 18th, a most genteel entertainment given by self and officers. Everybody allowed it to be the first of the kind ever exhibited in this state at least. We had about seventy ladies, all of the first ton in the state, and between three and four hundred gentlemen. We danced all night."

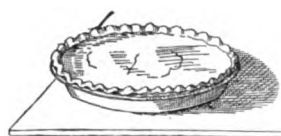
The women who gathered at the headquarters of the Army of the Revolution were pure, true, noble women—women who left comfortable and even luxurious homes to share the privations of camp life not only to cheer those whom they loved, but to minister to the forlorn and suffering beside the camp fire, in the marquee and in the log hut. Mrs. Knox, for her motherly kindness, was especially loved by her husband's command.

The American women of the Revolution by their personal sacrifices at home and in camp, by their sympathetic comradeship in all hardships, and by the purity of their spirits, gained for American women that social liberty which has made them the most favored women of the world. This was one of the social problems of that new republicanism, the development of which the civilized world was then anxiously watching and by which many cherished social institutions of the past were shaken to their foundations.

M. C. MURRAY HYDE,

Member of the New York Colonial Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Pumpkin Pie.



AH! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest;
When the grey-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,—
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

O, fruit loved of boyhood; the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within,
When we laughed round the corn heap with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales or the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for the present—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine;
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never grow less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Gold-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!—*Whittier.*

THE DOMINIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

FROM FORT AMSTERDAM TO FORT ORANGE.

BY EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

PART II.

[Describing the Pilgrim's progress through the Neutral Ground from Spuyten Duyvil Creek to Dobbs Ferry, thence across the river to Tappan where Andre was executed.]

IN THE former chapter I narrated the circumstances under which I fell in with the reverend pilgrim while coming down on the day boat from Albany to New York, last fall, and heard his tale of travel on horseback from the site of ancient Fort Amsterdam to the site of ancient Fort Orage; and I described the genial Dominie, his gentle steed Pegasus, and his adventures and observations from Fort Amsterdam to Spuyten Duyvil Creek. I now take up the narrative from the point where he safely passed off from the Island of Manhattan and entered the famous Neutral Ground of the Revolution.

"About a mile from King's Bridge," continued the Dominie, "I came to Van Cortlandt Park, and was delighted to find that the historic old Van Cortlandt mansion had been placed in the care of an association of patriotic American women called the Colonial Dames. The rooms have been fitted up in colonial style, from the kitchen, with its great fire-place, crane and Dutch oven, to the bedrooms, with their four-posted, canopied beds. One room is devoted to a museum of historical relics, and the whole building has now become an object lesson in colonial life of great value. The building itself has historical associations. It was the headquarters of a Hessian picket guard in 1777; and in July, 1781, Washington and staff dined therein when the British pickets were driven beyond King's Bridge. On Vault Hill, a short distance to the north, Washington displayed some troops to deceive the British while his main army stole around through New Jersey on their march to final victory at Yorktown.

"From Van Cortlandt Park, I proceeded along Broadway to Yonkers. Here, at a distance of 24 miles from my starting point, I found the old Philipse Manor Hall, one of the most interesting antiquities of the Hudson. Its older portion was erected in 1682, the present front having been added in 1745. Judged by the standard of its period, it is a spacious stone edifice and attests the wealth and taste of its lordly proprietors. The ceiling of the principal room is beautifully ornamented in high relief with arabesque forms, figures of dogs, birds and men, and two portrait medallions. One of the latter is said to be that of Mary Philipse, who was born and lived there, and whose charms won the heart of Washington. This fair but unpatriotic maid, as I mentioned when speaking of the Roger Morris mansion,* gave her hand to another and lived to see the suitor whom she rejected become the idol of a nation. I sat in the old wishing-seat in the window and wondered how many of the wishes that had been 'wished' there had been realized; and then I sat awhile

before the old fire-place and studied the carved chimney-piece of Irish marble, the solid carved wood-work and the curious blue Dutch Scriptural tiles. In spite of my profession and my ancestry," said the Dominie, with one of those merry twinkles which every now and then revealed his genial humor, "these and other Scriptural tiles which I saw along the Hudson impressed me as being extremely amusing. Yet who can doubt the efficacy of these 'sermons in stone,' or misbelieve that the beholders, as they semi-circled before the blazing fire-logs in the bleak days of winter, derived valuable lessons of admonition and encouragement from the contemplation of Haman hanging on his gibbet; or Jonah, in unmistakable Dutch costume, bursting triumphantly from the whale's belly; or Lazarus, emerging from his tomb, proudly waving the flag of the Netherlands? The Philipse Manor House is now occupied by the offices of the city government of Yonkers. Its preservation from threatened destruction a few years ago was largely due to the efforts of the local Historical Society and chapters of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

"It was after nightfall of the first day of my journey when I reached the historic house of Dr. Joseph Hasbrouck of Dobbs Ferry, and I was glad enough, after my ride of thirty-one and one-half miles, to leave the saddle and enter this hospitable mansion. The reputation of the Dutch for whole-souled hospitality will never suffer so long as this representative of our race presides over this charming household. It needed no more than two days' visit to understand why he was honored with the presidency of the village, and why he was so universally beloved in the families which had experienced the gentle ministrations of his humane profession.

"By the time I had removed the dust of travel, a bountiful repast awaited me in the dining room upon a rare mahogany table — the table on which Lafayette had dined in New York city on the occasion of his visit to the United States in August, 1824. The table and seven chairs surrounding it were formerly the property of William Paulding,

mayor of New York at that time. The vicissitudes of the Neutral Ground were well illustrated in the checkered history of the house in which I was now tarrying. It was alternately in the possession of the Americans and British many times; and that it was the object of forcible contention was substantially attested by the cannon balls dug up on the premises. Several years ago, a cherry tree, which had a curious excrescence like an ox's head on one side, was cut down near the house, and buried in the trunk was found a six-pound shot which is included in the doctor's collection of relics. A monument erected in front of the house by the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, on June 14, 1894, recites the following additional facts:

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

Here, July 6, 1781, the French Allies under Rochambeau joined the American Army.

Here, August 14, 1781, Washington planned the Yorktown Campaign which brought to a triumphant end the War for American Independence.

Here, May 6, 1783, Washington and Sir Guy Carleton arranged for the evacuation of American soil by the British.

And opposite this point, May 8, 1783, a British sloop-of-war fired 17 guns in honor of the American Commander-in-Chief, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States of America.

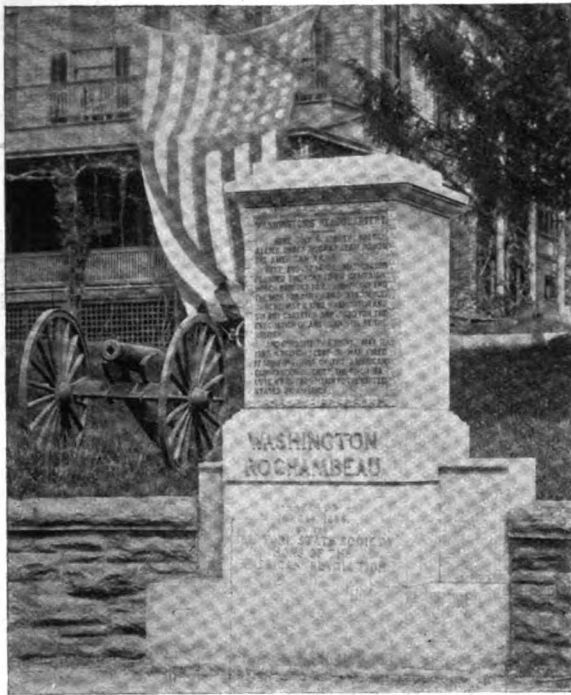
*See Part I, published in December.



From G. P. Putnam's Sons
"Colonial Homes."

THE PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE, YONKERS.

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DR. HASBROUCK'S HOUSE, DOBBS FERRY.

"After a refreshing night's sleep in Washington's bedroom, over the council chamber in which he arranged the details of the movement to Yorktown, I set out with my host for the house of Dyckman Odell, formerly Rochambeau's headquarters, on the Dobbs Ferry and White Plains Road. We found the picturesque old house, but did not enter, as its equally picturesque owner, a unique character of the neighborhood, was a mile or more away, engaged in a heroic endeavor to pick enough apples on a 40-acre parcel of poor land to pay for the not excessive rental of twenty-five dollars per annum. Mr. Odell was as elusive as a globule of quick-silver when I tried to pin him down to historical conversation. If I asked him about the traditions of his house, he would descant upon the quality of the apples that he was picking. If I mentioned Washington and Rochambeau, he would pour forth volubly on the subject of the cow and calf that were grazing before us and had falsely been accused of tuberculosis. When other avenues of escape from a direct answer were lacking, he would jump up from his seat on the rock, seize a loose branch of a tree evidently cut for the purpose, and charge violently down the hill upon the tuberculous cow and calf which were approaching too near his pomological accumulation; or he would rise more deliberately, walk a few rods to a vagrant apple, and crunch it under his heel to the evident disappointment of the calf which was on the point of swallowing it whole. By the exercise of ingenuity, however, I succeeded in eliciting one interesting fact from him, and disproving a tradition concerning the presence of Rochambeau's sword in his house, which obtains credit in Dobbs Ferry. Mr. Odell demolished this fiction as easily as he had confuted the State Inspectors' theory of tuberculosis. 'No, my friend,' said he, 'that ain't General Rochambeau's sword. General Rochambeau, I tell you, was a Frenchman, and he took all his trimmings with him. That sword is just a plain, ordinary sword that a friend gave me.'

"The Odell house, like Dr. Hasbrouck's, originally belonged to the Philipse estate of which the Yonkers Manor House was the feudal center. The Philipses were Tories and their property was confiscated by the state. The Hasbrouck house was bought from the commissioners of forfeiture by the father of Van Brugh Livingston, and it is sometimes called the Livingston Mansion. Dr. Hasbrouck acquired it from his father-in-law, Stephen Archer, the Quaker.

"As I sat on the hill-side talking to Mr. Odell I was in sight of Chatterton Hill (White Plains) where the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution hope some day to erect a monument; but the lowering skies admonished a speedy return, and without visiting that historic spot, we contented ourselves with a detour through a long, precipitous and almost impassable road, abandoned save

by a solitary traveler, and unnamed, connecting the Saw Mill road with Hartsdale. Our object was to visit the site of the old Applebee house, which was Washington's headquarters before moving to Dr. Hasbrouck's house in Dobbs Ferry. A new house now rests on the old foundations on the lonely summit of a commanding hill which, 120 years ago was the encampment of the American army.

"Returning to Dobbs Ferry, I called briefly on William P. Brown, whose house at the corner of Broadway and Livingston avenue occupies the site of a British redoubt. Mr. Brown had the forethought to have an oil painting of the scene made before the earthwork was razed in 1893 to make room for his foundations.

"The following morning, desiring to cross the river to Sneed's Landing (Paramus,) I sent Peg by trusted hands around by the way of the Tarrytown ferry while I made the passage of a mile across Tappan Zee in about twenty minutes in a cat-boat under the skillful navigation of Captain Coates. At Paramus we landed where 6,000 British under Cornwallis had landed in 1776 en route from Hastings to attack fort Lee. This was also a frequent crossing place for Americans. Captain Coates, who married a Sneed, and was familiar with local topography, directed me to a well preserved redoubt some 500 feet up the steep hill. Four cedar trees now grow out of its embankment. Reaching it across lots, I found that it was most eligibly chosen, for a cannon planted there commanded the landing and a broad sweep of the river. There seemed to be a long low earthwork running southward from the redoubt parallel with the river, but so nearly obliterated as to be almost unrecognizable.

"A familiar neigh of recognition apprised me of the arrival of Peg, and mounting my faithful beast, a ride of three and a half miles inland brought me to the quiet little village of Tappan. I was deeply stirred by the associations of this place, which witnessed the culmination of that dark tragedy which began with the disappointment of Arnold's ambition. Opposite the postoffice stood Andre's prison house, from which the spy was led to his unhappy fate. It is a stone house, about 50 feet long, which is crumbling to pieces from sheer neglect. Its owner, Dr. J. H. Stephens, who lives next door, has been trying for years to persuade some Society or the State to purchase the historic building. He regards it as the most important historic building in the United States, but his appreciation of its value appears to be purely a commercial one. He would like to sell it, but he will not spend a cent upon it to keep it in repair, and he will not admit visitors unless they call in the character of prospective purchasers.*

"I dismounted from my horse, and after gazing regretfully at the dilapidation of this structure, I walked slowly up the same road that Andre trod when led to his execution. It is exactly half a mile from the prison to the site of the gibbet, and I estimate that it required from 25 to 30 minutes for that slow and saddened cortege with muffled drums, to escort their chivalrous prisoner to the summit of the hill at high noon on that fateful second day of October, 1780. As I reached the summit I thought of the sudden shock which Andre experienced as he came in sight of the gallows, and discovered that the hope which had been his comfort for the last hours of his life,—the hope that Washington would permit him to be shot like a soldier, and not hanged like a felon—was not to be realized.

"I do not understand by what instinct I knew almost exactly where to look for the monument. It was either the subtle fascination of the dreadful spot; or, more likely, the unconscious knowledge that it was the frequent custom to select the most conspicuous place obtainable for these awful acts. The Andre monument stood on the highest point in Tappan, the crown of a noble hill, commanding a wonderful panorama of the surrounding country. Ah, why must these stern men of war select such a beautiful place for such a dreadful scene? Why may they not choose some dark, ill-favored and secluded retreat, and not a place made beautiful by the Divine smile, for such a tragedy as this? I could see, in my imagination, that heaven-favored spot covered with the hushed American army, all looking at one focal point, to witness the infliction of a penalty which the iron necessities of war demanded, but which involved no moral turpitude on the part of the victim. How solemn every one looks. How fearfully still it is. In a moment I hear in the distance the faint, slow rhythmic beat of a drum. How my heart throbs. How slow they are in coming. These minutes seem hours. Now I discern the uniforms of the cortege. Presently they emerge from the road. A handsome youth of 29, walking between two subalterns, sees the gibbet, blanches, shrinks back for an instant, then

*On November 2, 1897, in a severe storm, the tottering walls fell and the ruin was complete. It is announced that Charles A. Pike, of Tappan, has bought the old place, will restore it to its original condition, and open it to the public. In so doing, Mr. Pike will receive the commendation of an appreciative public.—EDITOR.

advances. I hear one at his side inquire, 'Why this emotion, sir?' and the reply, 'I am reconciled to my death, but despise the mode.' The procession halts at its destination. There is a few minutes' wait and whispered words of consultation. Now all is ready. The youth steps quickly into the open wagon; again he shrinks and again regains his composure. I hear him say, 'It will be but a momentary pang.' Now he is firm. Removing his hat, he bandages his own eyes. A moment later, he saves the trembling executioner the trouble of adjusting the noose by placing it about his own neck. Col. Scammel speaks a few words to him, whereupon Andre raises the handkerchief and says, 'I pray you bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon is removed."

Here the Dominie paused. He had been speaking with intense earnestness. I forgot for the time being that we were travelling on a boat, and I seemed to be listening to an eye-witness of the scene that he was describing. In a few moments he appeared to emerge from the past into the present and to be conscious of my presence.

"There a brave enemy, a gentleman and soldier died, and there he was buried," resumed the Pilgrim. "Soon his dust was nurturing a young cedar tree which sprang up spontaneously, as if to keep his memory green. When his remains were exhumed in 1821, to be transferred to Westminster Abbey, the dead man's skull was found to be entwined with the roots, from which a snuff box was made for one of those concerned in the removal. At present the site is marked by a cube of granite, in the midst of a miniature wilderness of wild carrot, surrounded by an iron fence five and a half feet high and about sixty-five feet in circumference. This is what remains of the monument erected by Cyrus W. Field, and subsequently blown up by dynamite. The base was demolished, and for a long time the monument lay on its side neglected. It has since been straightened up and now rests directly on the ground without any base. The inscription reads as follows:

Here died, Oct. 2, 1780,
Major John Andre of the British Army,
who, entering the American lines
on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold
for the surrender of West Point,
was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a spy.
His death,
(illegible) according to the stern code of war,
moved even his enemies to pity,
and both armies mourned the fate
of one so young and brave.
In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.
A hundred years after his execution
this stone was placed above the spot where he lay,
by a citizen of the States against which he fought,
not to perpetuate the record of strife,
but in token of those better feelings
which have since united two nations,
one in race in language and in religion,
with the earnest hope that this friendly union
will never be broken.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.—*Virgil's Æneid*, 1, 462.

He was more unfortunate than (illegible.) An accomplished man and a gallant officer.—*Washington*.

"Returning to the prison house, and passing beyond it a fifth of a mile to the east, I found with some difficulty the headquarters of Washington at the time of Andre's trial. It is a brick structure with modern wooden front, overrun with morning glory vines, set well back from the road, almost buried from view among a dense growth of cedar, spruce and pine, and undistinguished by anything designed to mark its significance. From reports of an inhospitable nature, I approached the house with apprehensions, which proved groundless; for not only had the tenants whose exclusiveness had earned them an unenviable reputation departed, but their more cordial successors had also just vacated, and the place was deserted. A couple of villagers who were picking grapes back of the house told me that the property was owned by William (?) Rogers of Brook-

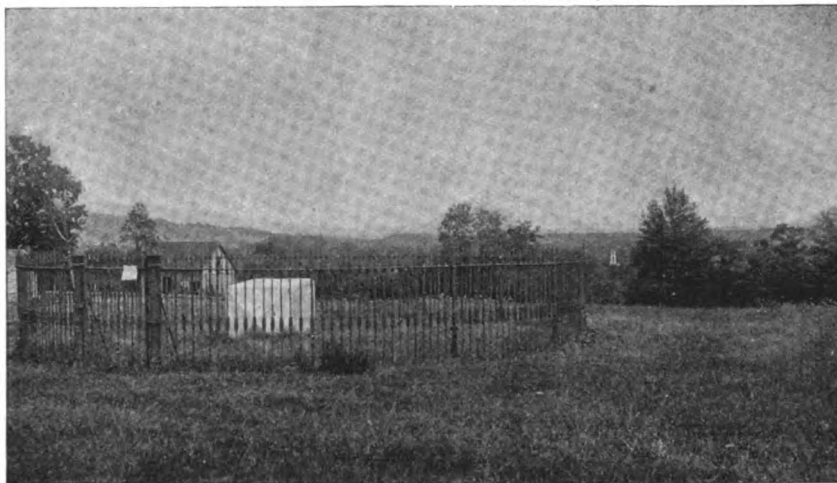
lyn, and was for rent. After eating a bunch of delicious grapes and drinking from the old oaken bucket at the well at which Washington slaked his thirst, I pushed on through Sparkill and Piermont six and a quarter miles to Nyack, over beautiful roads and most of the time in full view of the noble Hudson.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Interesting Letter From John Adams to Henry Guest.

Among the American patriots residing in New Brunswick, Middlesex County, New Jersey, was Henry Guest, the writer's great-great-grandfather. Of his life little is now known. He was a tanner, and an amusing incident relating to some hides which he had placed on fences to dry, and which were by the British mistaken for a "rebel" force, will be found in Harper's Magazine for July, 1874, page 238. This was quoted by the writer hereof in a sketch of the Guest family which he contributed to *The American Historical Register*, Boston, for April, 1897. In this latter article reference was also made to the fact that in the State Library at Trenton, N. J., is preserved a valuable relic known as the "Record of damages done by the British

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PLACE OF MAJOR ANDRE'S EXECUTION.

ish and their adherents to the inhabitants of Middlesex County," which contains, among others, the original sworn inventory of Henry Guest, exhibiting in detail damages aggregating the sum of L 235, 16 s. 10 d. That Henry Guest was held in high esteem by his noblest contemporaries is evidenced by a letter still extant, written by that sturdy patriot, John Adams, the second president of the United States. The original communication is in the possession of Rev. Andrew J. Reynolds, of Smith Avenue, Norwood, Cincinnati, O., (a great-grandson of Henry Guest.) By Mr. Reynolds' kindness the following exact copy is presented with the hope that it will thus be rescued from comparative obscurity.

"QUINCY, February 5, 1811

"VENERABLE SIR—Thanks for your favor of the 28th of January. Imprisoned by a tremendous Snow Storm, which has now raged for Six days and blockaded all the roads worse than King George's Proclamations, and seated before a comfortable Fire Side, it gives me pleasure to answer you.

"It is not at all improbable that I may get 'the start of you to the world of souls.' There we shall have neither Snow storms nor political Earthquakes, no Politicians, no Conquerors, no Philosophists, as I hope and believe.

"Don Onis's Motto for your Invention is excellent. 'Libertad o' La Muerta' is admirable for a War Flail.

"Of the war in Spain, or at least of its Issue and termination I can form no competent judgment. About an hundred years ago, Louis 14th set up the Duke of Anjou, and the Roman Emperor, The Queen of England and the States of Holland set up the Arch Duke Charles of Austria, for King of Spain, and after ravaging and desolating that Kingdom for many years, and consuming the Lives of two or three hundred Thousand soldiers, Louis carried his Point at last.

"Is Napoleon a greater 'Tyrant' than Louis, or his army more 'rascally' than that of Germany, Holland or England?

"Fifty years ago I saw a History of Mesneger, an Emissary that Louis 14th sent over to England, under pretence of sounding the Disposition of the British Ministry to make Peace, of his Intrigues and Negotiations for that purpose in pursuance of Instructions from Louis himself.

"Louis was desirous of Peace; but if the war must be continued, he wished it to be in Spain rather than in Germany, where Marlborough and Eugene commanded, and where English, Dutch and German armies were more numerous and more easily supported than in Spain.

"Mesneger says that after some secret conferences with the secret agents of the Ministry, and finding that Terms of Peace were not to be had upon Louis's conditions, he had resort according to his Instructions to his Ulterior Measures. He made Inquiry after the fine Writers, of

whom Great Britain had good Store, and excellent in their kind, and withal very cheap. Of these he engaged a Number upon terms which they thought generous, to write for him. As the Passion of the English is for war, he studied to gratify it, and at the same time to give it such a direction as he and his Master wished.

"Immediately the Newspapers appeared full of Paragraphs and Speculations recommending a vigorous prosecution of the War, especially in Spain. Bulky Pamphlets issued from the press urging and elaborately proving the Policy and Necessity of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and especially in Spain. The Conversation of the same men of Letters and all other Persons at the Coffee Houses, was, now is the time to humble the House of Bourbon by a vigorous Prosecution of the War and especially in Spain. This was followed by addresses in the same strain, from various of our Cities and Corporations in all parts of the Kingdom.

"In the due Course of Time, Parliament met, and was opened by a Speech from the Throne, in which the Queen recommended to her faithful Lords and Commons a vigorous Prosecution of the war, especially in Spain. The speech was answered by the House of Lords and House of Commons assuring her Majesty of the zealous support of her faithful and loving subjects in a vigorous Prosecution of the War, especially in Spain.

"The war was prosecuted till the Allies were exhausted and compelled to Consent to the Spanish succession in the Treaty of Utrecht.

"I fear Napoleon is pursuing Mesnager's Policy, and that he will have Mesnager's success.

"I am, Sir, your good Friend,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"I have sent your Prayer to Mr. Murray.

"Henry Guest, Esqr."

Henry Guest was the father of Captain Moses Guest of the Jersey militia. The latter was in command of the detachment of men who effected the capture of Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, October 26th, 1779. Regarding this episode the writer hereof has prepared a lengthy sketch which will, doubtless, be given to the public at an early date. It is also expected that a more nearly complete genealogy of the Guest family will appear in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Journal* during the year 1898.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

Chicago, November 28rd, 1897.

An Incident of 1812.

SUSAN BLANCHARD, knitting, sat upon the threshold of the open door. A great maltese cat lay stretched in languid indolence upon the doorstep. Occasionally, as the needles clicked louder than usual, it would raise its head and gaze at Susan Blanchard's flying fingers, then lazily settle itself again, with a harmless poke at a reckless fly that had walked too near. A mother hen scratched assiduously at the rich soil in the door-yard, and clucked to her little ones in affectionate mezzo when a fat worm lay uncovered.

The young woman was thinking of her husband, who was with his company at Chateaugay, and whom she expected soon to return to her. Her deft fingers ceased for a moment their action, and she looked down across a field of high-grown corn on the slope below the barn. Its surface of spear-points undulated in running waves before the gentle pressure of a jaunting wind.

She, herself, had planted the field. She had watched its sprouting growth and hoed the sandy hills. She noted its bending stalks with the maternal pride that a mother displays toward a cooing infant. The corn had been raised during her husband's absence, and she dwelt on his astonishment and pleasure when he should see the shining yellow and the silky white tufts that the green here and there disclosed.

Suddenly a low rumble sounded from the south where the blue sky reached low. The great cat snapped its jaws from a sleepy yawn, and arched its back in a long-drawn stretch. The warning rumble became a significant roar, and a drove of jostling cattle loped into view through the vista of swaying maples.

"Foragers!" the woman involuntarily exclaimed, half aloud, and she started up. The great cat advanced a step, bristling bravely. Clouds of dense dust arose from the scuffing hoofs and almost hid the shouting men who rode behind. The sun's rays fell heavily upon the exhausted animals, and their tongues lolled thirstingly.

A young heifer, a trifle in advance of her companions, stopped abruptly at sight of the figure in light calico in the doorway, and with forefeet planted before her looked ahead in frightened uncertainty. The cattle behind were crowding up with tossing heads, urged on by the "hi, hi," of the mounted drovers.

The wind gave Susan's apron a menacing flap, and the little heifer, apparently released from the charm by which her daunted

curiosity had enthralled her, plunged awkwardly over the single bar that offered but weak resistance to ingress to the field, and was lost in a wake of shaking stalks. The herd followed in jumbling disorder.

At the first intimation of the sudden purpose of the invaders, Susan Blanchard rushed frantically down the declivity to head them off. The mother-hen screeched a warning, and while her brood scurried beneath her arched wings, the great cat turned tail and ran. The woman's pale face and wide-open eyes told her extremity, but as well might an impotent wind raise its puny strength to a swirling tornado, already the field was well-nigh devastated. Half involuntarily, she turned ruefully to the men in the road.

The drovers had dismounted with deliberation, and giving the horses their heads to browse in the long grass by the rail fence, were laughing in coarse glee. If fodder were as easily to be obtained further north as here, the animals would be in prime condition, indeed, when Canada should be reached.

"Nobody here but a woman," they said in congratulation.

And the woman, as she hurried back to the house in timid agitation, thought to herself: "If Jim were only here."

But Jim, like most of the available men in that part of Vermont who were not sympathizers with the British, were where his services were most valuable to his country.

The corn was devoured and the remains trampled flat. Fragments of great yellow pumpkins dotted the ruins, and a half mile up the road the drovers "hi, hi'd," at the disappearing herd that had been quickly rounded up after the feed.

In a house a mile to the northward, the news of the outrage got to the ears of Jim's father, a lieutenant of '76. Lieutenant Blanchard was a gentle, big man, but a dangerous fighter. He could swing an axe to fell a "beef," or stoop to the fragrance of a tiny flower.

In astonished rage, he mounted a horse and hastened to arouse the neighbors. He carried in his hand a stout hickory stick, and his thoughts, as he rode, stirred up within him the fire that had smouldered since the stirring days when he won his bars. His hatred for the British was poignant.

A few men and boys were hurriedly brought together, and with the old warrior foremost, brandishing his club, the party set off by a circuitous route which took them to the north of the foragers and their spoil.

To the right as they wheeled about into the main road lay a golden-tinted grainfield. Over it the summer heat writhed upward. Off on the horizon to the west lay a placid lake of fleecy clouds, awaiting Apollo's plunge. The dust in the road bed, at their feet, lay thick and fluffy, and off to the south they could see a black mass with dodging forms behind crawling toward them.

No time was wasted. Immediately a charge was instituted. Flourishing their cudgels and yelling like war-painted Apaches, the Yankees gave their horses the rein and bore down upon the approaching animals "like wolves on the fold."

The cattle, stopping not a moment, whirled precipitately and dashed madly back. One of the Britishers was unhorsed during the desperate effort to escape the wild stampede, and they had scant time to club their guns before the little avenging band was upon them. Through the mist of dust raised by the conflict, clubs clashed gun-stocks, and the curses of the surprised Britishers mingled with the exultant Yankee yell. The man unhorsed edged up to the old lieutenant and was placing the muzzle of his musket under the swinging arms of the excited old soldier, when the hickory club, obeying the impulse that followed the keen eye of the watchful warrior, crashed down upon the barrel, and the bullet ploughed the shoulder of his horse. As his mount sank under him the old man swung a blow upon the spoiler's head that sent him with a crunch to the road.

The tide of battle turned and the four remaining cattle thieves made furiously away, their guns broken and useless.

The old warrior, calling to his followers not to give chase, mopped the perspiration from his face, and surveyed the distorted form in the dirt at his feet. The dust, settling, mingled with the coagulating blood that covered the head, and a swarm of hungry flies buzzed over it. Far up the highway four fugues fled in undiminished terror.

The dead horse was dragged to one side and buried, and at a sign from the old man, three of the Yankees lifted the limp form of the Britisher across a saddle.

Then, with the old lieutenant striding grim before, the cortege moved off, and as the twilight curtain descended slowly on the little tragedy, the sunken sun's dying crimson red-fired the last scene—a battlefield in miniature.

FORREST ATHERTON HEATH.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WARS AND OLD
GUARD.

"Know Thyself."

SELF-INSPECTION is as good for a nation as for an individual. The good old Greek maxim "know thyself" is as applicable to-day as it was four thousand years ago. Can we as a people submit to this view within, without blushing. Gratitude is a becoming attribute of humanity. "The brute has it the least, which is the greatest in brutality." Are we exalted above the brute? We think so. Our sword would fly from its scabbard to resent the imputation otherwise. Yet how stands our record toward other people struggling for that freedom which we won a century ago, with the aid of France. In a single instance in our history, have we been conspicuous for our gratitude to France, by giving a helping hand to others, treading the bloody paths of conflict which we once pursued? A negative answer is humiliation, and yet we may not evade such answer. Even to France, our benefactor, we surely have been remiss in our gratitude. At Valley Forge, Washington in general orders, celebrated the news of the French alliance, and the year after, the anniversary was again honored at Pluckamin. But it has not been remembered since. This is not as it should be. The heart of this people should ever throb with enthusiastic sympathy for those who strive to follow our political example, and with every song of freedom raised anywhere on earth, our voice should mingle in the strain. Washington and his compatriots strove not for a single nation, not for a locality, but their mission included the civilized world. We hold from our fathers the legacy of Liberty as a trust, and when we strive for its expansion, we then, and only then, fitly discharge the trust confided to us, and show a gratitude for those who greatly suffered that we might be free. Then neither in fancy, nor in conscience, could we hear from the rebuking heavens, the chiding voices of Lafayette and Rochambeau, saying "If you would honor us, now do for others what once we did for you."

Copies of **THE SPIRIT OF '76** wanted—10 copies each of these dates: Issue of December, 1894, April, 1895, and June, 1895. One year's subscription will be given for a single copy in good condition. Address 18 and 20 Rose Street.

WE have called attention to the collection of Revolutionary pictures consisting of the original paintings and drawings that illustrate Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution" in Scribner's Magazine for 1898. These pictures are painted and drawn by Howard Pyle, E. C. Peixotto, B. W. Clinedinst and other celebrated artists, and form an impressive gallery of Revolutionary Art. Arrangements have been made in New York, Providence, Boston, Hartford, New Haven, and in other cities to exhibit these pictures under the auspices of chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A trip is being planned now that will extend through the spring and will include the larger cities as far west as Chicago. Any of the chapters of the patriotic societies desiring to avail themselves of this great collection of paintings and drawings would do well to correspond with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ARRANGEMENTS are being perfected for a five days' pilgrimage the last week in June, to visit West Point, Newburgh, Saratoga, Lake George, Fort Ticonderoga and Plattsburgh, under the auspices of **THE SPIRIT OF '76**. Mr. Thomas H. Hendrickson, the well known and popular excursion agent, will have charge of the tour. The Paris trip is also being arranged under his direction.

TO Secretaries, Recorders, Registrars and other officials of our patriotic societies, and members of the same:

The New York State Library by reason of its large historical and genealogical collections has already become of great advantage to those endeavoring to complete and verify their lineages and prove their descent from a patriotic ancestor. The library has also a large collection of the publications of the various societies, both in New York and in other States of the Union. In order to bring this material properly before the public, the compilation of a biography has been attempted by the undersigned. It is desired to make this biography as complete as possible, that it may be of use to others beside the general public, and to this end contributions are requested of handbooks, registers, newspaper clippings, printed constitutions and, in fact, anything in printed form relating to any of our various state or national societies. All matter should be sent to W. Burt Cook, Jr., State Library, Albany, N. Y., who will return acknowledgment for same, and after entry deposit it in the New York State Library.

Should there be any possessing material of use in the preparation of this biography this may be sent to me with an explanatory note, in which case it will be returned after entry; or, the following biographical details could be sent:

1. Copy of complete title.
2. By whom prepared; e.g. Secretary, Registrar, John Smith.
3. By whom put forth (if an official publication,) e. g. Iowa State Society, Sons of the Revolution.
4. Number of printed pages; if unpagged, put number in brackets, e. g. (41 p.); (14)x38 p.
5. Place and date of publication.

By doing this they will be of immense service in rendering this biography complete, and will aid the compiler to an extent which is as inexpressible in words as will be his gratitude for their assistance.

W. BURT COOK, JR.

State Library, Albany, N. Y.

The cuts used in the *Dominie's Pilgrimage* are kindly loaned by The Century Co., and are from "The Century Book of the Revolution," which is of unusual interest. The manor house is from "Colonial Homesteads," by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Calendar of the American Revolution published by the Marcus Ward Co. has had a phenomenal sale, which it deserves. In their announcement in the December issue the word store-houses was inadvertently used instead of stationers.

Colonial Laws of New York.

“THE Colonial Laws of New York,” compiled by the Statutory Revision Commission, to which brief allusion was made in the November SPIRIT OF '76, is one of the most valuable works to the student of Colonial history, laws and social customs, ever issued by the State. Many of our Colonial laws have previously been published by private enterprise, in a fragmentary way, but it was not until the legislature of 1891 directed the Commissioners of Statutory Revision to publish the laws of the Colony of New York that any attempt was made at a complete publication of Colonial legislation. The fruit of the six years' labors of the Commission and its able assistants now appears in the shape of five volumes, aggregating 5,504 pages—a monument of patient, intelligent and pains-taking work. They contain invaluable records of the earliest periods of our history, and present an interesting field for the study of the political and judicial development of the colony and the social conditions incident to pioneer life. The Commission, in putting a liberal construction on their authority to publish the statutes of the colony of New York “from the foundation thereof to the adoption of the first Constitution,” have increased the completeness and value of their work by including the laws of the colony from the first English occupation in 1664 to the first General Assembly in 1691, as well as those from 1691 to 1775. The former include the charters of the Duke of York, the commissions and instructions to the Colonial Governors, the Duke's Laws for the government of the colony, the “Dongan Laws,” passed by the Assemblies of 1683, 1684 and 1685, and the laws of the Leisler Assembly of 1689 and 1690. The Dongan charters of the cities of New York and Albany, and the Montgomery charter of the City of New York are also printed. The work is opened by an instructive sketch of the history and development of representative government in the colony, by Robert C. Cumming, chief clerk of the Commission, who deserves a large share of the credit for the accuracy and completeness of the compilation. The people of the State of New York, and of the United States, are under a debt of obligation to the gentlemen who have conducted this valuable publication. The work was done under the supervision of Charles A. Collin, Isaac H. Maynard and Eli C. Belknap, Commissioners when the act of 1891 authorizing the publication was passed. Messrs. Maynard and Belknap were succeeded by Daniel Magone and John J. Linson, and in 1895 the present Commissioners, Charles Z. Lincoln, William H. Johnson and A. Judd Northup, took up and have carried to completion a work which reflects the highest credit to themselves, their predecessors, and the State at large.

A Quaker Flag-Raising.

ONE of the most remarkable flag-raising that ever took place in New England occurred in the Friends' School in Providence on Friday, December 3d. Its peculiar significance lay in the evidence which it afforded of a change which is taking place in the sentiments of the Quakers toward the emblem of our nationality. The non-combatant principles of the Friends are well known—so well known that when one of that sect departed so far from its immemorial traditions as to shoulder a gun during the American Revolution, the exception was noted in the distinguishing title of “fighting Quaker.” Hitherto the Friends have regarded the Flag as a symbol of blood and carnage, and up to December 3d last, the folds of the American Flag had never floated over the venerable educational institution of that gentle people in Providence. It is through the generosity of a patriotic graduate of that school, a compatriot of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, himself the son of Quaker parents, Mr. William A. Marble, that that institution now displays the Stars and Stripes. He recently persuaded the trustees of the school to regard the American Flag in a more friendly light, and on the date above mentioned he presented to them a flag-staff 100 feet high, and a standard American flag 26 by 40 feet in size, which were accepted with fitting ceremonies. On this occasion the donor's venerable mother, aged 82 years, wore for the first time in her life a miniature American flag pinned to her breast. The main-mast of the flag-staff has a romantic history. It is made of Oregon pine, and for years, in fair weather and foul, sustained the sails of an old New Bedford whaler, until wrecked on Block Island ten years ago. Since that time it has lain uninjured in a shipyard, and was picked up by Mr. Marble as a piece of tried and true timber, worthy of the purpose for which it was selected. The flag and staff cost \$225.

The ceremonies of the flag-raising were participated in by the whole school. After a bugle call by E. A. Phillips, the colors were raised by James D. Marble, son of the donor. Mr. William A. Marble then made an eloquent and patriotic presentation address. During the exercises a poem by J. Ellsworth Paige of Boston was read by Miss Sarah Marble.

Correspondence.

OTHERS IDEAS.

SAVANNAH, GA., November 26th, 1897.

The Spirit of '76, New York City:

DEAR SIR—I have taken your journal ever since it started, liking to keep posted as to the views and positions of our enemies. But the November number goes beyond the limit with the false announcement on the cover, “A Full Report of the Cincinnati Convention in this Number.” You will please, therefore, let my subscription expire with this number, and not renew it.

WILLIAM D. HARDEN.

GENERAL SOCIETY SONS OF THE REVOLUTION,
OFFICE OF THE GENERAL REGISTRAR,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Henry Hall, Esq., The Spirit of '76:

DEAR SIR—I enclose to you a copy of the Minority Report which I read aloud in full at the late convention of this society in Cincinnati. No report of the proceedings of this convention would be fair or honest which should omit the two reports of the committee of conference, or either of them. Hence I request that you print in THE SPIRIT OF '76, or procure to be printed there, the document I now enclose. It has been intimated to me that you, being so warm a friend of the Sons of the American Revolution, would decline to do this justice to the Sons of the Revolution, but I am unwilling to believe that you would carry the spirit of partisanship so far. Relying upon your professions of impartiality and fairness to all patriotic societies in your paper, I at least offer you an opportunity to prove their sincerity now; and I believe you will not disappoint my reliance upon them.

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

Francis E. Abbot, Esq., Gen. Reg. Sons of the Revolution:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of October 17th is this day at hand. Mr. Henry Hall is no longer manager of this paper. We will be very glad to publish the Minority Report and the full minutes of the Sons of the Revolution meeting and to send a copy of the paper to every member of the Sons of the Revolution; but in order to do this we must be protected in the cost. The Sons of the American Revolution have appropriated \$500 and arranged with us to send the full proceedings to all of their members. We believe the Sons of the Revolution number as 75 to 100 to the Sons of the American Revolution. If the Sons of the Revolution will appropriate \$375 and give us a mailing list this will enable us to print and distribute the papers without a loss and to give to every member of both societies the full proceedings.

Please let us hear from you by return mail.

Very truly yours,

L. H. CORNISH, Publisher.

James M. Montgomery, Gen. Sec. Sons of the Revolution:

DEAR SIR—Enclosed we hand you letter just received from Mr. Francis E. Abbot of Boston, together with a copy of our answer. Will it be possible to carry out the plan suggested to Mr. Abbot. That is, can the \$375 appropriation be at command, and can you furnish us with the minutes of the Sons of the Revolution meeting and the mailing list?

Very truly yours,

L. H. CORNISH, Publisher.

GENERAL SOCIETY SONS OF THE REVOLUTION,
OFFICE OF THE GENERAL REGISTRAR,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 20, 1897.

Publisher of The Spirit of '76:

DEAR SIR—I have your favor of yesterday. No funds of the Sons of the Revolution are at my disposal, and I have no authority to appropriate the \$375 you ask for, as payment for publishing the “Minority Report,” which I enclosed to you. This I sent in order to enable you to make an accurate and honest report of the proceedings of the late convention at Cincinnati. No report of these proceedings, for the use of either the Sons of the Revolution or the Sons of the American Revolution, will be an honest one if it fails to state the facts as they occurred.

Very truly yours,

F. E. ABBOT.

The letter sent to Mr. Montgomery was not answered, and after being called up on the telephone, his reply was that he had nothing to say to THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Mr. A. H. Pugh, of the Cincinnati Sons of the Revolution, was written to and that which he furnished was embodied in the report.—Ed.



Fort Ticonderoga and surrounding country, from photos loaned by the Ticonderoga

The Spirit of '76 :

MESSRS. EDITORS—The Oregon Sons of the American Revolution have heretofore been enthusiastically and unanimously in favor of a union with the "Sons." They knew little and care less about the disagreements between the eastern branches of the two associations. But since the publication of the proceedings of the Cincinnati conclaves there has been a marked revulsion of sentiment. The sixteen to fifteen vote of the "Sons" has proven too much for us. If the proposition for amalgamation was submitted to-day it would probably be rejected. Those of us who have a personal acquaintance with the members of the two societies know that there are as patriotic gentlemen among them as can be found in the country.

Yet the average western man has come to regard the great metropolis as a foreign city, largely made up of purse-proud clubmen and corrupt politicians. They believe all that they read of Croker, Platt and Tammany. A very common expression here is that we do not wish to force ourselves on people who do not wish to associate with us. The native web-footers say with self-satisfied assurance that they are building up Empire states themselves and that eastern epicures are too toploftical to amalgamate with pioneer patriots.

T. M. A.

The Spirit of '76 Publishing Co. :

GENTLEMEN—I wish to express my appreciation of your interesting publication by renewing my subscription for the coming year. Welcome to my library table, and an instructive evening companion, its appearance is looked forward to with pleasure. Literature is certainly cheap; there is no excuse for the uneducated, and brushing up one's knowledge of the early history of our glorious country should be the order of the day, as I am glad to write appears to be the case.

Respectfully yours,

RICHARD HUBBARD ROBERTS.

281 West 135th St., New York, Dec. 8th, 1897.

Editor Spirit of '76, 18 and 20 Rose Street :

DEAR SIR—Copy of THE SPIRIT OF '76 for November received and appreciated. It is not my habit to ask publishers to send me papers without enclosing the subscription fee, but I already take fifteen journals of one kind or other, mostly fruit growers' papers. Owing to low prices of our fruits this has been an extremely hard year; but if you will send THE SPIRIT OF '76 I will pay for it in the early berry season next year.

Yours respectfully,

R. F. S.

Kan., December 14, 1897.

[It was sent. Ed.]

CLEVELAND, O., November 19, 1897.

Publisher of the Spirit of '76 :

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find \$1.00 for my subscription to THE SPIRIT OF '76 for current year.

I am glad that you felt able to take up the load, and wish that the national society could and would do something really helpful.

Yours truly, ELBOY M. AVREY.

The Spirit of '76 Publishing Co. :

GENTLEMEN—I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. informing me that my subscription to THE SPIRIT OF '76 expired last May, and urging me "for the good of the cause" to renew the same, etc. In reply I beg you will pardon me for a few words germane to this subject and pertinent to your expressed designs and objects for the future. It surely cannot have escaped the observation of every intelligent man who has lived to reach the proximity I have to the four-score notch in age, that the "spirit of '76" began to die "a bornin'," and sixty years ago had little left worthy of record in our inchoate republic, and forty years ago ceased to be a living or inspiring element in our government save as a fire-brand in the hands of political demagogues and scoundrels, who are the spawn and product of mammon and strife for political preferment.

In fact, the "spirit of '76" was hypnotized in 1788 by a conclave of men claiming to constitute a "convention" to form a constitution, which they did only in part and then proceeded to eliminate what was good and plain and emasculate the most of the balance of the matter and proclaimed their work "the palladium" of a structure or superstructure to be erected thereon, but which structure has most ingloriously failed to materialize up to date. But instead thereof that "palladium" has served the purpose of creating more strife and contention, more war, bloodshed and destruction of life and property in this country alone than has resulted from all the wars in all the nations of the world combined (outside of our own) since 1788 up to date.

However, while I am the victim of this, now the most rotten, dishonest, not to say cowardly and truckling of all other nations, I am also the legitimate offspring, in blood and lineage, of progenitors who never failed to bare their breasts and use their arms, with open purse-strings, to establish, and then, vainly, to perpetuate our incongruous polyglot failure. This makes me amenable to all the miseries and penalties of those more guilty. I, therefore, inclose herewith the "almighty dollar," that incarnate and ideal corrupting element which has, since Adam's time, pauperized and enslaved the masses, while it has destroyed the manhood and virtue and the integrity and patriotism of the classes. Statesmanship has long since disappeared from our decadent republic. Patriotism is only purchasable pretence. Truth has at last disappeared from our courts and juries, and it would seem to some not pur-blind that the "spirit of '76" need not be further canonized.

I am very truly yours,

P. T. T.

Highland Park, Ill., November 24, 1897.

[We much prefer to be subsidized. Subscription \$1.00 per year.—Ed.]

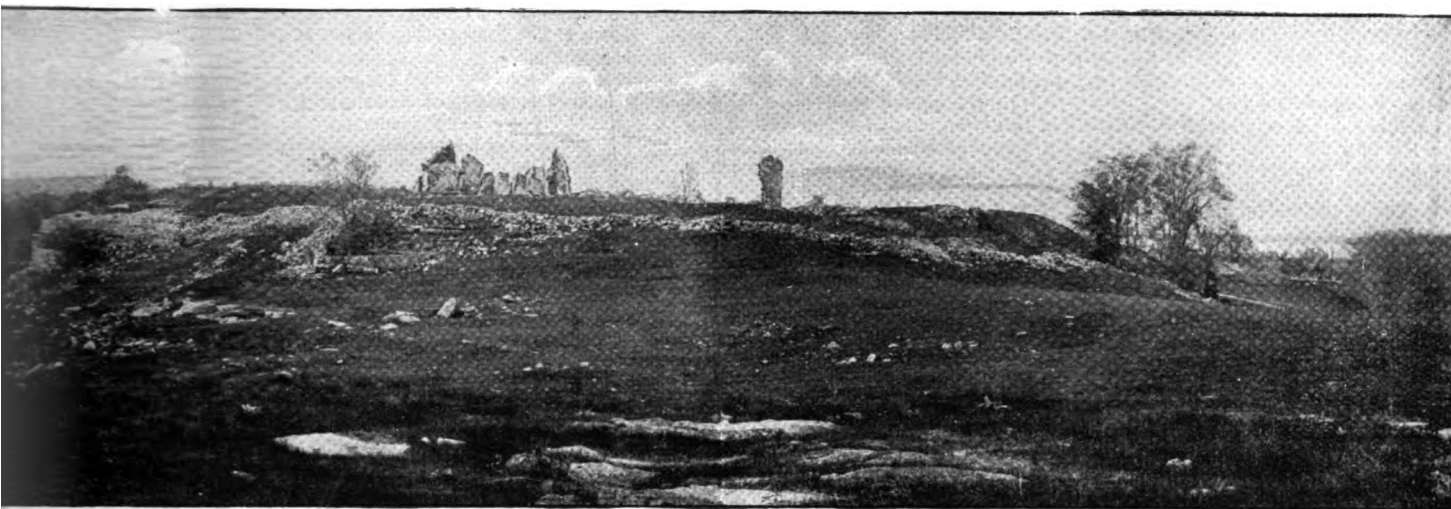
To the Editor of the Spirit of '76 :

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly permit a reader of your crispy journal living at an outpost to suggest to THE SPIRIT OF '76 that it have compiled a record of the various hereditary societies, which shall include the names of the presidents and secretaries, with their postoffice address. Such a record would enable all to keep in touch with the working force of the various bodies now patriotically upholding the principles and flag with forty-five stars of our common country. We have stood in great need of such information recently in carrying out a self-imposed duty.

S. A. DRABBUH.

San Francisco, December 2, 1897.

[Will societies send us such information.—Ed.]



Historical Society, which is doing noble work in trying to preserve this old land mark.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 5, 1897.

Editor Spirit of '76, New York City:

MY DEAR SIR—Will you kindly refer my letter to the owners of your paper. I am a subscriber to the paper and a member of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the American Revolution, but look in vain—in your supposedly patriotic paper—for active support of the cause of Cuban independence.

The cultivation of our American patriotic spirit is highly desirable, and it certainly is needed. But what does this abstract devotion to liberty amount to, in its century old reminiscences, if it is refused—for that is what the fault of omission means—to support, cherish, maintain and advocate, conscientiously, magnanimously and honorably, the same spirit at this very hour in Cuba that our forefathers fought for so determinedly. I am quite familiar with many phases of the Cuban subject, and I recall the public statement made at Washington that some of the press were bought up by the funds of the Spanish Legation and others interested with Spain. I have seen press articles that bore strong indications of such influences. I do not, however, impute any such motives to you, as I should find it difficult to believe such a thing. I do say, however, that our specialized patriotic press and our patriotic societies are what is termed in newspaper parlance "fakes," if they condemn, or oppose silently now in the Cubans what they applaud and worship in the British colonies in this country a century ago.

Of course, I understand the virtues of "patience," but in the name of humanity for how long!

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM M. P. BOWEN.

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS., Nov. 29, 1897.

Editor Spirit of '76, New York City:

DEAR SIR—In reading "Washington or the Revolution" I am much pained to notice the omission of one of the most important characters, viz: Thomas Paine, who did as much for the American cause during the Revolution as any other man. He held many an important position and wrote many strong articles to inspire patriotism. Among some of the conspicuous ones was his "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." They carried an immense weight. He was a confidential friend of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson, and assisted toward the composition of the Declaration of Independence. If he could have had his way in the matter he would have had no slavery in this country from the start, but there was too much opposition to him in this respect. Otherwise he had a large share in the formation of this government, which should have been noticed in this play. He was an immense help to Washington in his adversity and despondency when he was near giving up sometimes. He wrote many encouraging letters and poems which gave inspiration that no other had been able to bring to bear on the American cause. He also had as much to do in enlisting sympathy from the French as Franklin, and they worked together. All his work seems to have been ignored by Mr. Allen. I believe if any one deserves a monument equal to Washington it is Thomas Paine. He gave liberally to the needy and did a large amount of gratuitous work for the American cause for which he never received proper credit therefor. I believe in bestowing honor where it is due.

Very truly yours,

C. L. NEWHALL.

PELHAM, N. Y., December 22, 1897.

Editor of Spirit of '76:

What has become of the *real* spirit of '76, which over one hundred and twenty years ago actuated our ancestors to rebel against tyranny and oppression, and to successfully—(although through years of hardship and suffering)—throw off the yoke of England and win for us, their descendants, the liberty and independence we now enjoy? Is it boxed up in Washington to be at the mercy of a vascillating President, who is either afraid to say what he thinks, or else does not think as he professed to do when taking the oath of office? Is it contained within the exclusive circles of the societies, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, who profess pride in their illustrious progenitors and glory in their achievements? Yet how do they give evidence of their proud Revolutionary blood? Is it by a desire to emulate the example of their forefathers, by showing sympathy and giving assistance to those countries who are in their turn oppressed and downtrodden, and holding out a helping hand to those patriots who are following in the footsteps of those very ancestors they *assume* to respect and admire? *No*; rather do they close their eyes and ears to the cries for help, and fortifying themselves behind their wall of pride and arrogance, content themselves with building a few monuments to mark the spot where some of our own heroes fell (*for the cause of liberty!*) by meeting at stated intervals and enjoying the sound of their own voice in patriotic (?) speeches; by eating magnificent banquets while they look at those who are not fortunate enough to have had a "Revolutionary ancestor," with a commiserating, "I am holier-than-thou" are, while they expend hundreds of dollars to fill their stomachs, but not *one cent* from their well-filled purses finds its way to brave little Cuba, whose people are struggling so heroically to win that same liberty for their beloved land; they are to my mind *degenerate sons of noble sires*. How could they more fittingly show their sincerity in their pride of Revolutionary lineage than by coming to the assistance of a sister nation, (especially when their country lies within ninety miles of this "land of the free and home of the brave(?)") and doing all in their power to assist them in accomplishing what our own forefathers did for us? The two societies—the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution—could be, and should be, a power in our land, and their motto ought to be "freedom for the oppressed," but is it so? What have they done for brave little Cuba, who has appealed in vain to this great nation only for *common justice*, the same justice which President Monroe accorded to the South American republics when they were fighting against Spanish oppression, and which they are entitled to, and have been from the first. It will be a blot forever upon the escutcheon of our nation's honor that we allowed for nearly three years the murders and crimes too horrible to be named to be perpetrated by those Spanish fiends upon that long-suffering little island, when we have the power to stop it; it is a crime against civilization that we have not done so. Are we emulating the example of our Revolutionary ancestors, or even of Jefferson or Monroe? *Shame* upon us all that we are allowing the destruction of the beautiful "Pearl of the Antilles," and the almost entire extermination of her brave and noble heroes while waiting—*for what?* Waiting until our government overcomes its fear of "*offending Spain*," while the latter succeeds in fooling the United States (a very small portion of it) with spurious promises of autonomy, as worthless as is Spanish "honor and chivalry," while Cuba is ruined, her people murdered,—and we can *prevent it if we choose*.

Let those patriotic (?) societies (before mentioned) wake up to a realizing sense of *what* they represent, and do something that will be of some good to humanity; let them build for themselves a *lasting* "monument" in the hearts of all brave people, by according some assistance (financial or influential) to Cuba's brave patriots, even as France—through Lafayette's influence—accorded us; *then, and not till then*, will they become worthy representatives of their noble and illustrious ancestors.

SUSAN MORSE PERRY.

Poem by J. Ellwood Paige, read at Friends' School, Providence, R. I., the occasion being the presentation to the school of a large American flag and staff by W. A. Marble, December 2nd, 1897.

Fling to the breeze our banner!
That the waiting world may see
Aloft o'er the dear old temple
The pledge of our loyalty.

In the first red ray of morning
Shall shimmer her ample folds,
And the lingering sunset glory
Shall cover her stripes with gold.

From her lofty coign of vantage
She watches the busy town,
Sending to labor and traffic
Her benediction down.

Her symbol is sign and promise
To the craftsman on his way,
And a beacon to guide the sailor
Up the stretch of the rock-lined bay.

And she tells us the old, old story
Wove in the warp and weft
Of every banner floating
Above a school house roof.

From the lakes and sparkling rivers
And the pine clad hills of Maine
To the rank and billowy grasses
On the sea of the Texan plains.

From the hill where our queenly mother
Sits in her robes of state,
To the slope where the far Pacific
Flings open her golden gate.

And the story the flag is telling
Is the tale of mighty debt,
A debt which the circling ages
Forever shall find unmet.

The tale of a debt whose footing
Is beyond our compt or ken,
The debt which the state is owing
To the school, for her stalwart men.

The heart of the dear old mother
Is aglow with love and truth,
And fresh on her drab hued garments
Is sparkling the dew of youth

When the eyes of her homeward children
Look aloft to her ancient dome,
They shall find in the floating signal
A double welcome home.

The traveler grows weary
Of the old world's sounds and sights,
Of the slopes of her purple vineyards
And her mountains' dizzy heights,

Of her rivers, castle guarded,
And her ruins old and vast,
The dark and mouldering charnel
Of a long forgotten past

Weary with eager searching
For the ancient secrets hid
In the tomb and crypt and cloister
In temple and pyramid.

And his eye is scanning the harbor
Through its forest of mast and spar
Till he catches the gleam of the pennon
With its fluttering stripe and star.

And a thrill and a nameless rapture
Over his spirits come,
For it bears him the welcome message
Of country, of hope, of home.

But not to us does the ensign
The gruesome story tell
Of the field of strife and carnage,
Of the battle's bloody hell

Not to us is she telling
Of an upward path to fame
Through the sulphurous smoke of cannon
And the musket's deadly aim.

But she teaches a sweeter lesson
And she tells of a higher plan,—
Of the comity of nations
And the brotherhood of man.

And her colors stand a presage
Of the glad oncoming day,
When the right alone shall be mighty
And hate shall have passed away.

When our shield shall bear the legend
Of the eagle and the dove,
And the laws of states and nations
Shall merge in the law of love.

When brother shall hail his brother
On the ocean's star-lit track,
Though he stand 'neath the spangled banner
Or the folds of the Union Jack.

And the Quaker his part is taking,
And his heart is beating true
To the nation he loves and honors,
To the red and the white and blue.

True to his hope and longing,
For a better day to be,
True to the faith of their fathers
And the flag of his ain countrie.

Sons of the American Revolution.



The 19th meeting of the Boston Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, was held on December 14, 1897, at 8 p. m., at the residence of Jerome Carter Hosmer Ashmont, Dorchester. President George Ernest Bowman presided with nineteen members who were present together with eight guests. New members elected: Lieutenant Colonel Humphrey Marion (69) in right of Abel Prescott of Concord, 1718-1805, and Warren Alden Lord (70) in right of Tobias Lord of Kennebunkport, Me., 1724-1809.

The Chapter voted to invite Mr. William W. Ellsworth of New York to lecture before the Chapter in Lorrimer Hall, Tremont Temple, on January 25, 1898.

CHARLES SUMNER PARSONS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

A Chapter of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, was organized at Elmira on November 10th with twenty-five charter members and nine additional original members whose papers were not quite completed at the time of organization but have been since. The officers are: President, Dr. T. A. D. Wales; first vice-president, Sutherland Dewitt; second vice-president, G. H. Parkhurst; secretary, John M. Diven; treasurer, N. J. Thompson; registrar, Dr. A. W. Booth; historian, H. M. Lovell, Esq. Executive committee: I. D. Booth, Frederick Barker, L. Harves, G. L. Smith, J. B. Calhoun, H. M. Clark, Fred. Fox, Harvey Copley, J. H. Gray.

Members of Boston Chapter, S. A. R., had a meeting at the University Club, on Nov. 7th, when the president, George Ernest Bowman, was the host. The occasion marked the second anniversary of the organization of the chapter. The president entertained the charter members in like manner when they formally organized two years ago, as the first chapter in the State. The meeting, the eighteenth in the history of the chapter, commemorated the anniversary of the engagement at Phipps Farm, in 1775, and of an engagement at Fish Dam Ford, Broad River, S. C., in 1780. The Boston Chapter has a present membership of fifty-three. Mr. Bowman read extracts from an old diary of Jabez Flitch, begun in 1756, and continued until within a few days of the writer's death in 1812. It covered the period of the French and Indian wars, and gave infor-

mation regarding one of the prison ships of the Revolution. Since its formation the chapter has lost but one member through death.

In regard to a special meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution of Ohio, to ratify the new constitution, the Hon. James M. Richardson, president, thinks that it is best to wait until the regular annual meeting, which is to be held on the second Tuesday in January. His idea is that by that time more will be known regarding the ratification by the Sons of the Revolution State Societies; and then to invite the Sons of the Revolution Ohio Society to meet with it, as a guest of the Sons of the American Revolution, and complete the State union all at once. And this idea is approved by the majority.

The Michigan Society, Sons of the American Revolution, at its special meeting held in Detroit, passed namely, the proposed plan of union with the Sons of the Revolution. The annual banquet of the Society will be held at the Russell House, Detroit, on the evening of January 17th. Every effort is being made to have this one of the most memorable events in the Societies history. Prominent speakers have been invited to respond to toasts.

On the evening of November 12 the Colorado Society, Sons of the American Revolution, listened to a talk by Compatriot Whitehead on "Old Arms and Armor." The speaker illustrated his remarks with specimens of wheel-locks, snap traces, flint-locks, etc., from his very large collection. At the request of the Colorado Society, Sons of the Revolution, a committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee of that Society, on the subject of the proposed union. This Society named President J. F. Tuttle, Jr., and Compatriots E. R. Downs and George L. Cannon as that committee.

Empire State Society Sons of the American Revolution.

By the courtesy of the Building Trades' Club, the regular meeting of the society was held on December 4th, at its rooms, 1125 Broadway. Walter S. Logan in the chair, Stephen M. Wright, secretary.

Considerable routine business was transacted, including the appointment of the following committee to present at the January meeting the names of candidates for officers, managers, etc., to be balloted for at the annual meeting. George Clinton Batcheller, Andrew Deyo, Warren Higley, Adelbert D. Houston, Eldred Johnson, Ruel W. Poor, Lovell H. Carr.

The committee appointed at the meeting of the society in October to properly express the appreciation of Compatriot Calhoun's efforts as a special ambassador to France, as well as other services rendered by him, through its chairman presented the following testimonial elegantly engrossed and mounted:

Resolved, That the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution extend to Compatriot John Caldwell Calhoun, senior member of the Board of Managers, the assurance of its high appreciation of the diplomatic, courteous and efficient manner in which he discharged the delicate and onerous duties devolved upon him as their special ambassador to France in connection with their celebration of the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the Treaty of Alliance concluded between France and the United States on February 6th, 1778. And be it also

Resolved, That in further recognition, not only of these services, but also of his labors as chairman of the Washington-Rochambeau Monument Committee in 1894, and as a testimonial of the high esteem in which he is held as a gentleman, compatriot and fellow-citizen, he be created an honorary life member of the society, to the patriotic interests of which he has unreservedly devoted his counsels and unremittingly contributed his services since its organization.

Certified under the seal of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, this eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord 1897, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-second.

(Seal) CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW, President.

STEPHEN M. WRIGHT, Secretary.

The custom of the society in having its meetings so arranged as to occur on the anniversary of Revolutionary events, had the anticipated effect of a large attendance of the members, because aside from the transaction of ordinary business, appropriate exercises were held.

As this meeting occurred on the anniversary of Washington's farewell to his officers at Fraunces' Tavern, Compatriot Ralph E. Prime read an address prepared by our late Compatriot, Gen. Thomas Ewing, which specially referred to the occasion of Washington bidding adieu to his officers in 1783.

Compatriot Charles Stewart Smith, ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce, delivered an exceedingly interesting as well as instructive address upon the formation of that organization which occurred in Fraunces' Tavern, reciting its progress down to the present day, including many interesting reminiscences regarding the patriotic services of its members during the Revolutionary period, and in conclusion presented to the society a facsimile of the turtle soup bowls used by the chamber in its earliest days.

The latter was accepted with the hearty thanks of the society and will be added to the many historical relics already in its possession.

The meeting closed after a hearty expression of thanks to the club for the courtesy extended by the use of its rooms.

Daughters of the American Revolution.



"What's in a name!" said the immortal Shakespeare. Yet the "Mary Washington Colonial Chapter" of New York City is fully convinced that it owes much of its growth and prosperity to the inspiration of the name of the noble woman, which it has adopted.

The public and private functions, which have called the chapter together since it was organized, have been attended by unusual success.

The Colonial Tea of December 11, for which Mrs. L. G. Quinlin opened her beautiful Napoleon drawing rooms, was a brilliant occurrence and fully met the expectation of the members and their friends.

A large insignia of the society was suspended between the windows, and flags, draped everywhere, blended exquisitely with the rich furnishings of the first Empire.

The guests were received by Mrs. Quinlin, the Regent, Miss Vanderpoel, and by the officers, Mrs. B. S. Church and Miss de Peyster, vice-regents; Mrs. M. W. Wootton, registrar; Mrs. A. G. Mills and Mrs. Malcolm Peters, secretaries; Mrs. R. E. Gallaher, acting treasurer; Mrs. C. R. Treat, historian, and by Mrs. J. S. Wise and Mrs. J. C. Campbell.

The tea table was presided over by the young Daughters, Mrs. J. W. Boothby, Mrs. C. R. Burke and the Misses Scoville, Church, Wise, Bailey and Miller.

The tea was served in cups and saucers decorated with the Washington coat of arms. These and paper knives made from wood of the house of Mary Washington in Virginia were sold for the benefit of the Continental Hall fund.

Among the prominent women present were Mrs. K. K. Henry of Virginia, Vice-president general and Mrs. C. D. Brockett of Alexandria, Vice-president general in charge of the organiza-

tion, of the National Society; Miss Forsythe of Newburgh, State Regent; Miss Washington of Kentucky, a lineal descendant of Mary Washington; Mrs. General Butterfield, Mrs. Colonel Gillespie, Mrs. Victor Newcomb, Mrs. Eugene McLean, Mrs. Geo. Crooker, Mrs. J. W. Henning and Mrs. Joseph C. Jackson.

The chapter received many words of warm appreciation and praise, and a goodly number of names was added to its waiting list, won to it by the charm and dignity of its regent and the evident unanimity of purpose and high aims of its members.

The Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of New York City inaugurated a series of historical and social meetings to alternate with the business meetings. Mrs. Charles Russell Treat, the historian, originated the plan adopted, which is to tell the story of the Revolutionary War through the services of the ancestors of the members. A series of original papers, written by the members of the chapter, will bring afresh to mind the salient points of the struggle for independence. These papers are to be descriptive of scenes, places and battles, and are to be illustrated by maps, pictures, miniatures and other portable relics. The first of these meetings has just been held. The programme began most appropriately with a paper entitled "A Colonial and Revolutionary Dame, Mary Ball Washington." This was from the able pen of the historian, and was a just and honorable tribute to the mother of Washington, whose name the chapter bears. The second, "The Boston Tea Party, December, 1773," by Mrs. Fay-Pierce, one of whose ancestors participated in the scene disguised as an Indian. "The Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, and Siege of Boston, May, 1775," carried us a step further along in the stirring scenes. This paper was by Miss Margaret Seymour Hall, daughter of the late Dr. Charles H. Hall of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, whose ancestor was most actively engaged in these scenes. Mrs. Humason also told of her ancestors' doughty deeds in responding to the Lexington alarm and in sharing the perils of Bunker Hill. "A Tale of Taunton Town" by the historian; an episode in the life of Susanna Keith, the great-grandmother of the regent, Miss Vanderpoel, added a touch of brightness here.

The little Susanna helped the men to mould bullets all during the night before the battle of Lexington, where her father, Captain Keith and his sons were engaged the following day. The last paper was by Mrs. John William Boothby upon Capt. Ethan Allen's capture of Fort Ticonderoga. An ancestor of Mrs. Boothby, an officer from Litchfield, Conn., took an active part in this event and the paper was worthy of the subject. Miss Hall illustrated her paper with several relics and pictures. There was also exhibited an old picture of General Washington taking leave of his mother and a ticket to the anniversary of the Boston Tea party held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, December, 1873; also a window with small leaded panes from the old Keith house at Taunton, which is still standing. Tea and light refreshments were then served by the young girls of the chapter. Being the initial meeting of this character it was exclusively a chapter affair, the only invited guest being the state regent, Miss Forsythe. Hereafter upon these occasions it is proposed to invite friends of the members.

The chapter has not yet rounded out the first year of its existence. Beginning with the necessary twelve members, it numbers now nearly one hundred, with a waiting list of fifty odd. Its officers are: Regent, Miss Vanderpoel; first vice-regent, Mrs. Benjamin S. Church; second vice-regent, Miss Emily de Peyster; secretary, Mrs. A. G. Mills; registrar, Mrs. M. W. Wootton; treasurer, Mrs. Phoenix Remsen; acting treasurer, Mrs. R. Eccleston Gallaher; historian, Mrs. Charles Russell Treat; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Malcolm Peters; chaplain, Rev. C. R. Treat.

It is most enthusiastic in all patriotic work and has contributed a large sum to the building fund of the Continental Hall to be erected in Washington, D. C., and will early in December give a Colonial Tea to swell this fund. One of the members has generously placed her house at the disposal of the committee for this occasion, and the affair promises to be unique and most successful. A bronze tablet is in preparation and will be placed in the postoffice to commemorate the first blood shed in the Revolution. The first invitation affair of the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter was the recent lecture on Heraldry by Mr. W. H. Abbott, on which occasion the beautiful Colonial room of the Waldorf-Astoria was crowded with a brilliant and fashionable audience.

The Colonel Hugh White Chapter of Lock Haven, Pa., during the winter of 1896-97 devoted its time to studying the rise of the Puritan spirit on the continent and in England as a preparation for the study of American colonization. It began on this year's work with a study of the history of the New England colonies. The members of the chapter co-operated heartily in the preparation of admirable papers which were followed by animated discussions.

Freelove Baldwin Stowe Chapter of Milford, Conn., Mrs. Mary Hepburn Smith, regent, was organized on March 27th, 1895. It was named for the wife of Stephen Stowe, the Milford martyr, who not only gave four sons to the cause of American liberty, but gave his own life, volunteering to take charge of two hundred released prisoners from a British ship, which under a flag of truce were landed upon the shore a bitter night in January, 1777. They were so enfeebled by starvation, filth and disease that before two weeks had passed forty-six were dead, and with them their faithful nurse. In the Milford cemetery a brown stone shaft marks their last resting place, as well as Stephen Stowe's, for even in death he could not be reunited with this family. The legislature of Connecticut caused a suitable inscription to be placed upon this monument. The chapter was formed with forty-seven charter members, all of whom are of Milford ancestry being of lineal descent from the governors of colonial days, and Revolutionary days from such men as Capt. Samuel Peck, Capt. Jehiel Bryant, Lieuts. Nathan Baldwin, John Buckingham, Sanford, Henn and others. Some even have entered on four distinct lines. The work thus far has been of purely local character. "Hog Rock," one of the historical landmarks of the town, used in Revolutionary days as a signal station, was rechristened on the 6th of September last to "Liberty Rock." The word "liberty" is plainly cut upon the rock, also the numerals "1766," and the letters "P. P.," supposed to refer to Capt. Peter Perritt of this town. Appropriate exercises were held, a flag staff erected and the stars and stripes thrown to the breeze, and they wave there daily. It was intended to mark old Fort Trumbull at the mouth of the harbor in a similar manner, but the patriotic owner of the property took it upon himself to erect a flag staff and mount a cannon, and it is to-day as much of a menace to foreign invasion as it was in the past. Another historical landmark will soon be located. It is the house at which General George Washington stopped and partook of a bowl of bread and milk, and three of the stones over which he trod when entering the house are still in a state of preservation and will be used for the inscription. The growth of the chapter has been steady and to-day has a membership of seventy-six. The old Stephen Stowe house is still standing and the charter is framed from timbers taken from the roof.

The Beverly Manor Chapter of Staunton, Va., though small is active. It numbers twenty-two members, but during the four years of its existence many delightful entertainments have been given. Parlor lectures were a charming feature for some time; a Colonial Assembly with exhibit of colonial relics was especially enjoyed, and a course of lectures will be given during the winter. This is really a current events class under the auspices of the chapter, to which others than the members have access by paying for the course. Being few in numbers the Beverly Manor Chapter has not achieved much success financially, still it has had the pleasure of contributing to the Virginia Historical Society and other work, and in many ways adding to the social life of the town.

The Warren and Prescott Chapter was formed on Dec. 19th, 1891, by Miss Rebecca Warren Brown, who had been previously chosen in Washington honorary regent of Massachusetts. It was the first chapter formed in the state and numbers over one hundred members. It has done its share of general work and subscribed to the portrait of Mrs. Harrison; the Mary Washington monument; the Continental Hall; the meetings at the Old South Meeting House and at Faneuil Hall. It is proposed to place busts of eminent persons in some of the public schools of Boston as our funds may allow and to continue to subscribe to historical sites. The Warren and Prescott Chapter, Boston, Mass., was the first Daughters of the American Revolution chapter formed in the state and now numbers about one hundred members.

The chapter at South Manchester, Conn., (called the Oxford Chapter from the Revolutionary name of the parish and organized in 1895) numbers 31 members, among them two real Daughters. The oak frame which holds its charter was made from a beam of the old Woodbridge tavern. It has placed markers on the graves of thirteen Revolutionary soldiers buried within Oxford parish and is studying local history.

The regent of Quequechan Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Miss May L. Holmes, tendered a reception to its members at 381 Pine street, Monday afternoon, December 13th, to meet the state regent of Massachusetts Mrs. T. M. Brown of Springfield. Miss Susan A. Ballou, state regent of Rhode Island, and other guests were present, among them the Misses Ellery of the William Ellery Chapter of Newport, R. I., for whose grandfather the chapter was named. Interesting remarks were made by the state regents. The tea table was tastefully arranged and presided over by Mrs. Mary P. Hartley, the

vice-regent, and was made attractive with old brittania and china. The house was decorated with flags. Several young ladies and the members of the executive board and the literary committee assisted in entertaining. A very enjoyable afternoon was passed.

The Mary Butler Chapter was organized at Pittsfield, N.H., on October 27th. The work of forming this organization was done by Miss Frances Leighton Gregg, whose efforts have been crowned by marked success. The chapter takes its name from Mary Butler, a brave woman of Gilmanton, who upon hearing that her husband, Lieutenant Ebenezer Eastman, had been wounded at Bunker Hill, saddled her horse and with her babe in her arms rode through the wilderness to Charlestown to take care of the wounded man. The officers are Mrs. Sarah Butler, regent; Mrs. Nellie Winslow Sargent, vice-regent; Miss Martha Brown, secretary; Miss Bertha Randall, treasurer, and Miss Emma Webster, historian.

Mrs. William R. Bowman, organizing regent of Iowa, reports a steadily increasing membership and much interest in the work. A state society is to be formed before the holidays.

The West Virginia society has met with a sad loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Brady, which occurred at Wheeling, August 16th last. Mrs. Brady was the daughter of Alexander Caldwell, a distinguished jurist of Virginia in the early days of the century.

The General Society has enrolled as honorary members the following daughters of Revolutionary soldiers: Mrs. Caroline Long Bartlett, daughter of Moses Long, who served for three years and was present at Yorktown; Miss Mary Ann Davis, daughter of Marmaduke Davis, a private in the Maryland troops; Mrs. Clarissa Abbot Poor, daughter of Caleb Abbot of Andover, who turned out first on the Lexington alarm and afterwards served for three years in the Continental line; and Mrs. Lozina Goldsmith Waldo, daughter of Jeremiah Goldsmith, a Massachusetts militiaman. Mrs. Bartlett celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday November 4th; Miss Davis is seventy-three years old; Mrs. Poor is ninety-four years of age, and Mrs. Waldo has passed her eighty-fourth year.

The first annual meeting of the North Carolina Society was held at the residence of the state regent, Mrs. Spier Whitaker, Raleigh, on October 7th. The day chosen for the meeting was the one hundredth and sixteenth anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain. Reports for the year were read and a board of managers was elected. It was decided that the state society should meet four times annually, on October 7th and on the first Thursdays of December, February and April. After the business was concluded Colonel Shelby's account of the battle of King's Mountain was read, and then tea was served in Revolutionary style. The society is in a flourishing condition and is adding steadily to its numbers.

The Cincinnati chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized in 1893 with twelve members and now enrolls two hundred and forty names. Liberal contributions were made towards the portrait of Mrs. Harrison for the White House, the Mary Washington Memorial, the rescue of the Liberty Bell, and George Washington's favorite project of a national university. In local work we have paid the rent and otherwise assisted needy Daughters, have joined with the Sons of the Revolution in celebrating the anniversaries of various notable battles of the Revolution, as well as the unfurling of the first flag of the country. Realizing that the noblest work of the Daughters of the American Revolution is the keeping of patriotism warmly glowing in our own hearts, and also instilling its principles in the hearts of our children, we have had a fine series of patriotic papers read, a course of historical lectures given, and have lost no opportunity of making our influence and our work felt in the community. We have allied ourselves unmistakably for the protection of the American Sabbath, the loyal support of our grand system of public schools, and the preservation of the freedom, for which our forefathers shed their blood, and whose descendants we proudly subscribe ourselves to be.

MRS. KATHARINE CLARK MULLIKIN,
Chairman Press and Publication Committee.

Quequechan Chapter, Fall River, Mass., held its first literary meeting on November 9th at the home of the vice-regent, Mrs. Hartley. The rooms were decorated with the national colors and roses and pinks. After the usual reports of the secretary and the delegates to the gathering in Springfield a few weeks since, articles of interest on New York during the Revolution, an account of the home and life of Israel Putnam were read by Miss Eliot, Mrs. Mackennie and Mrs. Brown. Many new names have been voted upon, and we look for a new and wider interest in the Daughters and their work.

The Oglethorpe Chapter of Columbus, Ga., is named for Gen. Oglethorpe, who founded Georgia. The cover of the chapter calendar reproduces the obverse side of the "Trustees' Seal," which was obtained in 1732 when a charter extending to the Pacific ocean was granted to the colony of Georgia. The device of this seal shows the genius of the colony, holding a home of plenty. She is sitting beneath a wide-spreading tree. On each side and somewhat below is a bearded man holding a water jar from which flows the rivers Savannah and Altamaha. The legend is "Colonia Georgia Aug." The reverse side of this seal with silk worms at work and the motto "Noir sibi sed alius," cannot (so far) be found. The chapter is engaged in its search and asks the co-operation of all students of our nation's history. Three historians say that the city of Columbus is situated at or near the place where Oglethorpe crossed the Chattahoochee river when he went to Fort Mitchell (now in Alabama) to meet the Creek warriors. There he concluded that just and pacific treaty which maintained peace and good will between the white and red men until the greed of gain of a single white man incited the Indians to violence. Lafayette in his triumphal tour of the "States" and Aaron Burr on his ignominious journey to Richmond crossed at this same ferry. The detritus of pioneer settlement has covered the pathway through the primeval forest. To clear it away from the footprints of our state's past is a cherished work of the chapter. The regular meetings, beginning with November and continuing until June, are coincident with those of the National Board. The membership is nearly forty. Besides, one of the charter members resigned and has founded the Theonateeska Chapter of Albany, Ga. Others have been transferred to other chapters. One, alas, "In the churchyard lies."

The Mary Wooster Chapter of Connecticut is so named in honor of the wife of General David Wooster, who was killed in the skirmish at Ridgefield the time the British burned Danbury, Conn., in April, 1777. It was organized in March, 1893, within a year or two began to think of founding a historical room, for which it soon began to give entertainments for raising the necessary funds. Miss Meeker was regent, and her energy in the matter was unflinching and her enthusiasm largely the impetus that carried the work successfully forward. In the spring of 1895 it took rooms which were soon fitted up for the double purpose of its own meetings and to accommodate a historical collection which was open to visitors on the last Saturday afternoon of each month. The membership is small but active. The maintenance of this historical museum is recognized as its chief work, since money is constantly required. In a short time the work of marking the various sites of Revolutionary interest about the town will be taken up. Its literary work for the winter will be a study of the lives of the men who surrounded Washington. After the holidays the chapter is to present a flag founded on colonial interests, by the regent and Miss Mary C. Spaulding. At the annual meeting the officers elected were: Regent, Mrs. Ida Fair Miller; vice-regent, Mrs. Harriet E. Page; recording secretary, Mrs. Josephine P. Mackin; corresponding secretary, Miss Mary C. Spaulding.

The Faneuil Hall Chapter of Massachusetts has been in existence about a year and a half and holds its meetings at the homes of its members. They are always of a social nature and owing to the fact that its territory covers several towns little local work is attempted, though papers on historic places and characters are read. It has responded to the call of the Mary Washington Historical Society and of the Lexington Hancock-Clarke home, and sent an oil painting of Faneuil Hall executed by a member of the Atlanta (Ga.) chapter to ornament its Craigie house. The frame contained a piece of wood from the old hall placed there by the architect Bulfinch when he enlarged it in 1805.

Daughters of the Revolution.



served three years in the Continental army under General Lee. The rooms were tastefully decorated with plants and bunches of chrysanthemums in blue vases, the colors of the society being thus represented. An admirable programme of music was offered

by Mrs. L. Louis Clearman, Miss Guelma Baker and Miss Cobb, and Mrs. Joseph P. Geran of Brooklyn read an interesting paper on "Courtship and Marriage in Revolutionary Days," depicting the wooing of her great-grandparents on the old Wallabout Dutch manor and the subsequent removal of the young folks to "Jersey," which was a long way off in those days. Mrs. Geran also exhibited some curious Revolutionary relics, including a diminutive shirt and trousers made for her ancestor, who measured only fourteen inches on his first appearance on this planet, though he caught up to the extent of six feet in manhood. Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, president of the General Society, made a stirring speech, pointing out opportunities for patriotic work. A parchment certificate of honorary membership in the General Society was presented to Mrs. Bartlett, the first honor of the kind awarded an "original Daughter." After the programme was concluded the guests adjourned to the dining room where refreshments were served.

Mrs. Andrew Bray, who has succeeded Mrs. George H. Hopenpyl as regent of the New Jersey Society, has planned extensive patriotic work in connection with the public schools, which she will present to the different chapters for their co-operation.

The Liberty Pole Chapter of Englewood celebrated on November 19th the passage of Washington's army through the town on the march from Fort Lee to Hackensack. The flag staff which this chapter erected to mark the site of the "liberty pole" of Revolutionary days has been suitably marked with a bronze tablet. The ground on which the flag staff stands has been graded and sodded and surrounded by a handsome iron fence. On every patriotic anniversary the stars and stripes are displayed from this pole.

The Vermont Society of Colonial Dames.



The gratitude of Vermont women is due Miss Anna C. Park of Bennington, for the first suggestion of an organization commemorating the history of Vermont in the Colonial period of this country. Through her patriotic effort a society was organized in Bennington in 1894, with the purpose of making it a state society as soon as might be found advisable. A meeting for consultation was held in Rutland in July, 1897, at which time a committee on organization was appointed, and this meeting adjourned to be held at the same place in September. At the September meeting a preliminary state organization was perfected, under the title of "The Vermont Society of Colonial Dames," and a constitution adopted with the following preamble: "Whereas, the history of Vermont in the Colonial period of our country has no parallel in the history of nations, we, her daughters, descendants of Colonial ancestors, animated by a patriotic desire to keep in memory the heroic deeds of her people in this period, and to teach our children the value of the self-sacrificing lives of their forefathers in founding the colonies and the independent commonwealth of Vermont, do hereby organize and associate ourselves under the title of 'The Vermont Society of Colonial Dames.'"

The following officers were elected: President, Miss Anna C. Park, Bennington; registrar, Miss Mina H. Morgan, Bennington; secretary and treasurer, Miss Mary F. Cooke, Rutland; committee on organization, Mrs. Wallace C. Clement, Rutland, chairman; Miss Mina H. Morgan, Bennington; Mrs. Ebenezer J. Ormsbee, Brandon; Mrs. David W. Prime, Brandon; Mrs. M. J. Francisco, Rutland; Mrs. James C. Barrett, Rutland; Mrs. E. Harrison Sanford, Rutland; Mrs. Samuel E. Pingree, Hartford; Mrs. F. Stewart Stranahan, St. Albans.

The Vermont society sends greeting through your columns to her elder sister societies commemorating the same period of history, and trusts that in the spirit of her state motto, "Freedom and Unity," they may work together for the same patriotic ends. We congratulate the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution on the near prospect of their long desired union, and gratefully acknowledge the honor paid Vermont by the new constitution, proposed as a basis for this union. We are also sincerely appreciative of the special mention of Vermont in the application papers of other patriotic societies. This recognition of Vermont's existence and unique position in both the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of history is an added inspiration to her children to hold in loyal remembrance the peril of this position and the heroism required to maintain it.

SARAH S. CLEMENT,

Chairman Committee on Organization, Rutland, Vt.

Sons of the Revolution.



At the annual meeting of the Minnesota Society, Sons of the Revolution, held at St. Paul, Minn., December 3d, 1897, the following resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote:

WHEREAS, The General Society of the Sons of the Revolution at its meetings, held in New York, in 1893; in Baltimore, 1894; in Boston, 1895, and in Savannah, 1896, considered the question of union with the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, which at the Savannah meeting of 1896 assumed such definite and substantial proportions that the general officers elected at that meeting (a majority of the delegates being positively in favor of union) were instructed to confer with the national officers of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, to bring about, after a proper consideration and arrangement of necessary details, an actual union. And upon call made by several State Societies, the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution held a special meeting in Philadelphia, April 19, 1897, at which meeting the General Society placed the matter in the hands of a Conference Committee (appointing also a Committee on Revision of Rolls) with instructions "to come to an agreement, if possible, respecting a new constitution and a plan of union between the two societies," and requested the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to appoint similar committees, making thus a Joint Committee on Conference and a Joint Committee on Revision of Rolls, and then adjourned to meet in Cincinnati, October 12, 1897, to hear and consider the reports of these committees. And

WHEREAS, At the Cincinnati meeting of October 12, 1897, the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution adopted the report of the Joint Conference Committee which provided a matured, well-considered, safe, just and equitable basis, terms and plan of union under a new constitution, to take effect when ratified by a majority of the State Societies of the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution. And

WHEREAS, The National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, meeting in Cincinnati at the same time and under the same roof adopted promptly and unanimously the same report of the Joint Conference Committee, as well as every resolution and recommendation presented to it by the Notification Committee of the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution, thereby meeting completely and patriotically every objection ever raised by the opponents of union, and thereby winning by its patriotic action the honor and respect of the Minnesota Society of the Sons of the Revolution. And

WHEREAS, It is the sense of the Minnesota Society of the Sons of the Revolution that it would be to the lasting regret of the societies forming the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution to reject the official action of the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution and its negotiations with the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution which culminated after many years in the plan of union accepted officially by this General Society and officially by the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. For it would be to the discredit of the Sons of the Revolution to stand before a critical, discriminating public as rejecting union upon any such untenable ground that the majority is absolutely powerless to change in the slightest the instrument that unites the State Societies into and creates their General Society, their compact, articles of partnership, general constitution. That the creator cannot change, adjust or readjust its creation by the time-tried and customary rule of the majority. The Minnesota Society of the Sons of the Revolution protests against such a stand as being trivial, technical, un-American and unpatriotic. For the laws of every Commonwealth provide for changes of name and changes of management of incorporated bodies.

WHEREAS, The Minnesota Society of the Sons of the Revolution is for union and believes that that cause will triumph despite individual animosities and personalities. It believes that the true and only practicable solution of the problem of handling many thousands of patriotic men of a common ancestry, after the necessary details of uniting them into a great, powerful and national organization has been accomplished, is by the voluntary association of State members into Chapters of congenial friends, as shown in every other walk of life, church, business, clubs, lodges, etc., these united and upheld by the power, dignity and prestige of one National Society, standing in each community the exponents, leaders and defenders of patriotism. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Minnesota Society of the Sons of the Revolution approves, endorse and ratifies the proposed new constitution and accompanying resolutions submitted to it by the

General Society of the Sons of the Revolution. And,

Resolved, That this action be officially communicated to the officers of the General Society and to each State Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

RUKARD HURD, President.

JOHN TOWNSEND, Secretary.

John Marshall Newton died suddenly December 9, 1897, in his seventy-first year. Funeral from Grace Episcopal Church, College Hill, Saturday, December 11, 1897.

Mr. Newton was from the State of Vermont, and was of old New England blood, being a member of all the patriotic societies. He was the registrar of the Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Ohio.



The annual General Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Ohio took place at the Queen City Club, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the evening of November 24th, 1897. These descendants of Colonial worthies formed an interesting gathering, in which the element of color was not lacking, as most of the members also belong to the many other patriotic hereditary societies, and the various insignia glistened on many breasts.

The banquet table was decorated with scarlet and white, the colors of the society.

Messages of greeting were received from Governor Bushnell, Hon. George Ellwood Pomeroy, the retiring governor of the society, and many others, all regretting their inability to attend the court.

Mr. Samuel Morse Felton, the deputy governor, presided, and after the banquet he called upon several of the members for brief addresses. The responses were able and in keeping with the occasion.

In the business meeting which followed the treasurer reported that the finances of the society were in a healthy condition, with a considerable sum permanently invested.

The registrar's report shows an increase in Ohio of fifty per cent. during the year, the total now being fifty-one. The total membership in the twenty-three State societies thus far is about twenty-three hundred.

At the annual election the following officers were chosen for 1898: Governor, Samuel Morse Felton; deputy governor, Capt. Ephraim Morgan Wood; lieutenant-governor, Achilles Henry Pugh; treasurer, Perrin Langdon; secretary, Edward Clarence Goshorn; deputy-secretary, John Ward Bailly; registrar, Prof. Thomas Herbert Norton, Ph. D. L. D.; historian, Prof. Charles Lincoln Edward; chaplain, Rev. Henry Melville Curtis, D.D.; gentlemen of the council, George Ellwood Pomeroy, William Howard Doane, Hon. Charles Phelps Taft, Harry Langdon Laws, Ralph Peters, Samuel Furman Hunt, Frank Langdon Perin, Gov. Asa Smith Bushnell, Robert Henry Shoemaker, Richard Austin Hays.

The society has made arrangements for social courts, to be held during the winter and spring, one in Cincinnati and the other in the northern part of the state.

The annual register of the Ohio society, containing the ancestry of the members, will appear early in December.

Military Order of Foreign Wars OF THE UNITED STATES.—CALIFORNIA COMMANDERY.

CHARTERED OCTOBER 21st, 1896.



The first annual meeting of the society was held on Thursday, December 9, 1897.

The names of the following gentlemen have been presented to the secretary with the view of inviting them to become Compatriots of the Order: T. Worthington Hubbard, General James F. Houghton, Charles C. Royce, Mark Lawrence Requa, David Hewes, Warren Olney, Roberts Vandercook, Franklin Henry Day, Irving Farrar Moulton, Dr. Edward Stephens Clark.

Committee to nominate officers for the year 1898 consists of Edwin Rodolph Dimond, Winfield Scott Jones, Horace Davis, Charles Samuel Greene, Franklin Bedinger Washington.

Due notice of the place and time of meeting of the committee will be announced by the chairman, Companion E. R. Dimond.

Proof of eligibility has been filed with the secretary by Mr. George Whitney Reed, Dr. William E. Hopkins, who were invited to be received and acknowledged as Companions of the Order.

A. S. HUBBARD, Secretary.

Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to
MISS M. WINCHESTER ADAMS, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

1. What road did Washington's army take from Trenton Bridge?
2. Who commanded the brigade of the British?
3. What buildings did they use as barracks in Princeton?
4. By whom was the first fire commenced and with what result?
5. What did General Washington then do?
6. How long did this battle last?
7. Tell what you know of the destruction of the bridge over Stony Brook.
8. What can you say of Gen. Mercer who was mortally wounded in this battle?
9. Write a sketch of the battle of Princeton, following the questions, adding some incident of interest connected with it.

A copy of Stuart's picture of Washington will be given to the boy or girl, not over fifteen years of age, who sends the best answer to the questions on or before February 22d, 1898.

"The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

How many of the girls and boys can write the rest of this poem from memory? All those who can, and can also write "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Flower of Liberty," "Hail Columbia" and "The American Flag" may become members of the "League of the Red, White and Blue," of which William S. Mills is the founder and president. The poems must be written in the presence of your teacher. Every school may form a chapter. One school in Brooklyn has a membership of 208 boys and girls. Chapters have been formed in New Jersey, Michigan, Iowa and California. Learn the poems, then ask the principal of the school you attend to write to the secretary of the "League of the Red, White and Blue," 252 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., for blanks and other information. All you have to do is to learn the poems and live up to the pledge of the League, which is: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible with liberty and justice, for all."

JERSEY CITY, N. J., December 17, 1897.

DEAR AUNT INDEPENDENCE—I am fourteen years old. I go to the public school and like to study history better than anything else. I will try and answer the questions on the boys' and girls' page, of which I read every word. I will tell you a little story I read about David Laning, one of the men who helped to ferry Washington across the Delaware. A few days before Christmas, 1776, he was taken prisoner and carried to Trenton, and kept in a house on Tucker's corner, watching his chance, when the guards were quarreling he slipped out of the back door, sprang over a high board fence and escaped to the house of Stacy Potts, who concealed him that night. The next morning Laning dressed in an old ragged coat and flapped hat, with an axe under his arm, went with his head down, limping along just like an old wood-chopper, and so passed in safety the enemy's sentries; but when he got to the Scotch road looked all around, and seeing no one, he threw down his axe and escaped.

Your little friend,
DOLLY L.

Dolly L. in her letter sent correct answers to the questions in the December number.

It was on July 23, 1779, that a battle and massacre took place at Minisink, N. Y. Colonel Brandt, a famous Indian chief, who sided with Great Britain, and who was engaged in the massacre of Wyoming in Pennsylvania, was again the leader in this massacre. Many of the people who formed the young colony were Hollanders, who had come from the settlement at Kingston at the mouth of the Wallkill River. Brandt's name was a terror to all the white people. The smoke of barns and dwellings, mills and church marked the track of his savage band, still cruel as he was he had a little kindness left in his heart. Among the many things his party did was to go to the school house. The teacher, Jeremiah Vananken, they took from the building, and after going about half a mile, killed him. Some of the little boys they had already killed with their tomahawks, others had run to the woods to hide, while their little sisters stood by the wayside near their dear teacher trembling and weeping, not knowing whether they were to be killed, too, or carried away; suddenly a brawny Indian drew near and with his brush of black paint made a mark across their aprons, bidding them to "hold up the mark if they saw an Indian and they would be safe," then with a savage yell he disappeared in the forest. The Indian who marked the aprons was Brandt. The little girls were safe, for when the Indian

came and saw the mark he passed on. They were not satisfied or happy, however, to be saved and have their brothers killed. They wanted the mark on their aprons to save them, too. Then the little sisters showed how brave they were, for they found and collected the boys who had run to the woods and over them threw the outer garment, and again held up their aprons, a mark of safety, while the Indians passed and re-passed. By this simple process the little girls, so quick to think and act, made the one kindness that day of Brandt save others beside themselves, and so brought joy to their parents and friends.* One little girl, Leah Vananken, who became separated from the others, hid in a ditch until the Indians were gone and so escaped. The next day eighty of the inhabitants of Minisink were left dead in the valley of the Delaware, and the young colony extending over Orange County, New York, along the foot of the Kittanny mountains was in mourning. In 1822—more than forty years after—the bones of those massacred were collected and interred in Goshen, New York.

*"Historical collections of the State of New Jersey," page 486.

The history of New Jersey is of special interest, as some of the most important events of the American Revolution occurred upon its soil. Her struggle and sacrifice gained her deserved praise in the war for independence, and she also deserves high praise for the way she treated the Indians. It is a fact that she is proud of that "every foot of soil she obtained from them was by fair purchase and transfer," which they sold or exchanged of their own free will. It is supposed that the first attempt at forming a settlement in New Jersey was commenced at Bergen as early as 1618 by a number of Danes or Norwegians, who came with the Dutch colonists over to New Netherlands. The Dutch also built a fort on the Delaware which they called Fort Nassau, but no permanent settlement was made, and from repeated disaster they became disheartened and abandoned the country. New Jersey was next visited by the Swedes. In the year 1637 two Swedish ships arrived in the Delaware, bringing a number of settlers. They landed on the western shore, but purchased land on both sides of the river. In 1642 John Printz was sent as governor of the colony. If the Dutch had ever given up their claim on the Delaware they did not pay much regard to the agreement a difference soon arose, the Swedes made demands for certain places held by the Dutch which was refused and the places were taken by force, and this led to general hostilities. The Dutch had help near at hand in their countrymen at New Netherlands and Stuyvesant the governor there immediately started with a strong force to the Delaware. The Swedes were not able to resist and were compelled to give up all their possessions, and so in 1655 the fort they had built on the island of Tinicum with all the improvements fell into the hands of the Dutch who had acquired large tracts of country upon the eastern side of New Jersey. The claim of the English to the territory founded on that of prior discovery was never abandoned. About 1640 a number of emigrants from the New Haven colony settled on the left shore of the Delaware, but both the Swedes and the Dutch resisted the attempts of the English to form settlements there. In 1664 Charles II. resolved upon the reduction of New Netherlands, and an expedition arrived at New Amsterdam in the latter part of that year to take possession of the territory. Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor, though a brave soldier, was obliged to surrender, because the place did not have proper defense. Sir Robert Carr, with two frigates was sent to compel the submission of the colony on the Delaware, which he did—using, it is said, "only two barrels of powder and twenty shot."

Upon the subjection of the Dutch, Charles, the English king, made an extensive grant of territory to the Duke of York, who in 1664 sold part of it to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, who had been governor of the Island of Jersey in the English Channel; this was given the name of New Jersey. The two proprietors formed a constitution for the colony securing "equal privileges and liberty of conscience to all," and appointed Philip Carteret governor. He came, purchased land of the Indians and fixed the seat of government at Elizabethtown. This is considered the beginning of colonization in New Jersey. Agents were sent to New England to invite settlers, many of whom accepted, as the terms offered were so favorable.

In 1672 the colonists, owing to differences, rose in rebellion and expelled the governor. The next year the Dutch conquered New Jersey, but in 1674 the territory was again surrendered to the English. The Duke of York disregarding the rights of Berkeley and Carteret appointed Andros governor, and he caused the colony much trouble. In 1676 New Jersey was divided into East and West Jersey with separate governments. Berkeley becoming dissatisfied sold his interest to an English Quaker and in 1682 the whole territory became by purchase the property of William Penn and other Quakers. In 1702 the proprietors surrendered their power of government to the crown and New Jersey became a royal province united to New York. The two colonies continued under one governor until 1738 when New Jersey had a government of its own.

Washington, or the Revolution

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END OF ACT V.

SCENE VIII.—*Same as Act V, Scene IV. Headquarters of GEN. GATES on Bemis Heights.*

Time: October, 7, 1777.

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. LINCOLN, COL. STANDISH, three aids, and soldiers.

GATES—(*Drums are heard in the distance.*)
What is the meaning
Of that beat to arms from our drums?
Enter COL. ALDEN hurriedly.

ALDEN—The enemy in front
Advances in force, with show of battle.

GATES—Then we will indulge him.
Order Morgan to begin the game; and
General Dearborn to support him with all
His infantry. [*Exit COL. ALDEN.*]

STANDISH—From what I observed
Before entrance here, a greater force than
This is needed.

GATES—Then Poor's and Larned's brigades
advance
At once. Convey this order.

[*Exit COL. STANDISH.*]
(*To first Aid.*) Go as far to the front as
possible,
And, with eye and ear noting what is done,
Report here to me immediately.
Exit first Aid.

LINCOLN—My place is yonder
To head my column when hot work begins.

GATES—The center of the line
Be your place, General Lincoln.
[*Exit GEN. LINCOLN.*]
(*To second Aid.*) Convey to Generals Nixon
And Glover my orders, that if not so
Arranged as previously advised,
They hold the right to-day.

[*Exit second Aid.*]
(*To third Aid.*) And Morgan
And Larned the left, so far as conditions
Favor it. Go quickly. [*Exit third Aid.*]

GATES—(*musings.*) Again,—as on the nine-
teenth of September—
I am alone with fate, which extends or
Withholds the laurel. No fear shakes me
now;

Since we attack a baffled foe, and assail
With heavier numbers. The columns in
Which I trust, would change even a drooping
Cause to victory; then much more surely
Will they crush an enemy half vanquished
From one defeat. This day—this hour—
brings to

Me the trophies of a soldier, such as
The most aspiring might be proud to wear!
[*Enter first Aid hurriedly.*]

Welcome be your quick return, if good news
Be your proclamation! Your celerity,
If joined with good report, shall not go
Unrewarded.

FIRST AID—The British advance in three col-
umns.

Burgoyne leads the center; with Colonel
Ackland

On the left, and General Fraser on the right.
Morgan opened the combat, and, with the
Rush of a torrent, struck Fraser and swept
Him back; then around upon the other
Flank of the British he opened his galling
Fire; now Dearborn saluted them in front,
And rout ensued. Lord Balcarres rallied
The fugitives, and again they came into
Action. Poor and his brigade, with telling
Volleys, faced the grape of British grenadiers
Till they, panic-stricken, fled; while Colonel
Cilley turned captured guns back upon these
Losers, now in full retreat.

GATES—Then the battle is now on,
And all this is done within the time it
Takes to tell it. This impetuosity
Of our troops, born of confidence, is worth
A grand division of half-hearted men.
Besides, in force, we are two to one.
And the foe are so quickly falling back?
So you have reported.

FIRST AID—I gathered the facts
While spurs were pricking my animal to
Fullest speed, with Colonel Wilkinson
Keeping at my side and cramming me.
He bid me say that the British are now
Retreating back to their intrenchments from
Which they marched forth this noon.

GATES—Then we will push nearer to the front,
and
Closer be to messengers of like glad tidings.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX.—*A place on the field between the
contending lines.*
*Enter GEN. LINCOLN with COL.
STANDISH and soldiers.*

LINCOLN—Good fortune favoring, the day is
ours.

STANDISH—Burgoyne is in retreat.

LINCOLN—Fraser has fallen;—
And at the command of Morgan.

STANDISH—Ackland and Sir Francis Clark—
Both wounded—are our prisoners. Williams,
The chief of their artillery, is dead.
Their loss is great in men and guns.

LINCOLN—This spot, so far in advance,
May again see the enemy. Follow me;
Work is yet to do. [*All retire.*]

[*Enter BURGOYNE, RIEDESEL,
BREYMAN and soldiers.*]

BURGOYNE—We are surely outnumbered;
And braver men than we have met to-day
Never crossed a field.

RIEDELSEL—To our intrenchments!
There is no time to spare.

BURGOYNE—The retreat has been sounded,
And every battalion is moving back.

BREYMAN—Behind the breastworks
We will repel them, if their audacity
Carries them so far.

BURGOYNE—When Fraser fell, what was done?
I was not near.

RIEDELSEL—I had him removed
To where Madam Riedesel remains, and
Committed to her care. And so with
Many others as unfortunate.

BURGOYNE—Unhappy woman!
At this same hour some of us were engaged
With her at dinner. The table of the
Intended feast has become a bloody
Bier. And Colonel Ackland?

BREYMAN—Wounded, he was
Carried into the American lines.

BURGOYNE—I have not avoided danger.
You both will witness this, if ever called.

RIEDELSEL—You have exposed yourself—to
rashness.

BURGOYNE—I could win no bullet as a friend,
Though many came so near and so many
Were to spare. But the fight is not yet
closed;

And shall not be, with us beyond it.
My sword is yet my own. [*All retire.*]

[*Enter hurriedly GEN. LINCOLN,
COLONEL STANDISH, COLONEL AL-
DEN and Aids.*]

LINCOLN—I thought the struggle for the day
was over.

The foe are hurrying to their intrench-
ments.

Arnold now renews the battle, his own
Will directing.

STANDISH—He is a Major-General;

And so, ranking all near to him in the
Action, the troops obey him.

LINCOLN—And though he is not my
Commander in rank, yet in the absence
Of a superior chieftain, I will
Gladly take his orders.

STANDISH—The soldiers follow him
As they would no other. His name is magic
To arouse them. They would storm the
devil,

And drag him from his sulphurous home,—
Or attempt it,—if he led them on.

LINCOLN—What place is this?

ALDEN—Though of various names,
The one that covers all is Saratoga,
[*Enter Aid in haste.*]

AID—(*to GEN. LINCOLN.*) General Arnold
Is preparing to storm the enemy
In his works, and orders all to hold their
Powers at his command.

LINCOLN—Standish, will you
From yonder heights survey the lines, and
make
Statement of this changed condition?
Arnold

Has just come upon the ground which our
hands

Have won, and again forward presses the
Panting columns we halted in their shouts
Of triumph. [*Exit STANDISH*]

(*To Aid.*) Report to General Arnold,
That we are ready if he calls. [*Exit Aid.*]

(*To ALDEN.*) To General Gates—
Wherever he may be found,—with the re-
port

That Arnold assumes command, and pre-
pares

To pursue the British, even into
His camp. This will be news to him.

[*Exit COL. ALDEN.*]
Our dogs of war, resting their heads be-
tween

Their paws and licking their bloody chops,
Wearied with their excesses, begin to
Growl again, because Arnold calls to them.

[*Enter COL. STANDISH.*]

STANDISH—The very fiend of war,
Incarnated for the hour now riots
In human slaughter. The two lines are
formed;—

And while one falls back, ours, with greedy
steps,

Fills up the retiring space, and still onward
Drives retreat! Each to the other volleys
In such quick succession that the air is
Heavy with resounding thunders; while a
Sulphurous pall shuts from the view, a wreck
Of life in hideous ruin sinking.

LINCOLN—In such a scene,
Surely Arnold holds high revelry.

STANDISH—He rides between the lines.
In wantonness, he woos the bullets of
Either side,—disdaining the General's place
Behind his soldiers.

Out from the rifted clouds of battle
Flashes now and then a glint of steel,
As when the forked-lightnings gleam in the
Inky heavens. It is the sword of
Arnold, working a magic spell of
Self-forgetfulness upon his frenzied
Followers.

His coal-black steed is white with foam, and
Dashes here and there as if tempest-tossed,
Nor felt the earth beneath him; and every
Minute the wild and maddened line presses
Close—and closer still,—after a mad com-
mander.

He loudly calls upon Lord Balcarres,
Who hurries the retreating column towards
The great redoubt. So the wounded brute,
pushed

On with terror, gathers his brood into
His rocky den. And along the rank of
These pursuing furies, above the din,

Is heard the battle cry of,—
"Liberty or death."

LINCOLN—I am all on fire, while you the
Picture furnish of this lurid struggle.
And in it all my part I'll grandly play,
Or rest with epitaph before another day.
[All retire.]

[Enter a British officer, flying;
ARNOLD in pursuit.]

ARNOLD—Quick-footed Mercury, go not so fast;
For you have naught to fear from me while
Greater game is flying. This sword is dyed
With ruddy currents, let from baser mortals,
And is henceforth reserved for dancier
Handiwork. Lord Balcarres, these hills
have

This day echoed with Arnold's calls to you.
Come forth! And you and I, like those
ancient

Romans, hang victory upon the better
Sword we carry! Come forth, I say! And
let

Me clip your name in two, taking from the
Honest half,—that title,—which, like its
kind, is

Worn by the silliest fools as often as by
The noblest men;—and so is a common sham,
That all mankind should slash and tread
upon.

Now for the Hessian lines, while halts the
day;
Since these English will here no longer stay.
[Exit.]

[Enter GEN. GATES, Aids and
soldiers.]

GATES—(addressing an Aid.) Arnold has no
Command to-day, nor do I intend him
Any. I am moved at what you tell me.
His presence is intrusion.
Here come further tidings.

[Enter COL. ALDEN.]

ALDEN—As directed by Gen. Lincoln,
I report to you. I have inquired where
Join the assailant and assailed. When the
Retreat began, and while our soldiers rested,
General Arnold, at this very moment,
Ordered a renewal of the battle.
Assuming command, he led pursuit even
To the British camp. After the first attack
Upon the main intrenchments, at the head
Of the divisions of Brooks and Larned,
He drove at the Hessians. In his furious
Onset, he entered the breastworks of the
Enemy just as their defender, Breyman,
Fell. Still the gale is blowing.

GATES—Go with this order to Gen. Arnold.
Others have preceded it, but are so
Far unheeded. And say, also,—to enforce
What here is writ,—it is my command that
He immediately retires.
Go quickly! or he will do something rash.

ALDEN—General, he has done something rash.
He has vanquished Burgoyne.

[Exit ARNOLD.]

GATES—(listening.) The intervening space
Increasing, of lesser fury is the
Sound of battle. Listen! Listen! Farther
And farther recedes the roll of our angry
Rifles, pushing the enemy before
It to sure destruction!

AID—The roar is fainter than it was.

GATES—(aside.) The glory of this day shall
Be mine without a rival. And so the
Recall of Arnold is a well-timed deed.

[Enter COL. STANDISH.]

STANDISH—I come from the Hessian redoubt.
All was going well,—and a complete
Capture of the invaders seemed at hand,—
When Arnold, wounded fell. Just then was
handed

Him your order to retire. In obedience,
Our forces withdrew. And the foe, now
Shattered without hope, gain a breathing
spell.

GATES—In good time Burgoyne must yield.
We need not press him now.

STANDISH—Here comes General Arnold;
Carried by his men and followed by a
Retinue.

[Cheering heard from without,
and cheering soldiers enter.]

Great Jove, giving his bolts a little time
To cool, wretched mortals gain a peaceful
Hour.

GATES—I grieve with any man who suffers.

STANDISH—To him who suffers in the right,—
this thought,

Is physio to assuage the keenest pain.

[Enter COL. ALDEN, a detachment
of Morgan's riflemen, and other
officers and soldiers cheering.
Followed by GENERAL ARNOLD,
wounded and carried.]

All hail! All hail! to Benedict Arnold,—
The hero of Saratoga! [All cheer.]

GATES—(to Arnold.) Are you badly hurt?

ARNOLD—A scratch! A ball in the same leg
That got another at Quebec.

This will heal as the other has.

GATES—The battle has been fought and won.
Now

To a surgeon and to kinder nursing
Than this place provides.

[Cheering, all retire.]

SCENE X.—Headquarters of GEN. GATES upon
Saratoga Heights.

Time: October 17th, 1777.

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. SCHUYLER,
Aids and soldiers.

GATES—This final act would be marred,
Gen. Schuyler, without your presence. Here
We fix the place of surrender now agreed
Upon.

SCHUYLER—No one can extend to you
More hearty congratulations. This crowning
Act of glory is interwoven with
A chaplet from our honored chief.

GATES—I have not heard?

SCHUYLER—It is, from post, just in.
Washington assumed the offensive at
Germantown; and on the third gave Howe a
Lesson in audacity. With an army
Of inferior size and mostly raw
Militia—and these so poorly equipped
That more than a thousand men were shoe-
less—

He invited the Britain to the open
Plain. In short, assaulted him.

GATES—And with what result?

SCHUYLER—In a heavy fog,
Confusion usurped the place of certainty,
And the movement failed therefrom. It
was a

Drawn battle, and the advantage fell to
neither;

Except, that the Briton learned from this
that

His pillow in Philadelphia was
Not to be an easy one.

GATES—It is surely an advantage to our
Side to teach the other such a lesson;
And to leave anxiety to corrode
The hope of rest. What is the next move?

SCHUYLER—Washington will go into winter
quarters
At Valley Forge; and from that point in the
months

To come, reduce the British commissary
As he did at Cambridge;—and after at
Morristown. If you can starve your adver-
sary,

You do as well as to win his sword in
Open conflict.

GATES—Short rations to Burgoyne,
Were to us worth batteries of artillery.

We have starved him as well as whipped
him to

A surrender. Even in his hunger
We have made his sleep uneasy since the
seventh.

Daily we have pounded him! And at last,
With Fellows on the other side of the
Hudson,—Stark at Fort Edward,—and the
main

Army pushing him in front, the circle
Of fire was complete and the end inevitable.
Six thousand prisoners and arms and cannon
Fall to us. Since leaving Canada,
Burgoyne loses ten thousand soldiers.

SCHUYLER—Is it an unconditional surrender?

GATES—In reality it is so.

Though some concessions are made as
salve to

Wounded pride, which amount to nothing.
Putnam's letter, that Sir Henry Clinton
Had forced the pathway of the Hudson,
Smoothed the road with me, quickly to
yield to

These concessions.

SCHUYLER—I never believed

That Putnam would let Sir Henry pass.

GATES—He was outmaneuvered;
And withdrew from Peekskill, when the
English

Landed at a point below. The way was
Open then for storming our forts,—Clinton
And Montgomery. They fell, though the
Governor and his brother made a stout
Defense of both, and sold them dearly.
This was on the seventh. Then Putnam
hurried

His post to me, that the path was clear and
That Sir Henry and all his power might
Strike us here at any time.

SCHUYLER—These surely were moments
Of harrowing anxiety?

GATES—And yet Sir Henry did not choose to
come;

Now, we care not, how soon he does.

[Drums are heard approaching.
The troops are up and moving; at the hour
Of noon, on yonder green, in front of old
Fort Hardy, will the prisoners ground their
arms.]

[Enter of the Americans, GENERAL
ARNOLD (wounded and carried),
GENERAL LINCOLN, MORGAN'S
rifleman, generals and officers,
aids and soldiers.]

GATES—Brave compatriots!

Thus saluting, in this hour of triumph,
One injunction I lay upon you all:
Nothing so becomes the victor as humility,
Which gives the conqueror a double crown.
Your valorous arms have gained so many
Laurels upon this field,—that wounds now,
from

No good reason made, adding naught, would
Tarnish those you have. Let the enemy,
As he marches by to his humiliation,
See upon your faces no look of
Exultation; nor hear from your lips words
Of senseless insult. Such orders have been
Proclaimed through all the lines. Alone
with his

Sorrow of defeat, a soldier's sorest
Trial, the prisoner will go to the place
Provided, there to yield up the arms which
He has borne so gallantly against us.

[A line of British troops begins
then to cross the rear of the stage,
marching to the place of ground-
ed arms.]

Enter of the British, GENs. BUR-
GOYNE, PHILLIPS, RIEDESEL, with
aids, officers and staff.

BURGOYNE—The fortune of war, Gen. Gates,
Has made me your prisoner.

GATES—And I shall always be ready to testify
From no fault of yours, General Burgoyne.

[They shake hands cordially.]

BURGOYNE—This sword is yours by right of conquest.

[Hands his Sword to GATES.

GATES—(taking the sword.) And yours, By right of valor. The greater claim wipes Out the lesser, and the sword remains Your own. [Hands back the sword.

BURGOYNE—(receiving his sword.) It lightens The cruel hardships of a soldier's life, When a heavy load like mine is lifted From bending shoulders, with such generous words,

Winged with kindness and magnanimity.

GATES—To these marching columns, [Pointing to the English line still tramping across the stage.

I have ordered ample rations, that they May find in us no stint of hospitality.

[Burgoyne bows.

And upon you, General Burgoyne, as well As upon such officials as are your Attendants here, we lay the privilege Of playing host to-day. A happy part, When honored guests accept with a good will, And so enrich the poorest banquet. You will all dine with me; nor hold me at Fault if, in these hours so heavy with affairs Now closed, our neglected table is not What our love and our duty, too, would make it.

BURGOYNE—We join the feast prepared And thus proposed, with grateful hearts to you, Who thus honor us as guests.

[Two orderlies enter and quickly pass to all the officers a salver covered with glasses filled with wine.

GATES—Meanwhile, Since we await the preparations, We will tease the appetite to a greater Greed, when the summons calls us to the sitting.

A rare old stock, General, as I can testify! [All the officers take in their hands a glass of wine.

BURGOYNE—By the double right of Guest and prisoner, I offer here the toast. [All bow in acquiescence. Holding high his glass.

I drink to Washington.

ALL—(repeat) To Washington. [They drain their glasses.

[Curtain falls. End of Act V. and Part I.] [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ETHAN ALLEN'S DRAMA.

We print with this number another installment (and perhaps the last for want of space) of the remarkable criticisms upon Ethan Allen's "Drama of the Revolution." There are hundreds more of the same kind remaining.

LE ROY D. BROWN, LL. D., President Nevada State University: "I have read the 'Drama of the Revolution' from cover to cover with unflinching interest and delight. A grand work! A timely publication, whose merits will surely cause a patriotic wave to roll over the entire country."

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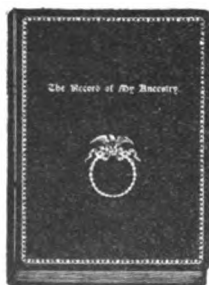
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To Perfect the Family Tree.

Low.—Deacon Thomas Low, of Chebacco Parish, Ipswich, Mass., 1682-1712, who married Mary Boreman (Boardman), daughter of Thomas Boreman (Deputy for Ipswich to the General Court in 1684, is stated on page 478 Choate's History of Essex (Chebacco), Essex, 1888, to have been the son of Thomas Low, the first settler, died September 8, 1677; and grandson of Capt John Low, Commander of the ship "Ambrose" and Rear-Admiral of a fleet of twelve ships, which sailed from England for Salem in April, 1680.—T. F.

Robert Williams and Marjory. Boston, Mass., of the first Church, married about 1670—desire to know her family name and ancestry.
Robert Williams, son of Robert and Marjory, married Nov. 27, 1713 Sarah.—What was her family name? Address N. P. Williams, Box 3018, Boston.

Funkhouser.—Christopher and John Funkhouser, who came from Bern, Switzerland, and in 1700 settled, one at Fredericksburg, Va. the other at The Neck. Information is desired regarding the names of their wives and children, or of any generation of their descendants. L. P. Funkhouser, P. O. Box 384, Omaha, Neb.

Courtlandt Van Sicklen.—I would like information in regard to Courtlandt Van Sicklen and his ancestors. He lived on Staten Island or Long Island early in 18th century. VOLNEY W. FOSTER, 164 Lake Street, Chicago.

Brown.—The children of Lieutenant Samuel Brown, who was born at Cambridge, Mass., on Oct. 12, 1749, died at St. Clairsville, Ohio, January 16, 1828, and buried there with military honors, now reside in Denver, Colo. His wife whom he married at St. Clairsville on February 4th, 1808, was Polly Newkirk. She died there March 31, 1823. The children are: Henry Cordis Brown, born St. Clairsville, Ohio, November 1830, the builder and proprietor of the great Brown Palace Hotel, the finest building of its kind in the West, and Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher (Brown) Lennon born St. Clairsville, Ohio, February 4th, 1828. I should like very much to know something of the parents of Polly Newkirk.

Lieut. Brown was a Lieutenant or Compatriot, on returns of Capt. Samuel Fitch's Company, Colonel Wm Prescott's Regiment, dated October 7, 1775. Town of residence, Acton, Mass. Reported on Command to Quebec. T. WALU MORGAN DRAPER, Denver, Colo.

Sylvester.—John Sylvester, of Marshfield and Scituate, Mass., 1750 married Deborah. What was her maiden name and who were her parents? Who were the parents of John? Their son, John Sylvester, married Deborah Haskins, who died June 14, 1856, aged 74. She was probably of Scituate, Mass. Who were the parents of Deborah Haskins?

Holt-Goodrich.—Valentine Holt, of Wilton, N. H., and Charlestown, Mass. married Nancy Goodrich who died at Charlestown March 30, 1832. Who were the parents of Nancy Goodrich?

Copeland.—John Copeland, of Braintree, Mass., son of Lawrence and Lydia L. Townsend-Copeland, born February 10, 1688; married Ruth ———. Who were her parents?

Copeland.—Samuel Copeland, of Braintree, Mass., son of John and Ruth ——— Copeland. Born Sept. 20, 1686; married Mary ———. What was her maiden name and who were her parents? Sign T. W. Hubbard, 436 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

John Lisle, of Woddyton, Hampshire, England, on account of government disfavor, took refuge in New England, reaching Boston, it is said, in 1640.

Was he John Lilly, of Wethersfield, Conn., 1640-80?

Was he the father of George Lilly, of Reading, Mass., 1683?

(1) George Lilly, of Reading, Mass., married 2nd Jane ———. Who was she?

Obadiah Lilly (4), born in Woodstock, Conn., 1783. Whom did he marry?

Richard Lilly resided at Killingly, Conn., 1731-5. Who were his parents?

Persons named Lilly—Lilly or Lillie are requested to communicate with the subscriber, who is collecting data for a Genealogy.—J. W. LILLY, Sta. O, Chicago.

Can you help me find the marriage date of Samuel Gilbert; born in Hartford Conn., Feb. 5th, 1687? Married when? And Mercy Warner; she was born Sept. 25th, 1688, at Hadley, and was the daughter of Isaac and granddaughter of Andrew Warner, one of the founders of Hartford.

Can you give me any information concerning the early family history of Samuel Curtice, who came to Colchester from Southold, Long Island, 1703? His daughter Elizabeth married Samuel Gilbert, son of Mercy Warner and Samuel Gilbert.

Patriotic Books Received.

THE HELYAN-TAYLOR CO., CLEVELAND, O.

Anniversary Book of the American Revolution, with quotations from American authors compiled by Mary S. Pechin. A handsome book bound in red and gilt, printed on linen paper in red and black, each alternate page blank for notes under separate dates, the opposite page with apt quotations of the incidents of the American Revolution under their respective dates. A handsome photo gravure of Stewart's Washington as a frontispiece adds to its attractiveness, and there should be a demand for it from members of the various patriotic societies.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON.

Huldah, a Daughter of the Revolution and other poems of American patriotism, by Emma E. Brown. Huldah tells a tale of the battle of Bunker Hill, the capture of her father, his incarceration in the prison ship Jersey and his pardon and return to his family through the efforts of a British soldier who had while wounded been befriended by Huldah, and the happy marriage of the two upon the cessation of hostilities between the two countries. Other poems are Esther's Defence of the Fort, Madame Hancock's Reception and Dora. The book is bound in blue linen with white back, the colors of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

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Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War, by Thomas Nelson Page, profusely illustrated, finely printed on plate paper, uncut edges, gilt top. Price \$1.50. A very interesting description of Southern manners of the old regime happily told with an honest intent to do justice to the old school Southern families.

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The Flags of the World, their History, Blazonry and Associations, from the banner of the Crusader to the Burgee of the Yachtsman. Price \$2.00. By T. Edward Halme, F. L. S., F. S. A. Contains an interesting description of the flags of all nations, with 26 plates of illustrations in colors.

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Commodore Bainbridge, from the Gun Room to the Quarter Deck. By James Barnes, who is a descendant of the commodore, and who had exceptional opportunities at his command in the way of unpublished letters and papers from which he has made a very interesting and readable story of actual facts. It will be welcomed by the Societies of the War of 1812.

True to His Home, a tale of the boyhood of Franklin, by Hezekiah Butterworth, and the "Red Patriot," a story of the American Revolution, by William O. Stoddard, are interesting juveniles, by these well known and popular authors, either of which would make a suitable gift book to an American boy and help to stir his patriotism and teach him American history without making him think he was learning anything.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Mademoiselle de Berny. A Story of Valley Forge. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Price \$1.50. Handsomely bound, gilt top, uncut edges. Will be reviewed in the February number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

George Washington, by Woodrow Wilson, profusely illustrated by Howard Pyle, Harry Penn and others; numerous maps; over 300 pages. Will be reviewed in the February issue.

Leaving his quiet fireside one dark and dismal night he wended his weary way to a meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution. Harmony prevailed, and he had just settled back for a nap when his meditations were rudely awakened by an attack on his spirits; they were assailed by an aggressive minority and ripped up the back metaphorically. A United States of Freedom certificate had acted as a red flag, although the color had been toned down to a quiet chocolate.

The reason this certificate had been printed was that the publisher had supposed that an interest could be awakened that would help the undertaking out of the innocuous desuetude into which it had fallen, but had found that it was so deep in slumber that a booming cannon could not awaken it, and now remains undisturbed. The Society of the A. R. application blank it was hoped would increase the number of members in the order and give it more strength to do good, but there is an apparent determination on the part of some members not to allow this, but to run a limited mutual admiration society.

A motion to censure the paper was made and put and "set down" on very hard. A further protest was made against the payment of the delegates' expenses to the Cincinnati convention, and as he happened to be one of the culprits, he rendered the following itemized statement of his outport:

Statement of delegate from Brooklyn, N. Y.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Car fare to Grand Central depot, 12½c.; sleeper to Cleveland, \$3.00; lunch and cigars, Po'keepsie, 60c.; breakfast on train, \$1; tips to porters, 60c.; dinner at Cleveland, 75c.; lunch on train, 85c.; parlor car from Cleveland to Cincinnati, 50c.; trip to Kentucky, expense incidental thereto, 30c.; several similar expenses, 60c.; Grand Hotel, 1½ days, \$4.50; Cincinnati to Cleveland parlor car, 50c.; dinner and tea, \$1.50; sleeper to Albany, \$2.75; breakfast, Albany, 75c.; car fare to Brooklyn, 12½c. Total, \$18.45. Travelled on his shape with the assistance of a friend. Would have cost \$34. Four days' time at \$10 per day, \$40. Total, \$92.45. Allowed by secretary, \$15, leaving \$77.45, deducted as luxuries. Two sleepless nights on Wagner sleepers not charged.

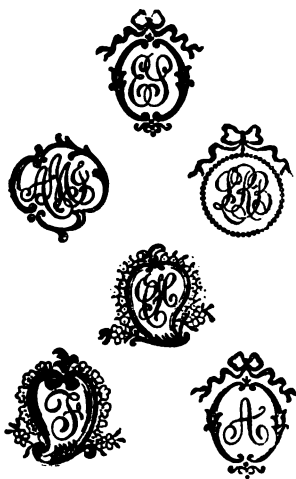


Appeared before me this 10th day of December, 1897, a person who says he is the delegate mentioned in the accompanying schedule, and that the facts are as cited.

G. WASHINGTON MCGINNIS, Commissioner.

His wife asked him what he was doing when he wrote this and he told her he was making history. She said he was making a fool of himself; but as she rides a bicycle and goes to the Chiropean he did not chide her.

L. H. C.



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THE SPIRIT OF '76

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES, INCIDENTS AND MEN OF '76. AND COLONIAL TIMES.

Vol. IV. No. 6.
Whole No. 42.

Published Monthly by The Spirit of '76
Publishing Co., 18 & 20 Rose St., New York.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

Entered at N. Y. Post Office as
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Per Copy, 10 Cents



PHOTO BY ALLAN A. FAXON.

SOUTHBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL.

PATRIOTIC AIR FUND.

I NTERESTING exercises at the Southbridge, Mass. High School took place Monday morning January 3rd. During the session of the High School a flag and an engraving of Stuart's portrait of Washington were presented to the school by THE SPIRIT OF '76. A Patriotic Air fund had been started by a donation of \$5.00 from J. Richards, of the Union League Club of New York to furnish schools with these engravings and flags, Southbridge being the first school favored with them. The engraving of Washington is handsomely framed in oak and bears a silver plate upon which is inscribed:

IN MEMORY OF EDMUND NICHOLS, OF STURBRIDGE,
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PRESENTED TO THE SOUTHBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL
BY THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Draped in the American flag the picture has a pretty effect and at the same time is a constant inspiration to the scholars. The exercises opened with the rendering of Keller's National Hymn. R. P. Nichols, a former teacher in the High School, representing THE SPIRIT OF '76 presented the picture with a few well chosen words, emphasizing the need of patriotic ideals in the minds of the public school children. The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung. The Rev. Willis A. Hadley in an interesting and instructive talk on the patriotism of our forefathers received the gifts.



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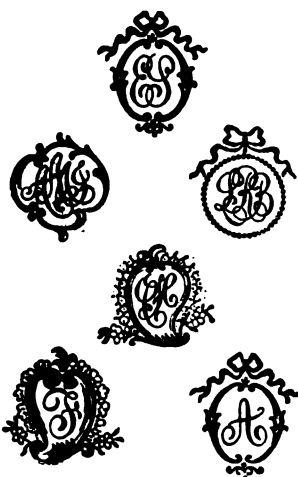
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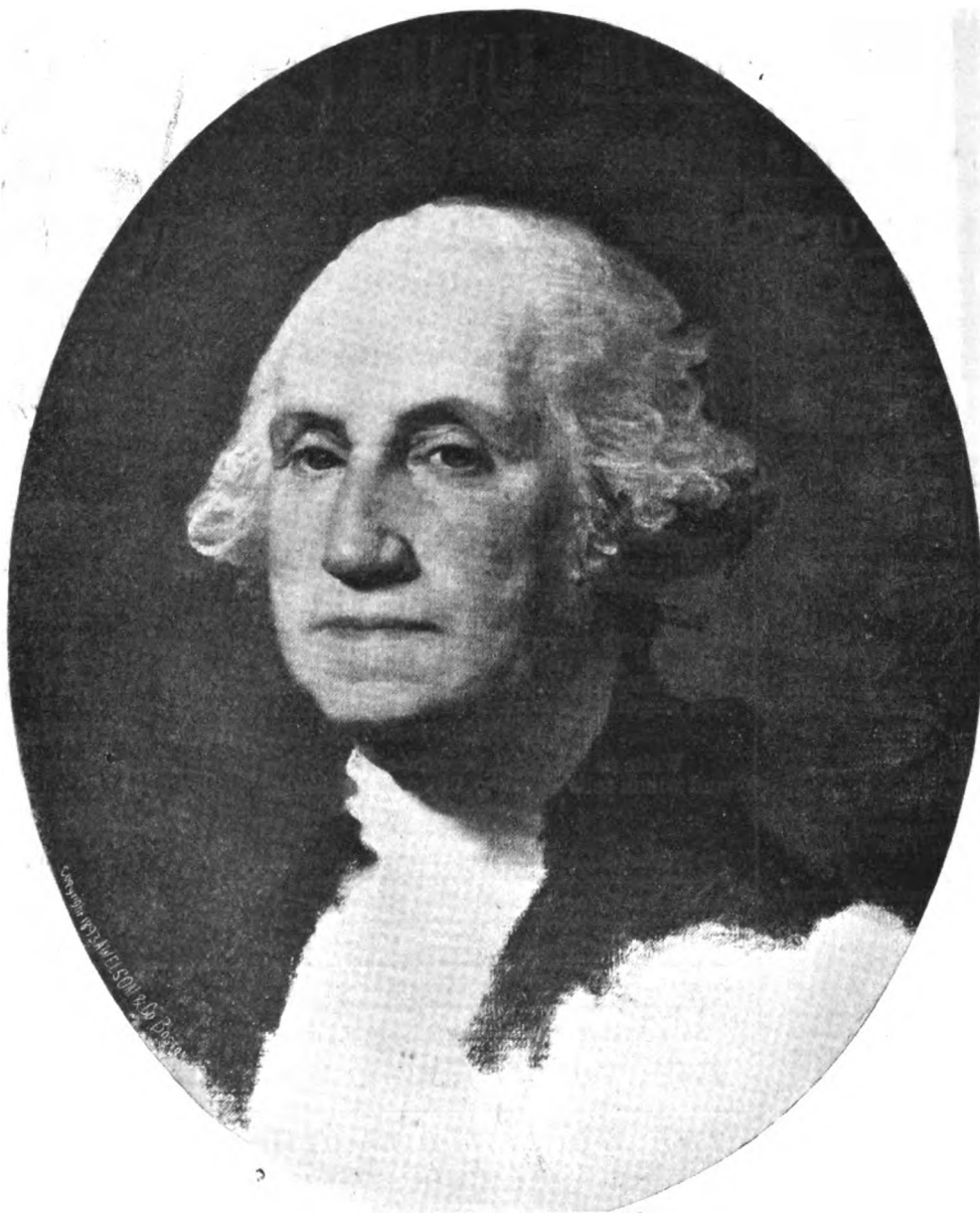
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BY THE "SPIRIT OF '76."

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

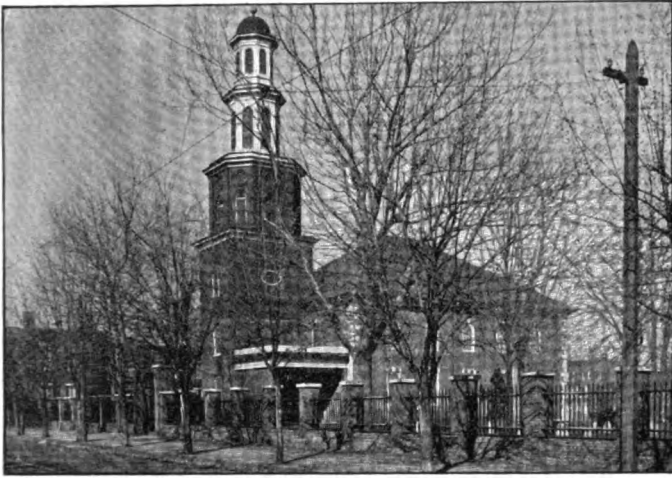
No. 42

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Publishing Co., 18-20 Rose St., New York.]

FEBRUARY, 1898

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second class matter, Sep. 1894.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FANE, IN YE ANCIENT CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

DESPITE the cable road from Washington to the gates of Mount Vernon, the quaint town of Alexandria in Virginia, on the shores of the Potomac, is to-day the same primitive village as of old, when George Washington and lady in their big family coach rumbled over the cobble stones through its grass-grown streets nearly a hundred years ago. It is a veritable Mecca of the New World, and to-day, as then, the weeds grow undisturbed, seldom crushed, except by the slowly passing wheels of a funeral cortege. It has been termed "the only finished town in America."

Conspicuous among its time-honored buildings stands Christ church, the sacred edifice in which the immortal Washington worshipped. A picture is given herewith. Kneeling within the high-backed pew in which he bowed his head in prayer, one is led to picture the scene of those early gatherings, and reverence the memory of the brave hearts to whose ardent patriotism and valor the nation owes its prosperity. By a unanimous vote of the vestry this pew has been carefully preserved in its original character for the accommodation of strangers.

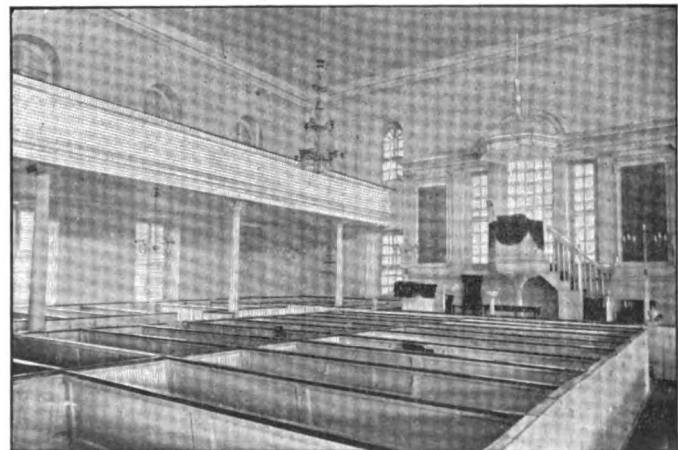
During the rectorship of Rev. Dr. McKim, now pastor of Epiphany church, Washington, D. C., many alterations were made; among them a modern oak pulpit and reading desk took the place of the original white painted, tall home glass and high sounding board; the mahogany communion table and chairs made way for others of more modern style, and the simple diamond pane glass windows on either side of the chancel were replaced by those richly illuminated and more in keeping with the alterations. Under the rectorship of the late Dr. Henderson Sutor the original condition of the interior was restored; for fortunately all the furnishings of the chancel had been carefully preserved by members of the congregation as precious relics. The objectionable windows were removed and the old style replaced; the brass and crystal chandelier, that had been treasured in the family of a vestryman, a reminder of the days of candles, when occultists were unknown.

From a sermon preached by Dr. McKim upon the Centennial anniversary of the church in 1873, a vivid picture may be obtained. He says: "Let us picture the appear-

ance of things in this venerable edifice on a Sunday morning of the year 1776. The church then stood, not as it now stands, with clustering rows of dwellings, but isolated, amid extensive growth of forest trees, with no steeple, like that which to-day lifts its head above the tree-tops; nor must its worshippers tarry, the silver tones of a bell that now summons us hither. Its interior alone must be greatly changed, these spacious galleries must disappear, these seventy-two pews must give place to fifty of a far different character—stiff, square and high-backed. Such is the church of '76. But how shall we picture the congregation which Suannah Edwards, the sexton, ushers up those tile-paved aisles to the seats allotted to each according to dignity. We should have to fill the church with families few of whom are represented here to-night. Mrs. William Payne would doubtless be in her accustomed seat upon the pulpit platform, provided at her husband's expense, with the consent of the vestry, in consideration of her deafness. Colonel Washington, so scrupulous in attending the services, seated in yonder pew. Here, too, would be the Wests, the Muirs, the Flemings, the Caryles, the Curtises, the Ramseys, the Daltons, the Alexanders, the Adameses the Wrens, the Herberts, the Paynes, the Dulins, the Sanfords, the Frenches, the Shaws, the Broadwaters, the Blackburns, the Danes, the Gunnells, the Chichesters, the Triplets, the Coxes, the Browns, the Gilpins and the Hooes; but when we have called their names we have done all we can; their antique dress, their manners, their countenances, and their characters, this much, and more, we have no means of describing, and so we leave the picture incomplete."

Rev. Dr. Griffith, who in 1780-89 added this parish to his pastorate at Falls Church, was often entertained at Mount Vernon as a welcome guest. It is recorded of Washington that he was conspicuous among the first to set an example of liberality in support of the church. Among the documents preserved in the vestry room is one bearing his signature, agreeing, with seven others, that the pews owned by them in the Episcopal church of Alexandria, Va., shall forever be charged with an annual rental of five pounds sterling.

As early as the year 1787 it was found necessary to erect galleries to accommodate the growing congregation. In 1790 Rev. Dr. Griffith was succeeded by Rev. William Bryan Fairfax. It was this Dr. Fairfax who blindly tried to dissuade his friend and neighbor from the war with England, though he continued to the last, through his prudence and great worth,



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.

to enjoy the confidence and esteem of his distinguished parishioners. The disputed question of Washington's communing at the altar has been definitely settled in the affirmative, through the testimony of General Potterfield.

Set in the wall in either side of the chancel are white marble tablets in memory of Washington and Lee, friends and brothers in arms. Beneath that of Washington is the pew now owned by his great grandnephew. No. 5 (Washington's pew) is on the left hand aisle, within easy hearing distance from the chancel. Just across the middle aisle is that of the Lees, now in possession of Miss Alice Calhoun, a descendant of the statesman. The original brass name plate was stolen from its place early in the year 1864.

On October 1st, 1891, Rev. Dr. Sutor held the first service upon the completion of repairs, during which he took occasion to extend heartfelt thanks to all who had so ably seconded him in the work of restoration, and urged upon the young congregation "to keep the old Fane as it now stands in its simplicity and beauty." To Rev. Dr. Dane is due the erection of the first fence around the graveyard, though this precaution was not taken until 1819, when many of the graves had been entirely obliterated by the reckless driving of heavy wagons through the grounds, and uprooting trees and destroying headstones in their progress. In 1830 this wooden fence was replaced by an iron rail surmounting a rough stone wall.

A leaf from the parish register bears evidence that the highest price for a pew was paid by Washington—the sum is set at £36 10s. The church was confiscated by the Federal government in the early days of the rebellion and placed in charge of a regimental chaplain, and the rector, Rev. Dr. Walker, with several of his flock were allowed to depart at will to the Confederate lines, but not until the white flag of peace once more waved over the land was the church restored to the vestry.

An interesting character long associated with the church is Dean, the old Verger, who has filled the position since 1861. A veritable encyclopedia, his memory for dates and inscriptions is remarkable. His familiarity with obituaries, partially effaced by time from the crumbling headstones, renders him invaluable to relic lovers.

Among illustrious names on the register are those of Griswold, Moore, Mead and Biddell, Dudley A. Tyng, Chas. Howard and James Chrisholm, Savage, Minor, Payne, Hanning, Colden Hoffman and Cleveland Keth; fearless soldiers of the cross. Last but not least that noble woman, Miss Fay, whose work in the mission field of the East has placed her foremost in the ranks of missionaries. Rev. Townsend Dade was the first rector, ordained by the Bishop of London, December 30th, 1765. His salary was fixed at 17,280 pounds of tobacco. In the year 1777 it was agreed that one thing more was required for the well being of the rector, "and a hen house was ordered to be built, of hewn logs with two ballard doors with partition through the middle. As most of the old Virginia planters were descended from the Cavaliers and the opportunities for higher education scarce, their sons were sent to England. In this way the tone of society in the colonies became essentially English; and the Episcopal church was as firmly established in Virginia as the Congregational in New England.

The question of Washington's practical interest in the affairs of the parish is disposed of through the records of old Pohick. In the year 1764 the original edifice having fallen into decay, it was resolved to erect a new one. Washington took an active part in the discussions which ensued. To quote from an authority (Schroeder's Life and Times of Washington): "We are told that the question as to its location became a matter of much excitement; George Mason, who led the party favorable to the retention of the original

site, made an eloquent harangue at the meeting called to decide the point. His speech had a powerful effect, and it was thought that there would not be a dissenting voice, but at its conclusion Washington arose and drew from his pocket an accurate survey of the parish which he had made; in this was marked the site of the old church and the proposed location of the new, together with the place of residence of each parishioner. He spread his map before the Assembly, briefly explaining it, expressed a hope that they would not be guided by their feelings in defiance of better judgment, and sat down. This mode of argument, so characteristic, decided the question. The proposed new site was accepted by a decisive majority, and Pohick church was in 1765, accordingly erected upon its present location.

ANNA PROVOOST THOMAS.

An Acrostic.

Go on thy wings of light, and write his name
Eternal with the living tongue of Fame!
On Heaven's blue field that signal name must be
Resplendent as thine own—sweet Liberty!
Greece has no parallel upon her page,
Else she had stood amid the darkest age.

When trembling tyrants heard that Rome was free,
Amongst her noblest sons was none like he.
Some bright celestial watch'd upon his birth,
Her own pure element she mix'd with earth,
Incarnated the spirit and the flame,—
Nature was pleas'd—Columbia's hero came!
Go ask old Time his record to enroll;
Trace through the eras on that endless scroll,
O'er all its glorious names, and thou canst find
None like to his!—the Star of human kind!

PEACE IS OUR POLICY.

FROM the time of Washington's Farewell Address to the American people when he retired to private life at the expiration of his second term of office, the policy of the United States government has ever been to adhere to the wise precepts laid down in that Farewell Address. Far-sighted, a man of calm, dispassionate judgment, an able statesman as well as great general, Washington's genius raised him to a higher plane than all his contemporaries. Viewed in the light which subsequent events shed on history, he appears still greater, and in comparison with all other great men appears like a giant among pigmies, while his colossal figure towers above them all. Assailed during the war for independence by Congress, as that respectable body was not able to appreciate the full value of his strategic movements, not realizing that patience and prudence would win in the long run, Washington refused to wreck the chances or success by foolhardy encounters with disciplined English forces. And when he did engage in battle it was usually when there was some likelihood of success.

Desolate hearths, fatherless children, bereaved widows, hardship, poverty and distress all over the country were some of the sacrifices offered up for freedom and independence as a holocaust on the altar of liberty. Patriots gladly sacrificed their lives and fortunes, trusting that Providence would bless their cause and that prosperity would be enjoyed ultimately by posterity.

A keen realization of the horrors of war, the misery and distress, and the financial ruin which threatened the new-born republic until public affairs were finally readjusted and settled, gave Washington too vivid an appreciation of its realities to wish one to engage ruthlessly in another struggle. The English statesman Canning said: "If I wished

for a guide in a system of neutrality, I should take that laid down by America in the days of the presidency of Washington and the secretaryship of Jefferson." One of Jefferson's sententious remarks was: "Peace is our passion, but wrongs might drive us from it." In spite of this he told Livingston in 1802 that the French occupation of Louisiana was not important enough to risk a breach of peace. Within a short time afterwards the port of New Orleans was closed to American commerce, and this move proved to be a source of financial distress to the United States.

To summarize the early history of Louisiana as briefly as possible, the following are the main facts. The mouth of the Mississippi was discovered by the French in 1699. New Orleans was founded in 1717, and acquired notoriety soon after during the "Mississippi Bubble," when the king granted the colony to John Law and his company. When the "bubble" burst the land became the property of the crown and remained in possession of the French until 1762, when they ceded it to Spain. While Napoleon was first consul he persuaded Spain to retrocede Louisiana to France. This transaction occurred in 1800, and three years later he sold Louisiana to the United States for fifteen millions, completely ignoring Spain in this transaction. "To palliate and endure" was another Jeffersonian adage. The appropriation for the army and navy were cut down during Jefferson's administration, and soon after these retrenchments were effected our country was forced to protect itself against the arbitrary demands of the Barbary States, and a few years later, in 1812, the war broke out between England and the United States.

Our country was kept see-sawing between England and France for some time previous. Both foreign powers were bent on pressing the young republic to the wall. England trampled her under her iron heel, while France inflicted one wrong after another. Politics were a tangled skein in which are mingled foreign aggression and spoliation, England's high-handed impressment of American sailors, and France's seizure of American shipping—while both threatened and bullied the little republic, at that time in its childhood—but a lusty, loud-lunged and boisterous stripling.

Great Britain was jealous of French influence, and accused the United States of salaming to France, until on the other hand France egged on the republic to do battle against British aggression and oppression, while she slyly put a spoke in her wheel, and the despotic Napoleon carried things with a high hand.

Jefferson's policy of preserving peace and averting war; his desire to bring the country into a prosperous and flourishing condition; his passive resistance to British encroachments and French oppression, and his Embargo Act stirred up a hornet's nest in the New England States, and brought them to the verge of disruption. Jefferson's peace policy was abandoned when Madison stepped into his shoes. One of Jefferson's last measures before retiring from office was to abolish the Embargo Act.

Meanwhile the war cloud was growing bigger and bigger, and finally the tempest burst upon the land and Madison had to weather the storm. During the war of 1812 small towns on the Canadian border were laid waste, the British ravaged our coasts, and set fire to Washington, and the capital was abandoned for a short time. Finally the Americans were victorious and forced their foes to acknowledge their supremacy on land and sea. In times of peace prepare for war. Republics should avoid warfare as much as possible, but when the issue is forced upon them, should take up arms with the conviction that right is on their side, and fight manfully for success, but not in a half-hearted way. The country should not rush recklessly into warfare, nor cherish quixotic vagaries and battle with wind mills. The lives and interests of seventy million Americans con-

stitute a serious problem for statesmen to solve as well as the conflict between labor and capital; and other stormy questions produced through the rapid growth of our country. At the end of the War for Independence the population of the United States only numbered three millions souls.

The thirteen states were in constant turmoil owing to their selfish views and desire to look out each for state rights in preference to those of the country at large. Disruption was imminent, for each state was in an aggressive attitude towards the others. Congress was a mere figurehead, and that body roamed around pillar to post, holding sessions which were virtually ignored, and unattended by deputies from the states whenever more pressing matters at home claimed their attention. At the end of the War for Independence the necessity was obvious for organizing a more stable form of government, and Washington and other gifted statesmen held prolonged sessions with closed doors, and amidst stormy debates, keen contests of wit and profound thought the draft of the Constitution was drawn up, which vested the chief authority in an executive and laid down laws that gathered into a nucleus the interest and welfare of the people. Washington was elected the first president of the United States. And this able commander was placed at the helm to steer the ship of state into a safe harbor. Financial troubles were adjusted, a commercial panic was averted, and slowly and surely the nation prospered.

The acquisition of lands in the far West, followed by that of Louisiana, purchased from France by the United States, the cession of Florida, annexation of Texas, and later California and New Mexico, which became part of the United States, vastly increased our territory, and from three millions the population has swelled to nearly seventy million people. Our country successfully breasted the breakers during the difficulty with France, the conflict with the Barbary States, and the War of 1812 with England. The Mexican war also terminated successfully for the United States.

The fratricidal struggle during the Civil War cost the country a million lives. The grey and the blue are at rest in their graves, until the Day of Judgment shall bring them before the great white throne above. The Union was preserved, but at the sacrifice of precious lives. Peace has reigned for years in our happy land, unbroken save by occasional skirmishes with the Indians in the far West. But there is always a lull before a storm, and who could predict what the outcome would be should the United States become involved in a conflict with Europe?

If Cassandra's warnings had been heeded dire disaster might have been averted at the siege of Troy. And lessons may be learned from fiction; and history repeats itself. Level-headed statesmen should deliberately weigh each new move in their vast game of chess, so intricate and complicated, and take care not to be checkmated by some envious opponent. American spirit is fearless; American temper easily ruffled. No free-born American will brook oppression, and he is ever ready to become the champion of the oppressed and shield them from harm.

Uncle Sam is depicted as a shrewd, practical, keen-witted Yankee, who will not recklessly rush into any conflict, but who weighs the pros and cons most carefully. He may with imperturbable equanimity and good natured patience, conscious of his own strength and integrity, endure the attacks made on him by the foreign press, for, like Atlas, his shoulders are broad enough to bear not only that, but the weight of the universe as well. However, Uncle Sam will maintain his rights and enforce proper respect from the world, while he is ever ready to wave the Star Spangled Banner and advocate freedom and equal rights for all mankind all over the universe.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

A NEW YORK PATRIOT IN PRISON.

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

How the English in 1777 Made Dungeons in the Livingston Sugar House and Hall of Records.

JUDGE CHARLES M. TOMPKINS, who has been in the Department of the Interior at Washington since Lincoln first appointed him, as well as his Westchester County relatives, never tire of recounting the sufferings as a Revolutionary patriot of their grandfather, Elias Cornelius, who as a young M. D. in the early years of the war against King George, served as surgeon's mate in the brigade of General Varnum, whose descendants yet illustrate the political, loyal and social circles of New York City. When the Britons of to-day wonder why there exists so bitter a feeling in the United States against the English government the answer would be that such stories as grandfather Cornelius had to relate to his posterity (which was only a sample story of tales narrated by a thousand other Continental prisoners) emphasized the naturally bullying propensity of all John Bulls and their inclination toward oppression and cruelty. So long as American children receive common school education, so long will their own native logic teach them to hate a government guilty of oppressions toward their ancestry such as characterized the era of George III., or countenanced the felonious raid of British troops on the National Capitol during the naval war in President Madison's time; or learn about the selfishness of the English cabinet during our civil war time in aiding and abetting secession. London newspapers have but to remember that Americans thereby have a three-fold reason for disliking English governments; and a dislike intensified by reflection upon the three hundred years of their oppressions and cruelties toward Irishmen. This spirit of hatred and dislike is probably more rampant in New York than elsewhere, because its local revolutionary history especially teems with narratives of Tory oppression in our Colonial city and of Tory cruelties in city prisons and prison ships and at the Wallabout on the Brooklyn side, fostered by vindictive provost marshals. The vindictive English spirit of our Revolutionary era has subsequently existed for the Sepoys of India. In 1777 General Howe did not blow prisoners into fragments at the cannon's mouth as was done in 1855 in Hindostan; but the story of Dr. Cornelius' imprisonment in New York City that now passes into history for the first time proves how English vindictiveness could intensify. When Doctor Elias Cornelius surrendered his medical future in this city in order to respect his patriotic instincts by volunteering in the army of Washington, it occupied posts in the area which is now known as the annexed district of this city. In the summer of 1777 the hospital stores of General Varnum's brigade stationed in the city suburbs were sadly deficient; and the city being held by red coats it was difficult for such stores to be procured. Wherefore it occurred to Dr. Cornelius to suggest a raid for hospital stores upon those within the enemy's lines that were as near to the Continental lines as in 1862 were the two hostile armies along the Potomac. The raid was undertaken by Surgeon General Tunison of Washington's General Hospital and Captain Alden's company of fifty. It proved successful as to capturing medicines, bandages, lint and surgical instruments; but in returning one section with which was Doctor Cornelius fell into an ambush at East Chester, where after a brief engagement it had to yield to overwhelming numbers. The horse of Doctor Cornelius was seized and also his pistol holsters by Hessian privates, who acted, says Cornelius, more like brigands than soldiers. They took off his military cloak and even wrenched the buckles from his shoes and obtained thirty pounds in money and his handkerchief, and actually showed

some symptoms of grabbing his shirt and stockings. Now, Doctor Cornelius was a non-combatant as a surgeon and to be respected as such by the rules of war—rules that the generals of George III. by the aid of Aboriginal Indian allies hunting for scalps and of Hessian allies bent upon plunder seldom respected throughout the whole Revolutionary and naval wars. The ambush had been planned for the red coats by a Tory civilian—for, sad to relate, the city and its suburbs abounded with Tories and traitors, and new converts are generally the most zealous. The captors stopped at the tavern of a Tory named Hunt who taunted Cornelius, whom he well knew, while at the same time he was dealing out to them liquor bought as he knew with the stolen money. There the hapless surgeon was detained all night in close confinement with a few fellow comrades, and watched by sentinels who threatened to blow out his brains of the first one of the party who spoke to another.

All this, and much more which now follows of narrative appears from an original journal of his grandfather, a copy of which Judge Tompkins piously preserves. On the following morning the doctor and companions were escorted under Hessian guard to Kingsbridge, and delivered over to the custody of the Provost Guard. During the day the prisoners suffered with hunger and thirst, being given only mouldy bread and drink from a bucket of water into which a pint of rum was poured, and some green apples which "were thrown at me," says the journal, "as if I was a pig in a pen." Soon they were marched under guard toward New York, and on the way, on a point overlooking the Hudson that would seem to have been situated about where now is Grant's tomb, they were brought into the headquarters of a Hessian general for triumphant exhibition. It would seem to have occasioned great sport to the red coat officers to find captured rebels brought before them to be baited with rough jests and coarse aspersions upon their disloyalty; and for an hour Dr. Cornelius and his comrades afforded the fat old beer-drinking Hessian general great delight; and such as Spaniards feel at a bull fight. Baiting and wounding with the tongue is often to a man of fine feeling as exquisite pain as to the bull is baiting with swords. After the Hessian general had enjoyed his fill of rebel sport, Dr. Cornelius was marched easterly across the island until Bowery was reached, which, said his journal, "is three-quarters of a mile from the City of New York." Continues Dr. Cornelius' account: "As we marched into town Hessians, negroes and children insulted, abused and stoned us in every way they could think of. Two of our men had become so fatigued that we were obliged to carry them. And in this way we were paraded as a show, to be brought before General Jones, who ordered us as prisoners into Livingston's sugar house. Dr. Cornelius arrived there under charge of Sergeant Walley (now of historic infamy) of the 20th regiment (Irish,) who began with apparent delight a course of barbarous treatment. This generation should remember that young New York (N. B.—It is a mistake to speak of "old New York" as belonging to a century ago, for only in 1897 exists an old New York) was then intensely tory. The city was really then "English—quite English, you know;" and the early "sons of liberty," headed by Alexander Hamilton, the Columbia College student, had enlisted under Washington. The sugar house in question was full of holes in its roof, and the prisoners kept in the upper stories were after every rain intentionally exposed to chills and rheumatism.

"You are a rebel doctor, eh?" cried Jailer Walley to Cornelius; "then you can dose yourself;" and he confiscated the doctor's commission, which was signed by Surgeon General John Cochrane (grandfather of that namesake who is known to this generation as Alderman, Police Justice, Congressman, Union General and President of the Society of

the Cincinnati.) The commission was also signed by Washington's staff physician, Doctor Craig, who it will be recalled medically ministered to the dying ex-President. Dr. Cornelius' father was a tory living on the Sound shore of Long Island and had resented the rebel proclivities of his son—at this time not yet of age—and blamed his medical preceptor, the famous Doctor Samuel Latham Mitchell, afterwards the first Federal Senator from New York, for instilling rebel sentiments. Being without funds and clothing the captured Cornelius begged for pen, ink and paper, so as to write to his father; but Jailer Walley not only refused but struck him in the face with his cane and reduced his allowance of mouldy bread and water. The father, however, learned of his son's capture and imprisonment through the tory "Rivington Gazette," and came to see him; but only to urge him to obey Lord Howe's proclamation, which gave pardon to all rebels who should return to their allegiance unto King George. Dr. Cornelius indignantly declined, and the old tory father left his son to his fate; but after the war ended that son was enabled to save his father's property from confiscation. New York rebels were then situated toward Captain General Lord Howe much as Havana rebels are by the forgiving proclamation of Captain General Weyler..

From the sugar house prison Dr. Cornelius was removed to the Provost Marshal's prison on the site of the present Hall of Records, in which still stands portions of the old prison wall. The doctor, because he had refused the clemency of Lord Howe, was clapped into a basement dungeon where he encountered a fellow prisoner—a ship captain of Philadelphia named Chatham, who had as captive refused to pilot a British troop ship up the Delaware. Provost Marshal Cunningham—probably the most cruel and inhuman jailer known to history, and because of his devilish proclivities kept in office to enforce the early repressive measures that the British adopted towards conquering the spirit of rebels—inflicted



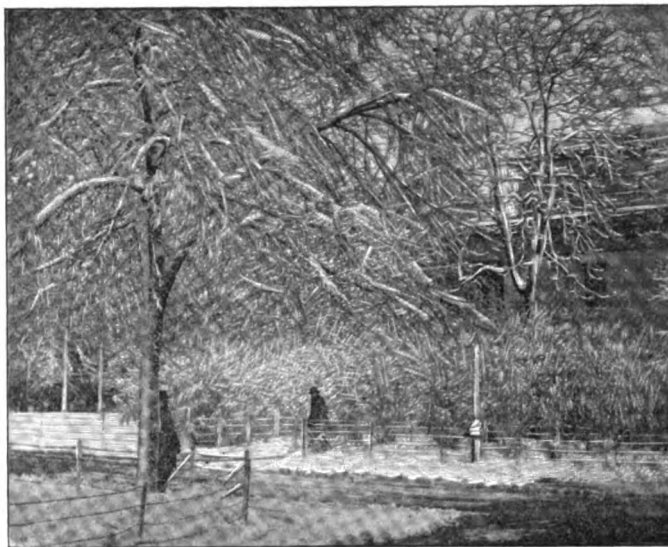
"OLD SUGAR HOUSE"

new indignities upon Cornelius and the others, and not only refused the latter the offices of the provost physician, but punished Dr. Cornelius for attempting to medically succor them. "But they will die," remonstrated the doctor. "They are sent here for that purpose," rejoined Cunningham; "and His Gracious Majesty will forgivingly bury them in Potters Field." That pauper cemetery was then the area now Washington Square. Here Dr. Cornelius was kept from Aug. 25 to Sep. 12 without change of linen or clothing or water for ablutions. Among the prisoners Dr. Cornelius found brave Ethan Allen, who three years previously had become the hero of Ticonderoga, but had been taken prisoner in the General Montgomery expedition against Montreal. Ethan Allen narrated to the doctor, who copied the narrative into his diary, how he had been put on board a man-of-war in the St. Lawrence, chained flat on his back during six months

in a corner of the hold, and twice carried on shore in England to be hanged, once also on the coast of Ireland, and a third time at Halifax. Allen's bravery was not then fully known to the doctor, who quaintly writes in his diary, "there seemed to have been much antipathy to Allen." He was not aware either that all those cruelties and these of Cunningham were brought up in Parliament by friends therein of the colonists and expressly by vote approved by Lord North's bloodthirsty administration. And yet the London *Times* continues to wonder why so many Americans dislike the country of Queen Victoria's grandfather, who countenanced the cruelties and oppressions of McKinley's ancestral people. Adds the Cornelius journal: "I frequently saw beaten with canes and ramrods women who came to the prison windows to speak to their husbands, sons or brothers; some of whom would be put on bread and water diet in dungeons merely for asking that cold water



"OLD SUGAR HOUSE"
From Rose Street.



"HALL OF RECORDS"

Photo by Wm. H. Cooper.

March 2nd, 1896.

be passed to them through the bars." When General Clinton and a British force captured Fort Montgomery its officers were brought to Cunningham's care, some of them wounded, whom Dr. Cornelius begged to attend surgically only to receive refusals with curses. The London *Times* criticizes Weyler for his treatment of prisoners, and yet he is only in Havana adopting the English precedents set by Lord Howe and Provost Marshal Cunningham in Colonial New York City. Soon, however, news came that General Burgoyne had capitulated to General Gates at Saratoga, when the Cunningham imprisonment modified somewhat. "We are now even given each a little butter, and a gill of rice to each, and our dried peas are al-

lowed to be boiled," quaintly and pathetically writes the doctor; and in January, 1778, he adds, "good bread and beef and wood to burn." But soon Cornelius was taken back to the sugar house, where he found "the Hessian guards stealing our clothes and bed blankets and kicking and beating us." He became so ill, but had made himself so useful, medically, to the British surgeon that when "the rebel physician" became ill the former sent him "to the brick church hospital in the street called Wall." From this hospital the doctor one night escaped, and in a blizzard traversed the island up as high as opposite Hell Gate with almost incredible exposure, suffering and romantic incidents; whence he crossed by boat to Long Island and was cared for by secretive patriots. There is a pathetic entry in the diary—"passed at night by the house in which I was born and dared not go in lest my grandfather, a devoted loyalist, should return me to prison." He eventually escaped by boat into Norwalk, Connecticut, and was enabled to rejoin the army, which was now at Valley Forge in Pennsylvania. There he shared the terrors of that patient and suffering waiting of Washington and his patriot soldiers that history has made memorable, and in his surgical capacity Dr. Cor-

nelius was of great service to the Continental camps. Two years more he continued in surgical army duty, but through illness was obliged to seek his honorable discharge in the very year of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. It was in a village by that name in the north of Westchester County that he settled as physician, but passed most of his declining years in the town of Somers, dying there in 1823. And many now old men residing in it recall hearing, when they were young, from the lips of old Dr. Cornelius the stories of his sufferings in New York City English prisons. He had a clerical son, who succeeded the father of William M. Evarts as Secretary of the American Board of Missions, and who in his turn had a son whom he named after the elder Evarts. The old army surgeon's grandchildren reside in many parts of the United States, and one of them, Mrs. Hyatt, in this city. His sword, a gift from Lafayette, whom he attended in an illness, abides on British soil in the keeping of a clerical grandson, the Rev. Tallman C. Perry, of La Prairie, Canada. And summer residents at Mahopac Falls can in its cemetery read the tombstone of the great patriotic sufferer in the British prisons of this city, whose wan journal in the possession of the Rhode Island branch of the Cincinnati Society is the basis of the foregoing narrative.

Washington's Birthday.

1. Arise—'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Time tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for Freedom the fields of the sun.
Not with gold nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!
2. He gave us a nation; to make it immortal
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man.
3. Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!
4. O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tributes shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
We follow thy counsels,
O hero eternal,
To highest achievement the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,
We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

The Earliest Portrait of George Washington.

FEW men have attained during their life the universal renown of Washington, hence it is not surprising that all American painters of the period should have contributed in preserving for posterity their conception of his features and physical appearance. Charles Wilson Peale, Wright, Ramage, Savage, Pine, Stuart, Trumbull and others, no doubt instinctively felt that much of their fame would eventually rest on their success in executing a masterful and correct portraiture, hence each put forth his utmost efforts in attaining the most satisfactory results.

The portraits of Washington have formed the sole subject of

several important works and of numberless magazine and other articles. Replicas, copies, prints, medals, busts, etc., have also contributed as collorary exemplifications, and the subject has apparently been so thoroughly exhausted as to furnish no opportunity for further development or new discoveries.

Nevertheless it has fallen to the lot of the writer of this article, through his connection with the discovery of the great John Trumbull's revolutionary hoard, of bringing to light a large number of heretofore unknown, or rather for a long time forgotten, original portraits, sketches, and miniatures of Washington, many of which have now found their way into private collections, while others still remain in his possession.

Colonel John Trumbull, aide-de-camp to Washington, was not only the greatest and most prolific of all American painters of the period, an ardent admirer and intimate friend of George and Martha Washington, but he was also an indefatigable and very successful collector.

If kept intact, his marvelous collection would in itself have formed the most complete and valuable revolutionary museum in America, but the stupidity of late owners, coupled with the apathy and indifference of present collectors, led to a gradual but absolute disintegration of its component parts. However much this may be regretted by some, it must now be accepted as an accomplished fact. The scattered fragments have, and are still finding their way into good collections; but divided among many, the special character of this collection is lost. Its reconstruction is now as impossible as that of a Greek temple torn down in past ages by vandal hands.

One of the most interesting and valuable paintings from this hoard is one of George Washington, by John Smybert, a talented painter, Scotch by birth, who, following the customs of the day, gained a livelihood by traveling about the country, stopping at the different plantations, partaking of bounteous hospitality, but with probable scant remuneration for his artistic work.

In 1750 John Smybert met George Washington at the Lord Fairfax mansion, on the borders of the Potomac, and there the future great general, and founder of America's great republic, first became the subject of an artist's skill in portraiture. In 1750 Washington was in his nineteenth year; this portrait therefore antedates by 22 years the one by Charles Wilson Peale, made in 1772, when Washington was a colonel of Virginia militia, heretofore considered to have been his earliest known portrait.

This painting represents young Washington in natural size to hip, with full face, turned slightly to left, dressed in the colonial costume of the day, a dark colored coat, gilt buttons, waistcoat of striped yellow and dark material, ruffled shirt front, lace cuffs. The left arm hangs naturally at side, holding in shapely hand an open scroll or surveyor's plan; the right hand is concealed behind a table on which are placed two volumes and a pen. The face is of a finely modeled oval, full lips, large lustrous eyes, a well formed nose, and a pleasing, self-conscious and self-reliant expression. It is in original gilt frame, 38x29 inches in measurement. On the canvas is the autographic inscription in large script, floriated capitals, "George Washington, age 19." The words "John Smybert fec. 1750" appear in upper left corner of frame. Two autographic notes by John Trumbull, pasted to the back of frame state that this portrait had been for many years in the possession of the Fairfax family. The preservation is excellent; it has never been retouched, revarnished or in any manner restored.

As a sample of Smybert's rare skill in portraiture it possesses decided merit, but its charm is enhanced a thousand fold by the fact that it is the portrait of George Washington, wearing the proud mien of budding manhood. The few who have seen it pronounce the portrait an excellent one, the features unquestionably those of Washington as he must have appeared at that early age.

Art connoisseurs or collectors interested in the subject can view the painting by application to the writer at his office, 108 East 14th Street, New York.

ED. FROSSARD.

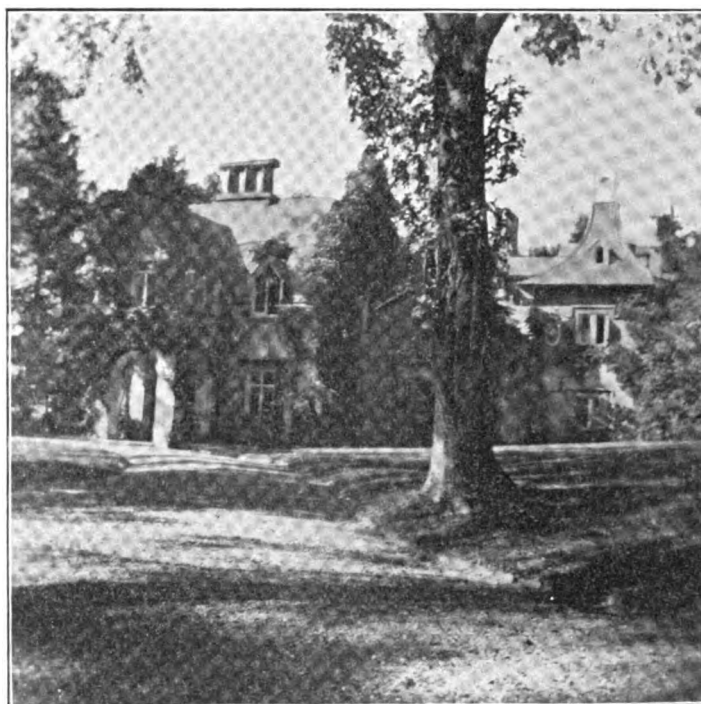
Miss Belladonna, in Miss Ticknor's story, is a decid d enfant terrible, who remarks that "Aunt Delia is so interested in what this country did in those times that I don't think she cares one bit about what happens to it nowadays. Some of the nicest people have a hard time finding any ancestors who fought, although Delia says they generally come across some one if they hunt long enough. She says that it is strange that many of the people who are not nice themselves have such a lot of splendid ancestors, while others whose names might help on the welfare of the country so much can't find even a single private in their family trees. Old Miss Jones, who makes over our outgrown dresses, is descended from three generals; but of course they couldn't have her in Aunt Delia's society."

The Dominie's Pilgrimage.

FROM FORT AMSTERDAM TO FORT ORANGE.

PART III BY EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

"Crossing to Tarrytown, I rode three miles down the old Albany Post Road (Broadway,) to pay homage to the memory of Washington Irving at Sunnyside. The humor of the 'Dutch Herodotus,' exercised so famously at the expense of my race, never blinded me to the brilliancy of his literary talents nor diminished my share in the popular appreciation of his sweet and lovable character. I have always been too well persuaded of his kindly nature to sympathize with that resentment which led so many families in the last generation to attempt to ostracise him for Diedrich Knickerbocker's satire upon their customs. As I turned in the lane which winds through a leafy retreat for half a mile before reaching Sunnyside on the banks of the Hudson, Irving's spirit seemed to brood upon the romantic scene, and I realized anew the American people's debt of gratitude to him for the romance with which his magic pen has invested the Hudson, for his Sketch Book, his Alhambra, his Conquest of Granada, Spanish Conquest, Life of



SUNNYSIDE. HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING

Photo by Edward Hageman Hall.

The first that struck me was :
PRIVATE PROPERTY.
NO TRESPASSING.
BEWARE OF THE DOGS.
"At the foot of the lane
the driveway was barred by a
wide gate labeled :

NO TRESPASSING
ON THIS PROPERTY

UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW.

"I turned back a bit and entered an unguarded gate, only to be confronted with the peremptory admonition :

NO ADMITTANCE HERE.

"Learning from some workmen that I would probably not be expelled from the grounds at that time, I pushed in, and found the Roost undergoing extensive additions and repairs, which undoubtedly accounted for the temporary laxity of vigilance. The old ivy-clad part of the structure preserved an unchanged exterior, but inside it was being completely remodeled and fitted with electric wires and other modern improvements. Seeing a woman of evident quality, dressed in black, in the porch-way, I ventured to address her a very polite inquiry as to the present proprietorship of the house, and was informed that a grand-nephew of Washington Irving owned the place; but the information was imparted in such a frigid manner as effectually to discourage any further inquiries, even if they had not been precluded by the instant disappearance of the woman in black within a convenient door. I tried to read the Dutch inscription on the tablet up in the gable, but my vision is not what it was, and I appealed to a domestic performing some outside duty. Thinking, perhaps, of Diedrich Knickerbocker, I expected to find Dutch servants there; but the broad Celtic accents of the reply were sufficient to apprise me that I could not hope for an interpretation of the inscription in that quarter. The name Sunnyside

now seemed to be a misnomer. The atmosphere of the place was cold and repelling. The sign-boards and people all seemed to say, 'Go away. Don't bother us. We ain't responsible for what Washington Irving was.'"

I saw that the Dominie was now speaking with some bitterness, and I attempted to reason with him.

"Surely, Doctor," said I,—I called him 'Doctor,' although I did not know for a certainty that he was entitled to the degree; whereupon he interrupted me with :

"Call me 'Dominie,' if you please."

"I beg pardon, sir," I replied. "'Dominie' if you wish it; but I have heard 'Dominie' so frequently used irreverently, like 'Governor' for 'Father,' that it seems a disrespectful term of address."

"Not at all. It is a highly laudable title, and much respected in our denomination. It comes from the Latin 'Dominus,' meaning lord or master, and years ago was commonly applied not only to ministers of the Gospel, but to schoolmasters and others in authority."

"Well, sir," said I, recurring to the Sunnyside experience, "You surely will admit that these people are entitled to as much

privacy as any other family, and that they are under no obligations to take the public into their confidence. If they did not protect themselves, they would be overrun with intruders."

"Legally you are right, my young friend. But I tell you, I felt as if I had been to a temple with a heart's offering and had been ruthlessly turned away from the altar. I believe that above your legal rights there is a higher law of duty; that the owner or custodian of a historic place is under a moral obligation, imposed by the genius which made it famous, to gratify the reasonable sentiments which that genius has evoked, even among strangers."

I tried to argue the Dominie out of his false position, but he stuck to it with true Dutch pertinacity, and finally he dismissed the controversy with the remark :

"I am thankful to say that there are along the Hudson many happy illustrations of the proper spirit in which these historic trusts are held."

In a few minutes, the Pilgrim's good nature had returned, and he continued his tale. "Remounting Peg, I rode up the lane, regained the highway, and returned to Tarrytown. Just north of the center of the village I came to the monument erected on the spot where Andre was captured, September 23, 1780. Formerly outside of the settled precincts, it is now in the midst of a well populated town, on the edge of the western sidewalk of Broadway. The monument bears the following inscription :

"On this spot, the 23d day of September, 1780, the spy, Major John Andre, Adjutant General of the British Army, was captured by John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart, all natives of this county. History has told the rest.

"The people of Westchester County have erected this monument as well to commemorate a great event as to testify their high estimation for that integrity and patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from the most imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a spy and the plots of a traitor. Dedicated October 7, 1853."

"Three and three-fourths of a mile from Sunnyside I came to the Sleepy Hollow about which Irving has woven so many delightful legends. As I crossed the little stone bridge over the Pocantico I involuntarily took a firmer hold of the reins, lest Peg should catch something of the temper of Ichabod Crane's fiery steed as he

dashed over the creek in his mad endeavor to escape the Headless Hessian. A few rods up the slope on the other side of the creek, I tied Pegasus to a post before the old Dutch Church, which, a tab-

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CAPTURE MONUMENT

let informed me, was 'Erected by Frederick Philipse and Catharine Van Cortlandt, 1699.' In the belfry, the same bell that was brought from Holland and summoned my ancestors to worship two centuries ago, tolls its sweet invitation to the people of to-day. If ever this bell possessed a certain mysterious power formerly attributed to it, it has lost it, for none of the living generation has known it to ring without direct human assistance. The little church is in the midst of a city of the dead, among the memorials of which I noted the name of the Van Tassles and many another famous Dutch family. The gravestone of John Buckout, who died in 1785, celebrated as one of his greatest virtues the fact that he left 240 children and grandchildren—certainly a luminous example in contrast with the numerical decadence of the modern American family. Further up the green slope I found Irving's grave, marked by an inconspicuous white marble stone with rounded top, bearing simply his name and the dates of his birth and death. This is the third stone erected over his grave, the former having been ruined by relic hunters. All the edges of the present stone are rounded, to prevent chipping by vandals.

"Ascending the crest of the hill, commanding a superb view of the Hollow, I found a battle monument, a well-preserved revolutionary redoubt, and a rifled steel cannon marking 'Battle Hill.' The idea that such a peaceful place should ever have been the scene of carnage had never entered my mind, and these discoveries were in the nature of a surprise. The steel cannon referred to bears a plate with this inscription:

"This rifled steel cannon caused Napoleon III. to make its inventor, Francis H. Saltus, a member of the Legion of Honor of France. It now marks a redoubt which was thrown up by the patriot army in 1779, during the American Revolution. Placed here in 1889."

"I lingered long enough among these charming associations, and the day was well spent before I remounted my impatient horse and hurried on, over frightfully dusty roads, through Sing Sing to Croton-on-the-Hudson. As I passed the borders of the Haunted Hollow at Croton Neck, weird shadows were gathering and the strange rustling of the neighboring trees was a suggestive reminder of the Kitch-a-wan burying ground and of the ghostly Walking Satchels of Teller's Point. Determining to revisit this very interesting locality on the morrow, I urged Peg to a rapid gait, and at nightfall arrived at Croton Village, having ridden altogether 60 miles from the Battery to get 35 miles from New York. Being directed to the Kitch-a-wan Hotel, and having

carefully ascertained that there was no connection between this caravansary and the place of sepulture just passed, I quitted my saddle and committed myself and steed to the tender mercies of the landlord for the night."

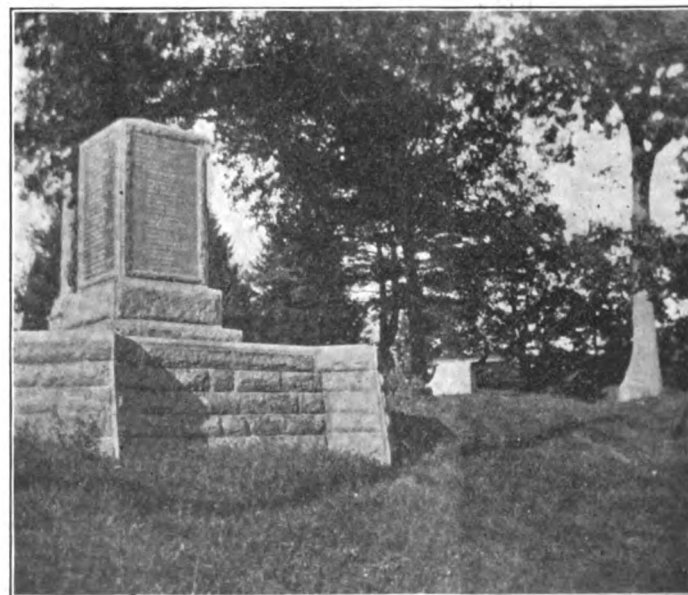
I doubt if my friend of the cloth would relish any intimation that he was superstitious, and yet I thought I detected just a suggestion of relief in his tone as he concluded the narrative of his last two miles' ride through the early neighborhood of Indian and Caucasian ghosts and announced his safe arrival at a well-lighted hotel.

"At breakfast, the next morning," continued the Pilgrim, "I chanced so meet a young civil engineer named Arthur Steele Child, who is winning his professional spurs on the new Cornell dam, and was persuaded by him to visit that wonderful structure. Riding two miles inland, we came to the works which, when completed, will constitute one of the greatest engineering feats of its kind in the world. Here, 35 miles from the City Hall as the crow flies, the Croton River is dammed into a lake which supplies the Island of Manhattan with fresh water. Work has been progressing for four years on the new dam, which, when completed, will make Croton Lake 29 miles long. It will consist of a massive bulwark of masonry and earth, spanning the Croton Valley from side to side. The stone work extends 22 feet below the bed of the river, and will reach 210 feet above, making a total height of 232 feet. If the Hotel New Netherland, near the entrance of Central Park, New York, were 18 instead of 17 stories high, it would just equal the total height of this gigantic pile, which, 190 feet thick at the base, has a diameter equal to four-fifths of a New York City block. The pressure of masonry per square foot at the base will be 20½ tons, or more than the pressure on the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. I cannot dwell on the magnitude of the works or the refinement of scientific principles employed in the erection of this marvelous structure, for the few hours remaining of our journey will scarcely permit me to tell you of the more purely historical matters that came under my notice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Part IV. will begin with a description and original map of Croton Point and vicinity, giving hitherto unpublished facts concerning the position of the Vulture at the time of Arnold's treason.

It has been suggested, in an interesting letter to Mayor Van Wyck by Edward Hagaman Hall, that May 4, 5, and 6 would be appropriate days for a celebration of the birth of the Greater New York, because of the historical associations of these dates. It was on May 4, 1626, that Peter Minuet, Director-General of New Netherland, landed on Manhattan Island with his suite, and from that date the colonial history of the state began. The Director-General got here on a bargain day. He bought the Island of Manhattan for 60 guilders, or \$24.



MONUMENT, BATTLE HILL

Photo by Edward Hagaman Hall.

ONE of the most loyal and enthusiastic officers of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is Mrs. Manning, widow of the late Daniel Manning, who was Secretary of the Treasury during Cleveland's administration. Mrs. Manning is a descendant of Philip Livingston and other noted men of the Revolution.

Of gracious presence, unusual tact, and unfailing courtesy toward all, Mrs. Manning with her rare judgment and signal ability has proved of valuable assistance in the important meetings of the National Board of this society held in Washington each month. With a varied experience gained through travel, and a wide intercourse with people of note, Mrs. Manning combines those broad views of people and affairs which few women acquire in a lifetime. The Daughters of the American Revolution are to be congratulated upon numbering among the Vice-Presidents-General such women as Mrs. Manning.

Birth of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

BY MARY DESHA.

THE birth date of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is April 30, 1880, the Centennial of the Inauguration of George Washington as First President of the United States. The birthplace was the long room of Fraunces Tavern, New York, where Washington finally parted with his fellow officers of the Revolutionary Army. These statements are based upon the fact that every society represented in that meeting admitted "daughters" exactly upon the same conditions as "sons," and this continued for a year longer. Mr. William O. McDowell, who originated the New Jersey society and served first as chairman of the national organizing committee, later as "first vice-president of the National Society in charge of organization work," saw to it that every society organized did not discriminate against women. At the First Annual Convention, held in Louisville, the constitution was amended excluding thereafter, women. Mr. McDowell opposed this amendment and gave notice on the floor, that he would proceed as soon as possible to organize the Daughters of the American Revolution. His first effort, with the co-operation of the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, resulted in the Colonial Dames of America. Miss Desha's article tells the story of his second effort with her co-operation and that of Miss Eugenie Washington, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. William D. Cabell and others, which was successful.

Several incorrect statements concerning the origin of the Daughters of the American Revolution having been published it is deemed proper that a true account should now be given. *The Society cannot be considered as a safe custodian of the records of the past, if it allows to pass unchallenged false representations in regard to the present.*

On the 13th of July, 1890, a letter appeared in the Washington Post, giving an account of Hannah Arnett and her patriotic acts during the darkest days of the Revolution. [This story had been written by Henrietta H. Holdich, fourteen years before, 1876, and published in the New York Observer, and was copied at length by Mrs. Lockwood, the name being changed to Hannah Thurston

Harnett. The story was re-published in the December issue of THE SPIRIT OF '76.]

Referring to the fact that the Sons had excluded women from their society, she asked why that was done in a society founded to commemorate events in which women had so bravely borne their part. On July 21st, a letter from William O. McDowell of New Jersey was published, in which he said he was the great grandson of Hannah Arnett, and called on the women of America to form a society of their own since they had been excluded from the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, at a meeting held at Louisville, Ky., April 30, 1890.

Four Washington women answered the call, some of them by return mail—Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. Hannah McL. Wolff, Miss Eugenia Washington and Mrs. Louise Walcott Knowlton-Brown. These letters told Mr. McDowell of the writers' gratitude that one of the sons remembered "that this world was made for women

too," of their delight that at last they were to have an opportunity to wear the "blue rosette" and be recognized as co-workers and of their desire to help "keep green" the memory of the women as well as the men of the Revolution; of their unlimited capacity for work and asked, "what can we do?"

In a few days a reply was received from Mr. McDowell asking that a meeting be held immediately, officers elected and arrangements made for a grand meeting to be held on the 11th of October, the anniversary of the discovery of America, a date particularly appropriate for the organization of a society of women, as it was to a woman's generosity and wisdom that Columbus was indebted for the means to fit out his fleet for his perilous voyage. While Columbus landed on the morning of the 12th, tradition says that the light on shore was seen by him on the night of the 11th and this light was in the hands of a woman.

Mrs. Brown offered her home for the meeting, and Miss Desha sent out the invitations. The ladies invited were: Miss Alice E. Meikleham, great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson; Miss Eugenia Washington, great-granddaughter of Col. Samuel Washington and great-niece of General George Washington; Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, great-granddaughter of Col. John Hardin, who was complimented for gallantry on the field at the battle of Saratoga; Mrs. William C. Breckenridge, great-granddaughter of Col. Isaac Bledsoe and great-grandniece of Gen. John Montgomery; Miss S. P. Breckenridge, her daughter, who was also great-granddaughter of Attorney General John Breckenridge of Jefferson's cabinet, and great grand-daughter of Gen. William Campbell of Kings Mountain fame; Miss Virginia Grigsby, great-granddaughter of Gen. Isaac Shelby, one of the heroes of Kings Mountain, first governor of Kentucky and commander of the Kentucky troops in the war of 1812. Miss Sallie Norvell, great-granddaughter of John Sevier, of Tennessee; Mrs. Elizabeth Guyon Pierson, granddaughter of Captain Isaac Guyon; Mrs. Catherine Finnell Naveira, great-granddaughter of Lieut. John Rieley, an officer in a Pennsylvania regiment and gallant soldier, and Mrs. H. McL. Wolff, great-great-granddaughter of Hannah Arnett. All of these ladies with the exception of Miss Meikleham, who was out of the city, expressed interest and promised to be present, if possible. At that meeting it was decided to postpone any action until the early fall, when "everyone" would get home again, and Miss Desha was requested to inform Mr. McDowell of that decision. The letter was written July 28.



MRS. DANIEL MANNING.

Written in 1891, I have the original documents in writing for every statement contained in this article, M. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28, 1890.

WM. O. McDOWELL, Esq.,

My Dear Sir: I notified the following ladies of the meeting at the home of Mrs. Brown: My sister, Mrs. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge; her daughter, Miss S. P. Breckinridge, who is the great-granddaughter of Gen. Wm. Campbell, of Kings Mountain fame; Miss Eugenia Washington, Miss Grigsby, who is the great-granddaughter of Isaac Shelby; Miss Meikleham, who is the great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, a granddaughter of John Sevier, of Tennessee; Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and several others. The rain prevented several of them from going, but those who were there were very enthusiastic, but they all thought it would be impossible to do anything until fall. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Wolff leave the city on Thursday, and a great many people who will be interested are already gone. Washington is the deadiest place in the United States in summer.

The ladies asked me to tell you that they would be delighted to meet you in October. In the meantime we will be looking up the names of as many people as possible. Many people have asked if it would be necessary to furnish legal proof, and if the descent must be lineal. I have several friends who had distinguished uncles.

I sent you yesterday a circular of our Society organized for the purpose of building a club-house for women. In talking it over to-night we thought it would be a delightful idea for the Daughters of the American Revolution to devote themselves to one department, and try to form an historical library and a picture gallery of the wives of the presidents. What do you think of that? You know that we have been limited for so long to orphan asylums and hospitals, that in this, the dawn of our freedom, we are "taking to" historical research and the study of parliamentary law, and to the founding of scholarships, libraries, art galleries and gymnasiums.

I did not intend to write but a few words, but from the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

With great respect for the only man in America who had the gallantry to extend the right hand of fellowship to the Daughters of the Revolution, I am,

Your friend, MARY DESHA.

Soon an answer came bearing the date of July 30, 1890, accompanied with a full plan of organization, a number of application blanks, a constitution and a beautifully bound blank book for the constitution when it had been amended and approved by the ladies who would form the National Society; also Mr. McDowell's application for membership and a check for his initiation fees and dues. * This check and constitution are now in the hands of the proper officers, and are to be preserved among the archives of the Society. Immediately upon receipt of this package a meeting was called to be held in the rooms of Mrs. Walworth, at the Langham, August 9, 1890. Most of the ladies before mentioned were prevented by absence from the city, sickness, and bad weather from attending, but sent letters expressing interest and promising active co-operation in the fall.

At that meeting it was decided that the Society in Washington should be the National Society, that in order to make a beginning Mrs. Walworth should be Secretary, Miss Washington should be Registrar, Mrs. Levi P. Morton should be asked to be Treasurer, and Mrs. Mary Orr Earle, Mrs. Hannah McL. Wolff, Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, Mrs. Louise Walcott K. Brown, Miss Sophonisba Preston Breckinridge, Miss Virginia Shelby Grigsby and Miss Mary Desha, should form a Board of Managers. Mrs. Walworth, Miss Washington, and Miss Desha accepted the appointments and immediately went to work.

Letters were written to Virginia, Kentucky, and South Carolina, and blanks distributed among the ladies in the Departments, among whom were found descendants of some of the most distinguished families in America.

After the Constitution had been revised, the fees reduced from \$5 to \$3, life memberships from \$50 to \$25, a copy was sent to members of the Board for their criticism. On September 18, 1890, three hundred blanks were printed and also the following circulars which were small enough to be sent in a letter.

NAME :

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

OBJECTS :

To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the women and men of the Revolutionary period.
To collect and preserve historical and biographical records, documents and relics, and to obtain portraits of eminent women.
Initiation, \$1.00. Annual, \$1.00. Life membership, \$25.

* [I have this check in my possession now. It is dated July 30, 1890.]

And just here it should not be forgotten that one of the earliest and most enthusiastic members of the Society was Mrs. Margaret Hetzel, Secretary of the "Mary Washington Memorial Association." She and her daughter, Miss Sue Hetzel, have probably been the cause of more distinguished people becoming members than any other two people in the Society. The application blanks were distributed, letters written, friends interviewed, notices put in all papers that Miss Washington was the Registrar and all applications should be sent to her, and preparations made for a large mass meeting in one of the hotels in the early fall.

This was the condition of affairs when the meeting of October 11th was held. THE SPIRIT OF '76 would be glad, if space permitted, and in the interest of true history, to publish Miss Desha's article in full. So much is published at this time to show the connecting link between the two societies, that of the "Daughters" and that of the Sons of the American Revolution, and in view of the fact that a very valuable gold medal is to be presented at the next National Congress of the "Daughters" to Miss Mary Desha, Miss Eugenia Washington, Mrs. Ellen Harding Walworth and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood for their part in the organized work.

JOHN MARSHALL NEWTON.

John Marshall Newton died suddenly on the morning of December 9th, 1897. Mr. Newton was a man of the purest character and well beloved by all who knew him. Twenty years ago he was elected librarian of the Young Men's Mercantile Librarian Association. He was a veritable book-worm and took the deepest interest in all literary enterprises. He was an active member of the Cincinnati Library Club. He knew the best books on any subject without the necessity of reference. He was gifted with a remarkable memory.

He was nearly sixty years of age, although, on account of his abstemious habits and the splendid care he took of himself, he would easily have passed for a man of forty-five. He was born at Brattleboro, Vt., and was of Revolutionary lineage, and was a member of a number of patriotic societies, including the Ohio Sons of the Revolution, of which he had been registrar for a number of years, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the New England Society and several local clubs of more or less prominence. He was one of the best authorities on Revolutionary lore and the early history of this country, to be found in the State.

Mr. Newton resided at College Hill, Ohio, where he was universally esteemed by all who knew him. An intellectual mind has been taken from the community and it will be long before the vacancy made by his demise will be filled by another.

W. W. S., JR.

Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century.

Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century—incorporated May, 1896. Members—Female descendants of distinguished men, military or civil, from 1607 to 1890. Secretary, Miss Rena I. Halsey, 111 McDonough Street, Brooklyn.

At the first regular business assembly for 1897-8 of the Society of the Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century, held Monday, October 11th, at the residence of Mrs. H. L. Higgins, Mrs. William H. Davol was appointed by the council to fill the office of vice-president. Immediately following the transaction of business a paper on Colonial history was read by Miss Rena I. Halsey, after which those present were delightfully entertained by several solos, among which "Phyllis," "Irish Folk Song," and a selection from Werther were rendered with charming grace and expression by Miss C. Clifford Walker, of New York. The society has many applicants for membership. Among those lately admitted to membership are: Mrs. E. J. Neale, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. C. C. Martin, Mrs. Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. William H. Pratt, Mrs. Justus Van Wie, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Smith, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. David Scribner, Mrs. A. L. Taylor, Mrs. Gilbert Taylor, Mrs. Francis Seaverns, Miss Harriet Greene, Mrs. J. McCaldin, Mrs. J. A. Boynton, and Mrs. A. J. DeLatour.

R. I. HALSEY, Secretary.

The recent celebration of the launching of the Constitution brings to light the curious history of her bell. In the encounter of August, 1812, the bell of the Constitution was shot away by the Guerriere. After the battle the abandoned Guerriere, shattered and sinking, was rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, her bell tolling mournfully. The tolling of the bell attracted the attention of the officers, who secured it and fastened it to the Constitution, where it long did duty.

A movement to erect a George Washington Memorial for the University of the United States at Washington has been started. The various organizers of societies are interested to make it worthy of the Capital.



EARLE-CLIFF
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS
Welt 160th & 162d Streets
One block east of St. Nicholas Ave.
New York

MISTRESS EARLE (REGENT) AND OFFICERS
of y^e Washington Heights Chapter, Daughters of
y^e American Revolution, will be at Home, & will
welcome y^e Sons & y^e Daughters of y^e American
Revolution, on New Year's Day, y^e first day of Jan^y,
1898, w^h will be y^e one hundred and eighth Anniver-
sary of Mistress Washington's first New Year's Day
reception at y^e seat of Gov^t in New York city, 1790

Reception from
1 by y^e clock after meridian
to 10 by y^e clock candlelight.

y^e favour of a reply
is requested.

"Ye River not Being Frozen and ye mail Coach delayed, ye
Secretary of ye Daughters of ye Cincinnati will Be prevented From
Accepting ye Bidding to ye New Year's Feast of ye Mistress Earle
and her Maidens."

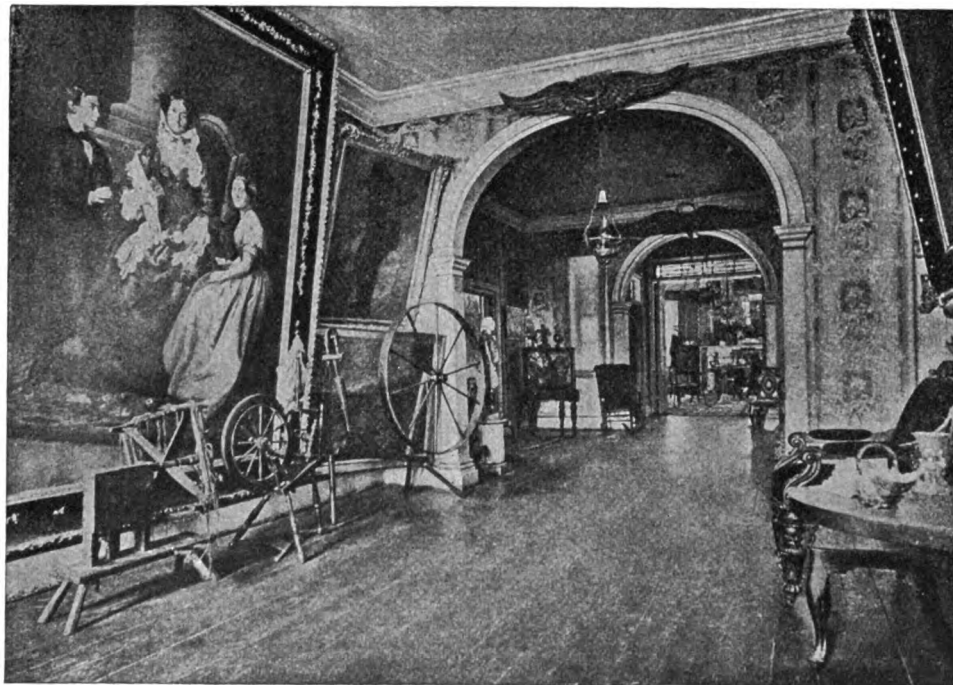
2 Days after Christmas.

The above invitation of the Washington Heights Chapter,
D. A. R., of which Mrs. Ferdinand P. Earle is regent, brought
many such quaint letters of regret as we have quoted, while the
many who were able to attend enjoyed the pleasant reception.
This occasion was in accordance with a wish Washington himself
once expressed that however our customs might change in the
coming years, New Years' might be observed. A more fitting
place than Earle-Cliff could not be found. It was
here that Washington watched the end of the
fight at Fort Washington, saw the flag cut down
and his brave soldiers led out as
prisoners, leaving the spot only in
time to avoid the British who soon
took possession. The house is full
of memories of the celebrated
Madame Jumel and of Aaron
Burr.

The reception
last New Years'
day was held in
the old reception
room of the man-
sion. From one
in the afternoon
until late in the
evening, Mrs.
Earle and the
members of the
Chapter with the
Children's Society entertained the guests. From the number of cards
that were left, there were over seven hundred present.

Old costumes of the Revolutionary period, with all the
richness of lace and ruffles were worn by the ladies, while the
men tried to look dignified in knickerbockers and the children
comfortable in their starched suits, representing pages.

A spirit of their ancestors seemed to take possession of all in
the evening. The stately minuet, the merry money musk and
Virginia reel, and all the other old dances were enjoyed by the
company. It, truly, was a party of the good old days.



From G. P. Putnam's "Colonial Homes." HALL OF JUMEL MANSION, SHOWING PORTRAIT OF MADAME JUMEL.

THE Lord Baltimore-Henry Hollingsworth commission is on
sheepskin, or kidskin. It is 12x15 inches, with a piece
lapped up across the lower side, and through this double
edge the strips of split skin, which originally carried the seal
(showing particles of red wax still clinging to the inside,) are
ingeniously woven, so as to make a good, strong fastening. The
original is now, December 10th, in possession of Sarah Louse
Kimball, Mills Building, San Francisco, who has kindly copied the
following extract:

CHARLES absolute Lord and Proprietor of the Province of
Maryland and Avalon Lord Baron of Baltimore To all To whom
these presents shall come sendeth greeting (in our Lord) God
Everlasting Wee reposing Speciall Trust and Confidence in the
Capacity, Diligence (faith) fullness and Circumspection of (Henry)
Hollingsworth of our County of Cecil (—) x x x x x x Have
made ordained constituted and appointed and by these presents
Doe make ordain constitute and appoint him the said Henry
Hollingsworth to be our Surveyor of our said County x x x x x
x x x x in our said province of Maryland and to execute all such
(proper) (w)arrents or other orders relating to said Survey of our
(said) Lands in (our) Sa(in) connty a(s) (s)hall b(e) (—) him
directed from our Land Office in our said province under our
(—) Seale (at Arms) (o) from (—) from our chief
Agent in o(ur) said province for the (—) such
Di(—)ons as he shall from time to time receive from our said
Land Office or our said agent, and such returns to make within the
(land? said?)(time?) expressed in such profits of all certificates or
Surveys which by virtue of such warrents or pro(—)pts he shall make
and in all other matters and things relating to his office of Surveyor
to pursue the Directions of our said Cheife Agent, To Have And
To Hold to him the said Henry x x x x x the said office of
Surveyor of our said County During our pleasure to be signified to
him by our Agent in our said province for the time Being Hereby
Authorizing and Empowering him the said Henry x x x — to take
and receive to his own proper use such part of the (—)
perquisites and advantages belonging to the said Surveyor as shall
be (—) to him the said Henry x x x x and our said Cheife
Agent for the time(?) (—) Here by holding our said Surveyor

accountable to our
said (—)
(—)shall
(—) said
fees(?) due for
(the) Ex(—) of
our said office
(We) doe hereby
ratify and confirm
al(l) (—)
(—) relating to
the (—)
which shall be
(le)gally perform-
(ed) by our said
Surveyor IN
WITNESS
whereof we have
hereunto affixed
our Great Seale
of our (said)
province this
ninth x x x x day
of March x - in
the year of
our Lord on(e)
thousand and
Seven hundred
an(d) Twelve.

Daughters of the Cincinnati.

The Daughters of the Cincinnati celebrated Evacuation Day
with a meeting at Walton Hall, the first one to which non-members
have been invited since the society was organized, three years ago.
The president, Mrs. Howard Townsend, presided, and Frederick
J. Hall gave a lecture on "The Hudson Valley in Revolutionary
Times." The Society is composed of the lineal descendants of the
original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, organized by the
officers of the Revolution after the war.

Some New Souvenirs of Washington and other early Americans.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S MIRROR.

The Nevius Company have also made facsimiles of the andirons which, at the time of George Washington's death, stood in the fire-place of the room in which he died at Mount Vernon. They are of solid cast brass, 26½ inches high, of a graceful Colonial design.

A pair of sterling silver candlesticks, 10 inches high, of remarkably chaste design, exact copies of those once owned by Washington, are among the most beautiful articles shown by the company. Though their collection is especially rich in such souvenirs of Washington, it is not by any means confined to them. It includes, also, a scarf-pin in sterling silver, holding a bit of the genuine Plymouth Rock; an exact copy of a silver pepper box, designed and manufactured by Paul Revere, who was a silversmith when he was not taking the famous ride which Longfellow has made immortal; copies in miniature in sterling

At Georgetown, D. C., in the home of Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon, a lineal descendant of Martha Washington, hangs the mirror which through the courtesy of the Nevius Company, we are enabled to illustrate for our readers. Framed in mahogany with bold relief ornaments in gold leaf, it is a strikingly handsome mirror; an artistic piece of furniture sure to attract attention and win admiration wherever seen. But its real value lies not so much in its beauty of form or finish as in the fact that it has come to Mrs. Kennon by regular course of inheritance from her illustrious ancestor, and that it hung for many years in George Washington's home, at Mt. Vernon.

Some of our readers will undoubtedly be interested to learn that the Nevius Company, who make a specialty of the reproduction in full size and in miniature of articles of historical and Colonial interest, have made copies of this mirror, exact as to size, material, form and finish. The mirror is in outside measurements, 4 feet 10½ inches by 2 feet 6 inches. They have also made copies of the mirror in miniature 6 inches high, to stand on bureau or dressing case.

Other most interesting reproductions also illustrated on this page, are the Washington sleeve buttons. George Washington wore enamelled gold link buttons at his wrists, and caught together his flowing collar with a plain gold link. The originals of these buttons are in the possession of Mr. Edward Law Rogers, who thus describes them in the *Century Magazine*.

"The two pairs of cuff-buttons are beautifully enameled on gold and are of oval shape, the outer band being of white enamel, with twelve minute stars. This band encloses another of dark-blue enamel, on which is a lozenge-shaped decoration of gold. These were worn upon the cuffs of the General's shirt, while the third pair, of plain gold were used at the collar."

The Nevius Company have made for use as cuff buttons, exact copies of both of these buttons, both in fourteen carat gold and in silver. The enameled buttons, apart from any associations, are unusually beautiful silver buttons.

The makers of these buttons are in possession of an interesting letter from an officer in the regular army, in the course of which he says:

"I have every reason to believe that the stars and stripes in these buttons are taken from the old Washington coat-of-arms in England, which consists of stars and bars much like the coat-of-arms of the United States; and it is more than probable that the idea of our flag originated in this old coat-of-arms of the Washington family."



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SLEEVE BUTTONS.

silver, finished for use both as scarf-pin and as hat-pin, of John Alden's halbert; copies in miniature in sterling silver of Myles Standish's platter and iron camp-kettle.

Among these reproductions in miniature there is nothing, probably, more interesting, nothing certainly more practically useful, than the swords made in reduced facsimile so as to be used for paper cutters and envelope openers. of these there are at present three, all made either in sterling silver complete, or with silver hilt and steel blade. The sword of Myles Standish, the smallest of them, is made without a scabbard. The sword of Washington with leather scabbard and silver mounts, is a copy of the one now in the Library of the State Department at Washington, the one carried by him through all his earlier campaigns, and shown in Gilbert Stuart's celebrated painting in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The sword of General Grant, made with solid silver scabbard, is a copy of the one presented to him after the fall of Donelson, a beautifully designed and finished sword.

Those of our readers who can make it convenient to do so, will find it well worth their while to call at the office of the Nevius Company, Room 106, Decker Building, 33 Union Square, West, where they can be assured of courteous attention, and of an opportunity to inspect all these and many other interesting and beautiful articles. If a call is impossible, a postal card request will bring a copy of the Nevius Company's 80 page book, full of fine illustrations and interesting matter.

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Ennis.—John Ennis, who married — Bogardus, daughter of Anneke Jens (Bogardus). What was the wife's name, date of marriage and children's names?

Wilson.—Rev. John, who married Mary White and was called about "Mayflower" time "the St. Paul of New England." Presumably of Connecticut.

Wilson.—John, who married Lydia Quintard.

Lush.—Dr. Richard, French Huguenot and early settler of Albany, N. Y. Married Lyntje Fonda December 14, 1780. Information wanted of his ancestors. L. P. FUNKHOUSER, Omaha, Neb'r.

Edward Foster.—Born in Rochester, Mass., July 3, 1788. He married Deborah Bangs and lived in and about Hardwich. He had a son Hopestill, born June 29, 1782 in that part of Pelham now Prescott, Mass. Hopestill married Laura Osborne before 1812. In 1806 he lived in Antwerp, N. Y. Wanted to know the place and date of Hopestill's marriage and if possible his wife's birthplace and date of birth. W. W. FOSTER, 164 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Deming.—Wanted all of this name for a Deming geneology. JUDSON KEITH DEMING, Dubuque, Iowa.

Albro.—The names of the parents of Rev. John Adams Albro, A. M., D. D., for thirty years settled at Cambridge, Mass., are desired. Box 1171, Greenville, Mich.

Shuah Jordan.—Daughter of Dr. Clement and Sarah (Bartlett) (Wentworth) Jordan, born July 18, 1787, at Falmouth, Me., married June 9, 1804.

Isaac Bradford.—Said to be of New Gloucester, Me. Born 1786 in Cumberland county, Me. and died about 1847 at Bourneville, Ohio. I want the names of the ancestors of Isaac Bradford and dates, etc., of birth, death and marriage. EDWARD A. CLAYPOOL, 219 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Samar Lilly.—Who were the ancestors of Samar Lilly, who married Jedediah Tucker? He was born at Pomfret, Conn., 1740. Their daughter, Hadassah, was born at Chesterfield, Mass., 1747.

John Runyan, Sr.—Wanted to know the Revolutionary services of John Runyan, Sr., father of Joseph Runyan of the War of 1812, of Harrison county, Va., buried at Clarksburg, W. Va. F. M. RUNYAN, Springfield, Ohio.

Queries.

In Stiles History of Ancient Windsor, pages 824 to 829, there is a very interesting account of Henry Wolcott, Sr., and his descendants. Capt. Samuel, son of Henry Jr., born October 8, 1647, died June 14, 1695. Wanted, wife's name and her ancestors. Hannah, daughter of Capt. Samuel, born March 19, 1684, married William Burnham. Who were his ancestors? NATHAN H. JONES, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Full name of Mary — (?) wife of Robert Boltwood of Glastonbury, Conn. Also dates of their births, marriage and deaths. His daughter Sarah married Isaac Warner, May 31, 1666. He afterwards removed to Hadley, Mass. When did he marry?

Briggs.—Would like to learn something of the early family history of William Briggs of Boston and Lyme, Conn.; also his wife's full name. Did he render any Colonial services, civil or military? When was his daughter Hannah Briggs, (who married Wolston Brockway), born? She died February 6, 1687.

Birchard.—Early family history of Thomas Birchard, his wife's full name, dates of their births, marriage and deaths. His daughter, Hannah Birchard, married John Baldwin, April 12, 1658, at Guilford, Conn. They removed to Norwich, Conn., in 1660. Where was Hannah (Birchard) Baldwin born, and when? Did Thomas Birchard render any Colonial services, civil or military. A. I. H.

Martyrs' Monument.

A meeting of delegates from various patriotic societies of Brooklyn was held recently at the home of Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, 270 Henry street, president of the general society of the Daughters of the Revolution, to consider plans for the erection of a monument to the martyrs of the prison ships. The meeting was called by the Long Island Society of the Daughters of the Revolution and Mrs. C. C. Parsons, regent, presided. The Daughters of the Revolution were represented by Mrs. Bleecker Bangs, Mrs. H. C. King, Mrs. J. P. Gerau and Mrs. Cogswell, in addition to Mrs. Snow and the regent. Fort Greene Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was represented by Mrs. Samuel B. Duryea, Mrs. F. C. Truslow, Mrs. A. C. Barnes and Mrs. S. V. White. Louis H. Cornish appeared for the Empire State Sons of the American Revolution and the Founders and Patriots were also represented. Little business was transacted, but the suggestion was put forth that the patriotic revolutionary societies of Brooklyn form a federation to raise funds for the erection of the Martyrs' monument. Further action will be taken at the next meeting, which has been set for February 16.

The Massachusetts Daughters of 1812 have, through Senator Lodge, petitioned for power to preserve the frigate Constitution. The society will try to raise by popular subscription \$100,000 and that, if Congress consents to the plan, the society will begin its work at once by calling upon the lumber yards from Maine to Georgia to furnish the wood, and cordage makers to give the ropes—in short, that everything possible may be contributed as a free-will offering of the American people. The official estimate of the cost of repairs is \$380,270, and this is considered a much larger sum than will be necessary, if such contributions are made. Then, too, the children in the schools will be roused to enthusiasm for the sake of the old ship. Mrs. Titus expressed the hope that the first \$10,000 may be raised within the boundaries of Massachusetts.

In the January number the word biography was used instead of bibliography in the announcement of Mr. W. Burt Cook, Jr., of the State Library at Albany.

A five day trip from New York to Crown Point will be made the last week in June, under the management of the well-known tourist agent Thomas H. Hendrickson. The party will leave by the West Shore railroad at 10 a. m., stopping at West Point for dinner and sight seeing. An hour will be spent at Washington's Headquarters at Newburg, the party arriving in Saratoga in time for dinner. The following day, Tally-Ho coaches will be taken for the Saratoga battle field. In the afternoon, train for Lake George, where the night will be passed. A ride by steamer through Lake George to Ticonderoga, thence by Lake Champlain steamer to Plattsburg and Crown Point. Those desiring to make the trip please communicate with THE SPIRIT OF '76, 18 and 20 Rose St., New York.

THE large portrait of Washington on another page is a facsimile of one presented to the Southbridge, Mass., High School by our Patriotic Air Fund. In accepting the picture for the school the principal suggested that it would be an appropriate thing for the graduating class to present a companion picture, that of Martha Washington, to the school. The idea suggested could be carried out indefinitely and each succeeding graduating class contribute a patriotic decoration for the permanent adornment of the schools, to which they owe their knowledge. Another suggestion is that members of the Patriotic societies send a picture of Washington to the school of their youth in memory of their ancestors who fought for patriotism. The publisher of THE SPIRIT OF '76 will furnish such a picture framed in four inch oak frame with a sterling silver plate with inscription anywhere east of the Mississippi river for \$12.00, or with metal plate \$10.00.

Mr. W. W. Johnson of Yonkers, N. Y., offers in another column to send a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence to any one for a small sum. He has had a large sale for them, and well he should, for the Declaration of Independence should hang in every schoolroom of our land, and all public buildings should be thus adorned.

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LOUIS H. CORNISH EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, AND OLD GUARD.

THE Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution will convene at Washington, D. C., February 21, 1898. The headquarters of the National Society will be at the Ebbitt House. Special rates have been made by the railroads for those who hold certificates. It is expected that this will be by far the most interesting gathering of Daughters ever held, as during the past year the membership has grown materially.

There are several candidates in the field for the office of President-General and the balloting for this office will no doubt bring out a full vote. If there was as much interest in Americanism shown by the Sons as displayed by the Daughters, this country of ours would be the pride of the universe.

THE Chapters in Brooklyn are making strenuous efforts to interest Congress and all the Patriotic societies to contribute to a fund for a monument to the prison ship martyrs.

The university suggested by George Washington in his will, and for which he left a legacy, has many champions among the women who are sanguine of seeing their efforts in its behalf crowned with success.

In Boston the Daughters of the War of 1812 have taken up "Old Ironsides" and mean to preserve it for future generations to venerate.

Hartford is being beautified and history preserved by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The principal publishers have recognized the work of the societies and by paintings, illustrations and books on American Patriotism are helping them on.

Patriotism ?

THE time ball on the Western Union Building was laboriously climbing the pole to take its daily drop, when a curious observer entered the portals of the postoffice; he was sleek and well fed and had about him the air by the French called *distingue*.

It had been announced that a tablet to the memory of some patriotic era was to have been dedicated at high noon and this had brought out the observer.

The time ball dropped on time undismayed by the

function that was to take place, the janitor's man swept the dust in clouds from the floor, the great unwashed public passed the tablet and read its inscription with various degrees of emotion. A well known member of the patriotic societies hurried by and out of the side door. Suddenly a lift dropped from above and from it emerged a bevy of well gowned women decorated with golden insignia and were led to the sacred spot; after gazing at it for some time they dispersed and the crowd knew them no more.

WE suggested some time ago that Ethan Allen's Drama, through the patriotic impulses which it aroused, would be seized upon for presentation behind the foot-lights, and also for reading at social gatherings. We have been informed of many successful efforts in this direction. Now comes a letter from D. Moyer Staley of Billerica, Mass., who says, "I have arranged for the presentation of this most wonderful play in this town on the 22d of February next, for the benefit of the local library. It will be an amateur performance, but as good as if on a professional basis." The author is invited to be present at the opening night. Among the many critics, a professor of belles-letters at West Point wrote, "a general reading of this work would make us a nation of patriots." The way to secure this "general reading" is to do just what is being done at Billerica; and in addition thereto, to make it a fashionable thing, for surely it would be popular for some good voice to sing out the sonorous lines at private as well as at public entertainments. Of course it could not all be given at one time. But each Act is complete in itself. For instance, the Act in this number would fill about an hour, but in that hour would be a thrill of delight, instructive, merry, pathetic and grandly patriotic.

UNDER the title of "The Revolutionary Pictures" a collection has been made of the original paintings and drawings illustrating Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," now appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. This collection of pictures forms an impressive gallery of Revolutionary Art, worth many thousands of dollars. They are now being exhibited in various cities throughout the country under the auspices of the local patriotic societies. Strangely enough, this is the first time all the modern forces and resources of the illustrative art have been brought to bear upon this subject, and the score of artists who undertook the work discovered a comparatively untouched field. The pictures represent the talent of many celebrated artists.

The Revolutionary pictures have already been exhibited in New Haven, Hartford and Providence. On January 31st and February 1st they will be exhibited at the Allston Gallery in Boston, under the auspices of the Paul Revere Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. From Boston the exhibition will be taken to Portland. During the week February 7th-12th the pictures will be exhibited in the Avery Gallery, New York City, under the auspices of the New York City Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution. Later exhibitions have been planned for Baltimore, Washington, and a number of prominent cities of the South and West.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The Michigan Society of the Sons of the American Revolution gave a banquet at the Russell House, January 17th. The great dining room was a bower of green, festooned above in loops and wreaths of smilax and beautified below with brilliant banquetting tables. Bouquets of rare flowers were everywhere.



Wreaths, rows and loops of green vines were alive with tiny electric flowers in the national colors. Tall candelabra stood on guard above them, and a brilliant assemblage of guests completed the picture. The most conspicuous object in the hall was a full length portrait of George Washington, draped in the stars and stripes, the guardian spirit of the evening.

Ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer was toast-master. A bugle call and the firing of a cannon near the hotel were the signals inviting the 180 guests to seat themselves. While the menu was discussed "Yankee Doodle," other national airs, and "The Lexington Alarm," played by fife and drum, gave spirit to the occasion.

The toasts were opened with a few words from ex-Senator Palmer, contrasting the present banquet with that at which Gen.

Washington and his soldiers sat down to in Valley Forge, in citing the revolution of the present by force of civilization and hoping for the fulfillment of the proposed arbitration treaty with England.

James M. Richardson, of Cleveland, vice-president of the national organization, was the first to respond to a toast. His theme was the "Tie that Binds France and America." His speech was replete with the pathos of the history of the American struggles and the warm hearted, patriotic aid given the Puritans by the gentlemen of France, concluding with a ringing sentiment of the eternal fraternity of France and America.

Charles Moore, of Washington, was not more than on his feet when, headed by George H. Barbour, Major George H. Hopkins and others, the entire assembly rose to greet him, waving handkerchiefs. His speech on "Our Friends and Allies in the North," gave new history to the result of personal painstaking research in the annals of the Northwest. It recounted stirring episodes in the early days of Michigan and the hardy efforts and struggles of the patriots of the Northwest.

Franklin Murphy, secretary-general of the national society, recounted the many efforts of the society to amalgamate with the Sons of the Revolution, and of the failures attendant, which in no way could be attributed to the Sons of the American Revolution. All hopes of amalgamation were now lost, he said. He drew a graphic picture of Puritan life and of the pressing needs of patriotic work of to-day. His speech was received with wild applause. Detroit's greeting to a finished orator she never had the pleasure of listening to before.

Rev D. W. Rhodes, D.D., of St. Paul, Minn., gave a dazzling, eloquent portrayal of the chivalry, of the present day, the heroes among the humble, the spirit of chivalry impregnating the country's public institutions. It was a glowing piece of rhetoric, and was no less well received than the address preceding. His conclusion was that chivalry had not died out, but existed in another form.

Gen. Joseph C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, U.S.A., responded to the toast, "What are we here for?" He reviewed the heroism of past patriots, and pointed a prophetic hand towards the future. The duty of the hour was to continue the good work of the Puritan fathers and patriots of the country by preserving the spirit of the nation and impregnating it upon the children of the present to insure its perpetuity. He was roundly applauded.

Toasts were then drunk to the society at the instance of Rev. Dr. Rhodes, a member of the Sons of the Revolution, the antagonistic organization. Colonel Henry M. Duffield responded gracefully, reminding the assembly that while they were glorifying the past not to forget the present young men who must carry on the work for which so much struggle had been made. A toast was then drunk to Rev. Dr. Rhodes and singing "America," the banquet adjourned.

The regular meeting of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, held at the Windsor Hotel, January 21, 1898, was rather a lively one. There was a large attendance owing so the important business to be transacted, which included not only the presentation of the nominating committee's selection of officers for the ensuing year, but also the considera-

tion of the amendments to the constitution and by-laws, relative to the system of nominating officers, the intention of the amendments being to supercede the present method.

The proposer of the amendments occupied nearly an hour in endeavoring to convince the large number of members present of the need of the change. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that without any special effort in rebutting his statements a vote was taken which resulted in 7 out of 86 present sustaining his amendments.

The nominations for the ensuing are as follows: President, Chauncey M. Depew; first vice-president, Robert B. Roosevelt; second vice-president, Walter S. Logan; third vice-president, John O. Calhoun; secretary, William W. Kenley; treasurer, Richard T. Davies; registrar, Teunis D. Hunting; historian, Walter R. Benjamin; chaplain, Rev James Marcus King.

Managers for three years—David McN. K. Stauffer, David Whipple, Cornelius A. Pugsley, William H. Hotchkiss, Ira Bliss Stewart, William A. Marble, Lewis C. Hopkins.

Managers for two years, the unexpired term of Richard Henry Clark—Donald McLean.

Delegates to the National Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution: Delegates—Stephen M. Wright, at-large; Ralph E. Prime, Yonkers; Henry W. Sackett, New York; Theodore Gilman, Yonkers; Clarence M. Bushnell, Buffalo; General Horatio C. King, Brooklyn; William C. Carr, New York; Gen. Thomas Wilson, New York; Milton H. Northup, Syracuse; Wm. W. J. Warren, New York; William Dutcher, New York; Oswald P. Backus, Rome.

Alternates—Rynire J. Wertendyke, Jersey City; Trueman G. Avery, Buffalo; J. Warren Outler, Rochester; Rodney S. Dennis, New York; Colgate Hoyt, New York; Walter J. Sears, New York; Edwin W. Fiske, Mount Vernon; Dwight B. Hubbard, New York; Theron A. D. Wales, Elmira; Leander A. Bevin, New York; William R. Ellis, New York; Edward J. Chaffee, New York.

The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, For a number of years the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution has by the courtesy of Compatriot Ferdinand P. Earle been permitted to hold its meetings as well as those of its Board of Management, at the Hotel Normandie without any charge whatever; therefore be it

Resolved, That the society desires to express its appreciation and extend its sincere thanks to the compatriot for his unbounded hospitalities in permitting such frequent use of the rooms in his hotel, which we recognize at times must have been at a great inconvenience to his regular guests.

To the Board of Management Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution:

GENTLEMEN AND COMPATRIOTS—Your committee to which was referred the patriotic suggestion of Mrs. Walter J. Sears, that the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution place at the grave of Lafayette a bronze tablet commemorative of the distinguished services rendered by him to this country during the American Revolution, respectfully submits the following:

That your committee unanimously recommends that such a tablet be erected by the Empire State Society Sons of the American Revolution during the time of the Paris Exposition, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-fourth.

Your committee requests that Compatriots Colonel John C. Calhoun and Stephen M. Wright be added as members, and that the committee so constituted be continued, and authorized to correspond with Gen. Horace Porter, president of the "Society in France of the Sons of the American Revolution," to inform him of the wish of our society; and to request him to ascertain if permission will be given by the relatives of Lafayette; by the convent in which the grave is located; and by the French government if necessary, to erect the aforesaid tablet.

And to ask, further, if permission be obtained, will the "Society in France of the Sons of the American Revolution" honor our society by taking charge of the ceremonies and placing the aforesaid tablet in position under the auspices of their society in the name of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

Your committee further recommends that the sum of one thousand dollars be guaranteed by our society to defray the expenses incident to purchasing and placing in position the aforesaid tablet, contingent upon a favorable reply being received from Gen. Horace Porter. If a favorable reply is received from Gen. Porter your committee will submit to your honorable board a further report exhibiting the size, design and cost of such tablet.

Your committee further requests that said committee be known as the "Lafayette Memorial Tablet Committee," and that it be authorized to have published upon the letter heads of the society the title of the committee and the names of its members, and to use the same in its correspondence.

Respectfully submitted by the Committee,
W. J. SEARS, U.S.N., Chairman.

Col. Fred. Grant and Edward Hagaman Hall were added to the committee.

W. W. KENLY, Secretary.

Action was taken and the sum voted for the purpose at the regular meeting

At a Board meeting, held the 7th inst., the following motion was passed:

On motion duly seconded the committee appointed to represent this society in connection with the effort to raise a monument to the Prison Ship Martyrs were discharged, and the following committee appointed in its place:

Charles A. Hoyt, 9 Mercer street, New York; Walter R. Benjamin, 1123 Broadway, New York; Louis H. Cornish, 371 Monroe street, Brooklyn; Dr. George W. Brush, 2 Spencer Place, Brooklyn; James Loder Raymond, Stewart Building, New York.

The following minutes and resolutions were adopted by the Maryland Society of the Sons of the American Revolution regarding the amalgamation of the two societies—Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution:

First—That while it is true our national congress only accepted the invitation and proposed plan of union of the Sons of the Revolution, yet we consider that such acceptance of our duly authorized representatives imposes an obligation of honor upon us which we feel binds us, even though the form of our action is constitutionally and necessarily to be determined by our free choice, and, therefore, we will respect and accept the action of our national congress, as our representative, as morally binding.

Second—That the members of the Maryland Society sincerely believe that the interest of the republic, and a proper respect for our Revolutionary ancestors, would be better advanced by the voluntary union, in a common organization, of all of their descendants, so that united strength may be developed for patriotic purposes.

Therefore, it is hereby ordered by the Maryland Society of the Sons of the American Revolution that disregarding our own opinion that the present is not an opportune time for final and favorable action, and accepting without reserve the advice and action of our national congress, we hereby ratify the proposed basis of union and the constitution for the formation of "The National Society of the American Revolution," which have been submitted to us by the national congress of the Sons of the American Revolution at their session held upon the 12th day of October last at the city of Cincinnati, and further ordered: That the secretary of our society transmit a certified copy of our action to the secretary-general of the national society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

JAMES DAVIDSON IGLEHART, Secretary.

The Middlesex chapter Sons of the American Revolution and Molly Varnum chapter Daughters of the American Revolution co-operated in giving a loan exhibit of Colonial and Revolutionary relics at Lowell, Mass., on December 8th, 9th and 10th, 1897. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. H. M. Thompson, Mrs. Harry Reade, Miss A. F. Crosby, of the Molly Varnum chapter Daughters of the American Revolution; and Mr. James F. Savage, Captain Harry Reade, Mr. Horace S. Bacon, of the Old Middlesex chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. The catalogue, which gave a description of 847 articles loaned, contains many interesting features, among which the wedding gown of Molly Stark and heirlooms of the family of Hannah Dustan figure conspicuously. There were autograph letters of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, together with a rare collection of old china. The walls were hung with coats of arms loaned for the occasion, and each evening were given a presentation of scenes from "Crawford" and Hugh Wynn by members of the two chapters. The result was highly satisfactory from a financial point of view and for the interest caused in the community.

Old Middlesex chapter of Lowell, Mass., celebrated events of the American Revolution by a banquet given January 10th, in that city, at which was discussed the battle of Trenton, Dec. 26th, 1776, and the first unfurling of the American flag with the thirteen stripes and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, January 1, 1776. The chapter now numbers 52 members.

The patriotic work in which the Ohio society of the Sons of the American Revolution is engaged, and especially in which the Anthony Wayne chapter of Toledo, Ohio, is most deeply inter-

ested, is worthy of all commendation. This chapter's membership includes residents of Lucas, Wood and Ottawa counties—the counties in which the historic sites of the Maumee Valley and Put-in Bay are located—and it has already done much to stimulate interest in the undertaking.

The object of the society is to secure the purchase by the government of these sites, their consequent proper preservation, and eventually their suitable marking by monuments to indicate the several particular points of interest and especially the places of interment of the devoted soldiers who fell here in defence of their country.

The most noted battlefields of the Maumee Valley are those of Fallen Timber, Fort Meigs and Fort Miami. These sites are all within a few miles of the city of Toledo, and not only for the great influence which the battles referred to exerted on the history of the Northwest Territory, but because within their bounds lie the remains of some thousands of the bravest of the brave—of hardy pioneers, many of whom were Revolutionary veterans—they should be regarded as hallowed ground, and the earthworks and graves be preserved from further obliteration. If thus secured and properly marked, these spots will be seen in future years by thousands of reverent visitors, and will help to impress lessons of patriotism on each succeeding generation for all time to come.

The same sentiment which has been effective in securing the government purchase and monumental marking of noted battlefields of the Revolution, as at Charlestown, Saratoga, Bennington, Trenton and elsewhere, and has led to the purchase and reservation as national parks of the great battlefields of the civil war, should prevail with Congress to make at once the needful modest appropriation which will be required to enable the United States to regain the ownership of these most interesting localities, which it was a grave mistake and oversight ever to sell, but which can now be restored to the nation at a merely nominal cost.

In the name of all that is patriotic and holy; as an act of gratitude to the nameless heroes who now sleep in unmarked graves; as a lesson of the utmost significance to posterity; let the good work be done without delay. It seems to us that no proposition now before Congress, appealing to sentiments of this nature, can present a stronger or juster motive for immediate and liberal action.

If any one objects that the business of Congress is legislation for government, not sentiment, the making of laws for the living, not the building of monuments for the dead, let it be remembered that sentiment is what makes and vitalizes a nation, inspires sacrifices to preserve the institutions of a people, and is the surest safeguard of perpetuity. It has cost us uncounted millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of precious lives, but it has been worth all it cost. The bunting that flies from every schoolhouse, every monument erected to the heroic dead, every observation of our historic anniversaries—these are all expressions of sentiment; and no nation that is destitute of such feelings is worthy to exist. Let Congress record one more tribute to the noblest sentiment of a people in the purchase of these historic but fast-fading fields of valor.

The aid of every member of all our patriotic societies is invoked to this end. A bill for the purchase of these sites has been before Congress from time to time for a number of years past, but through the pressure of other legislation, or for want of proper interest, has failed to become a law. Congressman Southard, of the Toledo district, has the bill now in charge and is pushing the matter with renewed and characteristic vigor. Let your senators and representatives know that their favor for this measure will meet with your approval.

The January meeting of the District of Columbia society was held at Scottish Rite Hall on Wednesday, January 19, 1898. After the transaction of the regular business an article on "New Hampshire in the Revolution" was read by Hon. Henry M. Baker. Mrs. Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, historian-general of the national society, Daughters of the American Revolution, delivered a lecture at the National Rifles Armory on Friday evening, January 28th, on "George Washington and His Portraits," with some seventy-five illustrations, including examples from every artist to whom he gave sittings, family portraits, etc. The lecture was given under the auspices of this society, and a large number of our members were present.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET, President.

The societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution in the District of Columbia have accepted as a sacred trust from the Rocky Hill Headquarters Association, Princeton, N. J., the custody of the room in which Gen. Washington wrote his farewell address to those brave heroes who fought and bled for the cause of American freedom.

In order that the room so kindly placed at the disposal of the patriotic societies of this District may be suitably furnished a committee has been appointed by the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to take active measures toward securing the necessary articles.

To accomplish this purpose you are earnestly solicited to loan or give anything curious of colonial, historic or military interest, that you can spare from your own keeping—especially such as would be suitable to furnish, or to preserve in an office library of so much interest to every American citizen. Articles that can be used to adorn the walls or cases, such as pictures, maps, books, manuscripts or prints, swords, muskets or other ordnance, and the like, would be acceptable, as well as interesting to all posterity.

All contributions or notifications of same should be sent to General O. B. Wilcox, 2022 R street, Washington, D. C., who will promptly acknowledge and forward them, and when placed at the headquarters each one will be promptly credited to the donor.

ORLANDO B. WILCOX.
WILLIAM J. REES.
MARCUS BENJAMIN. } Committee.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

In response to your kind invitation to forward to you a report of the work accomplished in Iowa last year by the Daughters of the American Revolution, I send you as state regent of Iowa, the following gratifying progress of the work of this organization.



During last year there were five fully organized chapters, a growth of five with twenty accepted chapter regents, with work promisingly begun in eleven additional cities, not included in the twenty where regents are already in charge. While as state regent I have prosecuted the duties of my office with all the zeal and energy at my command, it is to the women of Iowa who have so quickly responded to the sentiment of patriotism, and so zealously entered upon the work of ancestral research that praise for the rapid growth of the work is largely due. There is no East, no West, when we seek to claim our birthright as daughters of the American Revolution.

ican Revolution.

The rapidly spreading influence of this patriotic society is kindling the spirit of the women of Iowa, and the day is not far distant when its chapters shall equal in strength and numbers those of the more fortunately original thirteen colonies.

The four chapters, Des Moines, Dubuque, Clinton and Sioux City, have increased in numbers and more adequately and practically realized the conceptions and purposes of the society. Mrs. Andrews of the Des Moines chapter, of which Mrs. Bailey is regent, is the only Daughter of Iowa so far honored in the possession of a souvenir spoon. The Clinton Chapter, Mrs. Malin, regent, has supported a lecture course, and still leads in the number of its members. The Dubuque chapter, Miss Rogers, regent, has continued its historical and patriotic reunions. The Sioux City chapter, organized with fifteen members, owes much of its success to the earnest efforts of its first regent, Mrs. Bissel, whose work was taken up and carried on this year by Miss Susanna Weare, regent. The work accomplished has been encouraging, the membership increasing, the social reunions of the pleasantest character, while the future promises much increased helpfulness and progress.

The fifth chapter at Chariton, Mrs. G. Stanton, regent, is named the Sarah McCalla, in honor of the regent's ancestor, who was a heroine of revolutionary times. The formal organization of the chapter, at which time the state regent presented the charter was made a gala occasion. The sixth chapter, of Ottumwa, Mrs. Alice C. Mitchell, regent, is named the Elizabeth Claypool Ross; organized with nineteen members, is steadily increasing in interest and numbers. One of its members is a descendant of General Putnam; another, Miss D. Bell, has been selected for the children's work, and already has a membership enrolled of twenty. These chapters, as do others in our state, feel the remoteness from historical ground and the need of genealogical works as helpers in tracing lineage, but while the work is necessarily slow it is being done with earnestness and pleasure.

The seventh, Davenport chapter, is named in honor of an ancestor of Mrs. Mary L. D. Putnam, Iowa's first state regent, the Hannah Caldwell chapter. The officers and members are

capable and efficient workers. The present regent, Mrs. N. C. Wylie, reports sixteen charter members with an increasing list.

The Stars and Stripes of Burlington, Miss Edith Crapo, regent, organized with seventeen members, who have entered upon their work with earnestness and vigor. In so progressive a city and under the leadership of so capable a regent most favorable results may be looked for in the near future.

The ninth chapter of Iowa, at Manchester, eager to secure the coveted distinction of a famous woman's name, have organized as the Dolly Madison of the West. The regent, Mrs. Eliza J. Terrill, one of the best informed women in a city of clubs and societies, has undertaken the work in a manner to win for the West chapter laurels that should crown so illustrious a name.

Iowa welcomes to her numbers the Red Oak chapter, Mrs. Berry B. Clark, regent.

Of the ten other accepted chapter regents who yet lack the required number for organization, but whose fields of labor are sure to yield most valuable members to this organization, five are state officers in the Iowa Confederation of Clubs, women who have had experience in stimulating public interest in organization, and who seem especially fitted to help in the forward progress of this society in Iowa. A summary of work accomplished in the organization of the state of Iowa is appended to this report.

Organized—1, Des Moines, Mrs. Alice C. Bailey, regent; 2, Dubuque, Miss May Rogers, regent; 3, Clinton, Mrs. Abbie C. Mahin, regent; 4, Sioux City, Miss Susanna Weare, regent; 5, Chariton (Sara McCalla,) Mrs. Gertrude Stanton, regent; 6, Ottumwa (Elizabeth Clayton Ross) Mrs. Alice C. Mitchell, regent; 7, Davenport (Hannah Caldwell,) Mrs. N. C. Wylie, regent; 8, Burlington (Stars and Stripes,) Miss Edith Crapo, regent; 9, Manchester (Dolly Madison West,) Miss Eliza J. Terrill, regent.

Unorganized—1, Marshalltown, Mrs. Annie E. Howe, regent; 2, Cedar Rapids, Mrs. Charles H. Cogswell, regent; 3, West Union, Mrs. Maria C. Weed, regent; 4, Estherville, Mrs. Emma C. Allen, regent; 5, Tipton, Mrs. Jennie S. Bevier, regent; 6, Waterloo, Mrs. J. W. Richards, regent; 7, Belmont, Mrs. C. W. Richardson, regent; 8, Cedar Falls, Mrs. Julia Robinson, regent; 9, Council Bluffs, Miss Isabel Patterson, regent; 10, Keokuk, Miss Ora H. K. Pitman, regent; 11, Victor, Miss H. H. Gritty, regent.

Other cities in which work has been begun, but to which no regents have as yet been appointed, are Mount Vernon, Newton, Rock Rapids, Fort Madison, Iowa Falls, Cherokee, Preston, Osage, Oskaloosa.

CLARA A. COOLEY, State Regent

The annual banquet of the Louisa St. Clair Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Detroit, was held at six o'clock on the evening of January 8th, at the Russell House. One hundred and twenty of the fair daughters of 1776 sat down to the beautiful banquet table and did justice to a menu that could hardly be excelled. Mrs. William J. Chittenden, regent, presided as toastmaster in her most happy and charming way, she first called on Miss Anna Pitkin, who represented the Mt. Vernon society, Mrs. E. B. H. Rathbone, of Ann Arbor, president of the Colonial Dames of America and Michigan.

In speaking of the "daughter" of the present, Mrs. Rathbone said: "Let her be brave and gentle, let her be open-minded and large-hearted as the women of two hundred years ago, and let her advance with the advance of truth and right, that she may represent the ideal woman of the present."

Others of the guests of the evening who were called upon were: Mrs. Alfred Russell, president of the Daughters of 1812; Mrs. Henry Skinner, governor-general of the Order of Descendants of the Colonial Governors; Mrs. Felton, of Wayne, whose father fought in the war of the Revolution; Mrs. Babcock, of Ann Arbor; Mrs. Lambie, of Ypsilanti, and state regent Mrs. Fitzhugh Edwards, of the society. When Mrs. Felton arose, she was greeted with applause and cheering. When it was announced that she was yesterday celebrating her 85th birthday, the ladies arose and drank her health. The regular programme of toasts followed, and the ladies proved themselves adepts in the art of after dinner speaking. Many stories were told that called forth applause and laughter, and there were mingled in the speeches patriotic sentiments and lofty ideas. One of the young ladies, when she arose to respond to a toast, said she was reminded of the young man who died in his youth, and on whose tombstone was inscribed:

"I did not expect this so early."

After the first toast, which was that given by Miss Sumner, on "The American Revolution," Miss Chittenden sang with exquisite effect, "Columbia," by Gilmore, in which she was assisted by a chorus of the members. Other numbers on the programme were as follows:

"To the Brave Mothers of the American Revolution," Mrs. Walter Russel; "Our Ancestors," Mrs. H. H. H. Crapo Smith; "Star Spangled Banner," Miss Reynolds and chorus; "Our

Country's Future Hope, the Patriotic Young Women of To-day," Mrs. B. C. Whitney; "Mistress of Herself Though China Fall," Mrs. C. B. Lothrop; "The Sons of the American Revolution," Mrs. L. A. Arthur; "To Thee, O Country," trio and chorus.

At the conclusion of the programme, Mrs. Henry B. Joy proposed a toast to the incoming and retiring officers, which was drunk by all the members standing.

A reception followed to the Sons of the Revolution and the members of other patriotic societies, during which the parlors of the hotel were crowded with the ladies and their guests.

The Anna Warner Bailey Chapter of Groton and Stonington, Conn., have had a very successful year, and the interest in its work continues unabated. The chapter had charge of refitting the Monument House at Groton Heights and the care of it delegated to it by the State of Connecticut, to whom the house belongs. Quite an interesting collection of Revolutionary relics has been made and are safely kept on exhibition. A register of all visitors is kept, and the names are numbered by hundreds. In August last the first official state flag floated for the first time from the capitol at Hartford, and it was the privilege of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter to make the presentation of it to the state. The flag committee of the chapter were met at Hartford by Assistant Adjutant-General Landers, escorted by him to the capitol and presented to Adjutant-General Havens, who then escorted the ladies to the governor's room, where the flag presentation took place, the proceedings being opened by the General's introducing Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocumb to Governor Cooke. Mrs. Slocumb's address was received with genuine applause and Governor Cooke accepted the flag on behalf of the state in a very acceptable and patriotic manner. It was of the finest material and design and reflects great credit upon the membership of the chapter which donated it. A few days later the official flag, which design of this chapter had been accepted by the general assembly, was presented at Camp Cooke, at Niantic, Conn., the presentation being made by State Senator Benjamin H. Lee and was replied to by Governor Cooke. A salute of thirteen guns was fired as the flag was hoisted on the staff of the governor's pagoda. The exercises at Camp Cooke were very interesting and about fifty members of the chapter were in attendance besides many from other chapters. There were delegates from the societies of Children of the American Revolution, viz., Colonel Ledyard, of Groton; Thomas Starr, of Eastern Point; Thomas Avery, of Poquonoc Bridge; Breton Allyn, of Gales Ferry; William Latham, Jr., of Stonington; Ebenezer Huntington, of Norwich; Stephen Hempstead and Jonathan Brooks, of New London. During the year the chapter had a tea in a public hall in Groton for the especial benefit of the work being done by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop at New York. A barrel of articles needed in her work was forwarded, also a purse of over fifty dollars. Mrs. Lathrop is a member of this chapter, hence it is that the "Daughters" take a great interest in the work of her life. In various ways an interest is kept up in hte chapter by social teas at Groton and meetings at Stonington, and at Westerly, R. I., where many members reside.

On Thursday afternoon, November 18, the first annual meeting of Bunker Hill Chapter of Boston, Mass., was held at the home of one of its members, Miss Marie Laughton, in Copley Square. Seventy of the one hundred members (the limit) were in attendance and many guests. Mrs. Henry Grant Weston of the Winthrop Chapter of Cambridge read an able paper on "Ye Ancient Codfish in the Boston State House." At the business meeting the death of Mrs. Helen A. Brigham was reported and suitable resolutions adopted. Mrs. Brigham was an early member and a woman of highly esteemed characteristics. She served as department president of W. R. C. and was succeeded by Mrs. Emilie L. W. Waterman, the chapter registrar. The regent, Miss Marion Howard Brazier, was unanimously re-elected, and made a forcible speech of acceptance. The other officers are: Vice-regent, Mrs. Alexander Martin; secretary, Miss Lillian M. B. Clarke; treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Alline; registrar, Mrs. Ella Worth Pendergast; historian, Miss S. M. Brown; executive board, Miss Amelia Johnson, Mrs. Ellen Dudley Clarke and Mrs. C. S. W. Vinsen. After the literary exercises a social half hour was passed. The chapter has much work planned for the coming year. It is placing in the public schools a framed lithograph flag, telling the story of the stars and stripes. As Greater Boston has two hundred and sixteen public schools, the undertaking is somewhat ambitious. Three times a year the chapter meets in the Charlestown district out of courtesy to the thirty members from that district and on the 17th of June celebrate the holiday there. It has a long waiting list and a great deal of talent in the ranks, also members of the Daughters of the Revolution, Mayflower Society and the Woman's Relief Corps.

The Paul Revere Chapter of Boston was the second chapter formed in that city and has been uniformly steady in its growth. The organization was completed on the 18th of April, and it was fitting that it should be named after the hero of that day and that the annual commemoration should be held on Patriots' Day. The courtesy of the wardens of the old Christ Church has enabled the chapter to celebrate day in this historic building, where the associations and surroundings lend a peculiar and thrilling interest to the patriotic exercises. It has been placing a bronze tablet upon the house of Paul Revere and coats of arms of the thirteen original states in the school rooms of the "North End," the gift of a portrait of Paul Revere to the new school bearing his name and occasional contributions to the work of other chapters. Papers, addresses and the reading of long-treasured Revolutionary documents are features of the regular meetings.

Order of Founders and Patriots.

The New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America gave a reception and banquet at the Windsor Hotel on the evening of December 7th, in honor of its governor, the Hon. William Winter Goodrich, presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York. The special occasion was Justice Goodrich's return from several months' absence abroad.



The Banquet Committee consisted of associates Charles A. Hoyt, John Quincy Adams, Lewis C. Hopkins, Dwight Tracy, Elmer S. Forbes, Stephen M. Wright and Edward Hagaman Hall. The affair was a distinguished success and added to the reputation of this young Order for fine public entertainments. The banquet room of the Windsor was filled to its utmost capacity with a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen. At the speakers' table sat the Governor-General of the Order, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, flanked on either side by Justice and Mrs. Goodrich, Mayor William L. Strong and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hoyt, United States Senator Frank J. Cannon, Colonel Ralph E. Prime and Miss Prime, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hagaman Hall, General and Mrs. Henry W. Burnett, Colonel and Mrs. L. C. Hopkins, Capt. Samuel Emlen Meigs, U. S. A., and Nicholas Fish, Esq. The Rev. Dr. Daniel F. Warren, chaplain of the New York society, read the preamble of the Order and invoked the blessing. After coffee, out of deference to the ladies, there were no cigars. The literary exercises were opened by the president of the evening, Governor-General Grant, whose felicitous remarks, interesting in themselves, attracted especial attention as coming from a veteran of the war, ex-Minister to Austria, ex-Police Commissioner of New York, and the son of Gen. U. S. Grant, whom he strikingly resembles. His personal allusions to Justice Goodrich, and to Russell Sage, a recently admitted member, were highly relished.

Deputy Governor Charles Albert Hoyt, with his courtly grace of manner and eloquent fluency of diction, extended to Governor Goodrich a hearty and cordial welcome home. The speech was glowing with patriotism and bright with the prediction of a splendid future for the society which, in eighteen months, had acquired a membership of 350.

Governor Goodrich was very happy in his response. After commenting in a humorous manner upon the two great events of the closing years of the century—the creation of Greater New York and the formation of the Order of the Founders and Patriots—he gave an amusing description of American patriotism as seen abroad. His account of his experience in the Old Bailey Sessions, London, was instructive and entertaining. He concluded by presenting to the society a rare fac simile of the complete Mayflower Log.

Hon. William L. Strong, ninety-first and last Mayor of the City of New York, as formerly constituted made a capital speech, partly historical and partly humorous. His reference to Mrs. Strong's relation to the first mayor of New York revealed an interesting tie between the two ends of the long line of illustrious chief magistrates of the great city.

United States Senator Frank J. Cannon of Utah spoke beautifully upon the subject, "A Founder of Japan and a Patriot of China," giving some interesting observations upon his travels in the Orient. The whole company listened with concentrated attention to his pathetic stories of the ghost children of Japan and the even-headed justice of a Chinese court.

The last speaker on the programme was Edward Hagaman Hall, who delivered a valuable and studious address upon the text, "Forgetting the Things that are Behind." It was a review of the patriotism, or lack of patriotism, of the citizens of New York, as revealed by an analysis of their public movements.

Just before adjournment, Governor-General Grant announced that the members of the society had a pleasant little surprise in store for another member, and that Mr. Hall had been requested to spring it upon its victim. As the object of the surprise is one of the most zealous work-

ers and deserving members of the society. We quote the brief remarks of the speaker in full.

"Mr. Governor-General and Associates, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are assembled here this evening chiefly to pay tribute to our distinguished Governor, Justice Goodrich, but it is desired also to pay a measure of honor to another officer of the society, its efficient registrar, Colonel Lewis C. Hopkins. Colonel Hopkins has been one of the most indefatigable workers for the growth of the society that we have. Whenever you hear the name of Hopkins you naturally expect something good. We think of Edward Hopkins, a Colonial governor of Connecticut; of Esek Hopkins, first commodore in the United States navy; of John Hopkins, the philanthropist; of Mark Hopkins, president of Williams College, whom the boys loved so much that they used to call him "Mark, the Perfect Man"; of Samuel Hopkins, the eminent divine and founder of the Hopkinsian school of theology; of Stephen Hopkins, Signer of the Declaration of Independence; and of all the other Hopkines, and you expect to find a man of more than ordinary ability. Now I don't know from which, if any, of these Hopkines Colonel Hopkins descends, but he seems to combine in a measure the qualities of all of them—of the Governor, the Commodore, the Philanthropist, the Perfect Man, the Doctor of Divinity, and the Signer of the Declaration of Independence. If this does not explain Colonel Hopkins' activity in behalf of the interests of the society, perhaps it can be accounted for in another way. It was only yesterday that I obtained a satisfactory explanation myself. It seems that Colonel Hopkins is half of a pair of twins. When his father faced the task of naming the infants, he considered the subject with a view to the greatest good to the greatest numbers. He wanted to give them names which would not only ensure honorable careers for the boys themselves, but names which would in some way be instrumental for good to their fellow-citizens. It happened that at that time two Presbyterian evangelists were conducting a successful revival in Colonel Hopkins' birthplace, and were doing a glorious work in saving sinners. Colonel Hopkins' father, being a Presbyterian himself, determined to name the boys after the two evangelists, and thus set the mark of destiny upon them. That is where Colonel Hopkins gets his middle name, Cheesman, and where, undoubtedly, he also gets his wonderful ability as a patriotic evangelist in the work of this society. Our organization is greatly indebted to our Registrar for his tireless labors and his earnest efforts in promoting its growth. If he has not secured more members than any other associate, I think it may safely be said that he has secured more in the time that he has devoted to the work. In recognition of these services, his associates have requested me to present to him, in their behalf, this beautiful gold insignia of the Order. Please accept this, Colonel Hopkins, as a token of the esteem in which you are held by your friends in this Order; and accept it also with the assurance of the confidence of your associates, that when you wear it on your breast, it will lie over one of the most loyal and patriotic hearts that beats in the Order."

As the speaker pinned the beautiful insignia of the Order upon Col. Hopkins' breast, the Registrar was visibly affected by the unexpected testimonial of confidence. Nevertheless he found words to express his appreciation, and to say that whatever success had attended his efforts had been due not only to his love of the Order, but to the application of principles formed during his long business career. Colonel Hopkins performed the lion's share of work in connection with the banquet, and its success was an additional testimony to his efficiency.

Daughters of the Revolution.

The Sarah Hull Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Newton, had its first meeting of the season at the house of Miss M. R. Wheeler. Eleven new members were elected, among



them three lineal descendants of General William Hull and of his wife, Sarah Hull, for whom the chapter is named. A very interesting paper on the Constitution was read by Mrs. Frank T. Benner of Newtonville. The story of the old frigate was told and was of especial interest to the chapter on account of the important part played in it by Commodore Hull, who was nephew to General William Hull, and who as a boy lived at the Hull homestead in Newton. After the paper, Holmes' poem, "Old Ironsides," was read, and Miss Wheeler sang the "Star Spangled Banner," after which a granddaughter of Sarah Hull, Mrs. Sarah Fuller Read was presented to the chapter and told how as a young girl she had been entertained on the Constitution by her cousin, Commodore Hull.

The first meeting of the Josiah Bartlett chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Amesbury, was held October 27th, with the regent, Mrs. R. B. Hawley. After the business meeting tea was served from old-fashioned china, and many interesting relics owned by the regent were displayed.

The Peter Faneuil chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Allston, opened their season on October 26th at the home of the regent, Mrs. Isaac N. Tucker. The programme arranged on that day will insure to the chapter a very busy and useful winter. The meeting closed with a social hour, during which refreshments were served.

On Thursday evening, October 28, a very novel and delightful entertainment was given by the Third Plantation chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Lynn, at the residence of Mrs. Ira B. Keith. Patriotic airs on mandolin and piano, furnished by Miss Ellen Burrill and Mrs. Clark, opened the evening, and then followed a charming representation of a tea party in Revolutionary days. The participants were dressed in century-old brocades, and with powdered hair and high combs looked as if they had stepped out of an old picture. Their conversation was a clever rehearsal of events of the period which they represented, and included accounts of Indian wars, the Boston Tea Party, Marblehead sea fight and the Battle of Lexington, all told with the vividness of eye witnesses. The tea table and its furnishings, and all the sittings of the scene, were more than one hundred years old. The parts were taken with much spirit by Mrs. Francis A. Johnson, Miss Lampier, Mrs. W. E. Goldsmith, Mrs. Howard K. Sanderson and Mrs. James Hitchings. At the close of the scene all joined in singing Auld Lang Syne and pronounced the evening a great success.

The Mary Wade chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Ipswich, on Saturday, October 30th, celebrated the 108th anniversary of Washington's visit to Ipswich. Mrs. Ross, regent of the chapter, read an article written by Rev. Augustine Caldwell which described the visit, and told how Washington reviewed the troops from the steps of the inn, with Col. Nathaniel Wade, for whose wife this chapter was named, by his side. A paper was read by Miss Mary Sawyer, of Wellesley Hills, on Colonial marriage customs, closed this very interesting meeting.

The meeting of the Adams chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Quincy, held on November 1, was an occasion long to be remembered. It was the first meeting since the "hanging of the crane." Plans for the winter were discussed with much interest, and it was decided to hold a series of four whist parties at the Hotel Vendome on the afternoons and evenings of Nov. 18 and 19 for the purpose of completing the work of the restoration of the John Adams house. Five new members were admitted to the chapter, among them Miss Abigail Adams of Quincy, a direct descendant of President John Adams. It was announced that a series of papers on the history of Quincy would be prepared by members of the chapter for this winter's meetings. After the business meeting a delightful hour followed, in which tea was served to the members gathered around their cheerful hearth. During the afternoon the chapter had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Dr. Edward Everett Hale and some friends.

The regular monthly meeting of the North Bride chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Salem, was held on Friday, November 5. Plans for the season's work were discussed, and two papers were read by members, one on the property rights of women and another on the old ship Constitution.

The Sarah Hull chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, celebrated the anniversary of the first business meeting, December 2, at the Newton Club House, Newtonville. The large hall, dining rooms and reception rooms of the club house were beautifully decorated with flags, buff and blue bunting and potted plants. Over the platform in the hall were framed pictures of Sarah Hull and the old mill on the Hull place, the latter having been drawn by Sarah Hull Clarke (sister of James Freeman Clarke) in 1827. After a brief reception by the officers of the chapter a very interesting programme followed, opening with an overture rendered by Mrs. Shumway. A cordial address of welcome was given by the chapter regent, Mrs. Alexander Ferris, which was followed by a brief address by the state regent, Miss Sarah E. Hunt, who congratulated the chapter on the rapid growth and the fine patriotic work it had already accomplished. Miss Hunt reminded her hearers of the motto of the society—"Liberty, Home, Country," and suggested that courage and fidelity should also characterize the Daughters of the Revolution and their work. The programme continued with vocal selections by the Philomena Olette and a valuable paper by Mrs. Sewell C. Coffin—"The Early History of Newton," followed by reminiscences of Commodore Isaac Hull, given by Mrs. Sarah Fuller Read, granddaughter of Sarah Hull. A paper was also contributed by Mrs. Ella Wingate Ireland, great-granddaughter of Sarah Hull, which gave interesting reminiscences of Judge Abraham Fuller and of his daughter, Sarah Fuller Hull. The closing address was given by Rev. Francis Hornbrooke of Newton, who recommended to patriotic societies the example of our ancestors in following principles without thinking of results.

The exercises finished with the singing of "America," after which the company adjourned to the rooms below, where a social hour was enjoyed and refreshments were served. There was a very large gathering present, including the officers and councillors of the state society and regents and representatives from the Isaac Gardiner chapter, Brookline, North Bridge, Salem, Three Plantations, Lynn, Mary Warren, Roxbury, and from the Dorchester, Malden, North Newburyport, Dedham, Allston, Andover, New Bedford, Boston, Bradford, Quincy, Haverhill chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution, and from the Lucy Jackson, Newton, and Paul Revere chapters, Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the last meeting of the state council, Daughters of the Revolution, Miss Cornelia A. Stickney of Salem was elected a member of that body.

On Tuesday, December 6th, Miss Sarah E. Hunt, regent of the Massachusetts society, Daughters of the Revolution, addressed the Newtonville Woman's Guild on the work of patriotic societies in general and that of the Daughters of the Revolution in particular. The occasion opened very appropriately with a fine rendering of Eichberg's "O Thee, O Country."

The Thrid Plantation chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Lynn, gave a novel entertainment on December 9th. The programmes were decorated with a sketch of Captain Miles Standish, and the evening was devoted to scenes illustrating Longfellow's poem of the "Courtship of Miles Standish," together with scenes from Betty Alden and music from the operetta of Priscilla.

The Massachusetts Daughters of the Revolution gathered together from all over the state on December 16th, the anniversary of the Boston Tea Party. The morning was devoted to an important business meeting, at which the revision of the by-laws was considered. After the adjournment of this meeting, by the invitation of Mrs. Wilson V. Titus, regent of the Adams chapter, Daughters of the Revolution of Quincy, the officers and many of the members of the society visited the historic Hancock Tavern and took a cup of tea in the identical room in which the famous Tea Party was planned. In the afternoon the society met again in Chipman Hall, and very interesting exercises took place, consisting of an address by the regent, Miss Sarah E. Hunt, and a delightful musical programme. The meeting closed with the hearty singing of patriotic songs, after which the Daughters remained an hour for friendly intercourse.

United States Daughters 1812.

The regular annual meeting of the General Society United States Daughters 1812 took place in the Banquet Hall of the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday, January 8th, 1898. The meeting was called at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, founder and president, opened the meeting, calling it to order in a few well chosen words and then invited Mrs. William Gerry Slade, president of New York State, to the chair, as her deputy in presiding.



The usual business, minutes, reports of the several states, whose presidents were not present, were read by the secretary-general, Mrs. Le Roy Sunderland Smith. The report from Pennsylvania was read by Mrs. Louis W. Hall, president of the State Society, after which she presented a very beautiful piece of flowers, an anchor and star, insignia of the society, from the Pennsylvania Society United States Daughters 1812, to Mrs. Darling. Telegrams were received from other societies celebrating the battle of New Orleans in other cities and states. One from the Dolly Madison chapter of Pittsburg, Pa., under the direction of Mrs. A. Sullivan Johnson, who is also honorary vice-president of the general society, was received, and the regular business was suspended for a few minutes, for the president, Mrs. Darling's word of thanks, and Mrs. Louis W. Hall was commissioned to send a dispatch of greeting and thanks to the Pittsburg chapter, then announced as assembled. At the beginning of the entertainment exercises the room was full, seating one hundred. The exercises were opened by a few pleasant remarks from the president, Mrs. Hall, and a letter from Mrs. William Lee of Massachusetts, honorary vice-president United States Daughters, was read by the secretary, who also read a tribute to Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, in honor of her father, "Old Ironsides," of the frigate Constitution. A recitation, the "Rising of 1776," followed, by Miss Helen Denison. Mrs. Frank Leslie read a paper on the Cabot monument at Bristol, England, which was dedicated June 24th, 1897. Mrs. Leslie was a delegate from the United States Daughters Council on this occasion. Mr. John Quincy Adams, secretary-general of the Founders and Patriots of America, made the address of the day. It was a stirring appeal regarding our loyalty to our French allies, entitled "The Franco-American Alliance, 1777." In it he paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Louis W. Hall of Pennsylvania, who was with us and spoke at the last meeting. Mr. Adams' address was greatly appreciated. And then followed a brilliant and eloquent paper from the founder and president-general, Mrs. Darling. This was a remarkable paper, earnest, impassioned, and received the highest encomiums and enthusiastic praise on all sides. The desire was expressed and motion passed that it should be published and largely distributed. At the close of the address Mrs. Darling announced the appointment of the seven new officers, which will make the Cabinet Council of the General Society. Mrs. Darling retains an honorary office for life as the founder-general of the society, with active vote and voice for life as director-general.

Mrs. William Gerry Slade of New York, president-general; Mrs. Louis W. Hall of Pennsylvania, first vice-president; Mrs. Nelson V. Titus of Massachusetts, second vice-president; Mrs. Le Roy Sunderland Smith, secretary-general, as in past; Miss Helen Bailey of New Hampshire, treasurer-general; Mrs. Alfred Russell of Michigan, and Mrs. Burrows of Virginia as councillors. Mrs. Darling concluded with a kind welcome to the new president-general, Mrs. Slade, who responded in a few well chosen words of acceptance and thanks to the founder. A unanimous vote of thanks was given to the speakers of the day, after which lunch was most happily served by the management of the hotel, by bringing in small tables, and as if by magic, transforming an audience room of attentive listeners into a banquet room of equally interested participants. All expressed as well pleased with the exercises and lunch, and felt that the society gave high promise for future prosperity and honor.

S. A. SMITH, Secretary-General U. S. D. 1812.
151 West 117th St., January 20, 1898.

Society Children of the American Revolution.

The Thomas Pickering Society of the Children of the American Revolution was organized in Seattle, Washington, December, 1896. At their last meeting, December 31, 1897, twenty-four



children were present. Each child recited a patriotic quotation in response to the roll call. Recitations, patriotic songs and remarks from several of the older boys followed. After refreshments each child was presented with a cornucopia of silver and gold paper, on one side of which was a small flag, on the other "C. A. R., 1897." Red, white and blue ribbons served as handles. The children of this society have charge of the grave of Chief Seattle's daughter, who was called "Princess Angeline," and have placed a simple slab to mark her resting place in the City Cemetery. Chief Seattle, for whom Seattle was named, was a good, noble and true Indian and a friend of the white people. A tomb at Port Madison marks the place of burial.

The National Society of the Children of the American Revolution will hold its annual convention at Washington, D. C., February 19-25. The plans for the week are as follows:

Saturday, February 19, informal reception by the national board to the visiting members. Business meetings 10 and 2 o'clock.

Tuesday, February 22, grand public patriotic meeting, Columbia Theatre, 10 to 12 a. m.

Tuesday afternoon, reception by officials of the national board to the members and friends, in banquet hall of Hotel Cochran, corner of 14th and K Sts., from 3 to 5.30.

Wednesday, February 23, sight-seeing all day.

Thursday, February 24, sight-seeing all day.

Friday, February 25th, field day at Mount Auburn. There will be two parties got up to go by boat and car.

The historic trips under experienced and intelligent guidance over Washington and its environs, inaugurated last year by the national president, proved so successful that they are to be repeated during this convention week on more extended lines.

The charters for the local societies of the Children of the American Revolution are completed and ready for delivery. They have been much delayed in order that the design could be carried out in every detail, according to its selection and arrangement, which were made by the national president of the society.

The charters are very beautiful and illustrate the meeting of Washington and the children, as described in the Memoirs of Count Dumas, and they call forth universal admiration. The workmanship is very fine, being done by Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company of Philadelphia. This well known house also furnish the certificates, pins and stationery of the society. The first charter signed and sent out was to the Old North Bridge society of Concord, Mass., to whom it was presented January 3d, 1897.

Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to
Miss M. WINCHESTER ADAMS, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City.

Kindergarten Song.

Oh, Washington's birthday we hail with delight,—
The flags we have made are a beautiful sight,—
We wave them, when marching like soldiers so true,—
The Stars and the Stripes of our Red, White and Blue.
The Stars and the Stripes of our Red, White and Blue.

Then, let our glad voices of Washington sing,
As we place 'round his picture our flag offering,
The country he loved, we must live for it, too,
Its Stars and its Stripes, our loved Red, White and Blue.
Its Stars and its Stripes, our loved Red, White, and Blue.

M. W. A.

Washington's Rock.

On the brow of the mountain in the rear of Plainfield, N. J., at an elevation of 400 feet there stands a very large rock about 25 feet high and over 30 feet in circumference, which is called Washington's Rock.

Its summit offers a fine position for taking an extensive view of the surrounding country, which lies at the feet of the spectator, as level as a map for a circuit of 60 miles.

In the summer of 1777 the American army was stationed at New Market, Middlebrook and other places on this plain. After the retreat of Sir William Howe from New Brunswick, and upon his marching from Amboy to where Plainfield now is, Washington retreated to the heights in face of the enemy. A skirmish took place between the advanced guard of Howe's army and Lord Stirling's division, and upon the approach of the column under Cornwallis, Stirling was obliged to retreat. Howe pursued him to Westfield and the next day returned to Amboy. Washington at this time was on the rock watching the operation of the armies on the plain. At various other times he resorted to this place to ascertain the movements of the enemy.

NEWARK, N. J., December 17, 1897.

DEAR AUNT INDEPENDENCE—I am a boy nearly twelve years old. I enjoyed reading the boys' and girls' page in THE SPIRIT OF '76. I have a cousin called Independence; she was born on the Fourth of July, and that is the reason uncle named her Independence. My mamma is a Daughter of the American Revolution and a New England woman, and when she first came to New Jersey to live she used to hear people when talking to a naughty child say, "Oh, you little Hessian." Mamma did not know why naughty children were called Hessians, but inquiring she learned that during the American Revolution the New Jersey people hated the Hessians so much that they made the word Hessian stand for all that was wicked and disagreeable.

Your little friend, E. B. S.

1. What led Washington while President to say: "I would rather take my spade in my hand and work for my bread than to remain where I am?"

2. What called forth from him the exclamation: "I would rather be in my grave than be President?"

Mrs. Thompson's Story.

In the winter of Seventeen Seventy-nine,

The provisions so oft were low
At Morristown, that Washington
And his men would sometimes go
"Five or six days" without any meat,
Then again days without bread to eat.

Thus Washington's housekeeper oft was tried,

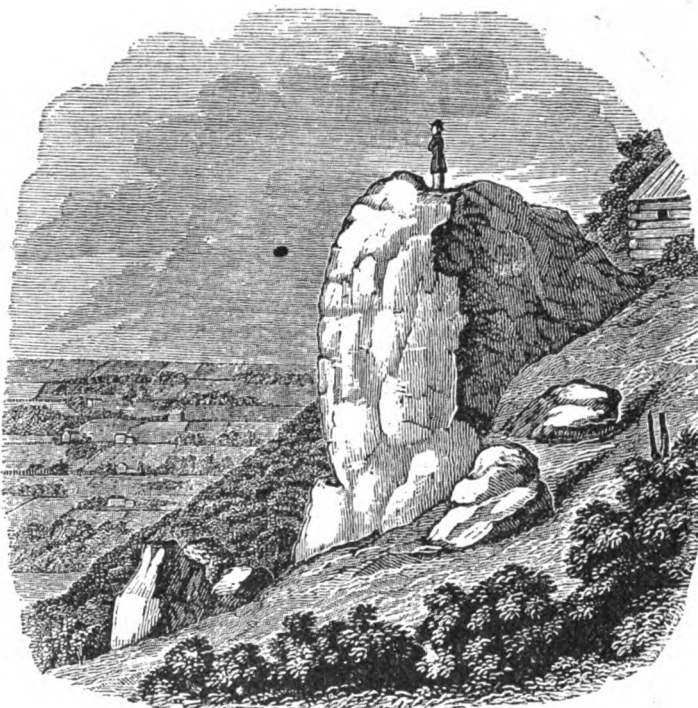
To supply in a proper way,
The General's table as she thought,
It should be supplied each day.
But Mrs. Thompson could manage well
And her little story to you I'll tell.

"We have naught but the rations to cook to-day,"

One day she complained to the Chief.

"Then just the rations you must cook,
For this there is no relief.

I haven't a farthing to give to you,"
Said Washington, the brave and true.



"WASHINGTON'S ROCK, Plainfield, N. J.

"If you please, sir," the house-keeper answer made,

"Let one of the gentlemen write

An order for bushels of salt—say six,

And give it to me to-night."

"Six bushels of salt!" exclaimed the Chief.

"Please, sir, six bushels to salt fresh beef."

The order was given by one of the aids

And Washington's table was laid

Next day with an ample supply, for which

He thought Mrs. Thompson paid.

He sent for her and said with regret:

"Already I owe you too great a debt,

Our position is not at this moment such

To induce very sanguine hope."

"Dear sir," Mrs. Thompson then made reply,

As she tried with his thought to cope,

"'Tis always darkest before the light;

Forgive me, please, if it were not right.

To barter the salt with the people near,

To better supply our Chief,

They were only too glad to exchange for salt

With which to preserve their beef."

Was Mrs. Thompson forgiven, think you?

I do not know, though the story's true.

M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.

[Salt was at that time eight dollars a bushel, and might readily be exchanged with the country people for articles of provision.]

A few days ago a lady said to me: "I don't see any use in children forming patriotic societies. They'll begin soon enough to live upon the glory of their ancestors without our helping them to it; then she added when the children have their meetings it is the grown people who do all the talking."

I assured her that in one society which I just heard from several of the older boys had made remarks at the last meeting, and that one little maid whom I knew was saving one cent, out of her weekly allowance of five, to send to a fair island fighting for liberty. Let me hear from more of the boys and girls.

With this number we begin Part 2 of this great work. Part 1st ended with the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, October 17th, 1777. This opens with the battle of Red Bank, October 23d, six days thereafter. So the "Drama" runs on in chronological order.

This First Act, after the victory of Red Bank and the defeat of Count Donop (a few days later changed to a victory for the British, because of failure to re-enforce Washington,) presents in glorious lines the sharp contrast between the condition of the English in Philadelphia and the Americans at Valley Forge. He is hardened to every patriotic impulse who can read unmoved this most critical period of our Revolution.

Washington, or the Revolution

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PART II.—ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The ramparts of Fort Mercer at Red Bank, on the Delaware River below Philadelphia; with space in front.*

Time: October 22d, 1777.

Enter a HESSIAN OFFICER as a Herald, and a bugler.

HERALD.—Sound a call, that these men appear and hear us, before we strike.

(The bugler blows a call; COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE, in command of the fort, appears upon the rampart.)

GREENE.—What means this noisy summons?

HERALD.—Listen, bold traitor, and you shall know! I bring

To you life, with years of rest under Britain's

Gracious sovereign if you obey; and A promise to enrich the fields around Us with your corporal substance, if you Refuse. Surrender the fort upon which You stand, with all its garrison to my Commander. And know the gentleness of This direction, since he holds the force to Take it, whether you will or not. Colonel Donop, after answer, will peacefully Enter your ramparts, with banners lazily Flapping in this Autumn's sun, or do so As he may appoint the hour, after savage Conflict. Be reasonable. Encourage Not the arrogance that contemns authority, The corner stone of states. Throw off as vile, The thought of independence which has brought

You to this pass of danger, and resume In safety your long-neglected duty. In my hand I bear a pardon for your Foul offences. A free gift; and priceless As life-repairing sleep, as you shall know If you lie with it upon the bed of Quick repentance. Reject my favors,—which

I proclaim as the voice of England's patient King,—and charge yourself with the fell disasters

Following.

Do not, then, compel me,—advancing here On such gentle mission,—to depart with Your refusal. If so, speedily shall Those return, to enforce where now I plead. The merciless sword in front, and high-crested

Ships behind, destruction will look down with

Pitiless eye over land and river.

Coming then with power to crush, and all Too late for healing the breach, now made, My Chief, to these weapons drawn from ready

Arsenals in addition may turn against

You, those twin terrors of dreadful war, slow Hunger and creeping fire. What say you?

GREENE.—You should have saved for this noisy bugle

The wasted wind; and yourself the trouble Of this speech. Take my defiance to those Who sent you! The thought of independence,

Which you bid me abjure, shall nerve my arm

To resist the blatant threatenings of Your royal master. Tell Colonel Donop, That no banner which he bears, shall cross these

Battlements, without meeting the withering Hail of unerring guns. The fields around Us,—if enriched at all,—shall be so, by The foreign hirelings, sold for this danger, With the others they encounter. Slavish Vassal from a slavish state, and chattel Of England's King, know this from me; You confront those whose allegiance is Given to no man of mortal mould; but To the recorded will of the majority! The times are charged with great changes, and we

Are here to help them on. From this high eminence,

I look down to you; and thus positioned, Typify the end we strive for; to place The man above, and the juggling princes below.

Go! Teach your chief this. If he comprehends,

Let his powers dissolve, in just tribute To our exalted motives, which, in the Years to come, hold for him a blessing as Surely as for us. Failing to comprehend, Let him dash himself to death upon this Rock of liberty, which we and all true Men defend. You have my answer.

[All retire.]

SCENE II.—*Philadelphia. Headquarters of GEN. HOWE.*

Time: October 23, 1777.

Enter GEN. HOWE and GEN. CORNWALLIS.

HOWE.—Repulsed! Repulsed at Red Bank! An assault

By land and water, hurled back! Donop dead!

And nearly five hundred officers and Men killed and wounded! Two ships of the line

Burned and the Admiral stayed! This is a Sad report, my Lord Cornwallis. Red Bank, Was yesterday, a red bank indeed to us.

CORNWALLIS.—It was unexpected.

HOWE.—All things here are unexpected. From the

Day I set foot upon this soil till now, Our adversary has been under Estimated.

CORNWALLIS.—Man for man, they are without superiors.

HOWE.—Burgoyne! I have no tears to shed for him.

His army by this time eat the bread of Prisoners, and he does, too. So audacious Ambition has its fall.

CORNWALLIS.—Is it true that Burgoyne has surrendered At Saratoga?

HOWE.—It is true that he has lost. And hourly We may expect report that Washington Has the disposal of him, and of his Army, too, as the chattels of war

CORNWALLIS.—It was a grave error to supersede

Tried commanders.

HOWE.—This was Germain's work. He planted, and the

crop is thorns; which I hope may prick him to

The end. I have asked leave of the King to Resign. I am tired of this service. What Laurels are here to win others may gather.

CORNWALLIS.—The army will feel a pang of grief when You depart.

HOWE.—But to present troubles. It is necessary

That we open the Delaware, even To the sea. Because of this defeat, my Brother, the Admiral, with his fleet is Still shut off from us. Philadelphia is A prison without this outlet.

CORNWALLIS.—The country around is fertile; and our

Men are brave.

HOWE.—*(with impatience.)* Our foragers themselves would starve, with Washington between them and the housed Corn. We are here, rats in a trap. Vainly May we bite the wires of the cage, unless Conditions change. Again we must assail; And assail with all our power. Clinton has Order to send hither six thousand from New York. To abandon the forts on the Hudson, useless now to us. We will gain This Fort Red Bank or Fort Mercer, by whatever

Name called; yes, and all its fellows, which Impede to us the Delaware, from here To ocean tide, though it takes every gun Of England. Once more cry forward, and every

Man to his place, face to the foe, until Obstructions fall. [All retire.]

SCENE III.—*York, Pennsylvania. Committee Room of the Congress of the United States.*

Time: December 1, 1777.

Enter, HENRY LAURENS, President of Congress; JOHN ADAMS, Member of Congress; LIEUT. THOMAS CARROLL, bearer of dispatches from WASHINGTON, and LIEUT. EDWARD MOULTRIE, bearer of dispatches from GENERAL GATES.

ADAMS.—*(to Laurens.)* Two heralds halt us here;

But they sing in different strains.

LAURENS.—He from Gates and Saratoga, is So lofty in his song that all absorbed, We hear not the evil in the other's notes. The surrender of Burgoyne and all his Army!

ADAMS.—Red Bank captured, after all! So the other herald sings. Greene repelled The assailant in October last, and Thayer admits him in November. Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin both in ruins! They were to us as guardian angels; And now are lost!

LAURENS.—The Delaware is open to the enemy, And in Philadelphia he rests secure. A desperate defence has just been made By Major Thayer; so Washington advises; But courage bowed to superior numbers.

ADAMS.—And so it will ever be While Washington commands. Again we are Fabiused into disaster. Can we Compel this man to fight, and so have one Chance to win? Heaven grant we can.

LAURENS.—A dangerous compulsion! Here in Congress we have urged Washington To assault Philadelphia.

Public opinion joins in our clamor. A dismal howl is this to a commander Not able to comply; and injurious, If he yields to ignorant brawling, against His judgment

ADAMS.—He never wins who is ready with excuses.

CARROLL.—*(with great warmth.)* I will not hear

My chief traduced, when gross injustice feeds

The accusation. Here we meet as Citizens, and my opinion outvalues That of any man who, more than I, Abuses truth with impulsive language. Washington has been ever watchful for Holding the Delaware. When in October Greene plucked Red Bank back from the dragon-jaws

Of war, Washington rejoiced with him whose Joy was greatest. Then came the struggle to Keep what he possessed against the next assault.

With unerring judgment, ever nicely trained Against approaching evil, he knew that Guns on land and water would again speak, For the surrender of those obstinate And now reddened battlement.

LAURENS.—I follow you, Lieutenant, With the greatest interest. Speak freely.

CARROLL.—What did you—you who are here in Congress—

To aid my chief? You gave him back not a Single soldier, even of his own line; Not a man of those whom he had sent to Gates, to help him win that chaplet in Saratoga.

Gates made to his chief no report of his Battle; but left him to hear of it, as The birds might sing the tale to his listening Ears. In this contumacy Gates was safe From your reproof. You forbade Washington

To recall his men from the north without The consent of this subordinate. The few devoted heroes who were permitted, By your oversight, to linger near, were Emaciated from pinching hunger.

ADAMS.—This is an arraignment of Congress, And not to be permitted.

LAURENS.—We are not in session; And this Lieutenant has the right to speak. Go on. Moreover, he is ambassador From Washington; and we may with profit Listen.

CARROLL.—Congress ordered Gates to recover The fort upon the Hudson. Behind this Was concealed the excuse for keeping back Re-enforcements, which Washington so much

Craved. These forts in the north were already

Regained by Washington in his far-reaching Plans. Howe abandoned them as useless; and

Fortunate it was for him,—Oh, happy General!—that no meddlesome Congress could

Trip him. Howe called from Clinton his surplus

Thousands; with these, Cornwallis, on that fatal

November day, walled off,—from hands too few

And feeble to assist,—these coveted Guardians of the Delaware, Fort Mercer And Fort Mifflin. The fall of both is Chargeable to Congress, who left Washington

Naked of power with which to keep them.

MOULTRIE.—Before I left the North—the camp of Gates—

Hamilton was there for troops, as a special Courier from Washington. Hence, I am A witness to what is set in this

Indictment, drawn by Lieutenant Carroll.

LAURENS.—Adams, here in Congress We must sheath the weapons carried by some

Of us for Washington's humiliation.

ADAMS.—I have no such weapons to sheath.

LAURENS.—The bitter criticism; The baseless accusation; these, to a Faithful man, are sharper than cutting steel.

Do you wear such weapons? You may answer.

Will future generations ever know

How many, in this very Congress, Have been and are so armed?

ADAMS.—Our civic duties do not suffer, and Have not, though we sometimes peer into the camp.

If the military would catch an example From the civil authority, more cheerful Deeds of arms would be to the credit of The State.

LAURENS.—In this—the discharge of civic functions—

We stand acquitted, while malicious Accusation dies. Here let us stand.

We offset the loss of the Delaware— The dates almost colliding, or would do So, if time were substance—by a plan of Union, that gathers this people into One consolidated state. A great, A noble work.

ADAMS.—The "Articles of Confederation And Perpetual Union," submitted To the States—when by them adopted— Will be worth a general battle won.

LAURENS.—It will give a purpose. It will give us a nation to defend. It may not be perfect in all things; But it is the first step.

ADAMS.—Experience give us wisdom, Safely to take the second! And now to work. Excuses, however Plausible, will not acquit us for inaction.

[ADAMS and LAURENS retire.

MOULTRIE.—(with enthusiasm.) Carroll!

Carroll!

You have lost none of your old-time audacity.

Flouting touchy Adams here, I thought we Were again in Princeton, and you up on charges.

Old chum! I could hug you for what you said.

CARROLL.—It was the truth. And there are times when the truth is needed;

Else we are outdone. Did the old man wince?

MOULTRIE.—His bald but venerable pate crimsoned;

And then turned white again. You struck him hard.

CARROLL.—And I'll do the same thing again,— If chance brings it round. Moultrie! we have been

Boys together; and eaten the bread of College life from the same platter. You will Believe me when I tell you, that at this

Moment our Washington is the sport of Cunning traitors, who would unhorse him!

MOULTRIE.—You are his aid, and should know. Where are such villains found?

CARROLL.—In his own camp!

Here in Congress, too! The very air is charged

With disloyalty to him.

MOULTRIE.—Tom! A saint would tremble From fits of rising rage, knowing this.

Washington, to the army, is guide, Defender, friend. Since this war began,

Privation has fixed for him in every step, A thorn. Yet he marches onward,—while

hope

Comes trooping after, in long lines of limping

But willing soldiers. He is the sun that Diffuses around us the only light

We see and the warmth we feel. Shall his burdens

Be augmented by jealous feuds, which sting Sweet confidence to death?

CARROLL.—Your heart shows in your indignation,

And both are honorable. Listen!

You know of Conway?

MOULTRIE.—I know the name. One of the French contingent?

CARROLL.—The same; but so unlike the rest. This man is all that they are not—for they Are true. A conspiracy—I use the Word advisedly—has been hatched in camp, To drive Washington into retirement! They would put Gates in his place.

MOULTRIE.—So would the rushlight, in A gloomy night, stand for the brilliant sun. Who are abettors to this knave?

CARROLL.—Mifflin, is conspirator Of the second rank. Others follow with Less offence. Conway aspired to be a Major-General, as had DeKalb and Lafayette. Washington opposed.

In July last, Congress—this Congress, that Now presumes to order Washington how And when to attack the enemy—created A Board of War. Against the protest of

Washington, Conway was in October Last placed here, with opportunity for Evil. This man wrote to Gates denouncing Washington; and more; foreseeing that this Rising favorite would be selected

As President of the Board—and so shield Him—he was bold enough to defy our Chief with mouthing insolence. All because Washington, informed of his slanderous Criticism, so wrote to him. Mifflin was

Already on the Board; thus promoted, though In neglect of duties as Quartermaster-General—in these words Washington ac-

cused

Him,—he had made the army suffer. Do you mark me? The army starved, that these

Men of petty inches on the scale of Merit, might work their plans.

MOULTRIE.—(in excitement.) Excuse me, Tom, That nervously I finger the hilt of This trusty sword while listening.

CARROLL.—Sullivan, the ever faithful, Urged that Conway—pushing his foul front

still

Higher—be appointed Inspector-General. The Board of War already in the grasp

Of the malcontents, now it is all

Important to control other commanding Functions of the army. This is their aim.

Wayne—let us trust that ignorance excuses For him much that I recount—threw in his

Favor for the crafty conspirator.

Lovell and Reed,—who sing the siren song Of Congressional hostility,—did the

Same. To such length did untamed effrontery

Go, that Mifflin at last resorted to The quill,—and Gates was informed that

Conway

Had defied Washington. Gates called this act—

This act which ought to arouse revolt wherever

Told—the dignity of a virtuous gentleman.

MOULTRIE.—And all this time, Has Washington been passive?

CARROLL.—Aye! As I suspect,— For he gives no sign by word or act of

Injury,—passive as the lion that Knows his power and how to use it.

MOULTRIE.—We shall see. I am from Saratoga, bearing dispatches.

I know this man Gates, this would-be rival. As his aid I am his intimate. When

The tide turns, he will not face the danger, But crawl away from it in a zigzag

Course, that befits his nature.

CARROLL.—I am your echo. We shall see.

[All retire.

SCENE IV.—Tent of WASHINGTON, in the American Camp at White

Marsh, near Philadelphia. Time: December 8, 1777. Enter WASHINGTON, COL. MORGAN, and LIEUT. CARROLL.

WASHINGTON.—Thus closes the encampment here, and
Upon White Marsh we ring the curtain down.

Now for Valley Forge and our winter home!
Lieutenant Carroll, you are welcomed back
From Yorktown. We have appeased, I hope, the

Clamor of an impatient people by
This offer of battle. Colonel Morgan,
The enemy here tested the fire of
Your rifles, and to-day retire to
Philadelphia. Happy would Burgoyne
Have been, could he have so fallen back from
Your unerring aim at Saratoga.

CARROLL.—At Yorktown, Congress leads,—
And the populace follow,—in this demand
For a clash of arms. Both plan the fight as
It should be, around their festive tables.
They think that we should assault the city
Near us, though defended by twenty thousand

Soldiers and high redoubts. With only seven
Thousand men behind you,—they surely
Estimate your quality as Commander
To be worth all the deficiency in
Numbers; and so make equal combat.

WASHINGTON.—It would be a mad enterprise,
And hence to be rejected. When four days
Ago, with all the pomp of an easy conquest,
The British appeared before us here, in
Lines many thousand strong, though two to one

Against us, I was hopeful for an engagement.

The enemy refused this favor. At
Edge Hill yesterday, Colonel Morgan, they
Encountered you,—and frightened, fled.

CARROLL.—Had this fear-compelling rod,
Been in our hands for earlier use, the
Foe might not be,—as to-day he is,—housed
In the Capitol of the Nation; or
Else be there for sure capitulation.

WASHINGTON.—Not into the past,
But into the future be fixed our gaze.
The setting sun has ended opportunities;
But the rising sun renews them. Before
Us lies the field for the correction of
Errors gone. Winter quarters now become
The absorbing question. Since this excludes
Other thoughts, you will excuse me for
Yielding to this duty.

[WASHINGTON bows and retires.

MORGAN.—But newly arrived upon this scene,
I am poorly equipped with knowledge of it.
Some meaning lurks within those words of
Washington, that—"before us lies the field
For the correction of errors gone."

CARROLL.—A volume of meaning!
Enough to tip the pen which correctly
Writes it with immortality. Tragedy
And pathos are the depths which his words
sounded.

Those "errors gone" make up a campaign of
Infamy to him, which lesser men would
Have resisted, even to the peril
Of the State. Not so with this man! who
seems

To move above all hurt from the meanness
Of little men.

He shows no wound, where others would be
slain.

MORGAN.—Wherein lies this hinted wrong to
Washington?

And needless, I may swear! Any deed of
Injury to him,—while still hot with malice,—
Should be overtaken by speedy punishment.

CARROLL.—When General Howe,—through
yonder

Avenues,—entered Philadelphia,
That place was to him a prison!
A prison, bolted and barred on every side,
Unless the open ocean floated
Argosies to his relief.

MORGAN.—I can understand this;

And have wondered that strategy,
Did not make the tides his enemy.

CARROLL.—Such was the purpose of Wash-
ington.

Who thwarted him? A meddling Con-
gress,

Aiding and abetting jealous military
Subordinates. Colonel Morgan! had you
And others entered the conflict here when
First demanded from the North, we had not
Found to-day in Philadelphia a
Victorious foe, so well provided.

MORGAN.—In all things,
I obeyed orders as they came.

CARROLL.—Surely! No man imputes blame
to you.

But upon those who had the power to
Hold you in the North—and did so—
Should rest a load of censure.

MORGAN.—Is this the infamy, which lies hidden
In the words of Washington, referring
To "errors gone?"

CARROLL.—You have hit my meaning;—
The "tragedy," is in the lives sacrificed
Without advantage, to hold the Delaware.
And the "pathos," in the suffering patience
Of our abused chieftain.

MORGAN.—A blunt soldier,
Unskilled in the tricks of cunning men,
Will you help my dullness to a better
Understanding?

CARROLL.—The Delaware was the liquid link
between
Philadelphia and the outer world.

To hold this river in our grip, was to
Drive the Briton to his ruin; since upon
Its silvery tide came the subsistence for
His army. Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer
On either side—and between the city
And the sea—were the Cherubim, whose
Flaming swords secured to us its waters.
It was the struggle of giants,—one to
Hold, the other to possess. Washington
Was left without the force to cope with
Howe.

Gates, wickedly disobedient to
His Chief, and upheld by the civil powers,
Kept you in the North;—and other troops as
Well;—which, if here when needed
Were a nation's ransom.

MORGAN.—My wonder is,
That our General is so patient.
The "errors gone," have now a sorry mean-
ing.

CARROLL.—We will join the troops.
[All retire.

SCENE V.—Valley Forge. American Camp
near Philadelphia. Long rows
of huts and tents. Snow covers
the ground.

Time: January 28th, 1778.

Enter, a company of soldiers.
Ragged and emaciated, with
arms in their hands; they slowly
march across the stage

[Exit all.
Enter, GEN. THOMAS CONWAY and
GEN. THOMAS MIFFLIN.

MIFFLIN.—(with indignation) I will go no
further
In this business. This sight of starving
Troops appalls me.

CONWAY.—Only a sudden spasm.

MIFFLIN.—It is rather an awakened
Conscience; which has slept, much, oh, much
too long!

CONWAY.—Conscience is the slave,
Of him who is worthy of revenge.

MIFFLIN.—I have no revenge to gratify.

CONWAY.—I have! and you agreed,
And are promised-locked with me to feed it.
I hate this man Washington.

He stood in my way to higher honors.

MIFFLIN.—Yet Congress made you a Major-
General?

And afterwards, to this added—though its
Duties you have omitted—that of
Inspector-General of this army; so
Following advice of mine, as a
Member of the Board of War.

CONWAY.—What I am, is in spite of Wash-
ington!

His chagrin at this thrills me with
Satisfaction. There is much more to do.

MIFFLIN.—Further I decline to go!
Conway! until last November,—and still
Within a period since, much too short to
Heal the wounds my foul neglect has given—
I was Quartermaster-General of this army.
As I did link my deeds with base or
Honest purpose in performance, these sol-
diers

Either feast or starve! They starve: and in
this,

Proclaim in proof most damnable, which
Quality controlled when I did act as
Their purveyor.

CONWAY.—Well! let them starve;
Pinch, and shrivel with cold and want until
Gates takes this man's place. To drive
Washington

To his Virginia home is what I aim at.

MIFFLIN.—And to do this,
You have led me on to play the part of
Executioner to these uncomplaining
Heroes. Fiend! my sword, here, here, and
now,

Shall speak for my reformation

[Draws his sword as if to attack Conway.

CONWAY.—Put up your sword, rash man!
More troops approach.

We must not be seen in controversy.
Behind this tree.

[Both take a position in the rear.
Enter, a company of soldiers;
armed, ragged and stricken
with poverty. A dead com-
rade is borne upon a litter;
and two of the others follow-
ing are supported as they
march.

FIRST COMRADE.—Set down the corpse,
The grave is still a good half-mile away.
Unless we rest here, he will not rest there;
For we've not the strength to bear him.

SECOND COMRADE.—And what we have,
Must be reserved for sterner work;
Not wasted on the dead.

THIRD COMRADE.—(One of the two supported)
Men, I am less burdensome than he. Give
me credit now. I do my duty to the last.
See! see! I walk to my own funeral. I feel
it; I shall not return. This march is my
last. (About to fall, he is supported.)
Quick! Quick! On! On!

FIRST COMRADE.—No! No! Williams, not so
bad as that. We all know what it is to fam-
ish. True! True! But you, and I, and the
rest, have one campaign left in us still, for
Washington. Three cheers for Williams!
Hip, hip, huzza. [All feebly cheer.

FOURTH COMRADE.—(the other of the two sup-
ported.) It is so cold! (Draws his scanty
clothes about him.) For three days I have
not tasted meat. Nor you! nor you, Jones;
nor any of us here. What of it, men? What
of it? We shall pull through. We must!
Our country demands it, and Washington—
no! we must not die. We will not! till the
end is won which calls us here in arms.
(Straightens up and assumes a martial
air.) I was at Trenton, and at Saratoga.
And you, too, Clark—and you, Appleton;
and Allen, so were you. Let us live on that.
Aye! on that. Cannot great memories,
which feed the aspiring spirit, nourish the

famished frame? (*Places his hand over his heart, as pain seizes him.*) Oh! this cursed craving! This—this—Can no one give a crust—one single crust? (*Extends his hands in appeal. All shake their heads.*) I can stand the cold. See; I do not chill. Feel my hands. They are warm—warm! It is so hard to starve; to starve even unto death! To drop into the grave, when my country has so much need that I should live.

[*He bows his head and weeps. Others do the same.*]

Enter (behind) a party of ragged soldiers, from the opposite side of the stage, and cross, shouting: "Beef! Beef! Bread! To the Quartermaster."

FOURTH COMRADE.—(*staring in amazement.*) Is this mutiny? It is! It is! To our places men—quick to our places, and throttle it. I know my duty yet. This disorder will break the heart of our great chief. We will crush it, men. We will! we will! give me my gun. (*Takes his gun and struggles to advance.*) Oh! Oh! (*Again seized with pain and clasps his hand to his heart.*) It is finished. (*Falls back dead.*)

FIRST COMRADE.—Forward; or no one will be left to carry those who fall. (*The fallen comrade is placed beside the other corpse.*) Steady! March! [*All retire.*]

Conway and Mifflin comes forward from the rear.

MIFFLIN.—Who can see, What we just now have seen, and not be moved?

The heart of a villain belongs to him Who can?

CONWAY.—When the game is ended, We may abjure these means; And again help to feed these soldiers.

MIFFLIN.—The game is ended now;— And we have lost. Gates played his part and failed. As President of the Board of War, He was master of every card but one:— Missing that, he failed.

CONWAY.—And what was that?

MIFFLIN.—The unbounded popularity Of Washington with the army. This card,— The leading of the pack,—on the other side, Crushes us, with Congress at our elbow. The written lines between you and Gates,— That told the wrong intended —handed to Washington, he ruined us simply by exposure.

He gave report of our acts to the incensing Air, which carried a death rot to every plan. So does overtopping merit, in the Public eye, blast evil by frowning on it. Gates hastened to make his peace with our Injured chief.

I will do the same. If you wage further Battle—since you are alone—you will not Divide honors, if you gain them.

The cabal is ended. [*Exit.*]

CONWAY.—Accursed fate! Washington has no more than pointed the Accusing finger, and we are scattered. I could curse, but it is useless. [*Exit.*]

Enter a larger company of ragged soldiers

FIRST SOLDIER.—I have a needle! Look at it—a thorn. Not all the world could buy it, for it helps me to hold my tattered rags around me.

[*The soldiers all clamor for it. Cries: "Give it to me."*]

SECOND SOLDIER.—It is mean to withhold a thing so comforting. Needles and pins there are none. But thorns! Let us get thorns! *Enter (in the rear) WASHINGTON, KNOX, and MORGAN, unseen by the soldiers.*

WASHINGTON.—(*to KNOX and MORGAN*) We will remain here

Unobserved, and get the opinion Of the camp. [*They retire behind a tree.*]

FIRST SOLDIER.—To-morrow some one may have the thorn. Some one who stays. Home! Home! We are all for home!

SECOND SOLDIER.—We were at Long Island, at Trenton, and Brandywine. Our time is up. We must out to-morrow. Home! Home! [*All cry "Home! Home!"*]

THIRD SOLDIER.—Wife! Children! Food! The thought brings a vision; a vision of paradise.

FOURTH SOLDIER.—See! All of you. I wear MIFFLIN shoes. And so do some of you. My feet are covered with untanned skins. No matter. My body is covered with a skin tanned in freezing blasts.

FIRST SOLDIER.—You have the tanning, then; enough of it. So have we all; but it is in the wrong place.

THIRD SOLDIER.—Starvation has tanned us inside as well, as one should see if we could be examined. But troubles now are ended.

[*All cry "Home! Home!"*]

SECOND SOLDIER.—We have done our duty. Have we not? (*Cries: "Yes! Yes!"*) We have fought and suffered. Have we earned the right to leave the army, that our compact now has ended?

[*Cries: "We have! We have!"*]

FIRST SOLDIER.—Then do we here determine that to-morrow we return to family and to friends?

[*Cries: "We do! we do! Home! Home! Huzza!" They all cheer.*]

WASHINGTON.—Gentlemen, it is time we show ourselves.

(WASHINGTON, KNOX, and MORGAN advance to the front of the stage.)

FIRST SOLDIER.—Our General! Our General! Attention! Attention! Dress on the right.

[*The soldiers all make an effort to get into line and to present arms.*]

WASHINGTON.—Soldiers! This respect touches your General.

Our afflicted Country, over your heavy Woes drops with you tear for tear. The term of

Your enlistment has expired. You are entitled

To your release: And for the work already Done, honor will attend you, ever.

Remaining here, will not brighten your laurels;

And going, not diminish them. You have bravely won the hero's fame, And are entitled to the hero's rest.

But the enemy are still in arms. The Soil we claim as ours, feels the invader's march,

And calls upon her sons. Those who have been

Most valorous ever prove to be most trustful. Will you—the scar-worn veterans of many

Fields—now leave us? Leave us alone to gather

The glory of future deeds? So be it—And Heaven bless each of you—if you so Determine.

[*Cries of: "No! No! Never! Never!"*]

WASHINGTON.—All such as will to-morrow Renew his enlistment in this army, Advance two paces.

[*The entire line moves forward with a cheer.*]

WASHINGTON.—(*overcome with emotion, his head falling upon the Shoulder of KNOX, gives way to tears.*) And these are The men whom England hopes to conquer!

MORGAN.—Amazement seize us all!

In this condition, Congress and a common Clamor urge an attack, upon a Well-provided and entrenched foe.

KNOX.—The heresy of the idiot against judgment.

In such contention the biggest fool gives The loudest voice.

WASHINGTON.—Thanks, men! Posterity must remember this. You may go.

[*The soldiers in file march off the stage.*]

My order, gentlemen! Remember! Put none but the faithful on guard to-night. No further business now holds us in conference.

Our ways here part. With your consent I leave you. [*Exit.*]

KNOX.—The business dispatched, by this One order, in importance, fills the day.

MORGAN.—The enemy, Have again made a show of force?

KNOX.—And our sentinels, Hedge round a camp with scarcely two thousand

Men fit for duty. To repel attack, If made, would be heavy work. The General is rightly anxious.

MORGAN.—Those were foragers to-day, and Harry Lee easily dispersed them. In truth, sent them empty home.

KNOX.—Good work! Good work! This dashing young rider of Virginia. This "Light-horse Harry," is the shield that hides

Our true condition. If the enemy Ever get a glance over his shoulder, We may surely feel alarm.

MORGAN.—Our meeting to-day, Was for this special order?

KNOX.—He gave to me none other.

MORGAN.—Guarding against betrayal, Though none is threatened! But in these times,

Watchfulness equals an army corps.

KNOX.—His command was emphatic. It sounds like a trumpet call.

"Put none but the faithful on guard to-night."

How the wind blows! The brittle forest bends, And gains relief in spangled showers scattering.

This breaks its icy fetters.

MORGAN.—I will to the upper camp, And you to the lower, to enforce the order. [*Exit different ways.*]

Enter LIEUT. CARROLL.

CARROLL.—(*in great excitement.*) I am not mistaken!

I have feeling, ears, and sight. Every sense In harmony does its function, I saw Our General pass into yonder wood, and then—

Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.

MOULTRIE! **MOULTRIE!** Good friend! save me from Myself if I wildly rave; or else confirm Me, that my tongue tells no lies.

MOULTRIE.—What is the matter? In these heavy hours any blow may fall And fail to shake me.

CARROLL.—It is not new-born disaster That excites me now. I am hardened so To that, it heedless falls. But bruised of heart

And sore of soul, as we all do know, our Chief—like a greater one before his time—Shoulders the grief of all, and alone Bears up the load to heaven.

MOULTRIE.—I would understand you if I could; But, so far, cannot.

CARROLL.—As I came this way, I saw the General—

Just there—enter that wood. Looking still in His direction, I saw him do, as the Devout will ever do, fall upon the ground In the attitude of supplication.

MOULTRIE.—(also much excited.) CARROLL, can this be!

In this snow-driven waste?

CARROLL.—Come! Come! Come and see!
(He draws MOULTRIE after him to the rear of the stage.)

There! There! You can doubt no more.

MOULTRIE.—It is he! It is he!
Hedged round with a thousand men of mark, he

In lonely prominence.

CARROLL.—Come! Come away! Come away!
(Draws MOULTRIE back.)

This is not a sight for common mortals
Off with your hat! Bare and bow your head as

I do, for we stand near holy ground.
The world swings closer to the ear of God,
When WASHINGTON kneels in prayer.
Away! Away! Come away! [All retire]

SCENE VI.—Philadelphia. A Banqueting Hall. The city held by GEN. HOWE. Several tables for games of chess, dice and cards.
Time: February 14, 1778, afternoon.
Enter, eight young officers in British uniforms.

FIRST SPEAKER.—A game! A game!
What say you? A game!
And for guineas, to season pastime.
[All cry: "Yes! Yes!"

SECOND SPEAKER.—Cards for me.

THIRD SPEAKER.—Chess for me;—
And dice for them who like them.
[All seat themselves at the tables and play.]

FOURTH SPEAKER.—(throwing the dice.) Best in three?

So be it. Here goes.
Fours for me;—fives for you. One throw for you.
Threes, twos,—One throw for me.
Double sixes;—Double fives. I take the gold.
Gainer one thousand pounds!
Not so bad for Saint Valentine's day.

FIFTH SPEAKER.—(aside.) And I am ruined.
Accursed be all the Saints in the Calendar!

FIRST SPEAKER.—(throwing down the cards.)
I take the trick;
And the money, too.

SECOND SPEAKER.—A King!

FIRST SPEAKER.—An ace! An ace! Here the King is captured;—
And so, differs from good King George.

SECOND SPEAKER.—No! This King wears a sword;
And with it scourges knavery; and so
Is like King George. The ace is foully yours!
Hence the stake is fairly mine!
[Draws his sword, standing.]

FIRST SPEAKER.—(springing to his feet and drawing his sword.)

This to your superior officer?
This to a Major in his Majesty's Service, from a subaltern?
Defend yourself!

SECOND SPEAKER.—All ranks,
Are leveled to equality,—
At the gambling table.

[All the others gather near and all draw swords.]

FIFTH SPEAKER.—I have lost the most of all,
In this company; and by right call the

Loudest for peace, since I practice it.
Captain Andre, with a festive company,
Will shortly make a merry gathering here.
See that the place gives entrance to no
Scandal as host to welcome him. Put up
Your swords till time grows for them fitter use.
[Music is heard without.]

Hark! There comes the revellers. Quick!
A hand!

Away with these tables, lest they be
Tale-bearers of iniquity!

[They all remove the tables.
All retire.]
Now we will meet them and swell the chorus
Of their jollity.

[Music is heard coming nearer.
Enter Musicians, playing, followed by a company of officers in uniform, and each escorting a female in street costume. Among the officers are MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT. JOHN ANDRE, and MAJ. TARLETON.
As they enter, the music playing, all the company sing, marching.]

Now youth and pleasure rule the hour;
Nor care we what sage wits may say;
Stern war to fright has lost its power,
For this is St. Valentine's Day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
For this is St. Valentine's day.

Then love to love may freely smile;
No other god will we obey.
Fierce Mars may rage; but all the while
We courtesy to St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
We courtesy to St. Valentine's day.

Rebels may starve, and freeze or hang;
Come with loud drums in fierce array;
Our hearts are brave against the clang
Of treason; on St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
Of treason on St. Valentine's day.

ANDRE.—After the song, the dance.
This is poetic order.

[All: "A dance! A dance!"
The music plays and the company dance.]

If this be war, then make war perpetual.

MONCRIEF.—Here in Philadelphia,—
It binds its horrors with a silken cord.
It lures its votaries with pleasure.

TARLETON.—The soldiers,
Have caught the infection of laziness.
They move by rule;—And,
When they move they waddle from good feeding.
They could never catch the enemy,—
Lean and agile as he is,—in a foot race.
[All laugh.]

FIRST FEMALE.—Have a care!
The lean kine swallowed the fat
So says the Good Book, which I commend to
Your reading. Valley Forge is near!
And may be,—nearer!

ANDRE.—Valley Forge, with all
The barking pack that is kennelled there,
Go hang for all that we care! Where did you
Get such sentiments, fair rebel, which sound
Strangely in this camp of General Howe?

FIRST FEMALE.—From a patriot father and
brother!—
Now with Washington. There are others
here,
Of similar sentiment.

[Female voices: "Yes! yes!"

ANDRE.—Enough! Enough!
We will not take a census, lest the
Majority confound us.
Beauty covers a multitude of sins
Political. So you all have pardon.

SECOND FEMALE.—A speech worthy of a
Romeo. [Cries of, "Good! Good!"
A gallant Romeo!"]

ANDRE.—Spare me that!

I am a soldier; not an actor.

MONCRIEF.—And yet last night,
You gained a lasting fame as Romeo!

ANDRE.—And in Othello,—
Great Shakspeare was refined, you translating him!

TARLETON.—Pleasure would fly this
Most pleasant place, if either should leave us.
The theatre thrives, while Roscius inspires.

ANDRE.—A truce to flattery.
To more solid reflection. I ask you?
Do we starve and suffer here in his
Majesty's Army?

[All loudly laugh. A voice: "We
bravely stand it." More laughing.]

So charge the daily papers at home. Listen!

[Reads from a London journal.]

"All England will be grieved to learn that
the greatest distress prevails in the camp
of Gen. Howe in Philadelphia. The winter
is cold and foraging impossible. Parental
hearts will bleed for gallant sons in
that far-off dismal land."

[All laugh loudly.]

MONCRIEF.—We sleep in palaces;—
Walk on Turkish carpets; wear softest
wools;

And dine on canvasback and terrapin.
London can't beat these rations!

ANDRE.—And drown melancholly,
If it ever come, in flowing wine.

TARLETON.—Our foragers get a little on the
land;—

But the Delaware,—open to the sea,—
Enables us to tax the world for comfort.
And so we do. Dismal land indeed!

[All laugh.]

MONCRIEF.—And the song. What say you?
Another song. [All: "A song! A song!"
"The Canvasback and Terrapin," by
Captain John Andre. And a dance go with it.
[The music plays, and they
sing and dance.]

[The music plays, and they
sing and dance.]

Fill up the bowl with foaming wine;
Our daily feast is gathered in
From hostile fields the lowing kine,
From hostile streams the terrapin.
The canvasback wings here his flight;
And now the sportsman's wiles begin;
Since men will strive by day or night
For canvasback and terrapin.

[Dance.]

Old England boasts her glorious roast,
Which any soldier loves to win,
When war's alarms have ceased to vex,
And hunger bears her claims to him.
But beef from any land may go;
Nor joint, nor rib, nor tempting shin,
Can fill a warrior's dainty dish,
Like canvasback and terrapin.

[Dance.]

Good simple folk at home may pine;
And groan lest we, in war's mad din,
Should want and starve; and in decline
Yield up the ghost, both gaunt and grim.
Poor honest fools, they do not know
Kind nature's gifts, fall thick on him
Who fights like us; then rests; then dines
On canvasback and terrapin.

[Dance.]

MONCRIEF.—Three cheers for Captain John
Andre,—
The favorite of the Army. [All cheer.
What new pleasure does Adonis now provide?

ANDRE.—The greatest yet. Listen!

[All draw near to hear.]

General Howe will soon depart. Our
gracious
King has accepted his resignation
As chief Commander. I have in mind,—
For his honor, when the hour comes,—the
Grandest pageant, if acted as devised.

TABLETON.—It can't fail, if great
Actors can win it from this misfortune.

ANDRE.—Both land and water are to be taxed.
The Delaware, for miles above the city,
Shall reflect the gorgeous tints of ten thousand
Flags, upon the happy waters that kiss
barges
Of shining gold. The oar-propelling progress
Of these,—advancing on the dazzled flood,—
Will open music's throat, responsive to
Booming cannon.

Then,—entering the city,—the land shall
Pay its portion. The streets will blaze with
Military, a glistening line leading
To a ground for tournaments. In emulation
Of times long embalmed in song, Knight
is to
Contend with Knight, to win the smile of
beauty,
Then and there arrayed upon a burnished
throne.

Thus the day will end.
And when night comes, in greater pleasure
it
Shall be forgotten such a day had been.
Home will strive with home in illumination;
And finally, the grand festive hall shall
Radiantly absorb all light unclaimed.
The dance crowns this surfeit—and holds
the
Willing victims of such royal revelry
Until the morning's sun turns tired mortals
home.

I have named this the Mischianza.

MONCRIEF.—A noble tribute to a noble chief.
The fame of this shall long remain.

ANDRE.—All here shall have their parts,
When the curtain rises. And now this day—
And with it our happy routs—is ended.
We will home to dinner and good digestion.
[The music forms at the head of the line, and exit all, singing as when entering. Now youth and pleasure rule the hour, &c.]

[Exit all.]

SCENE VII.—*London. Royal audience chamber, Buckingham Palace.*
Time: March 18, 1778.
Enter **KING GEORGE III.**, **LORD NORTH**, *Prime Minister*, and **LORD GEORGE GERMAIN**, *Secretary of State for the Colonies*.

KING.—Hungry war now opens its jaws
For added victims. France—perfidious France—
At last leaves duplicity and plays with
Audacity. Five days ago—if I
Must be precise—she gave this kingdom,
once
Her royal master, formal notice of
Her alliance with our revolted subjects.
Thus is open war by this act proclaimed.
I would have peace; but not at the price of
Honor. As we have before, so again,
We will fight this enemy.

NORTH.—Our Parliament assisting,
We still have hopes to outwit France. With
the
“Bills of Conciliation” now the approved
Law, our Commissioners—growing there-
from
As a peaceful palm—may reach the cooler
Judgment of our warring subjects, before
Our rival across the channel can profit
From their basest rage. Franklin, in
Paris—
He whom we know as the incarnation
Of colonial hostility—has been
Apprised of our altered policy, which,—
In the bills I speak of,—grants freedom
from
Taxation to the states;—and, indeed, grants

All contended for, withholding independence.

He, however, haughtily will not consent
To peace except upon granting that which
We withhold.

KING.—This independence shall not be,
While I wear the crown my ancestors have
worn.
But the loss of my legions at Saratoga!
It is this ever throbbing wound that compels
Our altered policy,—this policy
Of gentleness, which, in America
Our agents shall in a short time proclaim.
Fatal error! that gave the fortunes of
This kingdom to Burgoyne to trifle with.

NORTH.—Lord Rockingham favors independence
To Americans; and has a following
That is formidable pushing to this
End. Chatham goes not to this point,
though the
Road he travels leads that way. Franklin
says—
And all America is his echo—
No less will be accepted. Your Majesty,
As your Prime Minister, I have not re-
deemed
My bond of office, the suppression of
This outbreak; and like a bankrupt, whose
Promises have outrun his capacity
To redeem, I would retire from further
Service. Lord Chatham, as my successor,
May illustrate different statesmanship,
Though not a loftier patriotism.

KING.—No! No! I will not have it so!
I would rather abdicate my throne, than
Receive that perfidious man as minister;—
Coming to his official calling as dictator,
Not as the adviser of his King.
General Howe has asked to return home;
We cheerfully permit him so to do;
And thus save further waste poured into the
Vortex of inactivity. But how
Many men must we now recruit, to
Finish this work without more humiliation?

GERMAIN.—I have sounded Amherst
Upon this point, your Majesty. He is
Old in experience in the affairs
Of these very colonies. For he gathered
Military laurels there till they palled
From commonness.

KING.—Yes! cracked the crowns of these
Frenchmen
In many a bloody fray; and tore their
Banners from their palid hands;
A successful General! Oh, that he were
Younger! Well, what does, he say?

GERMAIN.—He estimates,
That forty thousand men must be recruited.

KING.—A desperate venture.
Ten times that number. were an easy
Matter, to hurl upon our enemies
Within our hail, on this side of the sea.
But to cross the ocean? Here comes in an
Opposition which makes the venture des-
perate.

GERMAIN.—This opposition, is the growth of
Studied effort, by such as have no love
For us. All Europe is in sympathy
With our revolted Colonies. And Franklin,
Now hailed the modern Sophocles, gives to
Popular opinion the keen edge that
Cuts us while it strikes.

KING.—We defy them all!
I will risk the symbol of sovereignty
Which I wear as King—the crown that
sparkles
With seven centuries of unchecked glory—
Before I bow to this opposition,
Either at home or elsewhere. Political
Powers and seductive philosophy
May intertwine, still I care not. Frederick
Pushes forward France; and with the godless
Voltaire, plans our injury; he will not,
Indeed, permit recruits from our German

Allies to cross his borders! Goethe, the
Fledgeling statesman of Weimar, sings of
Liberty, a poet's Utopia;
And Mirabeau, an exile, exalts Franklin—
That unworthy stem from English root—his
Fellow malefactor. We should rejoice,
And in truth I do, that ranking jealousy
Against this ancient kingdom concentrates
To a common head; so that, dragon shaped,
We may see it, attack it, and sever it,
With the battle axe of England and Saint
George. [All retire.]

SCENE VIII.—*Grand Hall at Palace of Versailles, France.*

Time: March 20, 1778.

Enter **COUNT DE VERGENNES**, and
Minister of Foreign Affairs, and
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *American Commissioner*.

FRANKLIN.—I am much moved,
Dear Count, upon this occasion.

VERGENNES.—It is well that we are early at the
Ceremony, if we have conference.

FRANKLIN.—Here, in this grand hall,—
Sacred to the memory of a King,
Whom France calls “The Great,” among
her many
LOUIS,—will America, as an
Independent nation, for the first time
Have speech with another sovereignty;
And as an equal! This twentieth of
March thus becomes a day of mark in
Human progress. The King—to-night—in
this
His Capitol at Versailles, receives the
Commissioners of the United States! A
New nation, dedicated to Freedom.
VERGENNES, do you comprehend how much
this
Means? Free speech! Free effort! Free
men! The world,
On tip-toe of excited expectation,
May stand with bated breath at the door of
This new senate-house.
Again, **VERGENNES**, can you comprehend it?

VERGENNES.—Perhaps not as you do.
You and your fellows be responsible
For this political experiment,
Which is all your own. Duty, prompted me
To help you to independence, the port
Of your greater hopes. And done, this duty
Dies, from full accomplishment. Thence,—
in
Political purpose,—you push on alone
Over your untried road,

FRANKLIN.—You have served us well.
France is to-day in alliance with
America! This means that America
Triumphs over England, because she had
The friendship of Count **DE VERGENNES**, who
To this treaty of alliance set the
Final seal on the sixth of February last.

VERGENNES.—I will not deny, I have
Never hesitated when you needed me.
The King drew back; and to-day, necessity,
Not love, nerves his extended hand. The
Ministers, **MAUREPAS** and **TURGOT**, saw
No merit in aiding a mere revolt.
You compelled their unwilling sanction!
When **WASHINGTON**, at Germantown, invited
Battle, he won confidence, that grew
Forthwith from this aggressive root: when,
at
Saratoga, his plans compelled the
Surrender of **BURGOYNE**, he commanded
For America recognition as
A government. By the valor of your
Arms you have won what you enjoy to-day.

FRANKLIN.—And this alliance will cost you
much:
It means war with England.

VERGENNES.—The King and his Ministers
Have pre-judged the cost. Money and effort
Are of little worth to him, who never

Weighs against their loss the good they bring.
Fleets, and armies, and gold, will push our good

Intentions to a happy end for you,
Though England protests with all her armaments.

FRANKLIN.—That day will surely be accursed,
When my people forget these favors.

VERGENNES.—For winning what you have,
much

Is to be set down to you: swelling an
Account, already of greatest magnitude.

FRANKLIN.—I have not sought the scale to examine
Its record of self-importance.

VERGENNES.—The unselfish soul,
It too much absorbed in labor that helps
His kind, to keep tally of his own merits.
It is natural. Here, if ever, do we touch
Divinity.

FRANKLIN.—I have done what others, perhaps,
Might much better do. I have done my best,—

Or tried to. Is this so meritorious?

VERGENNES.—You have done what no one else
could do!

You have won a Continent to your side.
No mistakes mar your record; though of your
Colleagues I could not say this, and still be
Truthful. Here in Paris, you are the idol
All worship; the great democrat, whom the
King and the peasant honor;—
The philosopher, who rivals the best
In Europe; the very autocrat of
Patriots, who dims the greatness of
Conquerors with a greater fame.
I could say much more, good friend, but even
Of laurels, one may become very weary

FRANKLIN.—I have had of charges a variety.
Surely! Surely!

VERGENNES.—And bravely discharged them
all!

To win France as an ally, was one, and
You succeeded. To gain the good-will of
European powers, was another;—
Catherine and Frederick, recognize your
Political wish, as theirs. You have opened
Unexpected ports to your navy; fitted
Out armed ships;—
Exchanged prisoners like a potentate;
Terrorized England by an influence
Superior to majesty,—everywhere
So powerful that it has been
Majestic in its majesty!

That noble dome which tops your sturdy
frame,

Shuts in a government! which, walks
When you do, and sits when you sit down.
It can make treaties, declare war, and alone
Counterpoise an unfriendly state.
Such strength, in one, were dangerous, unless

Tempered with modesty, as in you.

FRANKLIN.—I shall lose my reputation for
Modesty, if I listen to you more.
My people thank you.

VERGENNES.—All in good time, we end
These personalities. Here comes the King.
We will retire for the present.

[Exit.

Enter, heralds, pages and chamberlains, the retinue of a Royal Court, followed by KING LOUIS XVI. and MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France. Then the lords and ladies of France. The King and Queen seat themselves upon a raised dais. The trumpet sounds. Enter COUNT DE VERGENNES, with FRANKLIN and other American Commissioners. ARTHUR LEE and SILAS DEAN. FRANKLIN approaches the King and Queen, and is presented by VERGENNES. FRANKLIN talks with the King and Queen.

KING.—It is a matter dear to us,
That your Country has so greatly triumphed
Through your diplomacy. I wish the Congress

To be assured of my friendship. I beg
Also to observe, that I am exceedingly
Satisfied with your conduct, during your
Residence in my Kingdom.

FRANKLIN.—(bowing.) It is; indeed,
A triumph to be so commended.

QUEEN.—The poorest maid in France,
May feel a thrill of pleasure in the promise
Of victory for your people,—and say
So, too! Then why not I? Indeed, I wish
The future of your nation may be so
High in greatness, as my heart would lift it
Now, were I the arbiter.

FRANKLIN.—(bowing.) It were
To expose my poverty of speech,
To attempt to thank your Majesty,
As I ought and would.

[In pantomime.—The other Commissioners are introduced, while guests are gathering and marching to the sound of music. FRANKLIN takes his place with VERGENNES in the midst of the company. The presentation of officials continues. Ladies and gentlemen of the Court press around FRANKLIN. The ladies feel of hair, smooth his velvet coat, and talk to him with apparent delight. The King and Queen withdraw. Music swells and dancing begins. FRANKLIN and his colleagues withdraw. The dance ends. [All retire.

SCENE IX.—Valley Forge. Grounds before the
entrance to WASHINGTON's quarters.
Time: May 6, 1778.

Enter, troops who move across the stage cheering. Cheers and revelry are heard from within WASHINGTON's quarters.

Enter LIEUT. CARROLL therefrom.

CARROLL.—I am weary with carousal.
The entire camp to-day—the strings of
Disciplined loosened for this time—strays
from

The road of strict deportment, to pluck the
Flowers of pleasure in the fields of jollity.
And all do it, too, without abatement,—
Excepting the few who guard.

[Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.

CARROLL.—Moultrie, it is a relief to see you!
Good friend! you wear a sober front, that
has

No place here to-day. Why is it?

MOULTRIE.—You forget,
That as officer of the day,
Duty keeps me from these festivities.

CARROLL.—Then I blame you not for the frown,
With which tyrant duty decks you.

[Cheers and laughter, and the clinking of glasses come from within WASHINGTON's headquarters.

CARROLL.—Listen to that!
The music of glad hearts,
That so long have beat to other strains.

MOULTRIE.—Washington and his officers.

CARROLL.—Two hundred covers;—where sit
two
Hundred heroes at uproarious feast.

[Cheers from the soldiers outside.

And the soldiers, too, have breathed the
Infectious air, and cheer from very joy.

MOULTRIE.—The camp, in such a time,
Has need of eyes and ears, fixed against surprise.

[More cheers from the banquet within.

And well it is to be so ordered!
Generous cheer is hostile to self-care;
Unless guarded from without,—as with a
Bandaged eye—we may trip from unseen

dangers.

The glorious event we celebrate
Excuses an hour's recklessness.
The army to-day officially
Commemorates the union of France with
Our fortunes.

Congress has just ratified the treaties,
And the soldiers shout their applause.

CARROLL.—A great event, and greatly honored.

MOULTRIE.—He who is not drunk with wine,
Is drunk with happiness. Both are
Lethargic, while the fit is on.

[Music from a military band comes from the banquet hall.

All that can whet the edge of appetite,
For renewal of long departed joys,
Is under contribution.

CARROLL.—And should be so.
After a winter of great torture.

MOULTRIE.—The Conway, Mifflin and Gates
Conspiracy? That wicked scheme to
Throttle our cause by indirection;—
Of which you once spoke to me.
It has ended? At least, I hope so.

CARROLL.—Yes! the notice Washington
Gave to Conway last November,—revealing
Knowledge of his wickedness,—gave the
quietus.

It was a ball of fire, thrown into a
Nest of vipers. Straightway they fell to
Excuses and interaccusation;
This was misquoted; that a falsehood;
And the other thing a forgery.
The conspiracy stung itself to death;
And Washington moves from the shadow,
Icily serene.

MOULTRIE.—Congress cruelly helped it on.
This, we know, though others may not.

CARROLL.—Gates was the rising sun,
Which, newly blazing over us, was to
Dim the brilliancy of our General.
He has set, never to shine again, through
Air murky with his own malevolence.
He and Conway are once more under the
Command of Washington by orders of
Congress.

MOULTRIE.—Other changes have helped us!
Our camp was a winter charnel house;
I find it now a bower of comfort.
You know I have been away since Christmas.

CARROLL.—When that honest German, Baron
Steuben,
Entered this camp as Inspector-General,
In February, a disciplined army
Grew like magic from his hands. When
Mifflin,

The incompetent,—charity may hide
A harsher term,—ceased to be
Quartermaster-General, and Greene took his
Place,—I mean Nathaniel not Christopher,
Two such glorious stars in one constellation
Should be distinctly specified,—from that
Happy time an army of well-fed and
Contented veterans answered the daily roll.

MOULTRIE.—A marvelous change!
Invincible before, we are doubly
So with France at our side.

[Loud cheers from soldiers from without, and also from within the banquet hall.

CARROLL.—A well rounded thought,
Which now warms every breast about us;
Hence these cheers and gatherings of noisy
friends.

[Enter GENERALS WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, STEUBEN, DEKALB, and many officers from the banquet. The band also marches in playing, and soldiers, cheering, gather.

WASHINGTON.—The "Bills of Conciliation,"
England's atonement, have been rejected

By Congress. The army with swelling throats
Now confirm this act.

LAFAYETTE.—The British Ministry
Are upon their knees, and sue for pardon.
They demanded from us this very homago
A little while ago.

WASHINGTON.—We are no longer friendless,
Marquis.
France has raised her shield, and the Lilly
shall

Blossom into victory, which our banner
Shares. Germany, too, taxes our gratitude,
Which we pay with pleasure to such
Tax-collectors as De Kalk and Steuben.
Thus, publicly I bow to the Baron;

[bowing to STEUBEN.]

For you have taught to us the rules of war
By which great Frederick won.

STEUBEN.—We here fight in the cause of
Human freedom—the battle of humanity.
The thought of this—a constant inspira-
tion—

Equips our lines with fiery energy,
To which rules of war are much subordinate.

It is the cause of all; the Gaul, the Teuton,
And the Saxon! And all are here.

[Cheers from the soldiers; and
cries: "Long live King Louis!
Long live France! Huzza for the
Declaration of Independence!"
Officers and soldiers gather
around WASHINGTON, waving
over him French and American
flags. Then silence.]

WASHINGTON.—Our Feasts are ended with the
Setting of the sun. Its gorgeous tinting
Over us is Heaven's benediction!
Or, perhaps the residents of upper
Air—if such beings be—flaunt these purple
Banners on the sky, in friendly
Recognition of our carnival. Let
Cannon mingle with our cheers, their louder
Praise. Convey the order to those without,
That thirteen guns speak for as many states,
Linked as one for liberty, and all thrilling
To begin the year's campaign with our
Honored ally.

[An aid retires.]

One of the great powers of the earth,

Extends the hand of fraternity;
And agrees to arm that hand to maintain
A brotherhood. All Europe must follow
France. Knit into our friends with this
good-will,
Together we shall nourish the root our hands
Have already planted, till the tree drops
For us the ripe fruit of sovereignty.

[The cannon without begin to boom.]

These noisy throats, augmenting our lesser
Chorus, heard within the camp of yonder
City, voice our defiance. There caught up
And borne along, all the world may know
that

Here, as freemen, we stand for Indepen-
dence;
And until this is achieved, we shall
Remain as now-in issue joined with
Parliament and King.

[Officers and soldiers cheer. Cries:
"Long live WASHINGTON! Long
live France!" Flags are waved
over head of WASHINGTON. The
cannon without continue to boom.]

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1898.

Louis H. Cornish,

DEAR SIR: I inclose amount for one years' subscription to your
most excellent paper. I received a sample copy, and think it the best
paper of the kind I have ever seen, and shall take pains to recommend
it to all our D. A. R. members. Yours, MRS. A. G. SWABY.

NEENAH, Wis., Jan. 24, 1898.

The Spirit of '76 Publishing Co.

DEAR SIR: Herein find one dollar for renewal of my subscrip-
tion to the SPIRIT OF '76. How can a son of a soldier of the Revolution-
ary War fail to take your most excellent paper? I have heard from
the lips of my father many incidents that appear in THE SPIRIT OF '76.
I am the only one (I think) in the state of Wisconsin, who can right-
fully claim to be the son of a Revolutionary soldier. My father, Oliver
Collins, was in the War of 1812, and was two years in command as
brigadier-general of Sacket's Harbor. I trust that the spirit of patriot-
ism in the father has not died out in the son, and will not, so long as
the heart inherits this mortal body. Truly, etc.,

ALEXANDER L. COLLINS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1897.

The Spirit of '76, New York,

GENTS: Enclosed find draft for one dollar to renew my subscrip-
tion for another year. I am greatly pleased with your paper and it is
always welcome to my family. Its articles are not only historically in-
teresting but very instructive, and one is kept in touch with what is
transpiring among those who are engaged in keeping alive the interest
of our young people for their progenitors.

Yours very truly, W. E. ABBOTT.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Jan. 5, 1898.

Mr. Louis H. Cornish, Ed. and Pub. The Spirit of '76, New York.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 29th of Jan., '97 received. Am
sorry to learn that your valuable paper, THE SPIRIT OF '76, is not the
General Society of 1812 official organ, and as you would like it to be.
I have made known that our society is indeed in want of a good paper
and have mentioned yours, and as the Ohio Society meets soon I am of
the opinion that some official action will be taken to have an official
paper and hope your paper may be that organ. I am sure that we
should be greatly assisted in our work by being represented in your
paper. What I personall can do for your interest I will and hope that
"1812" will soon have an official organ as that is the life of an organi-
zation. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am,

Loyally yours,

FOREST M. RUNYAN.

SHELBYVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 26, 1898.

Editor The Spirit of '76: We like THE SPIRIT OF '76 so well that
in addition to the subscription already sent I send to-day for a copy to
be sent to my nephew. From my childhood I have had an instinctive
love and veneration for everything in the way of history connected with
the Revolution. My grandfather while a mere boy took part in the
great struggle and lived to a good old age a patriot and lover of his
country. I am much interested in the "Dominie's Pilgrimage."

Very truly yours,

Jno. W. RUTH.



"Who were the minute men, Uncle George?"

"Why-er—members of the Sixty-second regiment,
my boy."

Bertha—"Sometimes you appear really manly, and
sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you ac-
count for it?" Harold—"I suppose it is hereditary. Half
my ancestors were males and the other half females—Tit-
Bits.

Patriotic Books Reviewed.

(Copeland & Day Publishers, Boston.)

"Free to Serve" by E. Raynor, presents to us in a striking manner a picture of Colonial life as it existed during the earlier part of the last century in our own Empire state. The service of the heroine, an English maid of noble blood, was sold by an unprincipled brother to defray the expense of her passage to the new world, whither she had consented to journey to save this same brother from prison. This man, debased by his environment, is uplifted and his character established on a firm moral basis, by the love and loyalty of the sister whom he had wronged. The scene changes to one of the early Dutch settlements on our own Hudson, and centers about the two sons of the mistress of the heroine, both of whom loved the fair stranger. One, goaded by jealousy, becomes for a time utterly oblivious to the claims of humanity, the other falsely accused triumphed over every ill, upheld by her persistent faith in his innocence. So graphically are the scenes portrayed that we lose sight of our nineteenth century existence, and suffer and rejoice with the heroine as if we too were participants. Free to Serve, attractively bound, uncut edges, price \$1.50.

(Ginn & Company Publishers, Boston.)

The Student's American History of "The Leading Facts of History Series," by D. H. Montgomery, treats more fully our political and constitutional history than most brief works. The book contains numerous maps and illustrations, and should find favor with both student and teacher. Price \$1.55.

(Mr. Henry Whittemore, New York.)

The Heroes of the Revolution and their Descendants.

This is the title of a work now in press which has excited general interest among the members of the Sons of the American Revolution from the fact that it affords them an opportunity of bringing to light the achievements of their ancestors in connection with the most important events of the Revolution. It is both historical and genealogical, beginning with the original ancestor, and showing what each achieved through successive generations down to the present time. The plan and scope of the work is highly commendable, and the subject is treated in a dignified manner, free from objectionable laudatory phrases.

The work contains an outline history of the events preceding the Declaration of Independence, and then gives a graphic description of the Battle of Long Island, beautifully illustrated. It is a noteworthy fact that the first gun fired in the cause of Independence was on the Fourth of July, 1776, from the very spot where the British landed about two months later, the present site of Fort Hamilton. A history of the National and State organizations Sons of the American Revolution forms a part of this work and includes the genealogical record and Revolutionary services of the families of many of its members.

(The Century Co., Publishers.)

A new novel of verse by R. U. Johnson—"Songs of Liberty and Other Poems," by Robert Underwood Johnson, author of "The Winter Hour, and Other Poems." Including Paraphrases from the Servian after translations by Nikola Tesla, with a prefatory note by him on Servian poetry. 16mo., 107 pages. The Century Co. Price, \$1.00. Bound daintily in green and gold or yellow and gold.

(Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Romance and Reality of the Puritan Coast, with many little picturings, authentic or fanciful. By Edmund H. Garrett. Uniform with "Three Heroines of New England Romance." 12mo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, \$2.00. Full crushed morocco, gilt edges, \$4.50.

Mr. Garrett has made a charming companion volume to his successful "Three Heroines of New England Romance." In the new book he describes the favorite "North Shore" of the Massachusetts coast as far as Cape Ann, including Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, Beverly, Marblehead, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Gloucester, Magnolia, etc. History and legend are interwoven with word pictures of the many beautiful spots which a trip along the shore and through the country roads discloses. The illustrations number nearly one hundred full-page plates and vignettes from pen-and-ink drawings by the author. A dainty morsel for desert.

BOOKS RECEIVED, to be reviewed later: *Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times. The Critical Period of American History. Old Virginia and her Neighbors. South Carolina under the Proprietary Government.*

TO EXCHANGE.

The Year Book of the Illinois Society, of the Sons of the American Revolution, contains the records of over 400 members, including in some instances their ancestral lines back to immigrant ancestors. It is illustrated and handsomely bound, and in addition gives the authority for and services of the Revolutionary ancestor. Price, \$3.00, or it will be exchanged for works on genealogy, town or county histories.

Address JOHN D. VANDERCOOK, Sec'y,
1514 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ills.

Original Miniatures on Ivory, from life, of George and Martha Washington, of Generals and Statesmen of the Revolutionary period. Earliest Portrait in oil of George Washington by John Smybert, 1750. Early American Coins; Historical Plates.

ED. FROSSARD, 108 E. 14th St., New York.

(Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York)

Patriotic Addresses by Henry Ward Beecher. A collection of essays on patriotic subjects by this gifted orator cannot fail to instill in the reader's mind noble thoughts. Members of the Patriotic Societies who want ideas to garnish their after-dinner speeches will here find material fit.

The Latimers, (Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia,) is a tale of the Western Insurrection of 1764 by Henry Christopher McCook. The Whiskey Riot of Western Pennsylvania has given Dr. McCook the foundation for his exceedingly interesting narrative. The portrayal of the characters of Luke and John, the father and son, and of the garrulous mother Polly, is vivid and life-like. And we must not forget to mention the blunt back woodsman, Andy Burbeck.

The exciting scenes in many places together with the absorbing plot and historical accuracy commands the attention of the reader to the end. The author becomes almost poetic in his descriptions of scenery, which are singularly beautiful, showing that they were drawn by an artist who loves nature well. The book reflects great credit upon the author as an addition to current literature and upon the publisher as a high type of book-making.

A God-Child of Washington (F. Tennyson Neely, New York.) The New York Evening Sun says: "The title 'A God-child of Washington' is not very informing as to the contents of a book in which Carrie Schuyler, the 'God-child of Washington,' occupies less than a score of its 650 pages. The volume is a compilation, effected with sound judgment upon either a wide basis of reading or upon industrious research having this volume in view. The biographical notices are usually from the best sources, and they are enriched by letters—oftenest family, or, if not, then familiar letters—that constitute, perhaps, the most valuable material in the book. The portraits are authentic, which is very satisfying to the judicious. Its steel plates presented the idealized features of a number of women distinguished by position or by beauty. Under the rigorous but faithful reproductions of modern 'process,' the texture of the canvas, appearing along with partly obliterated features, guarantees the faithfulness of the portraiture. Accompanying the sketches of the old mansions are descriptions from authoritative sources in the style of the 'Visits to the Homes' of interesting persons, that are just now enjoying a not unmerited vogue. The author, Katherine Schuyler Baxter, has reason to be gratified with the handsome imperial octavo form in which F. Tennyson Neely, New York, has brought out her work."

(Harper Brothers, New York.)

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Mr. A. P. Nichols, Adv. Dept. The Spirit of '76.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry regarding the results obtained from the one insertion of our advertisement of Appleton's Great Commander Library—Army and Navy Edition, in your magazine, I desire to state with pleasure that I am thoroughly satisfied with the number of orders received, being up to the average of orders received for advertising in this way. I am particularly glad to write that the class of orders received from you is entirely satisfactory.

Yours truly, ROBERT APPLETON.

{ MARCUS WARD & Co., Sixth Ave. & 20th St.,
New York, Jan. 22, 1898.
Mr. Louis H. Cornish, Ed. and Pub. The Spirit of '76,
18 Rose St., New York City.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry as to how we were satisfied with the results of advertising in your paper, we would say that the advertisement of our "Calendar of the American Revolution" brought us in replies from all parts of the country, showing that your paper is widely circulated and read. Wishing you every success, we remain,

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A Picture of the Past

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In the spring of 1781, while General Washington occupied his headquarters at White Plains, N. Y., he and Mrs. Washington paid a visit to General and Mrs. Schuyler at Albany. The youngest child of the family was baptized on that occasion in the old Dutch Church, and General Washington and his wife officiated as sponsors for the infant. Upon this incident pivots the entire "Picture of the Past." Great events, fine old manor-houses scattered throughout New York and other Colonial States as well as their renowned owners and their distinguished friends, are presented in a pleasing manner, and so clearly as to make the book delightful to readers of all ages.

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the Mohawk river in 1796, including incidents connected with the forts that figured in the French and Indian, and Revolutionary Wars. Another passage graphically describes a colonial house, its furnishings, its books, its portraits and silver, and its charming, old-time garden.

Washington and his Generals; the statesmen of this period; and the long line of important events clustering about these illustrious names will continue to be subjects that will fascinate the student of history for generations to come.

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THE SPIRIT OF '76

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES, INCIDENTS AND MEN OF '76, AND COLONIAL TIMES.

Vol. IV. No. 7.
Whole No. 43.

Published Monthly by The Spirit of '76
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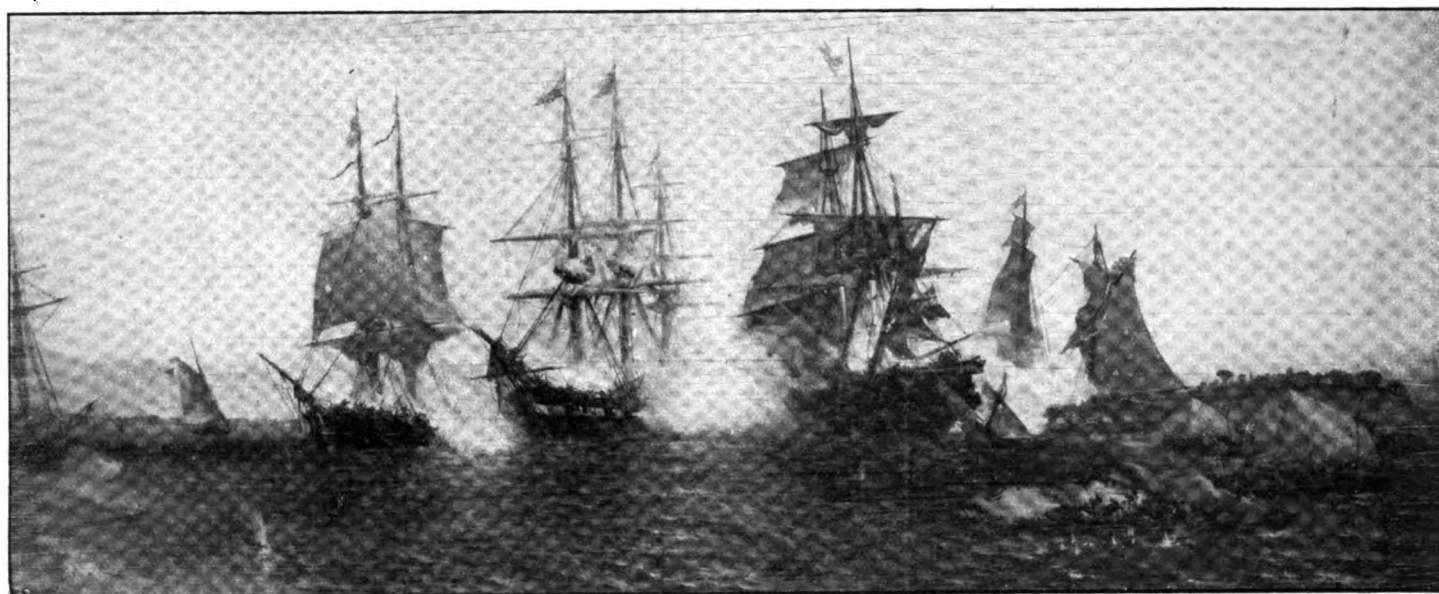
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FOUGHT IN PLATTSBURGH BAY, SEPT. 11, 1814.

From the original painting by J. O. Davidson in possession of Hon. S. M. Weed, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

THE Trip to Plattsburgh is progressing favorably, and will be fully announced in the April issue, it will take place the last week in June and each point of interest will be visited. A person familiar with each place will accompany the excursion and describe the location and events, making a fruitful source of study of these historic landmarks: West Point, Newburgh, Saratoga, Lake George, Ft. Ticonderoga, passing Crown Point with its ruins, to Plattsburgh, the site of the victory of Lake Champlain. We have received a letter from Mr. Robert Bascom of Fort Edward, N. Y., who will write us an article on the sights to be seen on our trip, and the following invitation from Mr. D. S. Kellogg, President of the Plattsburgh Institute, assures us a treat:

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., January 17, 1898.

To the Editor of the Spirit of '76, Dear Sir:

I see in your recent issue that you are planning a five days pilgrimage in the latter part of June, and that you are coming to Plattsburgh. I write to say that the members of the Plattsburgh Institute will be glad to do anything in their power to make your visit here a pleasant one. About four miles from our village is the location of the Battle of Val-

cour Island, October 11, 1776. This is the chief point of Revolutionary interest here. The Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has placed a tablet on the home of an officer of the Revolution here. Besides there are many places of historic events connected with the War of 1812, three of which are marked. A bronze tablet is on the ledge here where the British attempted to cross the river, September, 1814, and our Institute has placed two granite markers on the sites of two important skirmishes connected with the September, 1814 invasion. The tablet on the bridge was placed by the faculty and students of the State Normal School.

If we can be of any help to you in planning the pilgrimage we shall be delighted.

I myself have about 20,000 Indian relics gathered from this vicinity and many relics of the War of 1812-14—such as cannon balls, buttons, flint-lock guns, bayonets, fragments of shells, stands of grapeshot, belt buckles, swords and other things. I feel quite sure the patriotic societies here will all try to make the pilgrims' visit a pleasant one.

Very truly,

D. S. KELLOGG,
President of the Plattsburgh Institute.

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An invitation to inspect these and other works is extended to all readers.

MADISON SQUARE.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

No. 43

[Published Monthly by The Spirit of '76
Publishing Co., 18-20 Rose St., New York.]

MARCH, 1898

Entered at N. Y. Post Office as
second class matter, Sep. 1894.

10 Cents Per Copy.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Ancestry, Early Years and Some Old Letters.

BY COL. HENRY DUDLEY TEETOR.

ABOUT five hundred years ago, Richard II ordered the head of Rev. John Ball cut off. It was done and displayed upon a pike at London Bridge. Weighty reasons are assigned by historians for asserting that Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, lineally descended from this "mediaeval champion of the rights of man," from whom, rather than from his aristocratic ancestors of Sulgrave Manor House, Northamptonshire, were derived those democratic tendencies which distinguished Washington.

Rev. John Ball was called the "mad preacher of Kent." Lossing says he was of the class of married priests so hated and harried by St. Dunstan centuries before.

His habit was to preach to the yeomen in Kentish churchyards. In market places and at fairs, taking for his text his favorite couplet:

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

For this he was imprisoned and placed in stocks by the Archbishop of Canterbury but, nevertheless, and in spite of beatings and insults, he continued his harangues, directing them chiefly against the tyranny of rank and wealth and privilege which oppressed the people.

He preached the "seminal doctrine of our Declaration of Independence, pure and simple; and the people listened to him with loving hearts and eager ears as a prophet and evangelist."

Sir John Froissart, the chronicler of the times of the Plantagenets, the following sermon, delivered one Sunday, after Mass, as the people came out of the church:

"My good friends, things cannot go on well in England, nor ever will, until everything shall be in common; when there shall neither be vassal nor lord, and all distinctions are leveled; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill they have used us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? And what can they show, or what reasons give, why they should be more the masters than ourselves? except, perhaps, in making us labor and work for them to spend in their pride. They are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothes. They have wines, spices and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of the straw; and, if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain in our labors in the field; but it is from our labor they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves; and if we do not perform our services, we are beaten, and we have not any sovereign to whom we can complain, or who wishes to hear us and do justice."

The imprisonment of Ball, and an unjust tax levied about the same time, threw England into tumult. Wat Tyler's rebellion followed, when his army plundered the Archbishop's palace, released John Ball from prison, set him on a horse, as their leader, and marched on to London. This evoked from Richard II a pledge to issue charters and grant forgiveness if they would disperse and go home. All but about one-third complied. These remained to enforce the fulfillment of the royal pledge.

A quarrel with the Lord Mayor of London brought on a conflict. Tyler was killed and John Ball was seized and beheaded at Coventry, A.D. 1381.

The historian Green says it was in the preaching of John Ball that England first listened to the knell of feudalism and the declaration of the rights of men.

Col. William Ball, a descendant of the preacher, was a native of Kent, England. He had a brother, John Ball, a Calvinistic divine of Woodstock, whose name is enrolled as one of Fuller's worthies of England. Col. Ball served reluctantly for awhile in the royal army, and was at Marston Moor and Naseby. After the death of Charles I, he came to America and settled as a planter in Lancaster County, Virginia. He died in 1669, leaving two sons, William and Joseph, and a daughter, Hannah, who married Daniel Fox. Joseph returned to England to look after the estates left by their father. There he married and lived until 1695, when he returned to Virginia. His youngest daughter, Mary, was



Mary Ball

born late in 1706. Not much is recorded of the youth and young womanhood of this Virginia damsel who found grace in the eyes of Augustine Washington. Her father was a planter upon the Rappahannock River, not far from its confluence with the majestic Chesapeake Bay, and was known as "Colonel Ball, of Lancaster."

This was the age in the history of colonial Virginia when "learning was considered unbecoming a gentleman;" at least it was less than fifty years from the time when Governor Berkeley had thanked God there were no free schools and printing presses in Virginia.

Mary, at seventeen years, laments the lack of educational advantages in these words—the conclusion of a letter to her brother, a lawyer in London, and written January 14, 1723:—

"We have not a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in nearly four years. We have now a young minister living with us, who was educated at Oxford, took orders, and came over assistant to Rev Kemp at Gloucester. That parish is too poor to keep both; and he teaches school for his board. He teaches sister Susie and me and Madam Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast. Mamma and Susie and all send love to you and Mary. This from your loving sister, Mary Ball."

The spelling in the above copy was corrected. The following is a literal copy of another autograph letter to the same brother:—

"July 2, 1760.

"DEAR BROTHER, this Coms by Captain Nickleson. You seem to blame me for not writing to you butt I doe ashure you it is Note for a want of a very great regard for you and the family, butt as I don't ship tobacco the Captains never call on me soe that I never know when tha com or when tha goe. I believe you have got a very good overseer at this quarter now. Captain Newton has taken a large lease of ground from you which I Deare say if you had been hear yourself it had not been don. Mr. Daniel & his wife & family is well. Cozin Hannah has been married & lost her husband. She has only one child, a boy, pray give my love to Sister Ball & Mr. Bownman, his son-in-law & his Lady & I am Deare Brother,

"your loving Sister,

"Mary Washing'on.

"Mr. Joseph Ball, Esq.,

"At Stratford by Bow, Nigh London."

The late Mr. Benson J. Lossing, the distinguished antiquarian and historian, to whose recent work I am so much indebted for these facts, pays this tribute to Mary and her mother, ascribing her characteristics, rightfully, to the maternal source: "But her career indicates that she had received at home an education for the higher duties of life, of far greater value and importance than any taught in schools. From her mother, who died in 1728, after a widowhood of many years, she had doubtless inherited the noblest qualities of mind and heart, and had been taught all those domestic virtues of which contemporary testimony and tradition tell us she was a bright example—industry, frugality, integrity, strength of will and purpose, obedient to the behest of duty, faithfulness and modesty, and with deep religious convictions."

The following allusion to Mary Ball throws additional light upon her early girlhood:—

Wms Burh, ye 7th of Oct. 1722.

Dear Sukey—Madam Ball of Lancaster and Her Sweet Molly have gone Home. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Know. She is about 16yrs old, is taller than Me, is very Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her Hair is like unto flax. Her eyes are the color of Yours and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could See Her."

The world well knows of the marriage of Mary Ball, March 6, 1730, to Augustine Washington of "gentle blood and long derived lineage;" but whether that event occurred in America or England is not, I believe, an ascertained fact. After the death of Jane Butler, November 24, 1728, the first wife of Augustine Washington, the latter went to England to look after his estates, and it is supposed by some writers that the marriage may have transpired in England, possibly at Cookham, Berkshire, where at one time the Washingtons and the Balls lived contemporaneously; and it is a fact that in 1728 Mary Ball went to England with her brother.

When George Washington was about seventeen years old he made the following entry in his mother's Bible:—

"George Washington, Son of Augustine and Mary his wife, was born ye 11th day of February, 1731—2 about 10 in the morning, and was Baptized on the 3rd of April following. Mr. Beverly Whiting & Captain Christopher Brooks, Godfather, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory, Godmother."

Such a woman had charge of such a son from birth to manhood. Indeed, her angel presence was always with him and over him until her saintly death, Aug. 25, 1789.

No fame in this world is purer than hers; and than hers no mortal name is more worthy of everlasting remembrance.

Mount Vernon, with all its inspiring associations, was saved to the world by the appreciative women of the United States, whose sacred possession is now under the management of the Mount Vernon Association. It is befitting that the same gentle sovereigns should take and magnificently mark the neglected grave of Mary Ball Washington.

Cave Castle, Yorkshire, was then the home of the Washingtons during the Commonwealth. From this place Col. John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, emigrated to America in 1657 or 1659. As may be seen it is a noble structure, ornamented with a number of turrets, battlements and buttresses, which give it the air of magnificence. It is situated in the midst of a park, the perfection of English rural scenery. The interior is fitted up with considerable elegance, and contains a collection of rare paintings. Among them is one of General Washington. It is now, or was lately, the memorial residence of Henry Lee Barnard, Esq. Here, the locality of South Cave, lived at the same time the Fairfaxes, the Washingtons and the Harrisons. General Washington claimed that his ancestors were related to the Fairfaxes, and the Washingtons also intermarried with the Harrisons. Henry Fairfax, Sheriff of Yorkshire, married Anna Harrison and Richard Washington married Eleanor Harrison, two sisters of South Cave. William, son of Henry Fairfax, was the president of the Virginia Council, and his daughter married Laurence, the brother of General Washington. Major General Thomas Fairfax and Major General Thomas Harrison were companions in Cromwell's army—both Republicans. Harrison remained steadfast to his republicanism, but Fairfax wavered at the last, and it is said that he meditated interceding to save the head of Charles I, but was prevented by the length of General Harrison's prayers. Cave Castle, we may conclude, therefore, was the scene of many an instance of interchanged hospitality between the Washingtons, the Harrisons and the Fairfaxes—the same families whose descendants appear almost simultaneously in Virginia, compelled, for the same reason, to leave the old for the new world.

Women's prayers, and swords of heroes,

By their strength was freedom won.

Lo! beside our country's father,

Stands our Mary Washington.

Deep on history's living pages

Shall by love her deeds be graved.

THE TREATY OF ALLIANCE WITH FRANCE.

AFTER the surrender at Yorktown the Revolution, like many of our great storms swept out to sea, having its centre in the West Indies, but felt in the English Channel, the Mediterranean, about the Cape of Good Hope and into the Indian ocean as far east as the coast of India. "His Majesties most gracious speech" to both Houses of Parliament on Dec. 5, 1782 states that after adjournment of Parliament he had given "orders to prohibit further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. I have directed my whole force by land and sea against the other powers at war." At the close of 1782 the army of our ally sailed from Boston, bearing back to France and the Old World all their enthusiasm for an accomplished republicanism in the New World. Thus the great tide of popular freedom swept back upon the old monarchies of Europe and was not stayed until the ambition of a general of the Republic of France placed upon his own brow the crown of an emperor. During the winter of 1783, that general, then a boy of fourteen years, a charity student at the military school of Brienne, was leading his comrades in the siege and defense of many snow forts.

In America, a few conservatives, preferring the known evils of a monarchical, to the unknown forces of a republican form of government, had proposed, in the spring of 1782, to make General Washington the king of a limited monarchy. With deep pain and deeper scorn he had forever silenced such proposals. They had come at an hour most perilous to the liberties of the nation and most prepossessing to the ambitions of a great leader. A victorious army of men financially (and physically) ruined by the hardships of eight years of heroic service, unpaid and with but little hope of compensation from an, as yet, feeble and embryonic condition of government, must wait in idleness and uncertainty through the period of tedious diplomatic construction and completion of a treaty, in which the liberties for which they had struggled, played but an unimportant part. Even after the consummation of that treaty, weeks must pass into months ere the news could in certainty reach their camp. Congress dared not disband the army upon rumors of peace. The enemy still occupied New York, sustained by a powerful fleet. To men of action waiting is a most dangerous ordeal.

In the autumn of 1782 the army from the cantonment at New Windsor had sent a memorial to Congress, with an appeal for due consideration of its condition; but, occupied with many cares and unable to establish either state or federal responsibilities, that body had paid little heed to this appeal, therefore nothing was gained that might encourage hope. The discontents increased. Most anxiously did the officers watch the progress of events. On Feb. 21, 1783, Gen. Knox wrote thus to Gouverneur Morris: "The army in general have always reprobated the idea of being thirteen armies. It is a favorite toast in the army, 'A hoop to the barrel,' or 'Cement to the Union.' Posterity will hardly believe that an army contended incessantly for eight years under a constant pressure of misery to establish the liberties of their country without knowing who were to compensate them, or whether they were ever to receive any reward for their services."

During those weeks and months of waiting, men had time to think of the separations from comrades grown dear in mutual sufferings and joys; of homes desolated by war, by death and by poverty; of the long distances between them and their loved ones which must be traversed without one penny to pay for food, lodging, or any means of conveyance, and of the monotonous and disheartening routine of the resumed trade or profession, or the lonely plodding of farm life. After the excitement and exultation of such a strug-

gle as that through which they had just passed it was very difficult to take up the broken threads of every day existence. As time passed men grew restless and irritable—ready to follow any new enthusiasm. They must be interested and employed. Recognizing this necessity General Washington encouraged heartily the erection of "The Temple," "The New Building" or "The Public Building," proposed by the Rev. Israel Evans, chaplain of the New Hampshire Continental Brigade, for the "worship of Almighty God" at New Windsor, near Newburgh on the Hudson. In its construction, a large force of workmen from the army were employed from January 9th to March 6, 1783. In March General Washington ordered and encouraged the planting of "regimental gardens," and a little later became the President of the "Order of Cincinnati" organized for the purpose of fostering the friendships formed in the army and to create a fund for the benefit of the orphans and widows of the officers of the army. Thus through the hours of waiting, men were brought back, each to his accustomed occupation, and the interests of home. Led by the example of their noble commander, when finally disbanded, the brave soldiers of the Revolution, though still unpaid were imperceptably transformed into the honored citizens of the Republic they had sacrificed so much to establish.

In the "General Orders of George Washington, issued at Newburgh, 1782-1783," are to be found the orders issued each day for the erection of the New Building. Col. Tupper of the Massachusetts Line was superintendent of the work, and Lieutenant Nelson, of the Third Massachusetts Regiment, with another lieutenant were his assistants. Each regiment in camp furnished its quota of carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, lime-burners, general helpers, etc. "A ration and a half is to be issued daily to all the officers, artificers and fatigue parties in constant employ on the different parts, until the work is completed." "For every fifty shingles that are well shaved and then delivered, a gill and a half of rum and a ration of provisions will be immediately delivered." All the timbers, "ribs," laths, nails (made by the blacksmiths out of nail-rods), stone and other materials were prepared, delivered and paid for in the same manner. The lime-burners "were to be employed in erecting a kiln and burning lime for finishing the building." A description of this substantial edifice is to be found in the "Memoirs of Major General Heath," as follows:

"The cantonment for its nature and kind, was regular and beautiful. Upon an eminence the troops erected a building, handsomely finished, with a spacious hall, sufficient to contain a brigade of troops on Lord's days, for public worship, with an orchestra at one end; the vault of the hall was arched; at each end of the hall were two rooms, conveniently situated for the issuing of general orders, for the sitting of Boards of officers, court martials, etc., and an office and store for the quartermaster's and commissary's departments. On the top was a cupola and flag staff, on which a flag was hoisted occasionally for signals, etc. In this cantonment the army spent the winter very comfortably, and it proved to be their last winter quarters."

Although far from being finished, the New Building was first used to celebrate the anniversary of the treaty of Alliance and Commerce between France and the United States of America. The work was hastened and the following orders tell the preparations and plans for that event.

"MAJOR GENERAL GATES ORDERS."

{ HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH,
January 26, 1783.

"At nine o'clock to-morrow morning each regiment is to send five carpenters to the Public Building, including those at present there. As the weather is extremely soft

and favorable for shingling, it is intended to finish that work off-hand, therefore the General desires that the carpenters may be men expert at that service."

January 29, 1783.

"Such Regiments as have not completed their quota of shingles, laths and ribs for the Public Building are expected to do so by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"GEN. WASHINGTON'S ORDERS."

{ HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH,
January 29, 1783.

"Thursday, the 6th of February being the anniversary of the alliance with France, a *feu de joie* will be fired on that day in celebration of that auspicious event, by the troops of this cantonment; previous to which they will be reviewed by the Commander-in-chief on their parades. The regiments to be under arms precisely at one o'clock. The Adjutant-general will give instructions respecting the subsequent disposition; and the commandant of artillery will order a sufficient number of cartridges without ball to be issued for the occasion. After the *feu de joie* the General will be happy to see, not only all the officers of the cantonment, but all the gentlemen of the army and other gentlemen and ladies who can attend with convenience at the New Building, where a cold collation will be provided."

"MAJOR GENERAL GATES' ORDERS."

{ HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH,
February, 4, 1783.

"The carpenters, masons and blacksmiths at present employed at the Public Building, are to be excused from attending at the general review on Thursday 6th instant.

"Each regiment is to make and deliver to Col. Tupper or his assistant by ten o'clock Thursday morning four benches, each of the following dimensions, viz: Eight feet four inches long, eleven inches wide, eighteen inches high, with two substantial legs exactly one foot from the end, with a supporter in the middle. One gill of rum and half a ration of provisions will be ordered for each bench, to those who deliver them in at the time appointed, but no reward will be allowed to those who fail therein."

On Feb'y. 5, 1783, General Washington in a letter to Major General Heath writes: "In a little time I hope to turn their (the troops) duty into an amusement by awakening again the spirit of emulation and love of military parade and glory, which was so conspicuous the last campaign. In the meantime I shall struggle to while away this season in laying a foundation for those things. To-morrow, being the anniversary of the alliance with France, we shall have a military exhibition. There will be a review and *feu de joie*, and afterward a cold collation at the new public building."

In a letter to General Greene, General Washington writes on Feb'y. 6, 1783: "It is with a pleasure, which friendship only is susceptible of, I congratulate you on the glorious end you have put to hostilities in the Southern States. A little while, 'tis presumed, will disclose the determinations of the British Senate, with respect to Peace or War, as it seems to be agreed on all hands, that the present Premier, (especially if he should find the opposition powerful) intends to submit the decision of those matters to Parliament. The Speech, the Address, and Debates, for which we are looking in every direction, will give a data, from which the bright rays of the one, or gloomy prospect of the other, may be discovered. It will not be believed (by posterity) that such a force as Great Britain has employed for eight years in this country could be baffled in their plan of subjugating it, by numbers infinitely less, composed of men oftentimes half starved, always in Rags, without pay, and

experiencing at times every species of distress, which human nature is capable of undergoing. I intended to have wrote you a long letter on sundry matters; but Major Burnet popped in unexpectedly at a time, when I was preparing for the celebration of the day, and was just going to a review of the troops, previous to the *feu de joie*. As he is impatient that the sleighing failing, and as he can give you the occurrences of this quarter more in detail than I have time to do, I will refer you to him."

In a note upon this letter Jared Spark states: "This day was the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of alliance between France and the United States, and the *feu de joie* was in commemoration of that event. The parole for the day, as entered in the Orderly Book, "America and France," and the countersigns "United," and "Forever." The following notice was also published in the general orders. "The Commander-in-chief, who wishes on the return of this auspicious day to diffuse the feelings of gratitude and pleasure as extensively as possible, is pleased to grant a full and free pardon to all military prisoners now in confinement."

Another entry was made in the Orderly Book on Feb'y. 7, 1783: "Lost, yesterday evening, at the Public Building, an elegant pair of stirrup irons, silver-plated; any person having them in his possession, and will deliver them to Major Thomas Lansdale, commanding the Maryland detachment will receive four silver dollars reward and no questions asked."

This was probably the last important celebration of an anniversary of the treaty of alliance with France. News of the provisional treaty of Peace, signed in Paris, on Nov. 30, 1782, so anxiously desired and long looked for, did not reach the army until March 27, 1783. It was brought by an especial express sent by the Marquis de LaFayette from Cadiz, in a sloop-of-war, dispatched by the Count d'Estaing for the purpose. It was hailed with no greater signs of joy than those which had greeted the treaty of alliance, and was not as often publicly celebrated.

Ten years of adjustment, construction and personal self-interests followed. Then, France, amid all the horrors of the Revolution of "Ninety three," appealed to her republican ally for aid—yes, even demanded it as her right. President Washington and his Cabinet made a declaration of neutrality. Men arose in a frenzy of gratitude and shame. The charge of ingratitude still rests upon the United States. The hearts of the people of France were from the beginning overflowing with sympathy for the rebellious colonies in their struggle for liberty. They in return gave back sympathy mingled with gratitude to France in



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT VALLEY FORGE.

her greater struggle against tyranny at home and her monarchical foes on every hand. But, the patriotic and wise statesmen of either nation must not jeopardize the welfare of the realm or commonwealth for a sentiment. The King and ministers of one of the oldest and most powerful monarchies of Europe, cautiously, deliberately, and in self-interest signed the treaty of alliance with the Republic of the United States. The president and his cabinet of that infant republic cautiously, deliberately, and in self-interest made the declaration of neutrality. Neither sympathy nor gratitude were factors in those official acts. The United States can never forget the service rendered by France in the giving of recognition, money and arms at the time of greatest need in the establishment of their rights of independence. The descendants of the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution will ever love and revere the memory of LaFayette and his noble countrymen who came and shared with them the dishartening summer campaign, all the hardships of the winter at the Valley Forge, at Morristown and upon the Hudson, and who equally shared with them the triumphs and honors of Yorktown. The parole and countersigns must ever be "America and France" "United" "Forever." *Vive la Liberte!*

M. C. MURRAY HYDE,

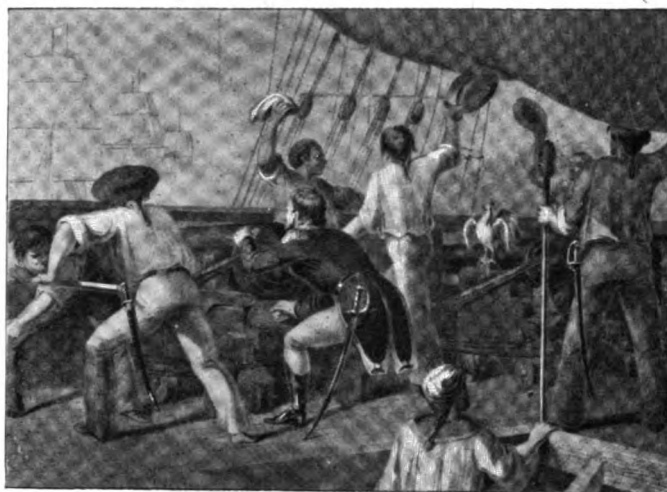
Member of the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.



COMMODORE MACDONOUGH'S HOME, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Commodore Macdonough and the Battle of Lake Champlain.

IN AN old tumble-down graveyard, lying between the Main street and the railroad in Middletown, Conn., is a simple, plain obelisk, on which is inscribed the name of Commodore Thomas McDonough (he usually signed his name Macdonough). This is the only monument ever erected to the hero of the Battle of Lake Champlain, the most important, decisive and far reaching in its results of that of any other engagement during the War of 1812-15. Says Jones: "By this victory Captain McDonough justly earned the fame of one of the greatest of our naval heroes. The country showed its appreciation of his eminent services by liberal expressions of praise and the bestowal of festive honors. Public receptions and feasts were everywhere proffered him, but with characteristic modesty they were generally refused. Congress voted him their thanks, with an appropriate medal, and promoted him to a post-captancy.



MACDONOUGH POINTING THE GUN.

Medals and swords were also presented to the under officers, with three months extra pay to the petty officers, seamen and marines. The state of New York gave McDonough a thousand acres of land, and the state of Vermont two hundred, situated in full view of the lake, and near the scene of his victory."

The legislature of New York also gave him a splendid sword, the presentation of which took place at Hartford. But the most flattering testimonial which he received was the gift of a sword (costing thirteen hundred dollars) from the officers and seamen whom he had commanded in the *Mediterranian*.

The beautiful home of Commodore McDonough in Middletown was standing until within a few years past. After his death it was purchased by Mr. Roberts, the father of R. N. Roberts, a member of the Empire State Society Sons of the American Revolution, to whose kindness we are indebted for the photo, taken before the house was destroyed. Some of the happiest years of his life were spent in this house where he died, Nov. 10, 1825, in the fortieth year of his age.

Commander Thomas McDonough was born in the county Newcastle, Delaware, in 1786. He was warranted midshipman and entered the U. S. Navy in 1798. He was noted for his gravity of character and sobriety of demeanor, while he proved himself on every occasion of trial, to be possessed of the most dauntless spirit.

While on a cruise in the *Mediterranian*, as first lieutenant of the *Siren*, being then but a mere youth, he showed the same coolness and daring that characterized his whole life. While lying in port, the captain of the *Siren* having gone ashore, a British frigate sent a boat to an American merchant brig lying in port, and took from her a seaman. McDonough promptly manned his gig with an armed crew and overtook the British boat just as she was pulling along side the frigate, and reaching forward seized the man who had been imprisoned and took him into his own boat.

"How dare you take a man from my boat?" demanded the commander of the English frigate.

"The man is an American seaman, and under protection of the flag of the United States, and it is my duty to protect him," calmly replied McDonough.

"Damn your American flag! If you don't give up the man I'll bring my frigate alongside and blow you to the devil."

"That you may do; but as long as my vessel floats, you shall not have the man."

"You're a hair-brained youth, and will repent of your

rashness. If I had been in the boat, you would'nt have dared to take the man, I'm dammed if you would."

"I should have tried it, at any rate."

"What, sir! Would you venture to interfere if I were to impress the man from that brig?"

"You have only to try it, sir," replied McDonough.

The British commander manned his boat and started. McDonough did likewise. The former soon turned about and pulled back for his own vessel, having no further desire to encounter the "hair-brained youth."

The illustration of the Battle of Lake Champlain which accompanies this sketch is from the painting by J. O. Davidson, one of the brightest and most noted of our American marine artists. He visited the spot where the battle took place and took sketches of all the surroundings. He had access to the uniform and all the belongings of Commodore McDonough. It tells its own story.

The battle was fought on Sunday morning, September 11, 1814. As soon as the enemy hove in sight McDonough ordered his decks cleared for action. The American squadron consisted of the Saratoga, a ship of twenty-five guns and two hundred and twenty-five men, commanded by McDonough in person; the Eagle, a brig of twenty guns and one hundred and fifty men, Capt. Henley; the Ticonderoga, a schooner of seventeen guns and one hundred and ten men, Lieut. Cassin; the Preble, a sloop of seven guns and thirty men, Lieut. Chas. Budd, and ten gallies, six of which were large, and four gunboats.

The British force was superior to the American. As the British came on, the Eagle, at the head of the American line, opened fire with a broadside of her long guns, though in the beginning at too great a distance to produce any effect. The enemy's galleys answered with a brisk cannonade. McDonough withheld his fire until he found the Eagle's shot began to tell, when he prepared to bring the Saratoga's broadside likewise to bear against the approaching foe. At this moment a young cock, which had escaped from the coop, alighted upon a gun-slide clapped his wings and crowed. The crew of the Saratoga, inspired by this favorable omen welcomed it with three hearty cheers.

Finding the enemy was now close enough McDonough himself sighted a long twenty-four pounder, and the first shot of the Saratoga was fired, striking the Confiance in the bows and passing along the whole deck, killing and wounding several men, and carrying away the wheel.

The Confiance, though exposed to a hot fire, did not discharge a gun until securely anchored. She then opened a tremendous fire from all her guns almost at the same instant and aimed directly at the Saratoga. Forty men, nearly a fifth of McDonough's whole crew were killed by this single broadside. The Saratoga was now so injured by the fire of the enemy, that she had not a single gun left of her starboard battery. While lying thus in the midst of the battle, without being able to return a shot, she would have been surely overcome had not Capt. McDonough, by means of the kedge-anchors and hawsers, skillfully brought his vessel round and presented to the enemy his larboard guns. While effecting this manœuver, the Confiance strove to do the same, but failing, suffered so terribly from the fresh broadside of the Saratoga, that she was forced to strike. Thus in two hours and a quarter from the beginning of the action the Battle of Lake Champlain was won, for the conquest of the Confiance was victory over the rest.

Captain McDonough in his official report says: "The Saratoga had fifty-five round-shot in her hull; the Confiance one hundred and five. The enemy's shot passed principally just over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings at the close of the action, which lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes."

Twice during the action the Saratoga was set on fire by hot shot from the Confiance, but the flames were promptly extinguished by the exertions of the crew. It was a dear bought victory considering the tremendous loss in killed and wounded. The loss of the British was much greater than that of the Americans.

An attempt was made by the British to land a force and capture the American position, but on learning the result of the naval battle they hurried with the utmost speed to get away. With shouts from lake, river, town and surrounding hills, which proclaimed the American victory, and sounded dismally in their ears, the defeated veterans of Great Britain hastened to obey the orders of their commander; and having joined the main body, the whole force of the enemy fled in dismay to Canada. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

An Adventure in the War of 1812.

"WE'RE running a great risk, boys."

"That's so, but it can't be avoided as I see."

"There's one comfort, though; the most of both fleets are off Niagara now."

"If all reports are true, there are enough left hereabout to make things lively for us if they once get a sight of us. Still we shan't surrender before we're taken."

The speakers were three young men, who had just set sail from Oswego, hoping to make their way to Sackett's Harbor in a little catboat. It was the 9th of August, 1814, and while in the earlier part of the season the fleet of Sir James Yeo had been cruising on and off, the success which at last had crowned the efforts of Commodore Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor had permitted him to put to sea, and both the English and American commanders had sailed for Niagara, where stirring events were occurring. But not all the boats had gone.

Abram Shoemaker, his younger brother John and Elijah Sargent, when they departed from Oswego that August morning in 1814, were well aware that trouble might be in store for them before they arrived at their destination. Abram was a young giant. The muscles of his arm and chest stood out in great bunches, and he had just gone into business for himself before the war broke out, and his peculiar sign: A. Shoemaker, Shoemaker, had made all the passers-by smile as they saw it swinging out over the street in Oswego village. His companions were younger than he, and could not boast so great physical strength, and consequently Abram was the acknowledged leader.

The breeze was fresh and strong as Oswego faded from their sight, and as they sailed on and the hours passed, and nothing was seen to alarm them, their spirits rose and they began to hope that this success would continue to the end. They sang the current war songs, talked over the exciting events of the war, and soon were having almost as good a time as if they had only set sail for pleasure.

They had just time to congratulate themselves on their lucky escape when a barge bore down upon them and in five minutes they were prisoners. A young lieutenant and a party of marines were on the barge.

"You're my prisoners," said the young lieutenant of marines, as he stepped on board the catboat.

"That's no news," growled Abram sullenly in reply.

The young lieutenant laughed, and soon transferred four of his men on board the catboat.

Abram said nothing more, but took his seat beside John and watched the men. There was no wind, and at the command of the lieutenant two took their places and began to row leisurely toward the gunboat from which the barge had come.

"Ho, there's a breath of air," said the lieutenant, rising for a moment. "If the wind starts up we'll stop rowing."

Abram arose, too. Yes, far out on the lake there was a little puff. He could tell it even in the dusk, but he did not believe it was going to blow much. He was looking away to the west, but he was none the less aware that the young officer was standing directly behind him with one foot on the edge of the boat.

Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, Abram turned and with one quick push sent the lieutenant overboard. As he fell with a splash into the lake Abram turned again and shouted "Come on boys," seized a belaying pin and stretched the first sailor before him senseless on the deck.

A blow from a cutlass fell upon Abram's shoulders, but he was not conscious of any pain. Shouts and calls arose as the men struggled desperately for the control of the catboat. Now up and now down, now almost thrown into the water and now held back over the rail, the men fell in their fierce contest. Abram had succeeded in binding the arms of the man with whom he had been struggling, and was about to turn to the aid of his brother, when he suddenly heard a call and shot in the distance. Without doubt one of the other barges had heard the noise of the contest, and was coming to the aid of the catboat.

Oh, for a breath of wind, but the air was still motionless. The dusk had deepened until neither the gunboat nor the barge could be seen. At any moment they might approach and then the struggle would be over, and the condition of the prisoners far worse than it was before. Something must be done and at once.

These thoughts flashed through Abram's mind in an instant, and as he grasped the man with whom John was struggling, he said quickly, "Throw every oar on the catboat into the skiff. I've got this fellow and Elijah is settling his. Quick! Don't waste a moment!"

John instantly obeyed. The oars and pistols and cutlasses were transferred and the three young men stepped on board, leaving behind them their catboat; but Abram smiled grimly as he thought of the condition of his captors. The lieutenant was still in the water, one sailor was helpless and the others were bound. If there was only a breeze he could get away with the boat and prisoners, too.

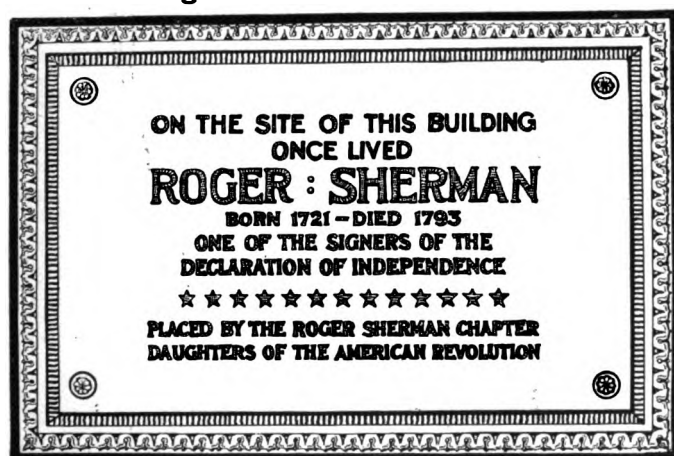
Abram hesitated a moment even then, but thinking that he heard the sound of oars in the distance he gave the word, the skiff was pushed off and all three of the men rowing desperately soon disappeared in the darkness.

A half hour later they rested a moment on their oars as a shout came over the water.

"They've found their mates," cried Abram grimly, "but they'll not find us this night, or my name's not A. Shoemaker."

Nor did they find them. The trio rowed on all the night long, rowed desperately as men who knew that life and liberty were sweet and what they would lose if they were taken. It was just as the gray of the dawn appeared that Sackett's Harbor was seen. The exhausted men entered safely, but they never forgot their adventure in the war of 1812, nor was there any story when a half-century had passed that their grandchildren rejoiced more in hearing.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Roger Sherman Memorial Tablet.



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A HANDSOME bronze tablet in memory of Roger Sherman, which had been placed near the main entrance of the building in New Milford which bears the name of the great patriot and statesman, was unveiled a few days ago by the Roger Sherman Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The members of the Chapter, accompanied by State officers of the society and representatives from other chapters in the State, together with Senators Hoar and Hawley, took their places at the entrance of the hall, where stood the selectmen, clergymen and other leading citizens of the town of New Milford. Within the enclosure were arrayed various groups of school children who bore miniature flags, while the City Military Band played patriotic and inspiring music. Mrs. Henry S. Mygatt, Regent of the Roger Sherman Chapter, began the exercises with an address, in which she said: "In the name of the Chapter, I present this tablet to the

town of New Milford, and ask that it may be reverently cared for and preserved, and trust that it may be helpful to the youth and citizens of this town, an inspiration to loyal, faithful, honest service for our town, our state and our beloved country."

During the presentation address the tablet, which was executed by J. & R. Lamb, the Ecclesiastical and Memorial Artists, of New York, was unveiled by Miss Jennette L. Gaylord.

General Joseph R. Hawley was called upon to speak, but he gracefully explained to the audience that as Senator Hoar, a grandson of Roger Sherman, was present, it seemed best that he should deliver the address of the day.

"No man," said the Senator when the cheers had subsided, "ever lived who was less conscious of himself than was Roger Sherman. The first personal pronoun can scarcely be found in any of his writings. It might offend him if he knew that a kinsman was to speak eulogetically of him; and yet, after all, I must speak from the heart, if I am to speak at all. He died 104 years ago—an old man. He passed 14 years of his life upon the very spot which has been commemorated so nobly by the Roger Sherman Chapter and the distinguished artists who took up the matter. He was educated in a household of poverty; he was a shoemaker, who acquired his knowledge from the book which lay upon his bench as he worked. And yet, he became one of the most eminent mathematicians of his time in the country."

Roger Sherman represented New Milford in the Legislature for several years. In 1789 George Washington visited Sherman, and took Senator Hoar's mother upon his knee, and this incident was much applauded when told by the Senator.

An Order from Patrick Henry.

IN COUNCIL WMSBURG JANU 2d. 1778

Virginia soc.

LIEUT-COLONEL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

You are to proceed with all convenient Speed to raise Seven Companies of Soldiers to consist of fifty men each officered in the usual manner & armed most properly for the Enterprise & with this Force attack the British force at Kaskasky.

It is conjectured that there are many pieces of Cannon & military Stores to considerable amount at that place, the taking & preservation of which would be a valuable acquisition to the State. If you are so fortunate therefore as to succeed in your Expedition, you will take every possible Measure to secure the artillery & Stores & whatever may advantage the State.

For the Transportation of the Troops, provisions &c. down the Ohio, you are to apply to the Commanding officer at Fort Pitt for Boats, & during the whole Transaction you are to take especial care to keep the true Destination of your Force secret. Its Success depends upon this. Orders are therefore given to Capt Smith to secure the two men from Kaskasky. Similar conduct will be proper in similar cases.

It is earnestly desired that you show Humanity to such British Subjects and other persons that fall in your hands. If the White Inhabitants at that post & and the neighbourhood will give undoubted Evidence of their attachment to this State (for it is certain they live within its Limits) by taking the Test prescribed by Law & by every other way & means in their power, Let them be treated as fellow Citizens & their persons & property duly secured. Assistance & protection against all Enemies whatever shall be afforded them & the Commonwealth of Virginia is pledged.

Pledged to accomplish it. But if these people will not accede to these reasonable Demands, they must feel the miseries of war, under the direction of that Humanity that has hitherto distinguished Americans, & which it is expected you will ever consider as the Rule of your Conduct & from which you are in no Instance to depart.

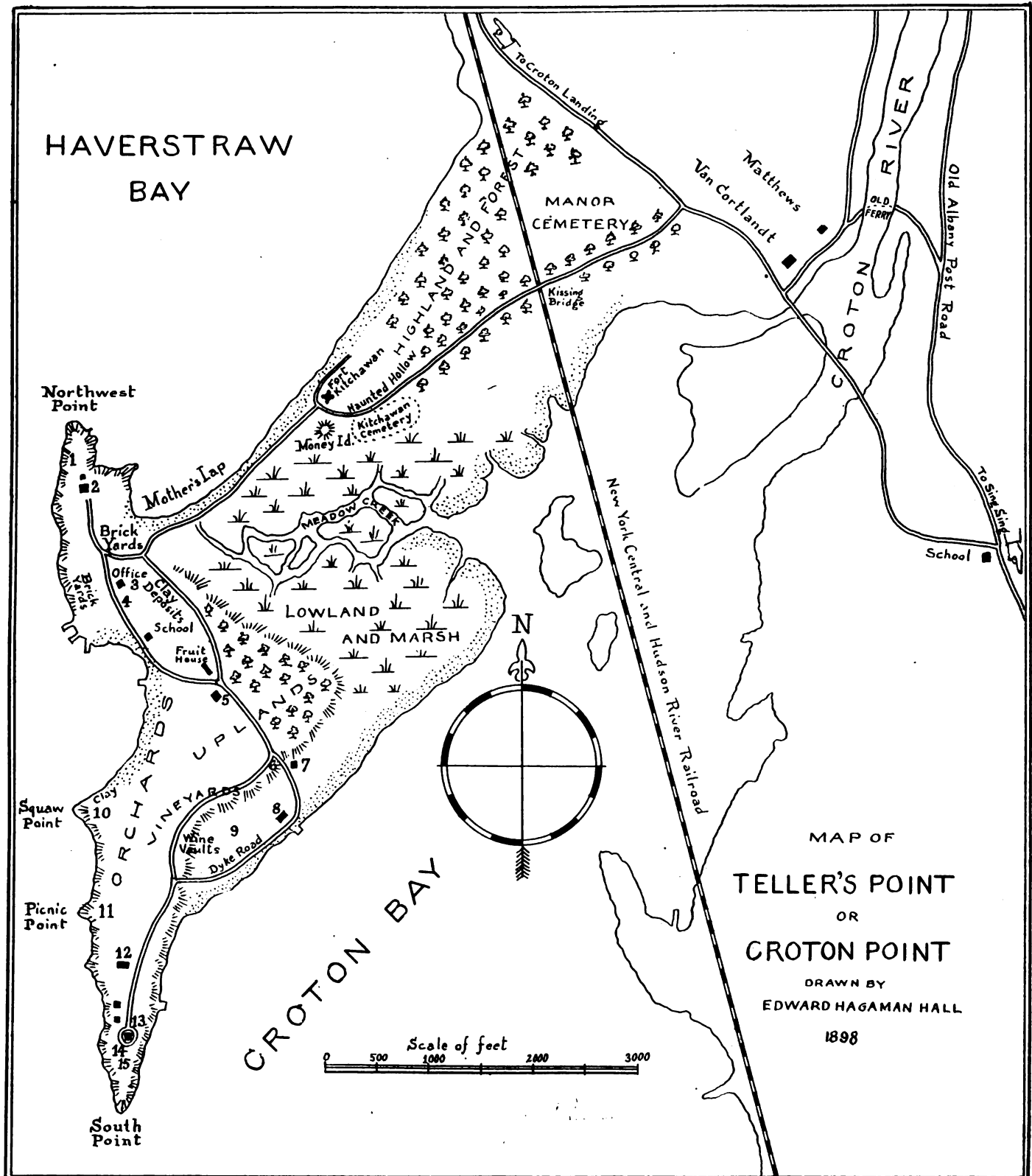
The Corps you are to command are to receive the pay & allowance of Militia & to act under the Laws & Regulations of this State now in Force as Militia. The Inhabitants at this Post will be informed by you that in Case they accede to the offers of becoming Citizens of this Commonwealth a proper Garrison will be maintained among them & every attention bestowed to render their Commerce beneficial, the fairest prospects being opened to the Dominions of both France & Spain.

It is in Contemplation to establish a post near the mouth of Ohio. Cannon will be wanted to fortify it. Part of those at Kaskasky will be easily brought thither or otherwise secured as circumstances will make necessary.

You are to apply to General Hand for powder & Lead necessary for this expedition. If he can't supply it the person who has that which Capt. Lynn brot. from Orleans can. Lead was sent to Hampshire by my orders & that may be deliver'd to you. Wishing you success I am

Sir your hble Sirv

P. HENRY.



MAP ACCOMPANING "THE DOMINIE'S PILGRIMAGE"

EXPLANATION OF MAP.

1. Place where John Peterson and George Sherwood fired on a small boat from the Vulture. October 20th, 1780. Descendants of Peterson have the musket. 2. Linden Cottage. 3. Cannon ball found by Eugene Anderson, who now has it. It weighs five pounds. 4. Old musket ram-rod found in clay about 400 feet south of office. In possession of H. G. Morehouse. 5. Underhill homestead. 6. Old oak tree, a landmark. Nobody knows how old. 7. Vine Cottage. 8. Fish house, or Auntie Gouridine's. Auntie Gouridine in youth a slave; lived to venerable age; now deceased. Fishermen and canoeists always found refuge under her roof. 9. Cannon ball weighing nearly six pounds plowed up in meadow by Philip Samstag. 10. Squaw Point. Directly

opposite this point, on the western bank of the Hudson, Andre landed from the Vulture and first met Arnold face to face. 11. Picnic Point, where Enoch Crosby, the Westchester spy, once enticed ashore and helped capture a boat-load of British soldiers. 12. Farm house 135 years old. 13. Italian villa built by Dr. Robert Underhill, deceased. 14. Cannon ball found lodged in a tree about eighty years ago by Dr. Robert T. Underhill. The ball is now in possession of S. W. Underhill and weighs about six pounds. The tree is not now standing, and the oldest inhabitant does not remember in which side of the tree the ball lodged. 15. Place where earthworks were thrown up by Americans when they brought the cannon down to the point. Vouched for by S. W. Underhill, who lived there for sixty years. Dotted shore is low and sandy. Where the shore has declivity marks it is high and rocky.

The Dominie's Pilgrimage

FROM FORT AMSTERDAM TO FORT ORANGE.

BY EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

PART IV.

"I RETURNED to Croton Village, and by retracing two miles of the previous day's journey, arrived at the ancient and historic Van Cortlandt Manor house near the mouth of Croton river. As my visit to that region developed some very interesting facts, let me show you a rough diagram of the locality."

Thereupon the Dominie pulled from a pocket concealed under his cloak a plethora of wrinkled maps, old documents, fragments of memorandum paper, and other odds and ends, and with some difficulty found among them a piece of brown wrapping paper upon which he had scrawled with a pencil some irregular lines which would have been unintelligible but for his explanations. As his subsequent remarks gave the drawing no little interest, I begged permission to copy it. After reaching New York, I endeavored to verify it, and searched the libraries for a detailed map of the region, but without success. The best obtainable was an outline map, on a scale of 1,200 feet to the inch, contained in an atlas of the Hudson, but it was wholly deficient in detail. I therefore corrected the Dominie's sketch by a personal visit and by information which I have been able to obtain through the courtesy of Mr. James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, his sister Mrs. John R. Matthews, Herbert G. Morehouse of Croton, and others. The eastern contour of Croton Point was modified by the collapse of Croton Dam in 1841, when great quantities of earth were washed down into the bay. Formerly, Meadow Creek was navigable for vessels of light draught, and the portion of the Point west of it was a complete island. The latter has been united with the Neck at the place called the Lap by the Messrs. Underhill, owners of the property.

"Within the double dutch doors of the Van Cortlandt Manor house and the adjacent Ferry House," resumed the Pilgrim, indicating their location on the map with his finger, "I received at the hands of Mr. James Stevenson Van Cortlandt and his sisters, Miss Van Cortlandt and Mrs. Matthews, another example of the genuine, warm-hearted courtesy which characterizes the old Dutch aristocracy. The name of this distinguished family is a reminder of its more remote connection with the Russian nobility. Cortlandt, as perhaps you know, is a modification of the Dutch *Korte-landt*, meaning short land, and refers to the peculiar form of the ancient duchy of Courland in Russia. Oloff Stevenson Van Cortlandt, the first of the family in America, descends from a representative of the Dukes of Courland residing in Cortlandt, South Holland. The Manor House is one of the most interesting antiquities of the Hudson, and indeed of the United States. Its oldest portion dates back to 1681, when the original structure was built for a defence against Indians. As a special privilege I was shown the interior of the basement story, where the loop-holes are plainly observable. This mansion is a veritable store-house of historic and art treasures. I saw hanging on the wall the manorial patent, beginning 'Gulielmus Tertius, Die Gratia Rex' etc, and bearing the great seal of the Province. I saw also an oil portrait of Brandt and his wampun sash; quantities of rare china, antique furniture, silverware, and heir-looms of all sorts, hundreds of years old. Among them was the christening bowl that has been used for a generation of Van Cortlandts. In one colonial chamber, one-fourth of which was occupied by a regal four-posted, canopied bed of unknown antiquity, I was told a creepy story of a female ghost who visits it in her nocturnal wanderings; and later I listened to the tale of a mysterious coach and four which has been heard, but never seen, to rattle up to the door at midnight and vanish without leaving a sign. Among the portraits on the wall, one especially interested me. The first wife of one of the lords of the Manor died while her portrait was yet unfinished, and the widower, having subsequently been won by the fascinations of a woman who greatly resembled his former spouse, married her and had the portrait completed from sittings by the latter. Thus he possessed a composite which so happily blended the charms of both wives, that he was able to cherish it without incurring the disapprobation either of the living or of the relatives of the dead.

"Located near the highway from New York to Albany, and the headquarters of an influential and cultured family, it is not surprising that the house, at one time or another, has been visited by many of the illustrious men of our country. From its piazza the stirring eloquence of Whitfield and Asbury has gone forth to crowds assembled on the lawn. Hither, in 1774, came Governor Tryon to tempt Gen. Van Cortlandt with promises of lands and

titles, to espouse the cause of the Crown—a bribe which was indignantly spurned by the incorruptible patriot. Washington was frequently a guest, and on one occasion at least, the house was honored with the presence of Franklin. Near by, a revolutionary bridge spanned the Croton, and here the troops of both armies marched back and forth, bivouacked and skirmished.

"Three or four hundred feet to the north-east stands the quaint old Ferry House, built in 1683 or earlier, now occupied by Mrs. Matthews and family. The house marks the site of a former ferry across the Croton, maintained in Colonial days in accordance with one of the requirements of the Van Cortlandt patent, and its hospitable roof has also sheltered many a distinguished personage, including Lafayette, Rochambeau, Steuben and De Lazen. Resisting the strong temptation to tarry longer in this delightful company, but putting into my pouch some delicious fruit tendered by a charming member of the family, I proceeded to what is now called Croton Point.

"This visit upset all my previous notions concerning a point so famous from its connection with the defeat of Arnold's treason. It is not as I had supposed, a symmetrical projection of land, with its apex in the stream and its base abutting the shore, but a peninsular, shaped as they used to describe Italy in my school days, 'like a man's boot,' with the toe pointing down-stream. It is about a mile and a half from the main road to the brick-yard at the heel, and as much farther from the heel to the toe. It was a goodly return for the dozen blankets and barrel of rum with which William Teller purchased it from the Kitchewan Indians. It was first called Sarah's Point, for Sarah Kiersted, the mother-in-law (not wife) of William Teller, who was said to be 'ye greatest proficient in ye Indian tongue of any in ye Colonye.' Bolton and others are wrong in saying that William Teller's wife was an Indian interpreter. During the Revolutionary period the point was called Teller's Point, but now bears the name of Croton, an Indian chief. I was well satisfied to travel by day-light through the gloomy forest that overshadows the road along the Neck—first past the Manor Cemetery, then past the Indian burying ground and the Haunted Hollow where the Walking Sachems of Teller's Point hold their spectral carnivals, and then past Money Island, said to be the place where Captain Kidd buried his treasure, but in reality a huge funeral pile, composed of Indians slain in a terrible battle between the Kitchawan and River tribes.

"A mile from the Croton highway, I emerged upon a beautiful crescent-shaped beach called the Mother's Lap, and had a superb view of Haverstraw Bay, four miles from shore to shore. I could not learn the origin of the name 'Mother's Lap,' but when told that upon this beach, protected from the dangers of the 'large and swift current'—Kitchawan means 'large and swift current,' the Indians used to run up their canoes when they had their great assemblies here, it suggested to me the figure of Mother Earth gathering her dusky children into her lap for safety, and it impressed me as one of the most truly poetical geographical names that I ever heard. Half a mile further west, I came to the works of the W. A. Underhill Brick Co., and the remarkable clay deposits which afford them material. At every turn some new revelation surprised me—now legendary, now historical, now geological, now archaeological, and the fascination became so great that I spent the remainder of the day on this peninsula about which so little is generally known. In this inaccessible place, yet so wild that many a time I had to dodge the adders crawling in the underbrush, one discovers vineyards yielding delicious grapes; beautiful fields; orchards golden with apples and quinces, blushing with velvety peaches and ruddy with mouth watering pears. All of these fruits I picked cool from the branch and ate. It is a veritable Eden, inhabited by perhaps fifty brick-makers, care-takers and proprietors. Some singular subterranean vaults proved to be the once famous wine cellars of Dr. Underhill. Who knows but that Hendrick Hudson's crew, who anchored in Croton Bay October 1st, 1609, told the peak-hatted goblins of the Catskills where to get the liquor that put Rip Van Winkle into his long sleep?

"At one o'clock I halted at the Underhill homestead, now occupied by a peasant family, and secured a repast of cold meat, sweet potato, bread and butter, stewed peaches and a cup of tea, eaten with a steel knife, a three-tined fork and a pewter spoon—a royal meal in the existing condition of my appetite, and none the less relished because the truly hospitable house-wife would accept no recompense therefor from the hungry wayfarer.

"Thus refreshed, I wound my way among the vineyards to South Point to view the place whence, I believed, the Vulture sloop-of-war had been fired upon by the Americans that critical morning of September 22, 1780. To my surprise, an intelligent woman occupying the Underhill villa informed me that it was from Northwest Point that the Vulture was fired upon. So Peg plodded

back with me, over a mile and a half of sandy roads, to Northwest Point; but at the office of the Brick Company I was told that it was from the South Point that the sloop was attacked. 'Well, well,' I said to myself, 'here is a controversy that must be settled,' and I proceeded to investigate it. First I obtained all the local data possible about Revolutionary relics, and noted them on my map, and during the next few days I searched the printed histories. Bolton's History of Westchester County, volume I, page 188, "the Dominie had a phenomenal memory for volumes and pages," says that Col. H. B. Livingston had his headquarters at the Van Cortlandt mansion while watching the movements of the Vulture off Teller's Point. If you will look at this map, you will see that if he had been there, the Colonel's range of vision would have been in the direction of the South Point. Gen. J. Watts DePeyster of Tivoli kindly examined Carrington's Map of the American Revolution for me and says that on page 512 the Vulture is located southwest of the southern point. The earthwork at 15 on the map would also indicate that location. But Bolton, on pages 302 and 307 of his history, also anchors her off the middle of the western shore of Teller's Point, opposite the Andre Lading place (the Andre Landing is two miles due west of Squaw Point, across the Hudson.) This anchorage is confirmed by the diagrammed position of the Vulture on several maps which I have seen. But Scharff's History of Westchester County, Volume II, page 204, shift her around to Haverstraw Bay above Teller's Point, which agrees with the traditions of the Van Cortlandt family, with the printed testimony of Joshua Hett Smith, and with Sargent's Life and Career of Andre, the latter says that Andre came up the river October 20th and boarded the Vulture about 7 p. m. in Haverstraw Bay a little above Teller's Point. When I read in Smith's narrative that the Vulture was fired upon from Gallows Point, and in Sargent's book that Gallows Point was a lesser promontory of Teller's Point, I thought I had a fine clue, until, after a vain inquiry for any Gallows Point in the vicinity, I learned that Smith wrote 'Tellers' (or 'Tallers' as it appears on some maps) and the printer made it 'Gallows,' a mistake which Sargent copied.

"These conflicting statements are confusing enough, but let me show you something more puzzling still. I wanted to know the condition of the tides on the 20th, 21st, and 22d of October, 1780, thinking that they might give me some clue. You know that the tides depend largely on the moon, and that after every lunar cycle of 19 years, the moon's phases fall on the same dates again."

The learned Dominie explained how he had calculated the exact for the year 1780, the exact for the month of September, added them together with the day of the month, subtracted 30, and performed other complicated calculations which I could not comprehend, and continued: "The result was so different from the printed accounts of the state of the tides that I distrusted my figures and wrote to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for a calculation, and here are the figures, which must be authentic, because they are official:

COMPUTED TIDES AT CROTON POINT, HUDSON RIVER.					
DATE.	HIGH WATER.		LOW WATER.		
	Time.	Height.	Time.	Height.	
1780.					
Sept. 20,			7.46 a. m.	0.2 ft.	
"	1.57 p. m.	3.4 ft.	8.52 p. m.	0.2 ft.	
Sept. 21,	2.07 a. m.	2.9 "	8.38 a. m.	0.4 "	
"	2.54 p. m.	3.3 "	9.54 p. m.	0.2 "	
Sept. 22,	3.12 a. m.	2.8 "	9.48 a. m.	0.5 "	
"	3.58 p. m.	3.2 "	11.05 p. m.	0.2 "	

Time used is that of the 75th meridian; and five minutes for local time. Heights reckoned from mean low water, which is 1.6 feet below mean river level.

"Now, that shows," continued the Dominie, "that either the tides or the hours mentioned in various accounts of that critical night of October 21-22, 1780, are wrong. Sargent says that when Joshua Hett Smith and the Colquhouns started about midnight of the 21st to row from Haverstraw Creek down to the Vulture to get Andre, it was on the tail of the ebb, and when they reached the sloop it was young flood. On the contrary, if they started down at midnight, they contended with a rising tide, which was still flowing in long after they had reached the Vulture and taken Andre off to the west shore of the Hudson. Sargent also says that the Vulture was anchored so near the shore of Teller's Point that her keel touched at low water; that the Americans took advantage of that fact by opening fire on her at low tide at daybreak, October 22d; and that if the Vulture had not floated off she would probably have been taken. Now, I don't believe that a war vessel would anchor so near a hostile shore that she would ground twice a day; and furthermore, it was not low tide by several hours at daybreak that morning.

"And here is one more source of confusion. Col. Livingston testified that the Vulture lay within point-blank range from shore for a four-pound gun, and there is no doubt of that fact. But how far was point-blank range for a 4-pounder at that time? The editor of a New York newspaper, after consulting Sir Howard Douglas' book on Naval Gunnery (1819) and Spears' History of Our Navy, estimated the range for me at about 150 yards; whereas the Chief of Ordnance of the United States War Department informs me that Col. Louis de Toussard, in his Artillerists' Companion (1809) gives a 4-pounder a range of 1500 yards with six degrees of elevation, but considers 1,000 yards the usual battle distance. How is a man of peace like myself to determine the range of a Revolutionary 4-pounder when the warriors themselves disagree?

"Now, let me show you how I tried to figure out the location of the Vulture from the shots found on the Point. As they were 6-pounder shot, they were evidently not unused ammunition of the American 4-pounder. It is reasonable to infer that the ball found in the tree (14) lodged near the firing point; that the shot in the low meadow (9) was at the end of its flight, and that the shots in the higher plateau near the office (3) was near but not at the end of its range. Assuming for experiment that these three shots came from the Vulture, and that the extreme range of a 6-pounder was about 1500 yards, I drew a line 1500 yards long from 9 through 14, and located the Vulture 500 yards south southwest of South Point; and then how do you account for the ball at 3? If you take 3 and 9 as the basis of measurements at two points of a triangle, 9 being 1500 yards and 3 about 1200 yards from the Vulture at the third point of the triangle, you would locate the sloop 1000 yards due west of Squaw Point. She would also be 1200 yards from the shot found in the tree at 14. But in that case, why should the Vulture have swept the shores for a range of nearly 90 degrees of the compass, when her enemy was located at a single point?"

The Pilgrim paused a moment, in order that the difficulty of the problem might impress me, and I confess I was puzzled. At length I asked him what he made out of it all, and he replied:—

"Well, I'll tell you. I am inclined to believe that all the locations are correct for one time or another. The fact that Peterson fired on a small boat approaching Northwest Point, with other evidence, inclines me to believe that the Vulture was lying off Northwest Point when the Americans opened up on her with the 4-pounder on the 22d. Then she dropped down stream, but by evening had nearly regained her former position. Doubtless she shifted her anchorage several times and exchanged iron compliments with the shore at various ranges. It is also possible that some of the shots came from other passing war-ships. So I'll give all of them the benefit of the doubt and try to believe all of them truthful, except Sargent, who says the Vulture touched bottom at low tide!"

Restoring his map to his wallet, the Dominie resumed his narrative. "No Revolutionary relics, except those mentioned on the map, have been discovered on the Point, but a large collection of stone implements—arrow-heads, tomahawks, battle-axes, hammers, corn-crackers, medicine-grinders, etc.—preserved in the office of the brick company, attest the activity of the red men. Perhaps the most curious discovery I made was the remarkable evidence of the gastronomic operations of the aborigines. When clambering back up the precipitous Northwest Point, after my descent to the rocks where Peterson fired upon the small boat from the Vulture, my attention was attracted by a thick layer of oyster shells exposed by the erosion of the cliff by the elements. It lay at the top of the bank, just beneath the superficial stratum of earth, roots and grass, and at this point was from two to three feet thick. It was with singular feeling that I took a shell and picked into the under side of the shell-heap, dislodging for the first time in unnumbered years relics which lay as they had fallen from the hands of the copper-colored banqueters. My attention was further attracted by the fact that the oysters had been opened with breaking, as you may see by these specimens."

Here the Dominie thrust his hand into the mysterious inner regions of his raiment, and pulled out a capacious handful of geological specimens, oxydized musket balls, Indian arrow-heads, Revolutionary uniform buttons, bits of wood, and other miscellaneous objects more diversified than the contents of the proverbial small boy's pocket. Not finding among what he wanted, he dove into another concealed receptacle, and produced, like a prestidigitateur after a purposely false move, a handful of curiosities composed chiefly of oyster shells. They were certainly well preserved, and I could not but join with him in his wonder that the aborigines, with their blunt stone utensils, could so dextrously open the secretive bivalve, assuming that they ate the inhabitant raw.

"I now remembered," continued the Pilgrim, "that in my

travels back and forth on the Point I had seen oyster shells on the ground, but supposed they were recent droppings and not outcroppings of prehistoric deposits. Upon inquiry, I learned that these deposits extend over a large extent of the Point, and have been ascertained by men engaged in digging post-holes, to be at least four feet thick in some places. These, I am convinced, are the 'kitchen-middens' or refuse heap of the Indians. Croton Point was undoubtedly a great meeting place for the red men, in peace and war, and these remarkable deposits supply the evidence of their great feasts, while the remains on Money Island attest their prowess in battle. In view of these facts, it is not to be wondered at that the original portion of the neighboring Van Cortlandt manor house was built of stone three feet thick and was provided with a double row of loop-holes all around.

"The day was now spent, and sending Peg by trustworthy hands, by a circuitous route, to meet me on the other side of the river, I engaged a naphtha launch to take me across the river to Haverstraw. At 6 o'clock the sun sank behind High Tor in a glory of gold, and half an hour later I was speeding diagonally across the stream in the gathering shadows of the High Tor, Little Tor and Clove Mountains for my haven four miles distant.

[ERRATA: Through inadvertence, pages 200, 201 and 202 of the foregoing article were printed before the author saw the proof. They contain several typographical errors, and in five places "October" has erroneously been used for "September," namely: on page 200, first column under map, second line; and on page 202, first column, in twenty-ninth line from top, thirty-ninth line from top, sixteenth line from bottom and sixth line from bottom. In first line under title change "and" to "add." In the second column of page 202, sixteenth line from bottom, change "with" to "without;" and in ninth line from bottom insert "them" after "among."]

The Spirit of '76.

SPEECH OF HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1898.

MR. CHAIRMAN: If there is anything precious, endearing, and potential in the American people, it is the spirit of '76. Sir, it is the germ of our existence as a nation. It ought to be as enduring as endearing. Is it? The spirit of '76! What was it? What is it? It was here one hundred and twenty years ago. Is it here to-day? We have often heard of it. Its great work is before us. But do we comprehend it? It expressed itself in so many events during the dramatic period of the Revolution that a definite idea of it can not be gained from any one of them. It was in truth an evolution in government. It was in sooth a parting of ways.

"When the devil of tyranny once enters the body politic," said Macaulay, "it departs not but by struggles, by groanings, and by great convulsions." The world was ripe. The hour for the great struggle has arrived and the agony was on. The battle was between legitimacy and individual and public rights. It was a shifting of the power of the state from the will of the monarch to the control of the people.

"I will govern according to the public weal, but not according to the public will," bluntly declared James I. George III set himself to the pace. This states the issue precisely. It was the public will against the will of the monarch. The promulgation of the issue astonished the world. The result enlightened it more than it had ever been enlightened in regard to government. It awakened intellectual activity as to the rights of man and the philosophy of government. All that is ferocious and grasping in tyranny came to the front. All that is grand in sacrifice met it, humiliated it, conquered it.

Sir, the victorious impulse was called the spirit of '76; but it was not born in '76. It has a biography in the history of our race running back through ages. Over and over again it tried to assert itself and was often stricken down by the mailed hand of despotism. On every page of the history of the race, either by its own efforts or by measures for its suppression, it records itself. If, instead of pitchforks and staves, Jack Cade and his followers had possessed the ballot, as we now possess it, they would have overthrown monarchy in a day. Their provocation was as great and their motives as just as those that inspired the heroes of our Revolution. They were utterly overwhelmed. A servile literature gave them an inheritance of infamy; but a just judgment is lifting it into a reminiscent glory. Many and many another effort has gone down before the atrocious spirit of grasping tyranny.

In these struggles for freedom we trace the growth of the spirit of '76. Though its growth was slow, it was constant as to its purpose and undeviating. In our Revolution it had a new advantage. An ocean rolled between it and its pursuers. For the first time in history it had a broad field upon which to demonstrate. It turned at bay, erect, grand, defiant. It spoke to General Gage through the lips of the schoolboys on Boston Common; it inspired the negro Attacks in the Boston massacre; it was manifest in the tea chests afloat in Boston Harbor; it appeared in the belfry of the Old

North Church, and sent Paul Revere on his famous ride; it spoke spitefully from the muzzles of American rifles at Concord and Lexington, and it sanctified itself in the blood of Warren at Bunker Hill. At times it appeared in qualities in no way akin to it.

The Continental Army, ragged and destitute, simply did its bidding. That army showed no such devotion to the person of its chief as did the army of Italy to Napoleon, or the Army of the Potomac to McClellan. Its blood-stained snow tracks at Valley Forge attested its devotion to the cause of liberty. At times it was mutinous; at times marauding. Desertions were common in it—even to the enemy. But the spirit of '76 always regathered and strengthened it. It visited every gathering, it mounted every pulpit, it appeared at every hearthstone, it sat at every table, defying danger and death, it energized all ages and both sexes. It animated Moll Pitcher at Monmouth and immortalized Nathan Hale on the gallows. As the peril darkened, it made its way across the Atlantic, entered the English Parliament, and pleaded the cause of freedom in the very presence of the King. Its astounding demonstration awoke the world, and won the applause of even savage tribes. It forced its way upon the great stage of human action, never again to relinquish a leading part. Apparently dormant after the surrender at Yorktown and the signing of the treaty at Paris, it was aroused anew by British aggression nearly thirty years afterwards. It arose incarnate in 1812. It tore from its adversary the crown of supremacy on the ocean, and awoke anew the echoes of freedom on Lake Champlain and Lake Erie. [Applause.] It idealized itself in Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, and lifted Decatur, Hull, Porter, McDonough and Stewart to a level with Paul Jones in the temple of fame.

To-day every monarch recognizes its presence and pays heed to its inspiring mandates. It is fast driving imperialism from the boards and filling the stage with its wholesome and godlike presence. The divinity of its mission challenges despotism to its most frantic efforts. In Greece, for the moment, it seems to have lost its footing; but in our neighboring island, the Queen of the Antilles, it is engaged in as hard a task as that which it accomplished on this ground. [Applause.]

To that devoted island despotism has summoned all its terrors and made use of all its savage implements. But the spirit of '76 is there [applause], and there to stay. All undeviating and undaunted, its torn and bleeding squadrons pour from mountain fastnesses on plain and in valley to confront and defy the uttermost efforts of Spanish tyranny. For some inscrutable reason it calls in vain for help—help almost tendered, but still withheld. It breasts the terrible storm friendless and unaided. Marti, like another Warren, fell at the beginning of the conflict; Maco, like Montgomery, brilliant and daring, lies dead in the second year of the war.

But Gomez and Garcia, like another Washington and another Greene, maintain the deadly struggle undaunted and undismayed, deaf to all threats and cajolements. No Lafayette has appeared—not even a Louis XVI. And America only 60 miles away! A whole continent wrested from Spain, and Cuba left to all the horrors of extermination, without one word of official sympathy. Grant had only to frown on the empire set up by Louis Napoleon in Mexico and it faded away. In his memoirs he says: "I sent Sheridan with a corps to the Rio Grande to have him where he might aid Juarez in driving the French from Mexico."

He waited for no declaration of war; nor did Bazaine wait for it. He packed up, bag and baggage, and left American soil at once. But Grant is dead, Sheridan is dead. Can it be that the spirit of '76 has taken its departure with them? [Applause.] A great people were behind them, and the tyrant tottered to his fall. Such was the power of the great Republic at the end of our civil war. Has it lost its manhood within thirty years, and is there no majestic figure left in the affairs of the nation? [Applause.]

Still the agonizing struggle continues at our very door. At reveille every morning the priest has been seen, crucifix in hand, walking beside fair youths and hoary-headed men, to be shot to death for no crime but their devotion to the spirit of '76. In every instance before the fatal volley the last exclamation of the victim was, "Liberty to Cuba!" The cruelty of the act wrings the heart, but the grandeur of the sacrifice ennobles the cause.

The mission of America, as declared in the Monroe doctrine, is to foster liberty and drive despotism from this continent. [Applause.] That doctrine is the guardian of the spirit of '76. It was not the expression of the sentiment of Monroe alone. It was the embodiment of the sentiment of the nation. Without this it could have no force; with it, it has proved invincible. Jackson was unswerving to its dictates when he scornfully refused the mission to Mexico with Iturbide on the throne. "I will never recognize Iturbide as emperor," he replied. And Richard Olney exhibited the same American spirit when he warned England against her en-

croachments on the soil of Venezuela, freed from centuries of Spanish tyranny by Simon Boliver.

Those who revere oppression point to the struggling Cuban patriots and say that such scattered, destitute and emaciated bands do not deserve freedom and would not know how to use it if they had it. Ah, Mr. Chairman, this is only a repetition of the scorn, contempt and derision that were heaped upon Washington and his tattered battalions by royalists and American Tories.

There is no appeal that will nerve the arm of a patriot like a cry from the helpless. That cry comes with appalling force from Cuba to-day. The shrieks of daughters and wives, struggling in the arms of the beastly Hessians in the Revolution, were incentives to action far more stirring than the call of the bugle and the rattle of the drum. The massacre at Wyoming stirred the patriots to far greater exertions than the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The licentious insolence and merciless rapacity of the British genadiers lost more than their bravery gained and inspired the people with a deadly enmity against the British Government.

All the outrages committed by the invaders during the period of the Revolution pale almost into insignificance in comparison with the excesses and barbarities visited upon the Cubans to-day. The shooting of Mrs. Caldwell, the murder of Jane McCrea, and the hanging of Hayne have a thousand parallels in the actions of the Spaniards. The horrors of British prison ships at New York and Charleston are exceeded by the atrocities in the Cabanas, the Chafarinas, and Fernando Po. The avowed purpose of Weyler was the extermination of the patriots. Two hundred thousand dead already, and a thousand a day treading in their footsteps—a grim reminder of the vision of Mirza.

What must be the essentials of a spirit that can unite a people in a firm resolve for a great effort, and set their lives and fortunes upon the cast. It must have life, growth, cohesion, flexibility. It must have endured trials. It must be fashioned to the purpose; the purpose must be molded to it. It must be prudent, resolute, firm, unyielding; so firm and so undeviating as to fling consequences to the wind, and unflinchingly stand the hazard of the die. Of such material was the spirit of '76 a hundred and twenty years ago; of such material is the spirit of '76 to-day.

What of the lessons of this great movement? What has it taught mankind? It has brought about a revolution in methods in every civilized country under heaven but Spain. The Spaniard alone refuses to learn the lesson. Is it not about time that this willful dullard was hurried into the class of civilization and made to keep pace with its progress? The spirit of '76 is a determined spirit. It has a firm hold on humanity, and is resolved to continue its guidance until the whole world is united in its scholarship. The period of its minority was too long and its graduation too severe for it to permit anything but progress in every branch of the political philosophy of which it was at once the founder and the guardian.

Mr. Chairman, this Cuban question is not a question of domestic politics, but one of national policy—so high and so broad that it seems to me all should be agreed in regard to it. The great Republic should promptly and imperatively put an end to this monstrosity on our borders, abhorrent to every principle which we profess to uphold. [Loud applause.]

The Protection of the American Flag.

WHERE IS OUR EBENEZER?

FOR this object there was introduced in the Fifty-third Congress two bills, in the Fifty-fourth Congress three bills, and in the Fifty-fifth Congress—up to the date of this writing—five bills; all practically the same idea, but differing in scope. The President-General of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in December, 1895, stated that "one of our most active members of the Connecticut society, Ebenezer J. Hill is a member of the present Congress, and *will be of great service to us*."

General Griffin, M.C. (Wisconsin,) states: "I was the only member of the House in the Fifty-fourth Congress who appeared before the Judiciary Committee and argued in favor of the Flag Bill, although there were different measures introduced by different parties, they never paid enough attention to the bills, beyond their mere introduction, save Mr. Linten of Michigan, who considered the subject with me. I regret Mr. Linten is not in the present (Fifty-fifth) Congress to render me assistance, as he would have done had he been here."

Are we to infer from the statement of Mr. Griffin that Com-patriot Ebenezer J. Hill overlooked the Flag Bill in the Fifty-fourth Congress?

A macedonian cry went up from the active advocates of our Flag Bill in the Fifty-fourth Congress, that appeal is heard and should be answered.

The present House Committee on the Judiciary is composed of seventeen members—representatives from seven Southern, six Western and four Eastern states. It is claimed that the Southern members are "opposed to flag legislation," and that our Eastern legislators "are backward" on this subject.

If this is so, I know of some exceptions, among them are Senator O. H. Platt of Connecticut, member of the Committee on the Judiciary; Representatives Joseph H. Walker of Massachusetts, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and Sereno E. Payne of New York, a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, who are in favor of flag protection.

To these names ought to be added that of Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, who reported a Flag Bill on February 5, 1897, from the Judiciary Committee in the Senate.

The House bill No. 4386, introduced by General Griffin on December 9, 1897, was exactly the same as that reported by Senator Hoar February 5, 1897, and was adopted by Representative Griffin, because it had been favorably considered by the Senate Judiciary Committee, and there seemed to be a reasonable prospect of its passage.

The original Flag Bill on which these amended bills are based was introduced December 3, 1895, by Senator Henry C. Hansborough of North Dakota. The active co-operation of all patriotic citizens, in both civil and political life, is needed to promote speedy legislation; and I earnestly appeal to all members of patriotic, military and hereditary societies to write forthwith to Mr. Hoar, chairman Judiciary Committee in the Senate, and to Col. D. B. Henderson, chairman House Committee on the Judiciary, Washington, D. C., urging the enactment of a law by this Fifty-fifth Congress to protect from desecration the flag of our country.

CHARLES KINGSEURY MILLER,

Chairman Flag Committee Illinois Society, S. A. R.

Plea for the George Washington Memorial.

To the People of the United States:

For nearly one hundred years the last will of Washington has stood as a monument to his sagacity in foreseeing the fact that a state founded on popular intelligence would need facilities for the highest specialization as well as for universal education. So clearly did he see this that he bequeathed \$25,000 to found a National University for the highest education.

His will is unfulfilled. Is it not a reproach to us as a people, that the wisdom of one of our greatest men has not been heeded?

Education in politics and good government was a part of his thought, and the need is as great today as ever. The safety of the home and of individual liberty depends upon the proper education of statesmen. The future of the nation and of the race demands the service of the most carefully trained minds, that by public hygiene and preventive medicine, stalwart bodies may be the rule; that the complex relations of sex and of capital and labor arising from the introduction of machinery may cease to threaten the welfare of children yet unborn; that a higher type of education for every individual child may be evolved; and that material conditions may not stifle the spiritual life of the people.

Opportunity for research, investigation, the factor of education which alone can produce these results, is slightly cared for in this country. Our students flock to Europe for it. Where in universities it is provided, it is done by the uncertain gifts of individuals, and depends upon the fluctuations of interest-bearing securities. The nation could receive such gifts and give stability to the income, could confer grants and thus insure the highest opportunities to young people of genius. In a democracy still more than in a monarchy this opportunity for genius should be given, because in a democracy the fruits of genius more readily become the property of all.

The George Washington Memorial Committee desires to raise a fund of \$250,000 for a building, the administrative home for a National University, and they wish every man, woman, and child in the United States to hear of Washington's bequest, and to have the opportunity of giving a small sum for this memorial. February 22d, 1898, was selected as the Offering Day to the memory of our honored first president.

Shall not every club, every patriotic organization, every school, every individual in the country by this simultaneous effort, make possible on December 14th, 1899, the laying of a corner stone of an administration building for the National University? Let us prepare this fitting commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's death.

Joseph Cabell Breckinridge.

ALL Sons of the American Revolution grieve with our Vice President, General Breckinridge, in the death of his son—a worthy son of a noble sire. The following sketch from the *Army and Navy Journal* is appropriate: "By the death of Ensign Breckinridge, the service loses a young officer of



Joseph Cabell Breckinridge

a useful and brilliant career. The remains of Mr. Breckinridge arrived in New York from Havana and were received with a special guard of honor by the Commandant of the New York Navy Yard. Twice during his short career he had bravely faced death to save others from the fate that has overtaken him; once at Annapolis, just before he graduated, when as a naval cadet he rescued from drowning a man, now a prominent Baltimore and Ohio passenger agent, who had fallen overboard, and whose strength had become exhausted; and again, in the summer of 1893, at Fisher's Island, New York, when a terrible storm had cut

off all communication with the main land, he, assisted by his brother, rescued from the raging waves two men who had incautiously gone in swimming, and who had crawled upon a diving raft as a place of safety. The raft was soon torn from its anchorage by the angry waves and carried out to sea. Young Breckinridge, realizing their imminent peril, called to his brother, and skilfully launching a small rowboat, put out to sea and effected their rescue by safely landing them on the beach. Another instance of his remarkable coolness in the time of peril was displayed when on the battleship *Texas* in several instances, when aiding small boats and launches in the face of storms and in controlling the turret machinery at the imminent peril of his life.

On one occasion when on the battleship *Texas* an ammunition hoist gave way and the shot was falling into the powder. Breckinridge sprang to the rescue, was carried around and around, his clothing literally torn into shreds and his arm injured, but he saved the ship and all on board from probable instant destruction. When off Fort Monroe during a severe storm a boat was drifting away with its human freight. Cabell had turned in, but hearing the news, he went on deck, called for a volunteer crew, and when none had offered before, at his call all sprang to help him. He chose his men, headed by a fine old Greek named Venis, and they went to the rescue. They were out in the bitter, raging storm for hours on that dark night, but succeeded in saving the three men.

Born at Fort Monroe, Va., when his father, the Inspector General of the Army, was Adjutant there, young Breckinridge got a taste of artillery life and a love for the sea, and going from there to the Presidio of San Francisco, with its reservation of 1,800 acres, he became an expert in the riding and management of a captive Indian pony, and was soon as distinguished a rider as he was a fencer. Going next to Chicago, where his father was stationed, he was one of the leading tennis players there, and in all the changing scenes of life he was among the foremost of his companions in their friendly rivalry for leadership. Had he lived, his career could but have been foreshadowed by the brilliancy and promise of his early life, and that his life was sacrificed at his post of duty can but win him an honored name among all the brave men that have gone before.

The Prison Ships' Martyrs.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 having offered its assistance to aid the patriotic societies in the matter of a monument to the martyrs of the prison ships of the war of the American Revolution, is asked to print the following appeals from the Daughters of the American Revolution to all patriots.

The committee on "Prison Ship Lists," authorized by the Board of the National Society, desire to obtain as full and correct a list as possible of all persons confined on the prison ships during the Revolutionary War.

There is, in private hands, much information relating to these patriotic sufferers. If you have any knowledge that will help to make the lists accurate and complete, please send it to one of the committee whose names are hereunto affixed.

Each regent is asked kindly to see that the matter is brought to the attention of her chapter, and each officer of any patriotic society is similarly impartuned.

Committee: Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, chairman, 657 Woodland Hills Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. R. M. Newport, 217 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Frances J. Fitzwilliams, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. Ebenezer J. Hill, The Hamilton, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. W. F. Slocum, 24 College Place, Colorado Springs, Col.; Mrs. D.

G. Ambler, 411 West Church Street, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. J. C. Burrows, 1404 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Amos G. Draper, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. David A. Deque, 21 East Park Street, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. John W. Foster, Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. S. V. White, 210 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The awakened interest in the last decade in matters pertaining to Colonial history has revealed the fact that many of our continental heroes died and word was never sent to their families. Yet we do know that "the name and character of each prisoner was registered when he first came on board and before he was placed in the hold." Their names and records were transmitted to England and no doubt remain there to this day.

Fort Green Chapter, D. A. R. has sent a communication to our Hon. Ambassador at the Court of St. James, asking what would be the cost of an official copy of the records of the War of the Revolution, and whether we would be permitted to have such a copy made for ourselves.

Read from the record of the Revolutionary War recently compiled by W. T. R. Saffell.

"The imprisoned and dying patriots wrote with skeleton hands these words: 'To our countrymen. If you are victorious and our country emerge as free and independent from the contest in which she is now engaged, but the end of which we are not permitted to see, bury us in her soil, and engrave our names on the monument you shall erect over our bones, as victims who willingly surrendered their lives as a portion of the price paid for your liberties, and our departed spirits will never murmur or regret the sacrifice we made to obtain for you the blessings you enjoy.'"

Where is that monument? Let us hope that with them "a hundred years is but a day" for in no other way can we hope to be forgiven for this ingratitude. Let the names come in—and the contributions. There is no abatement in the zeal of those having the matter in charge and the fund steadily grows.

Let all who had an ancestor among these sufferers, and all who now enjoy the benefits for which these heroes made the sacrifice, send with the name their contribution to the fund, we will soon have a sum sufficient to build the monument they expected and which they so richly deserve.

E. M. C. WHITE,

Member of National Committee.

The New York *Herald* published Sunday, February 27, last, an article in which Dr. Chauncey M. Depew was mentioned as a collateral descendant. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, is a collateral descendant of four ancestors who served in the Continental army.

First, Abraham Depew, who served in Captain Jacob Wright's company, being the sixth company of the regiment commanded by Colonel Philip Van Courtlandt.

Second, Rev. Josiah Sherman, chaplain of the Seventh Connecticut line. He was a brother of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Third, James Kronkhite, captain in the Third Regiment, Manor of Courtlandt, commanded by Colonel Pierre Van Courtlandt.

Fourth, Gabriel Ogden, a soldier in the Sussex Co., New Jersey militia.

The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution does not accept members of collateral descent.

The Historical China produced by Jones, McDuffee & Stratton of Boston, allusion to which is made at the end of this paper, has attracted the admiration of many familiar with the famous old buildings in Boston associated with the early struggles for liberty. The part of the etchings produced and printed on chinaware are the "Green Dragon Tavern," Main street, "King's Chapel, Tremont street, the latter, "Faneuil Hall" and the "Old North Church" where Paul Revere hung out the lanterns, are apparently in as good state of preservation as ever.

The Great Social Event of the Revolution.

The following errors appeared in this article last month:

Page 184, column 1, line 41,	<i>Lord North</i> for "Lord Worth."
" " " 2, " 4,	after word "voluptuary"—for name.
" " " " 8,	" " " " " " " " " " " "
" 135, " 1, " 46,	<i>Saratoga</i> for "Lexington."
" " " " 81,	<i>me</i> for "one."
" " " 2, " 6,	<i>knowledge</i> for "noise."
" " " " 21,	<i>We had at</i> , for "We had it at."
" " " " 23,	<i>18th</i> , for "18."
" " " " 43,	<i>City</i> for "Colonial."

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LOUIS H. CORNISH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, AND OLD GUARD.

AN English newspaper, with the brotherly love of a kindred tongue, in speaking of our country in a slurring way says, "There may come a time when this country may have to fight."

When that time comes the aggressor, whoever it may be, will find this country is ready.

In its last disturbance with the English it had no such resources as at present and yet it did not come out second best.

"Let us have peace," if possible, but if war is inevitable the United States wants something of its size to cope with, and not a decrepit and weak opponent.

THE Daughters of the American Revolution held their annual convention at Washington, D. C., from February 19th to 25th. It was noted for its large attendance. Mrs. Daniel Manning was elected President-General, and the following ladies Vice-Presidents General: Mesdames R. A. Alger, Michigan; N. D. Sperry, Connecticut; John M. Thurston, Nebraska; Toplin, District of Columbia; Mark A. Hanna, Ohio; Shippen, New Jersey; Frye, Maine; Jewett, Illinois; Howard, Virginia; McGee, District of Columbia; Colton, California; Fairbanks, Indiana; Abner Hooper, District of Columbia; O'Neill, District of Columbia; Goodloe, District of Columbia; Main, District of Columbia; Angus Cameron, Wisconsin; the Misses Temple, Tennessee; Forsyth, New York, and Benning, District of Columbia.

THE arrangements for the annual banquet of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, to be held at Delmonico's on March 19th to celebrate the fall of the North Ministry are fully equal to any of the previous banquets.

Among the eminent guests and speakers will be ex-President Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson, Prof. A. M. Wheeler, of Yale University; James H. Hoyt, Cleveland; Hon. Theo. Roosevelt, Gov. Frank S. Black and Senator Mark Hanna.

Some of the toasts to be responded to will be the "North Ministry," "Inspirations of the Revolution," "Colonials Fads," and the "Patriots of 1898."

GENERAL FRANCIS H. APPLETON, of Peabody, Mass., has been nominated for the presidency of the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution, to succeed Hon. Edwin S. Barrett.

Francis Henry Appleton was born in Boston, June 17, 1847, his father being Francis Henry Appleton, A.B., L.L.B., Harvard, and his mother being a descendant from the famous Crowinshield and Silsbee families. The younger Francis H. Appleton was a graduate of Harvard in 1869.

Gen. Appleton has done a vast deal for the cause of agriculture, and his own farm is a model in every way.

The public offices held by Gen. Appleton are too many to enumerate in this brief sketch, and the duties of all he has performed with signal success. As a well known Republican he has been delegate to national conventions and president of the Republican Club. He belongs to no less than five clubs at Harvard, and is a member of the Somerset and University clubs of Boston. The Cadets owe much to him, and as long ago as 1879 he held the rank of Captain of Company C. As president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, director in the New England National Bank and in several manufacturing corporations he has shown that he is a man of value and undoubtedly will make a strong president of the Massachusetts society.

OUR supplement is from a photo taken of a corner of the Avery Gallery, Fifth Avenue, during the exhibition from February 7th to 12th of the Scribner collection of Revolutionary pictures, which are appearing in their magazine in connection with Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution." It was held under the auspices of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and was seen by crowds of enthusiastic visitors.

The Revolutionary Pictures have already been exhibited in New Haven, Hartford, Portland and Providence, and were exhibited at the Allston Gallery in Boston, under the auspices of the Paul Revere Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Later exhibitions were at Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Lynchburg, and a trip has now been planned that will include prominent cities in the middle West. Wherever this collection has been exhibited it has called forth unstinted praise and the publishers are doing a good work in spreading patriotism.

THE Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published a very timely history of the U. S. Navy. More credit is due to our navy from this nation than has been given, and a complete narrative of its achievements has never been attempted by historians. For this reason Mr. Spears' work will be all the more valuable at the present time. His style is graphic and the naval maneuvers so described that a landsman can clearly understand. The heroes of the sea all receive their just deserts, nor is their fame in anyway diminished by the impartial way in which the author has treated them. There is the flavor of the romance of the sea and of those who go down upon the great deep in ships. The work consists of four volumes, with over four hundred half-tone illustrations and maps.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Sons of the American Revolution.

At the annual meeting of the Empire State Society, held at the Windsor Hotel, February 22d, Compatriot Trueman G. Avery of Buffalo in the chair, the following officers were elected. Canvass of ballots cast at the annual election, February 22, 1898.



For president, Chauncey M. Depew, 686; vice-president, Robert B. Roosevelt, 687; second vice-president, Walter S. Logan, 688; third vice-president, John C. Calhoun, 686; secretary, William W. Kenly, 497; Edward Hagaman Hall, 190; treasurer Richard T. Davies, 543; Rodney S. Dennis, 144; registrar, Teunis D. Huntington, 519; William W. Bliven, 168; historian, Walter R. Benjamin, 685; chaplain, Rev. James Marcus King, 684; Jesse Hurlbut, 2; managers for three years, Ira Bliss Stewart, 543; Dr. William Seward Webb, 144; Cornelius A. Pugsley, 540; Hon. Elhu Root, 146; William A. Marble, 541; Lieut. Walter J. Sears, 196; Lewis C. Hopkins, 492; Theron A. D. Wales, 193; William H. Hotchkiss, 545; J. Warren Cutler, 139; David McN. K. Stauffer, 640; David Whipple, 686. Managers for two years, Lucius E. Chittenden, 533;

Donald McLean, 155. Delegates to the National Congress, Stephen M. Wright, 495; James J. Belden, 192; Ralph E. Prime, 494; John S. Wise, 193; Henry W. Sackett, 687; Theodore G. Gilman, 687; Clarence M. Bushnell, 687; Horatio O. King, 646; William C. Carr, 498; Charles W. Haskins, 187; Thomas Wilson, 500; Capt. H. H. Benham, 188; Milton H. Northrup, 686; Wm. W. J. Warren, 686; William Dutcher, 6-7; Oswald P. Backus, 686; Theron A. D. Wales, 1; Henry Hall, 1. Alternates to the National Congress, Rynier J. Wortendyke, 543; Homer Lee, 142; Trueman G. Avery, 687; J. Warren Cutler, 687; Rodney S. Dennis, 543; Josiah C. Pumpelly, 143; Colgate Hoyt, 687; Walter J. Sears, 500; Captain George W. Sumner, 188; Edwin W. Fiske, 686; Dwight L. Hubbard, 687; Walter S. Carter, 186; Theron A. D. Wales, 501; Leander A. Bevin, 687; Wm. R. Ellis, 687; Edward J. Chaffee, 686; William P. Wadsworth, 1; Peter Flint, 1; Walter Betts, 1. Manager for two years unexpired term of Henry Hall, resigned, Eldred Johnson, 1.

From the annual report of the secretary we find that the membership as per last report was 994; that the admissions by election to membership were 186, and admissions by transfers from other states, 6; total, 1166; losses by transfers to other states, 2; losses by death, 17; losses by resignation, 13; losses by dropping for indebtedness, 56; total, 88. Total membership February 22, 1898, of which one is an honorary life member, three are honorary members, two of whom are literal sons of Revolutionary sires, and nine are life members.

The Newtown Battle Chapter has been organized at Elmira.

It was with deep regret that the resignation of Compatriots Edward Hagaman Hall as registrar and Ira Bliss Stewart as treasurer, were accepted. To fill the vacancies thus created the Board selected Compatriots Teunis D. Huntington to fill the office of registrar and Compatriot Richard T. Davies that of treasurer.

The custom of holding an annual church service was again observed, the 9th of May being selected as commemorative of the assembling of the Second Continental Congress, and the appointment of Washington as Commander-in-Chief. The chaplain, the Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, D.D., delivered an exceedingly brilliant discourse on Washington, from the text, "Of whom the world was not worthy." The Madison Avenue Reformed Church, of which he is the honored pastor, was filled with an appreciative audience.

This year the usual number of circular letters were addressed to the owners of prominent buildings, officers of clubs and associations, shipping offices, etc., requesting them to display the National Flag on the 14th of June, resulting in a more than usual display of the National Emblem on that day, in commemoration of the 120th anniversary of the adoption by the Continental Congress of the flag of our country. In connection herewith it is interesting to note that the local chapter at Rochester, conjointly with the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, presented to the University of Rochester a large American flag, erecting for it on the campus a suitable pole, bearing a bronze tablet with the following inscription: "Presented to the University of Rochester by the Sons and Daughters of the Rochester Chapter (of the American Revolution,) June 14th, 1897."

With the passing of this annual meeting Mr. Stephen M. Wright terminates his official career as secretary. He leaves the position, which he has consciously filled at all times with a

devotion to the welfare of the society, as well as a performance of the duties, heedless of the sacrifice of personal desires or comforts.

George Ernest Bowman, president of Boston Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, presided at the meeting of the members at the Parker House Monday evening. The chapter proposes to limit its members to one hundred, and already there are sixty members. The annual meeting will be held on the evening of March 17, at the University Club, when the election of officers will take place. The nominating committee have reported the following names: President, George Francis Pierce; vice-president, Charles Kimball Darling; secretary and treasurer, Charles Sumner Parsons; historian, Edward Webster McGlenen; directors, the above officers and Henry Durfee Pope, Rodney Macdonough, Charles W. Parker, Rev. Rufus B. Tobey and Warren A. Lord. These members were elected: William Lithgow Wiley, Boston, and Eben Denton, Dorchester. During the evening a most interesting account of the engagement at Dorchester Neck, which took place on February 14, 1776, was given by the historian of the chapter, Edward W. McGlenen. His story of this event was well told and threw much light on the incidents of the engagement. Mr. McGlenen urged that a suitable tablet be placed on the Lawrence School building, South Boston, which now occupies the site of what was known as "Nook's Hill," the last place where Washington raised fortifications, which were so formidable that this movement caused the British to evacuate. A large part of the land of Nook's Hill belonged to the Foster estate, where stood the Foster mansion, a fine example of old Colonial architecture. On the night of February 14, 1776, the British marched from Boston across the ice, the harbor being frozen over, overpowered the American guard of less than seventy-five men, captured two men and burned the Foster mansion. The original hill, which it is now supposed was about as high as the top of the present school building there, was leveled in the march of progress. So important a part did this site play in the Revolution that there is at this time a desire to mark it as an historical point of interest.

The Flag Committee of the Sons of the American Revolution, Illinois Society, was called for a special meeting on February 11th, at the society's headquarters, Masonic Temple building, Chicago, by Charles Kingsbury Miller, chairman.

A thorough discussion was held as to the best method of promoting legislation favorable to the passage of the law prohibiting the desecration of the American flag, and a formal indorsement was made of one of the five flag bills now pending before the Fifty fifth Congress.

The following resolution, relative to the observance of flag days, was unanimously adopted by the committee:

WHEREAS, As a means of promoting and animating the spirit of patriotism and directing the attention of the present generation to the struggle for liberty through which our ancestors passed in their heroic efforts to secure to us the blessings of this free republic, be it

Resolved, That the Illinois Society, Sons of the American Revolution, respectfully request the patriotic citizens of this city and state to display from their residences and places of business on the following named days the flag of our country, in commemoration of the notable events which transpired on those days, in connection with the history of the development of a free government for all the people of this glorious republic. By this periodical display we hope to teach the youth of our land a respect for the flag which will create a patriotic enthusiasm, foster a love of country and insure the stability of our government.

February 12—Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

February 22—George Washington's birthday.

March 4—First Congress under the Constitution and Inauguration Day of the President of the United States.

April 19—Lexington Alarm Day.

July 4—Declaration of Independence.

October 19—Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The Colorado Society, Sons of the American Revolution, held the first of a series of social meetings on Wednesday evening, January 26, in the lower room of Unity Church, Denver. The ladies were invited and a pleasant social meeting was enjoyed. Songs were rendered by Mrs. O. B. Spencer, Mrs. F. N. Keezer and Mrs. John McMillan. Prof. Downs, the chairman of the evening, spoke on the work and tendencies of the society, and Rev. David Utter talked on "Writers and Fighters," and the part taken in the Revolution by people of Dutch descent. It is proposed to establish a Denver chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Norwalk Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, with the object of stimulating the study of the Revolutionary period of the American Revolution, again offers a prize of five dollars in gold to the pupils of the public schools of Norwalk and South Norwalk, Conn., prize to be given to the pupil composing the best essay on "The Men, Measures and Influence of the Continental Congress." To the school sending the largest number of essays will be presented, framed for adornment of the school room, Stuart's picture of Washington. You will see we shall make good use of the gift that came with the chapter's subscription for 1898.

NELLIE S. WEED, Regent.

At the last meeting of Bunker Hill Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the residence of its regent in Copley Square, Boston,

February 17, it was voted to increase the limit of membership, on account of the long waiting list. This chapter was a year old on the 17th of June—the day it celebrates the historic event applying to its name.

The founder and re-elected regent is Miss Marion H. Brazier, known in the literary world as "Marion Howard," an all-around newspaper worker, who in seven years has won by hard work (and wholly unaided) a place in journalism most creditable and undisputed. The old saying, "it takes a busy person to accom-



MISS MARION H. BRAZIER.

plish things," applies to her, for no person in the National Society has so little leisure as this industrious woman. Miss Brazier is society and club editor of Boston's bright daily and Sunday paper—the *Post*, filling an entire page on Sunday with short newsy paragraphs and reporting various affairs every day. She is contributor also to the Boston *Transcript's* patriotic department and Boston correspondent for New York society magazine *Form*, besides writing special articles for other publications.

In addition, Miss Brazier has delivered a course of lectures—one subject, "Patriotism Abroad"—before clubs and patriotic societies during the season, going out of her state several times and without neglecting her journalistic duties, in spreading the gospel of patriotism. She holds membership in many clubs and finds time to attend the meetings—principally the business meetings.

Once a month Miss Brazier drops her pen and takes up the gavel, never having failed in her duties to her chapter since she planted the first seed in May, 1896, setting them an example in fidelity and real patriotism which she considers calls for some sacrifice, in carrying out the society's objects. She is descended from John Hicks, the minute man, who was the first to fall after Paul Revere's alarm, and who took part in the Boston Tea Party. While she is lineally descended from other brave Revolutionary soldiers and has Colonial ancestry, she rarely speaks of them, but endeavors in her own life to emulate some of their characteristics—chiefly pluck, industry, and the love of country and flag.

The Bunker Hill Chapter is conspicuous in some ways, and always on the day of meeting when their handsome flag is flung

to the breeze—it being an unwritten law to fly the colors whenever assembled. In the ranks are two families represented by three generations each, twenty-eight members of the Woman's Relief Corps, (one of the founders, Mrs. L. A. Turner, being an honorary member,) lineal descendants of Warren, Prescott, Bunker and Breed, who owned the historic hills, of Deborah Sampson and numerous prominent heroes.

The chapter has accomplished some works along patriotic lines—notably in placing in the Bunker Hill district schools (16 in all) a large colored flag lithograph, framed and suitably inscribed, a sample of which (telling the story of the Stars and Stripes) adorns the walls of the society's rooms in Washington. The chapter is giving entertainments of a dignified character, thereby raising a contingent fund for such work—the chapter dues being insufficient for their needs. The members are enthusiastic and progressive, working in perfect harmony with their officers. Their limit (100) was reached before the first birthday and with the increase (125) there is still a waiting list.

It is expected that the coming celebration June 17 will be held in the Old South meeting house. A number of brilliant orators have been secured, and the music will be "home talent."

At the Continental Congress the chapter was represented by its regent, its treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Alline, and four other members. The chapter proposes to attend the Paris Exposition and take part in the Fourth of July exercises to be presided over by Ambassador Porter.

First Anniversary of the Old South Chapter, OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

THE Old South Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Boston, celebrated its first anniversary on December 16—Tea Party Day—in the Old South meeting house. An audience of more than a thousand people filled the church, to listen to the interesting programme provided for the occasion. The historic church was decorated with flags and patriotic emblems. The gallery, fronting the platform, was occupied by forty students from the New England Conservatory of Music, with leading tenors and basses of the city, under the baton of Prof. G. W. Chadwick, Director of the Conservatory. The music included Keller's "American Hymn," Eichberg's "To Thee, O Country," "The Pilgrim Fathers," Chadwick, "The Heavens are Telling," Haydn, "The Star Spangled Banner," and "America," was an inspiring feature of the day. The solo of "The Star Spangled Banner" was gloriously sung by Mrs. Etta Kileski Bradbury.



A large basket of violets adorned the desk, the gift of the wife of Gov. Wolcott, with a letter of regret and greeting. Mrs. Wolcott has been identified with the order since its organization, having been a charter member of the "Warren and Prescott" chapter, the first formed in the state. She is also honorary state regent of Massachusetts.

An expression of sympathy and condolence was sent Mrs. Wolcott, who was absent by reason of recent bereavement. She wishes to express her gratitude for the kind remembrance. A telegram of greeting was received from the George Washington Memorial Association in session at Washington. Letters of congratulation and regret from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, regent of the "Liberty Tree" chapter, who is in Europe, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., who was in a distant state, and who sent an unpublished "Tea Party Story," Mrs. Henry P. Quincy, honorary state regent; Mrs. Nelson V. Titus, president Daughters of 1812; Mrs. William Lee, of the Daughters of the Revolution, and officers of the May Flower Descendants, Sons of the American Revolution, Society of Colonial Dames, of Colonial Wars, were read. Many other patriotic societies were represented in the audience.

Upon the platform with the speakers were Mrs. Samuel Eliot, regent of the "Warren and Prescott" chapter, and honorary vice-president general of that society; Miss Rebecca Warren Burns, honorary state regent, and Mrs. T. N. Brown, state regent of Massachusetts. The regent, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, gave a brief *resumé* of the work of the chapter and resolved the meeting into one of general patriotism. She said: "One of Boston's orators said long ago, in speaking of this historic building: 'There is to this edifice not only a natural body, but a spiritual body—the immortal soul of Independence.'"

"It is a name claimed to be most potent, after Independence Hall, of all Revolutionary watchwords. The greatest battles

were fought where we now stand. The greatest victories were gained within these walls. The proud British emissaries trembled at the voice of the Old South, and its mandates quelled mob, military and governor alike, until the troops of King George retreated at its command. The meetings held in those days in this church were stormy. It is said that when Burke wished to characterize an unusually tumultuous session of Parliament, he termed it 'hot as the Old South Church in Boston.'

"One year ago I withdrew from the Warren and Prescott chapter of Boston, of which I was a charter member, and was appointed regent of the Old South chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, named for this historic edifice, which I have the honor to represent to-day, and which celebrates its first anniversary, anticipating by two weeks its natal day. It selected this historic day—Tea Party Day—not because of any signal appropriateness, but because the 'Old South' is a synonym for nearly every event and legislative act of the Revolution, and it can claim *all* days as its own. Our charter, which rests against the desk in front of me, received from the National Society at Washington, was pronounced by the vice-president general in charge of the organization of chapters, most unique, in that it has inscribed upon it the names of sixty charter members—more than have ever before been placed upon any charter issued by the society. Its frame, of which we are very proud, has upon its four corners stars carved from wood of the Washington Elm, presented by General William E. Bancroft, who obtained it from the City Forester of Cambridge. A panel is inserted from wood of the 'Constitution,' the gift of Mrs. and Naval Constructor Hichborn of Washington, and it is gratifying to be assured of its genuineness. There are also two crystals imbedded in the frame, which formed a part of the great chandelier brought from England and which hung for so many years in this historic church.

"Gifts from the Clark-Hancock house, Lexington, and the Fairbanks house in Dedham, are received too late to be incorporated in its make-up. The gavel is taken from a beam taken from Griffin's wharf, and almost breathes the odor of old Hyson. It is the gift of Mrs. Vesta H. Richardson of Cambridge.

The Old South chapter has held thirteen meetings during the year, including a preliminary meeting and two outings; one of these outings was at historic Dedham, by invitation of Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, a charter member of the Old South chapter, and the eighth generation to occupy the house built in 1836. The other was at the seashore for the celebration of "Flag Day," June 14, the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes by Congress. Every meeting of the chapter has been held on an historic day—as the anniversaries of the dedication of this church in April, 1780; the disbanding of the American army, November, '83; the acknowledgment of our Independence by Great Britain, 1782; the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777; of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781, and the evacuation of Boston by the British on March 17, 1776.

Among those who have addressed the chapter are Mrs. May Alden Ward, president N. E. W. P. A.; Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, chairman of the George Washington Memorial Association; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Lovering, of the W. P. A.; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Eaton, of the Dorchester Woman's Club, and Mrs. Maria S. Porter.

Music has been furnished from time to time by well known amateurs.

Upon the invitation of the committee of gentlemen, largely signed petitions, in unison with other chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, were sent out early in the year for the retention of the Frigate Constitution in Boston harbor, and at request of the regent of the Faneuil chapter for the better protection of Faneuil (Fan-el) Hall.

The chapter has placed a tablet upon the birthplace of Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., the author of "America," in Sheafe street. At its dedication 150 boys from the Eliot school, of which Dr. Smith was an early member, sang the hymn, after a stirring lesson on patriotism by Rev. Dr. Barton. Master Webster tells me that more than half of the 1600 boys in the school were born in Europe. Most of the others are of foreign parentage. Not one of the entire school sprung from the stock that settled Boston, or represented it in the Revolutionary period.

After the dedication of the tablet, the members of the chapter visited the "Constitution" and thoroughly inspected the old warship from the place where it is said gun No. 10 stood, to the one original plank in the keel of the vessel.

We have in our membership four "real" daughters—those whose fathers served in the Revolutionary War. They are Mrs. Eunice Russ Ames Davis, whose father, Prince Ames of Andover, enlisted in 1777 and served until the close of the war in 1783. She is 97 years of age, and the only living member of the female anti-slavery society which was mobbed in 1832; Miss Katherine Haven Perry of Sherborn, whose father, Moses Perry, Jr., was first lieutenant in the Ninth Company of Massachusetts Militia, who is 81 years old; Sophronia Fletcher, M.D., whose father, Peter Fletcher, was in the Regiment of Guards, at Cambridge,

and by Act of June, 1780, was detailed to reinforce the Continental Army in Rhode Island, and whose grandfather, Joshua Fletcher, was a member of the Committee of Safety, left his plough at the Lexington alarm. Dr. Fletcher is 91 years old. She was of the first class to graduate from the New England Medical College, now Boston University, and was first lady physician at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. She was a friend and co-worker with Wendell Phillips. The fourth "real" daughter is Mrs. Jane B. Marshall, daughter of Daniel McManners, who was in Col. James Hunter's regiment in eastern Massachusetts department in the sea coast defence.

Each of these has received the gold souvenir spoon presented by the National Society to "real" daughters. Two of them, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Fletcher, are with us to-day. The others are too feeble to be present.

We have in our membership one Hawaiian, and two Californian members, who wish to identify themselves with their native city; one Ohio member, one Mississippian, and one each in Maine and New Hampshire. One beloved member has died during the year. We have in all 112 members, with papers enough in preparation to complete the limit of membership—125.

The chapter hopes to do commendable work in the future, and its part in maintaining the *personnel* of Americans in this, our America.

PROGRAMME.

1. Prayer. MUSIC.
2. "Angel of Peace." Keller.
3. "The Old South Chapter." Mrs. Laura Wentworth, Fowler, regent.
4. Address. Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., Chaplain.
5. "To Thee, O Country." Eichberg.
6. Address. The Women of the Revolution.
7. Sonnet. "Pro Patria." Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.
8. Dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Grace Lebanon Upham.
9. MUSIC.
10. "The Pilgrim Fathers." Chadwick.
11. Address. Col. Henry A. Thomas.
12. MUSIC.
13. "The Heavens are Telling." "Creation"—Hady.
14. Address. Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent New York City Chapter.
15. MUSIC.
16. The "Star Spangled Banner." Solo by Mrs. Etta Kileski Bradbury.
17. Address. Rev. Luther H. Angier, D.D.
18. MUSIC.
19. "America." Music under the direction of Mr. George W. Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music.

The following are the officers of the chapter: Regent, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler; vice-regent, Mrs. Mabel Sawin Apollonio; recording secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Allen Stillings; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Vashti Colby Goodhue; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet Gaut Minot; registrar, Miss Helen R. Whitmore; historian, Mrs. Maria S. Porter.



*The Old South Chapter
requests the honor of your presence at its
First Anniversary
Tuesday, December sixteenth, at eleven o'clock:
Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven:
Old South Meeting House:
Boston, Massachusetts.*

Present at the door.

On Than's giving eve Piqua Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, gave an exhibition of living pictures at the elegant home of Mrs. James Hicks. The beautiful stage settings gave brilliancy to the pictures, and the verdict of the large audience was that each one was like an exquisite water-color. After fine music on piano and violin, rendered by Miss Boal and Mr. Simpkinson, two of Piqua's accomplished performers, the curtain rose and displayed a perfect representation of Stuart's full length portrait of George Washington. Mr. Theodore Royer, in his features, costume and pose was an ideal Washington. Following this were Mrs. Hicks and her young son Charles in a strikingly beautiful picture. Mrs. Hicks represented her ancestress, Deborah Champion, who at a time of great peril bore important despatches to General Washington, accompanied only by her slave, Aristarchus. Master Charles in his Colonial costume, perfect in every detail, looked worthy of his fearless ancestors. The curtain next disclosed fair Dorothy Quincy, wife of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. This part was taken by Mrs. M. E. Barber, who was a charming representative of Dorothy Hancock. Miss Daisy Smith made an ideal Pocohontas. Her dark eyes and hair were set off by the veritable Indian costume she wore. If the real Pocohontas were half so lovely it is a terrible wonder that John Smith's heart as well as his neck were not in danger from the "children of the forest."

Lady Katherine Duer was a great Colonial belle, but she could have no cause to be ashamed of her representative in these pictures, for Mrs. W. S. Montgomery formed a lovely picture, which her audience will never forget.

Miss Roe sang delightfully to Miss Leonard's accompaniment on the piano.

The tableaux so far given had all been full-length pictures. Then followed some miniatures. The first was a copy of Gilbert Stuart's Martha Washington. Mrs. J. F. McKinney personated this character. She was a perfect Martha Washington, and her snow-white hair needed no powder. Mrs. Rex Slauson made the very prettiest Dolly Madison, who, we are told, was the most popular woman in the land when her husband was President. Mrs. Theodore Royer was charming as Abigail Adams. The severe lines of the necessary coiffure were very becoming to her dignified beauty.

When you looked at Mr. M. E. Barber, otherwise John Winthrop, the famous governor of ante Revolutionary times, you felt that before you was the real Puritan governor. A storm of applause broke forth before the curtain went down.

The picture frames had been arranged once more for the full length pictures, and the first one given was of the famous Boston Tea Party in the Indian costume worn by those men. Mr. Charles Locke, the lineal descendant of the man he represented, took this part.

One of the most interesting novels of the hour is Hugh Wynne, Dr. Weir Mitchell's famous Revolutionary story. The fascinating heroine of the story is Dorthea Penniston. Miss Dorothy Parker in this role was as lovely as the fair daughter she represented.

No patriot of '76 was more beloved than Warren. His noble wife, Elizabeth Hooton (?) Warren was personated by Miss Mary E. Hall, who made a handsome picture.

Mr. Percy F. Todd then sang, accompanied by Mrs. Leonard on the piano. Mr. Todd sang with fine effect.

The last two pictures were quaintly beautiful. Miss Martha Wood was a most charming Betsy Ross, the maker of the first flag. Her cap and gray gown were very becoming to Miss Wood as she sat stitching "five pointed stars" on the flag that lay across her lap. The last tableau was Priscilla, Miss Carrie Gross taking the part. The demure sweet face, under the high white cap would surely have won John Alden had he been there to see. The Puritan maiden was seated by a spinning wheel. At the conclusion of the living pictures ice cream and cake were served to the guests. In the parlor was displayed a very valuable collection of relics, many of them two or three hundred years old, and were examined with great interest by those present. LOUISE WOOD MCKINNEY, Historian Piqua Chapter.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Medford, Mass., was very bountifully entertained by Mrs. A. D. Puffer at her winter residence, corner of High and Winthrop streets, January 3, it being the occasion of the regular monthly meeting. Between the parlor and the music room was draped the chapter's flag, and the first of the evening was devoted to business. Mrs. Lucy Ann Reid, "a real daughter," ninety-two years of age, was elected to membership, and two other ladies. Mrs. Emma W. Goodwin, the registrar, was appointed to see that all chapter property displayed in the Historical Society's rooms was appropriately marked. Miss Eliza M. Gill, Miss Sarah L. Clark and Miss Ella Burbank were appointed a committee to arrange for a tablet to be placed on the site of Mrs. Fulton's home during the Revolution, and Miss Helen S. Wild was elected delegate to the National Congress. A committee previously appointed reported that they had arranged for a social to be held at the house of Mrs. Hannah E. Ayers, at which an admission will be charged, and it is the hope of the committee that a good sum will be realized for the treasury of the chap-

ter. It was voted that at each regular meeting a half hour should be spent in the study of parliamentary law.

At the close of the business session the following programme was rendered: Piano solo, Miss Fannie Adams; "Bygone Days," Miss Hetty Wait; violin solo, Miss Manda Clark; essay on Lafayette, Miss Gertrude Bragdon; violin solo, Miss Maude Clark; song, Mrs. Timson. The violin solos and Mrs. Alice Morrison's accompaniment and the beautiful old ballad by Mrs. Timson were finely rendered, and the chapter is much indebted to these friends who so graciously assisted the hostess in her part of the entertainment. Miss Wait's paper was a most interesting one, being in a great measure the reminiscences of her mother, now ninety-two years old, and included many items concerning Mrs. Fulton; closing with a mention of her great-grandmother. Miss Wait gave the chapter a pleasant surprise by presenting a fine picture of the house where Sarah Bradlee-Fulton lived from 1785 to 1835. The sketch was admirably executed by Mr. John W. Adams, a great-grandson Mrs. Fulton, and is framed with a portion of the shutter of the Bradlee house, Boston, of Tea Party fame. This generous sized shutter has furnished other frames for pictures and charter that belong to the society. The house shown in the sketch is the one in which Mrs. Fulton was living when Washington called upon her and was ever remembered as an honored guest. Miss Bragdon's paper brought forth at its close several stories from the members concerning Lafayette's visit to Medford, and Mrs. Fulton's call upon him when a guest of Gov. Brooks. A fine collation brought the evening's enjoyment to a close.

ELIZA M. GILL, Historian Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, Medford, Mass.

Children of the American Revolution.

A delightful meeting of the "Little Men and Women of '76" was held on February 4th at the residence of Mrs. Charles H. Alling, Garfield Place, Brooklyn. Miss Kate Carleton read a paper on the Battle of Saratoga, which was the subject for the afternoon. This was followed by a selection from the volume of "Boys of '76." Owing to the absence of the secretary, Miss Beatrice Thayer, her report was read by Susan Kennedy. The children decided to make a contribution to the Washington Memorial Institute on February 22d. The meeting closed with the salute to the flag and singing, after which the children adjourned to the dining room for refreshments.

The reception by the John Swift society, Children of the American Revolution, at Fall River, Mass., was held Saturday, January 22. An enjoyable programme had been arranged by the young people, showing the work of the society. An address by the founder and national president, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, who presented the charter followed by a reception to Mrs. Lothrop. Prominent members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Grand Army of the Republic from distant parts of the state were present.

Banquet of the Military Order of Foreign Wars.

The Illinois Commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States held its annual dinner Thursday evening, February 10, at 6 p. m. in the Tower room of the Union League Clubhouse, Chicago. Among the members of the society who were present were:



Capt. S. E. Gross, commander; Hon. James H. Gilbert, vice-commander-general; Major E. B. Tolman, vice-commander; John D. Vandercook, secretary; Robert P. Walker, treasurer; Francis J. Cushing, deputy secretary; Nelson A. McClary, registrar; George W. Cass, judge advocate; Robert Hall Babcock, surgeon; John H. Trumbull, Prof. N. H. Winchell, A. C. Bass, Robert W. Tansill, R. R. Baldwin, Hon. Charles Page Bryan and J. C. P. Brocklebank.

The invited guests of the evening were General John R. Brooke, U.S.A.; Col. Robert Hall, U.S.A.; Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, Hon. Henry M. Shepard, Hon. R. S. Tuthill, Hon. M. F. Tuley, Frederick W. Upham, Joseph F. Ward, Col. M. L. D. Simpson, U.S.A.; Col. George V. Lauman, Col. Joseph H. Wood, Frank K. Root, M. L. Coffeen, Col. George M. Moulton, Gen. A. L. Chetlain and Paul W. Linebarger.

There was no set programme, but after introductory remarks by the commander and chairman, Capt. E. S. Gross, informal speeches were made by the following gentlemen: Major E. B. Tolman, Gen. John R. Brooke, honorary member of the society; Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, Hon. James H. Gilbert, Judge R. S. Tuthill, Gen. A. L. Chetlain, Col. George M. Moulton, George Cass and Joseph F. Ward.

A letter of congratulation and of regrets at being unable to attend the dinner was read from ex-President Benjamin Harrison, a member of the Society.

Daughters of the Revolution.

A meeting under the auspices of the Long Island Society, Daughters of the Revolution, was held on the afternoon of Thursday January 20, at the residence of Mrs. I. D. Barton, at Flushing, L. I. There were present something more than sixty ladies, among them Mrs. Clarkson of Flushing, whose great-grandfather was William Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.



The meeting was opened by the reading of the scripture and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Waller, the associate of the Rev. Dr. J. Carpenter Smith, who has just celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as rector of the Episcopal Church in Flushing. A short address by Mr. Waller was followed by one from Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, president-general, in which she gave reasons for considering Flushing an especially important place for the establishing of a chapter of Daughters of the Revolution. It was settled in the middle of the 17th century and has ever since been a flourishing town. Toward the close of the last century a negro girl named Nelly connived with another negro girl and set fire to the house of Mr. Vanderbilt. The house was destroyed, and with it the records of the town. So it is particularly desirable that all family stories and fragments of this lost history should be gathered up and preserved.

Miss Adaline W. Sterling, organizing regent, also spoke, and the more formal exercises closed with the singing of "America," after which refreshments were served.

The social meetings of the Long Island Society, Daughters of the Revolution, are held on the first Friday of each month in the armory of the 28d Regiment, Bedford and Atlantic Avenues.

Forty members were present on the afternoon of January 7, 1898, which was "Ancestors' Day." Five-minute papers were given on her own ancestor by Mesdames King, Snow, Mills, Pratt, Bangs, Schaumburg, Parsons, Lyle, Gerow, and Misses Averill and Terry.

The Monument Committee, which has elected Mrs. Parsons, chairman, and Mrs. King, secretary, consists of Mesdames Chauncey Parsons, Henry Sanger Snow, J. P. Gerow, George Wingate, Horatio C. King, Bleeker Bangs and Miss Gelston.

The committee has issued a call for a meeting of delegates from all patriotic societies in Brooklyn to consider ways and means for raising money to erect a monument to the martyrs of the prison ships.

A letter was read from the secretary of the Ticonderoga Historical Society, asking for the interest of the L. I. Society, Daughters of the Revolution, in a bill which is to be presented to Congress in behalf of the old fort, which is in a disreputable state of decay. It is desired that Government shall gain possession of the grounds and take steps for preservation and proper care of the ruins. The letter was referred to a committee consisting of Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Bangs.

The formation of a chapter in the township of New Utrecht was reported, which has the name of "Nassau."

A social meeting followed the reading of the papers and other business, bread and butter and tea being served.

The Orange (N. J.) Chapter Daughters of the Revolution met on December 20 at the residence of the regent, Mrs. King. A pleasant programme was rendered. Mrs. Ditmars, the vice-regent, sang "Little Boy Blue." Two trios of young ladies with guitar accompaniment were beautifully rendered. Paul Revere's ride was read. Mrs. Gallison read an interesting bit of correspondence and a poem on the capture and execution of Major Andre, written in "ye olden time." The Declaration of Independence was read by the historian. This was followed by discussion and anecdotes bearing upon it. A social hour with refreshments closed one of the pleasantest meetings of this chapter.

GEORGIA BEERS CRATER,

Historian New Jersey Daughters of the Revolution.

The Nassau Chapter of the Long Island Society Daughters of the Revolution was formed in Brooklyn on January 4th. The officers are: Regent, Miss M. Antoinette Gelston; secretary, Mrs. Winant Bennett; treasurer, Mrs. Charles A. De Nyse. The chapter begins with a good membership, and many applications are still pending.

Mrs. Ella Wingate Ireland, organizing chapter regent, is doing excellent work in Suffolk County, Long Island, and one or more chapters will be formed soon as a result of her efforts.

The Orange Chapter Daughters of the Revolution has elected the following officers: Regent, Mrs. George W. King; vice-regent, Mrs. John R. Ditmars; secretary, Miss Elizabeth S. Morgan; treasurer, Miss Margaret A. Burtis. The chapter is adding to its numbers, and the regular meetings are most interesting in character.

The Maryland Society Daughters of the Revolution held a tea and musicale, December 6th, at the home of the state regent, Mrs. Thomas Hill, for the benefit to the fund which is being raised to present a statue of Washington to France. The parlor was decorated with streamers of buff and blue, with American flags and a large framed seal of the society was conspicuously placed. An attractive musical and literary programme

was rendered, and the evening was both a social and a financial success. The statue fund is being raised by the patriotic societies from all parts of the country, to express the feelings of gratitude held by the people of America for the assistance given by France during the Revolution. It is hoped to complete the statue in time for the Paris Exposition in 1900. The eminent sculptor, Mr. Daniel French, has designed the statue. Several of his drawings and some photographs of his work were on exhibition at the musicale.

The West Virginia Society Daughters of the Revolution holds regular monthly meetings, which are both social and literary, having articles on events of local and national importance, music and recitations or readings. It is also working for a monument to Fort Henry. Chapters at Parkersburg and Clarksburg will soon be formed, and prospects are bright for large membership.

The Wheeling Chapter, West Virginia Society, was entertained by Mrs. A. B. Carter on Thursday evening, November 18th, with a "Boston Tea Party." The table cloth used was over one hundred and ten years old. Cream pitcher one hundred and three years, and both sugar tongs and plates over one hundred years old. Each person received as a souvenir a ship laden with tea. No lights were used, but candles, and all the guests wore "Puritan" costumes.

The only "original daughter" of the West Virginia Society, Miss Mary Anne Davies, died on December 6th, 1897. She was the daughter of Marmaduke Stephenson and Eleanor Wilson Davies, both natives of Pennsylvania, and was born in St. Clairsville, Ohio, January 3d, 1824. She was the offspring of a second marriage and the youngest of four children. Her father, Marmaduke Stephenson Davies, a Quaker by birth, was a Revolutionary soldier, enlisting in the city of Baltimore. He served at different times with the Maryland and Virginia troops, was wounded at Yorktown, but was present at the surrender of Cornwallis. During the Indian wars in Ohio he was again a soldier, partaking in St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory. So to her ears came early the story of our struggle for freedom and of the settlement of the wilderness. That it influenced her taste in literature is certain, for while a student of the schools of her native village, and later at Brooks Seminary, she exhibited a decided preference that grew with her years. In the spring of 1850 she was appointed a teacher in the public school of Wheeling, West Virginia, and for forty-five years did she faithfully perform the duties of her chosen work. Of her it may be said, "she was a born teacher." She understood the limitations of the child-mind, knew how to think as a child. This was the source of the influence she exerted. In November, 1895, she was stricken with sickness, from which she never recovered. For two years she was an invalid, but from her lips never came a murmur; the strength and patience that had characterized her life was with her to the close, and with an abiding faith that "all is well," she entered into the rest prepared for those who love and serve God.

The public schools of Summit, N. J., were presented with an American flag by the Summit Chapter Daughters of the Revolution. The occasion was a delightful affair. Howard Hall was well filled with the children and their friends. After the singing of "America" by the children, each one of whom waved a small flag, Mrs. Robbins, the regent, presented the beautiful flags. That for School No. 2 was accepted by a little girl of five years in a graceful speech. That for School No. 1 was accepted for the school by Ledley Moore, a class reciting a selection from "The American Flag," by George W. Curtis. The audience joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," all waving one of the tiny flags. Mrs. Henry Selva read a paper on the "Origin of the Flag." Mrs. Robbins then introduced Miss Georgia Beers Crater, the historian of the society, who read a paper on "Our Country's Flag." Mrs. A. W. Bray, the state regent, was invited to make a few remarks.

The Continental Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Golden Hill on Tuesday, January 11, by giving a reception at the residence of the regent, Mrs. Charles F. Roe, to the officers and members of the Colonial and Knickerbocker Chapters, officers of the Long Island Chapter, and officers and executive boards of the general and state societies. Some very delightful music was rendered by a stringed quartette and a vocal solo by Mrs. Isabelle Cross. A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by the two hundred Daughters present.

Colonial Dames of America.

In accordance with the by-laws of the society, the Colonial Dames of America of the Tennessee Society met in November and held their annual election of officers, resulting in election of Mrs. Katherine P. Yule, president; Mrs. James Stuart Pitcher, first vice-president; Miss Lyrinker Brown, second vice president; Mrs. James Bradford, secretary; Miss Rebecca Jones, recording secretary; Mrs. Bruce Douglass, treasurer; Mrs. Edward Richards, registrar; Mrs. C. B. Wallace, historian. This society has offered ten dollars in gold as a prize for the best article on the early settlement of the English colonies in America by members of the several classes in the high schools of four cities in Tennessee—Nashville, Memphis, Knoxville and Chattanooga. They hope to stimulate the students of these schools to make a systematic and earnest study of American history.

Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to
Miss M. Winchester Adams, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City.

Hannah Dustin.

MARCH, 1697.

In and out, now smooth, now rapid
In its onward way;
Hurrying in its course to seaward
Flows the Merrimac to-day.
Flows and sings as o'er two hundred
Years ago it sang;
When the up-land and the low-land
With the Indian warwhoop rang.
Sings and sighs and tells the story
How a woman brave,
HANNAH DUSTIN, killed her captors,
That she might her own life save.
'Twas at Haverhill the Indians
Took her from her bed,
Burned her home and slew her baby;
Left it on the wayside dead.
Took with them her nurse and others
They had captured there.
Miles they marched with scanty clothing,
Through the snow and frosty air.
One by one, the captured faltered
On their weary way;
Tomahawked and scalped and lifeless
They were left ere break of day.
And but three of all the number
Reached that little isle,
Where the Contoocook, advancing
Greets the Merrimac with a smile.
Then it was that HANNAH DUSTIN
Planned her life to save,
And her nurse's, with assistance
That a captive white lad gave.
They had learned that on the morrow
Ere the set of sun,
At a distant Indian village
They the gauntlet had to run.
So at daybreak with great caution
Stealthily they crept
To the place where, all unthinking,
Twelve unguarded Indians slept.
And with Indian hatchets quickly
Killed them all but two—
A squaw and favorite boy escaping—
Then scuttled all but one canoe.
With the guns and scalps and hatchets,
Proceeded then the three
In the one canoe remaining
To their homes in Haverhill—free.
In and out, now smooth, now rapid
In its onward way;
Past the spot where stood the wigwams
Flows the Merrimac to-day.
Flows and sings the whole sad story
Very soft and low,
That upon its banks it witnessed
O'er two hundred years ago.

M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., Feb. 1, 1898.

Dear "Aunt Independence":

I would like to ask Miss Dolly L. of Jersey City where I can procure the history that gives the account of David Laning as being taken prisoner at Trenton, which she gave in her letter in the January number of THE SPIRIT OF '76. My ancestors were of that name and resided in New Jersey, and I would like to find something definite as to which branch of the family David Laning belongs.

J. E. M.

1. What was the cause of the War of 1812?
2. By what other name was this war known?
3. How many war ships had the Americans?
4. How many had the British?
5. What two individuals loaned large sums of money to the Government, so it could pay the wages of its soldiers and sailors?
6. Who was Oliver Hazard Perry, and what message did he send General Harrison?
7. By whom and under what circumstances was "The Star Spangled Banner" written?

The Story of Mary Comely.

In 1778 the British were in possession of Philadelphia, but they did not all stay in that city. They used to take little trips out into the surrounding towns, and many dreadful things they did on some of these occasions. Early in May of that year they sent an expedition up the Delaware to destroy several vessels that were there for safety. Their force consisted of two row-galleys, three armed vessels and twenty-four flat-bottomed boats, with from 600 to 800 troops. They left the city about 10 o'clock in the evening, intending to reach Bordentown, N. J., in the morning. It is 28 miles from Philadelphia to Bordentown, and for the first ten miles the wind was fair, then it died away and they had to row the rest of the distance, so that they did not reach Bordentown until late in the forenoon. Before landing they burnt two frigates at the White Hills, just below the village. Afterwards they destroyed several smaller vessels, the hulk of one of which, at very low tide could be seen as late as 1844 in Crosswick's creek. On arriving in the village the British burnt the dwelling of Mr. Joseph Borden, and at another house they broke in the window sashes and doors with the breeches of their guns. They only stayed a few hours, then they returned to their boats. The next day they went as far as Bile's Island, but meeting unexpectedly with General Dickinson's artillery they judged that they had better not proceed. On this excursion the British murdered four men who had surrendered. They also shot an old lady by the name of Isdell. They seemed to think they were having a good time, and had things quite their own way, but one of their plans for plunder they failed to carry out satisfactorily, and their defeat was due to a young girl—about seventeen, whose name was Mary Comely.

The British officers dined at the House of Francis Hopkinson. He and his wife were away from home. Mary Comely was their housekeeper. While the officers were there some one told her that the soldiers were robbing the dwelling of her mother and grandmother on the opposite side of the street. Mary probably thought, "now what shall I do to catch the thieves?" It did not take her long to determine what to do. She hastily went across the street and into the house where the soldiers were, and watching for a chance, privately cut a piece from the skirt of one of the soldier's coats, then she returned to the house of Francis Hopkinson. When the troops were formed, before their departure, the thief, through the kindness of the officers to whom Mary had told her story, was identified by the hole in his regimentals because the piece which she had cut and carried to the officers just fitted it. By this means Mary Comely recovered the property of her relatives. Seeing that the soldiers had some, which she recognized as belonging to her neighbors, she claimed that, too. When the British were gone she restored all the property she had secured to the rightful owners.

No doubt Mary's family and friends were proud of her for her quick thought and action, and who knows but that Francis Hopkinson, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, may have thought his housekeeper proved herself quite as useful in protecting the property of the town as a real soldier would have done.

Mary Comely did not go into battle and fight, but then, bravery does not always mean fighting. It sometimes requires quite as much courage to do the right thing at the right time, and as she did this and was helpful in saving the property of her townspeople, I think we can say that she was a brave girl.

E. R. W.

General Greene,---after Cornwallis had scattered the American militia who had gathered at the Catawba to oppose his passage,---with a heavy heart rode on to Salisbury to Steele's Tavern. There he met his friend Dr. Read, who asked: "What, alone, General?" "Yes, tired, hungry, alone, and penniless," was the reply. The landlord's wife hearing this, brought him a hot breakfast, then shutting the door behind her, she handed him two little bags of silver, saying: "Take these, you need them and I can do without them."

A portrait of George III was hanging over the fireplace. General Greene going up to it turned its face to the wall and wrote on the back, "Hide thy face, George, and blush."

ETHAN ALLEN'S DRAMA.

The Act II, Part II, given in this number, contains about one year of history in the middle period of our Revolution. It opens with the battle of Monmouth and closes with the capture of Stony Point by "Mad Anthony Wayne," often regarded as the greatest and grandest achievement of military history in any age. It was during this period that Washington made his strongest appeals for a stable system of finance, and for a united, federal government by a union of the colonies. No American can read this and fail to be a better patriot for this reading.

Washington, or the Revolution

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Monmouth. The battle ground within the American lines. The Army sleeping. Sentinels on guard.*
Time: June 29, 1778. Daylight.
Enter WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE.

WASHINGTON—What is yonder flaming signal,
That now struggles for recognition
Upon the dusky line which divides
The night and day?

LAFAYETTE—General, that is the rising sun.

WASHINGTON—Not so! The East,
Wherefrom is started the fiery chariot
Of midsummer, is farther to the South.

LAFAYETTE—The East, enlarging its jurisdiction,—

Usual at this season,—now closely
Hugs the North; and at the point we see,
Displays its morning tints.
Yonder streaks forerun the dawn.

WASHINGTON—Then we are up to meet it.
Around us our soldiers slumber;
And so they shall a little longer;—
Until the enemy moves.

LAFAYETTE—You slept heavily—the recipe
Of nature, when exhaustion is complete

WASHINGTON—At the foot of yonder sturdy oak
I had a royal bed. The gnarled roots were
My pillow; the skies a canopy;
And you my companion.

LAFAYETTE—After such a day—the night
Made some amends with a cooling air.

WASHINGTON—It was a burning hour.
The sun so unrelenting!
This little brook between the armies,
Tempting both, records its many victims.

LAFAYETTE—So breaks the herd
From the keeper's care, and pell-mell
drives on
To ruin. The soldiers died in groups at
This little rivulet. Here the Briton
Fraternalized with us;—
And foes died as friends, in the rage for
water.

WASHINGTON—A common suffering is a great
leveler.

LAFAYETTE—And in excess of volume,
Water is dangerous at times. So it
Would have been to me last month, had I
Not found its shallows at Matson's ford.

WASHINGTON—I shall remember ever
The anxiety with which I watched you
From Valley Forge, marching in retreat, to
These same shallow waters of the Schuylkill.

LAFAYETTE—At Barren Hill,
With twenty-five hundred men, I sought not
Conquest, but information. The parting
Revelries to Howe made us all inquisitive.

WASHINGTON—I have learned but lately that

The pompous show in Philadelphia
Of the Eighteenth of May—which tempted
you

To danger—was arranged by a young
Captain—Andre by name—in honor of
The departing General.

LAFAYETTE—General Howe is no longer
To be our vis-a-vis, commanding?

WASHINGTON—On the twenty-fourth of May,
The British Army in America
Was handed over to Sir Henry Clinton;
And yesterday, it was he, whom we
Confronted on this field.
Howe has embarked for England.

LAFAYETTE—Then,
When he drove at me on Barren Hill,—
Grant advancing with five thousand men,
those

Quickly followed by six thousand more,
Howe

In charge,—it was to close his career in
Luster, with me the victim of his prowess?

WASHINGTON—So it would have read in history,
had

You been captured. And how that history
Might have changed the final story of our
High revolt, I dread to think of! No matter!
You made a marvelous retreat back to
Valley Forge, and so stilled the quickened
pulse
Of fear.

LAFAYETTE—Sir Henry was yesterday,
Just ten days out from Philadelphia
When here called to account. With him
departed

Thousands of native-born, whose right to
safety

Is forfeited by adherence to the
Common enemy. These Tory refugees
Are the hunted game of patriots.

WASHINGTON—Natural retaliation!
Over the entire land they are merciless.
The foreign foe carries less of dread to our
People. In civil war, kindred ever
Light the fiercest fires.

LAFAYETTE—Maxwell and his brigade,—
In union with Dickinson,—have done good
Work. Had he not been sent ahead to make
A wreck of roads and bridges, Sir Henry
Had not been impeded in his march, for
Our pounding yesterday.

WASHINGTON—While Maxwell was in front,
We kept Clinton as our special company,—
Marching by his side,—even from the day
He left his city home. He would gladly
Have dispensed with this hospitality.
The fight of yesterday was made by us;
And, Marquis, by all the laws of war,
We should have gained it!

LAFAYETTE—We shall gain to-day
What yesterday was justly ours;—
The capitulation of the enemy.

WASHINGTON—A victory postponed,
Is one yet to win. Poor has orders to
Watch Sir Henry through the night, and to
Detain him for this morning's salutations.
Or to give us notice should he attempt
To fly from them.
I hope he remains our guest.

LAFAYETTE—Lee did that, which postponed
The victory, we are yet to win.

WASHINGTON—I shall not now attempt
To solve the riddle his conduct hides.
Three days ago he was ordered to attack,
And failed to do so. Yesterday, he so
Tardily opened the assault, that the
Enemy,—instead of the pricking thistle
Of surprise,—was able, in the open
Field, to pluck the pleasant flower of
Ample preparation; and after, Lee
Retreated before the foe could know of
Opposition. Lee had power enough
To do great damage; but his forces were
left—

So now it seems—to fight as each squad
should

Choose, without a purpose and without a
Leader.

LAFAYETTE—I saw as much, and so rejoice
that I

Quickly called you to the place of danger.
This man Lee did not intend to fight
The enemy.

WASHINGTON—Why?

LAFAYETTE—On the very day both armies
marched,—

Clinton in flight from Philadelphia,
And this one in pursuit from Valley Forge,—
Lee advised against a conflict. At
Hopewell he urged the building of a bridge
For our retreat! Every hour he has pro-
claimed

That we could not contend successfully
In combat. The pride of opinion—to
Use no stronger phrase—commits him to
Disaster.

[The reveille is sounded. The
soldiers are aroused and in the
rear come trooping back and
forth across the stage.]

WASHINGTON—While we have been debating
here,

The sun has crept with busy steps into
The heavens;—so high without our noting
It, that we startle at his morning call—
The reveille.

LAFAYETTE—I was much absorbed,
In talking of this man, Lee.

WASHINGTON—(Musing.) As far as the eye
can reach,

On the other side, men,—sturdy, stalwart
men,—

Each one, a godlike image, at this
Morning music starts into quickened life!

LAFAYETTE—Did you speak to me?

WASHINGTON—(still musing.) And why? Is
peaceful sleep no

Prize, to be so willingly shuffled off?

Is this awakening to toil no burden,

To be so greedily desired? How many
Wake this morn who shall never wake again!

LAFAYETTE—I did not hear you.

WASHINGTON—(yet musing.) Oh, the mys-
tery

That may not be solved by thinking on it!
To do! To do!—to blindly do! from day
To day filling the ever-yawning gap
Of duty; of what may come, ignorant
To the end. This is the sum and circle
Of our intelligence. These many thousand
Mortals wait upon my word, which may at
Will,—by letting loose the tempest of
Red battle,—blow out the light of life,
This moment brightly burning Dread and
Awful is it, to be so commissioned!

LAFAYETTE—General!

Did you speak to me of a commission?

WASHINGTON—(aroused.) Your pardon, Mar-
quis!

I was away from here—far, very far away,—
Thinking! Thinking! Thinking!

LAFAYETTE—Did I interrupt you?

WASHINGTON—You were speaking of Gen. Lee.
Recount to me this affair of yesterday.
The hour of the meeting—he in full retreat—
Is crowded with events in some confusion.

LAFAYETTE—It was just here,
Upon this hill, that you encountered him;
But for this good chance, the advantage
Of yesterday were not our present boast; and
The missing of it might have been our rout.
The artillery of Oswald and Ramsay
On either side,—with the brigade of Wayne
Here formed across their front,—checked
the pursuing
Foe. Then, with Stirling on the left flank
and

Greene upon the right,—all this by you arranged

In the whirl of threatened panic,—we pushed them back, and planted our standard upon the conquered field when the sun went down.

This had not been, but for the lucky hap That you met Lee at the moment of greatest Peril. On that knoll—which sparkles with its

Dewy diamonds in this morning's sun—is Where a gunner fell; and his wife, taking His place, made the bereaved cannon roar, With a voice as lusty as its fellows. The soldiers called her Molly Pitcher.

WASHINGTON—She shall wear official honors In our army; her worth deserves as much.

LAFAYETTE—And may worthy honors Also on others fall, whose deserts rank Their social station. Upon this field Nearly a thousand negroes contested with Their white brothers for the badge of heroes; And for this distinction, they had run an Equal race, when the fiery day was done. Here comes General Wayne.

[Enter GENERAL WAYNE.

WAYNE—(bowing to WASHINGTON.) Good morning, General!

[To LAFAYETTE.

And Marquis, to you also May a pleasant day advance.

WASHINGTON—General Wayne, you are Early in the saddle.

WAYNE—In our great enterprise, We cannot be too early at our work, To win. The heavy foot of Lee was Yesterday so slow of motion, that the Enemy therefrom took great advantage At daybreak, Clinton was with his front turned Seaward and his back towards us, on his march To ocean tide. Had we assailed him quickly,—

With Dickinson and Poor then ranged on either Flank,—his confusion, disaster and Surrender must have followed.

WASHINGTON—To attack early, Were the orders to Lee. Yes! to do so In the gray of dawn; before the sun could Become the morning herald of the battle.

WAYNE—And these orders Were so slowly executed that the Morning's sun was sinking in the Western Sky, before a gun was fired. Meantime, Having noisy notice of our intention To strike, Clinton wheeled his army, facing Us, and became himself aggressor. It was a bold, though his only move, To save Knyphausen and the army Baggage, miles in his advance.

WASHINGTON—General Wayne, You correctly state the situation.

WAYNE—And General Lee, Even to tardy war gave no support; He fired his opening gun and then, Without resisting, fled.

It was here you met him and directed A successful stand. The close of day shut Us off from conquest, which I trust its Successor grants,—the capture of the British army.

LAFAYETTE—And General Lee, This meeting will long remember.

WAYNE—I was elsewhere.

LAFAYETTE—I was here, and a part of it. "What does this mean, sir?" the question of our Chief;—and asked, as if a hurricane Within pushed pent-up feeling forth. "Sir! Sir!" said Lee, baffled and surprised.

"Damn you, sir! what does this mean?" was next the

Question, tempest-hurled upon his shrinking head.

WASHINGTON—(raising his hands in protestation.)

No! No! Dear Marquis! I plead not guilty to such language. Or, if I used it, surely the Recording Angel refused to listen, And so never gave it place upon his books.

LAFAYETTE—That we may later know. But so I understood. You were there Upon your horse. I was here. And Lee rode

Up just in front. You spurred hurriedly To meet him, and in sulphurous air I caught the words now given. If you did not say, "Damn you, sir!" You looked it, all the same; and Lee deserved

It richly. As a good advocate would do When all the facts were in, I here rest my Case; and to searching history leave the Verdict upon my accusation.

WASHINGTON—Here comes in haste, My trusty aid, Captain Carroll.

LAFAYETTE—And that title of Captain, He won for good work done aiding me On my retreat from Barren Hills.

[Enter, hurriedly, CAPT. CARROLL.

WASHINGTON—Captain Carroll! You are charged with important news?

CARROLL—I came from General Poor, To say that Clinton has stolen away.

WASHINGTON—Gone! Stolen away! Escaped! What more?

CARROLL—At ten o'clock last night, While the army was soundly sleeping, He abandoned his camp, pushing onward. This was so quietly done, that not a Sentinel was alarmed. The wounded are Left behind. He marches for Sandy Hook, And at this moment is many miles advanced.

WAYNE—Most unfortunate! High expectations have here a heavy fall. General, what can we do?

WASHINGTON—(reflecting.) The weather is too hot

To force our soldiers in pursuit. In this camp we will rest a day, and then Seek a home upon the Hudson, with an Easy pace. Now to quarters—and to so Much comfort as such a time may give.

[All retire.

SCENE II.—Valley of Wyoming, Pennsylvania. Lawn.

Time: July 8, 1778. Twilight.

Enter a company of rural inhabitants; old men, and women and children, terror stricken.

FIRST OLD MAN—If we must die, Do it bravely as becomes us! Cease your lamentations, since no savage Yet was moved by pity. To-morrow is Independence Day;— The thought of this brings comfort, if all else fail.

SECOND OLD MAN—We are so helpless! Two years ago this valley gave up its Youth to Washington. Withered age was left to ward off the tomahawk.

FIRST WOMAN—It is not for us to repent Our sacrifice. What we did was well. Is there no word from our kindred, Who went forth this morning, To meet these devils at Wintermooth?

FIRST OLD MAN—No word yet; But we can guess what it must be; Three hundred of our kindred, Good Zebulon Butler commanding,— Himself a host, it must be admitted,— Went out as our guard. Old men and beardless

Boys,—adding one company of regulars,— And some officers just home from Continental service.

This our full protection.

SECOND WOMAN—Not an ounce of comfort May hang upon this force. With the wings of

Fear, I shall fly with my children. The passes of yonder hills are still open, And point the way to safety in Eastern Settlements.

Away! Quickly away! Mothers, follow me!

[Exit with children. Cries of "Fly, fly! Away! Away!"

Exit other women and children.

FIRST OLD MAN—In August last, nearly a year ago,

These tawny beasts of the forests,—Tory Cut-throats leading,—suffered at Oriskany; Herkimer and his devoted band, Hurled them to death, Like straws thrown into a summer's fire. It is for revenge they cross the New York line to our once happy valley.

FIRST WOMAN—They were the Senecas— At times led by Gi en-gua-tah;

A chief more foul in deeds of horror Than Brant the Mohawk.

If the Senecas are coming now, So led, then we are lost!

SECOND OLD MAN—It is the tribe of Senecas Which approach, led by this same chief—the most

Dreaded devil in all the six nations Of United Indians.

The fire of his fury blazes more, Because of this alliance with the French, Whom he hates with an English hatred. Bitterest drug in this foul cup is to know, That blood of our blood, born and nurtured

here, Animates the hands which carry the Sharpest knives against us.

FIRST WOMAN—Others have suffered before our time!

We will wait here till the worst is known.

FIRST OLD MAN—From this direction, Will a courier come, if he comes at all.

[Peering in the distance.

I see nothing yet.

FIRST WOMAN—How many forts Have we between us and old Wintermooth?

FIRST OLD MAN—There are ten. But with none

To defend them, one is as good as ten.

[Again peering into the distance.

See! See! Surely a horseman rides this way!

[All eagerly gaze into the distance.

FIRST WOMAN—All pray!

That good report comes with him.

[Many fall upon their knees and raise their hands in supplication.

FIRST OLD MAN—(Still peering out.) Yes! Yes!

A trooper! It is certain.

See the dust that rises round him!

I now can give the color, and more—

A large bay with a flowing tail.

Oh! blessed are years that bring this second

Sight to eyes that once were clouded.

Now he turns the corner of Campbell's farm.

See! See!

[Some gaze eagerly at the coming horseman, and others remain in prayer.

He heads this way! Listen! Listen!

I hear the clatter of his horse.

There is something terrible in this pace,

That pushes the fleetest steed beyond

His mettle. He comes! He comes!

He is here! He is here!

[Enter LIBERTY, MOULTRE, exhausted. All gather around him.

MOULTRIE—(*gaining breath.*) Quick, good friends!

Quick, and find a place of refuge
I have killed as good a steed as ever
Soldier rode, to tell you so. 'Tis morning.
Our little band met at Wintermoor,
A thousand savages, together with
Tory Rangers. At our first encounter,—
Pretending to retreat,—they led us on.
We came upon them in ambush—were
Overwhelmed! I fled; but not till I had
Seen the scalps torn from nearly all who
marched
Hence this morning.

[*Cries of lamentation.*]

Away! Away! to escape the fury
Of these devils. I was pursued, and these
Bloody vultures will here alight
Before the minutes run.

[*Looking back whence he came.*]

There! see there!

What lurid fire is that which blazes yonder?

FIRST OLD MAN—That is the house of Perry.
No better man ever turned a sod.

SECOND MAN—(*pointing in another direction.*)
See there! Over to the right!

There lived good old Carpenter;—
A life of struggle gave him that little home.
Economy brought thrift, and pleasure
Wasted nothing; every penny gained
Was witness to weary toil.
The tiresome savings, the pinching trials,
And hopes,—all end in this. [*Weeps.*]

FIRST WOMAN—And to the left—look!
All around us now kindle blazing homes.
There in front—over that little hill—is
Where I have lived among you a good and
Honored life. It crumbles now to ashes.
Let it go! My husband and all of strength
That I can offer are with Washington.
God helping us! from this funeral pile,
Shall yet arise the temple of Liberty.
The greater the price we pay,
The greater the reward.

MOULTRIE—The sky now reddens over us;
And heaven's twilight is affronted
By this horrid counterfeit.

FIRST WOMAN—By it I will seek the path
Of safety; may revenge come hereafter.
[*Exit.*]

MOULTRIE—All follow this good example.
There is ruin on this ground if you remain.
[*Exit all, except FIRST OLD MAN.*]

MOULTRIE—Do you know one Thomas Hill?
I came here a stranger, to rest a
Little while regaining exhausted strength.

FIRST OLD MAN—A worthless Tory!
His brother,—a patriot and an
Honest man,—lives on the road you trav-
ersed,
Hither from the fort.

MOULTRIE—That honest brother lives no longer.
I saw this worthless Tory brain him as
I rode by;—and after learned his name
And kinship.

FIRST OLD MAN—Vengeance
Must overtake such crime,—if God is just.

MOULTRIE—Do you know one Terry?

FIRST OLD MAN—Partial Terry? We all know
And fear him. The worst Tory of all the
Accursed crew who left this valley.
Threatening to bathe his hands in his
Father's blood, he has sent such message
home.

He is a lusty and a dangerous
Man in an encounter.

MOULTRIE—And yet I hope to cross him!
We have met once to-day;—I shall know him
If we meet again. He left kindred here?

FIRST OLD MAN—A father, mother, brothers
and sisters.

These are all true to the land which feeds
them.

MOULTRIE—In one fell swoop,

This white fiend of hell—not an hour ago—
Sent to sudden death,
This father, mother, brothers, all.
The same woodman told me so, who gave the
Name of Hill. He outran his fellows, and
I expect him. In this humor I shall
Here remain. You must now depart.
I bid you—go!

[*Exit FIRST OLD MAN.*]

I count it a happy chance if this creature
Comes within the reach of my willing arm.

[*Listening.*]

Some one approaches. Behind this tree, till
I resolve if he brings exercise
To me or not.

[*MOULTRIE hides.*]

[*Enter TERRY (the Tory) in the
uniform of an English Lieuten-
ant, sword in hand. He looks
stealthily about him. Starts.
Glances at the reddened sky.
Nods approval.*]

MOULTRIE—(*advancing quickly from his
hiding place.*)

My wish is answered, and we meet again.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Cowardly villain! Your last hour has come—
If mine has not,—for this earth is much
Too small for both of us!

[*TERRY rushes on with his sword,
stops and retreats.*]

Keep now your step, hell-hound, and face
me to

The end; or into your back will I drive
This eager blade. Terry! Partial Terry!

[*TERRY trembles with astonishment.*]

You see I know your name and am resolved
To send it down to hell, for eternal
Record there. No father, mother or kindred
Now confront you! but cold and biting steel
Is in my hand, commissioned to release
Your damned soul, which a gentler devil
Is entitled to. Defend yourself!

[*MOULTRIE rushes on him, and the
two engage in combat with the
sword. MOULTRIE disarms him,
and runs him through the body.
TERRY, staggering, reels off the
stage.*]

MOULTRIE—(*Looking after the retreating
TERRY.*)

He reels! He falls! He dies!
Another spirit, loosened from its
Tenement of clay, is winged to the Court
Where just judgment is eternal.
Mortal vengeance, upon this border line,
Between what is and what may come,
Spends its force and ends.
It should end in pity, when memory
Of a single thing of good, is solvent
To the pricking memory of many
Evils done. Such pity is not here.
Foul blot that was upon the earth, lie as
You have fallen; till ravenous dogs
Refuse a further feast, and rank corruption
Consumes what they have left.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Now to camp,—wherever our army rests
Since leaving Valley Forge,—with dismal
Tidings of this dismal day. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*White Plains. A lawn in front
of the Headquarters of WASH-
INGTON.*

*Time: August 18, 1778. After-
noon.*

Enter WASHINGTON and WAYNE.

WASHINGTON—Across New Jersey,
We had a heated tramp. Thankful I am
That here we rest again upon White Plains.
Two years, or nearly that, have run, since as
Now, we watched the culprit foe in yonder
City. Both armies are once more at the
Point they then started from.

WAYNE—And in this golden circle of two years
Are set as gems,—Trenton, Brandywine,

Saratoga, Monmouth, with lesser
Brilliant mingled.

WASHINGTON—Wayne! At Monmouth we failed
To capture Clinton—the stint self-imposed,
When we broke camp in June at Valley
Forge.

The cause of our miscarriage, no matter now.
Still, he is the worse for our encounter?
Think you not so?

WAYNE—The cause of our miscarriage,
Was the treachery of Lee. He has been
Since, for this, court-martialed and sus-
pended

From the service he disgraced. A
Proper punishment. Our loss of about
Two hundred at Monmouth is offset by
Four hundred British left upon the field
And nearly two thousand deserters upon
The march. I will agree to make like
Exchanges monthly.

WASHINGTON—And his route was changed,
Because we forced a new one. New York
Was the point he aimed for when leaving
Philadelphia,—with full seventeen
Thousand effective men,—and Sandy Hook
The one he gained.
Our rolls were swelled to about twelve
thousand.

It might have been worse! It should have
been

Much better!

WAYNE—The French have come?

And have sailed away?

In service, there was nothing to their
Credit, when they left?

WASHINGTON—On the eighth of July
The fleet of his Christian Majesty,—
Bringing here the French Ambassador,
Monsieur Gerard, let us hope, the first
Of an endless line,—twelve ships carrying
Thirty-five hundred soldiers, dropped anchor
Where the Delaware is lost in the vaster
Sea. It was intended to intercept
Admiral Howe on his retreat from
Philadelphia closely following
Clinton.

WAYNE—Why was not this done?

WASHINGTON—The Count D'Estaing
Came ten days too late. Howe had already
Escaped to the sea; and used this good
chance
To ferry Clinton from Sandy Hook
To New York.

WAYNE—And whose fault was this?

The world just now is given to miscarriage
Of gravest plans.

WASHINGTON—Charge this to Neptune.
He blew a tempest over the waters
That tossed helpless mortals. D'Estaing was
Ninety days from Toulon to the Delaware;—
And Howe was thereby gainer.

WAYNE—Are the Frenchmen
Ready to fulfill sounding promises,
Which have led us all to talk?

WASHINGTON—I have the Admiral's letter
To Congress—happy thought that Congress is
Again at Philadelphia—and
Willing co-operation is his theme.

WAYNE—I shall be hopeful;
And I am thankful always.

WASHINGTON—As an earnest of what
Our allies may do, D'Estaing promptly
Followed Howe to Sandy Hook, and there
found

His ships already sheltered within its
Sandy arms. The brave Count was eager
then

To try French metal against that of England;
But shallow water kept him far away.

A second happy circumstance saved
The British fleet. [*Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.*]

WASHINGTON—(*shaking hands with MOUL-
TRIE.*)

At last, Lieutenant,

You quiet apprehensions by your Presence here.

WAYNE—I see you bring safely back Your scalp from fierce Wyoming.

MOULTRIE—(bowing to WAYNE.) I am escaped From savage horrors.

(To WASHINGTON.)

Illness held me to a slothful journey.

WASHINGTON—For this delay you are excused. Fame has blown her trumpet, and already Sounded in our ears, Wyoming's heavy sorrows.

MOULTRIE—So foul a story, if told in truth, Would split the trumpet, though made of toughest Substance. A thousand savage warriors,— Combined with Tories more fiendish still,— Bore down upon Wyoming in murderous Hate. The peaceful valley was guilty of Offence, no greater than can come from watching Summer flowers. The inhabitants—infirm Old men, timid women, and little children— Were as helpless for defence as the daisies They trod upon. The strength of the valley Was all away. Not a dozen men of The army were there; and these, by chance, In recuperation from the trials Of Valley Forge. I was of that number.

WASHINGTON—I had ordered a rescue. Troops were hurrying to the place, When murder poised its arm.

MOULTRIE—All this was known; But necessity forbade delay. The Indians were there. Your soldiers were still Miles away. Our little band was overwhelmed By numbers, and the bloody revelry Ensuing stifles efforts at recital. More than a thousand happy habitations. Sunk in ashes—and five thousand aimless Wanderers are added to the total Of earthly woe.

WAYNE—It is a terrible story of crime, As you recite it, Lieutenant.

WASHINGTON—That title of Lieutenant Is now much too small to fathom who wears it. In fair reward it may be changed hereafter. Captain Moultrie, your promotion sits Upon worthy shoulders.

MOULTRIE—(bowing to WASHINGTON.) I thank you, General. [MOULTRIE retires.]

WASHINGTON—These great wrongs shall be avenged, After more urgent matters have ceased To be controlling. Wayne! Is it not a fact which should warm our Hopes, that England, after years of struggle, Holds but two important spots within American domain;— New York and Newport?

WAYNE—My province as a soldier Is to execute commands; not to ponder Upon affairs political and Strategic, which others are charged with. That which you suggest is a thought most Comfortable! After these weary years, Is great England shrunken to ground, only Large enough to give her armies burial?

WASHINGTON—And one of these two places We covet, in spite of Christian precepts. Since D'Estaing cannot unite with us To seize New York, then Newport shall be its Substitute, to gratify this covetousness.

WAYNE—The desire is natural, Though holy laws oppose. If I am To decide this point of covetousness, I shall not escape heresy. General! I will break every law of the decalogue, To gain Newport and its garrison of Six thousand men.

WASHINGTON—Others have preceded you in covetousness

Without fear of heresy, if such it be. General Sullivan, many days ago, Had orders to arouse the militia Of New England against General Pigot, There commanding. Two thousand regulars Have joined him. He has gathered a force of Twelve thousand men; Greene and Lafayette Will lead each a grand division.

WAYNE—General. I should not be here detained, To watch the games of ball and tag upon Yonder fields, when such stimulant is brewing.

WASHINGTON—No matter, Wayne. There may be other work for you to do, Though for some time deferred. In nervously Await work from Newport. The tenth of August—

Eight days ago—was agreed upon for Attack, so grand in consequences, if Successful. Surely this has not been done As planned, or I would have reports.

WAYNE—The fleet of Louis will there play its part?

Want of water, to float deep-reaching keels Cannot be excuse, as in New York it was.

WASHINGTON—D'Estaing, with his fleet,— Carrying thirty-five hundred veteran Troops of France,—appeared off Newport on The twenty-ninth. The British—panic-stricken—

Sunk ten of their ships of war, these bearing To a muddy rest more than two hundred guns.

WAYNE—So far, great news! If the book be found worthy of this preface, It will be an interesting volume.

WASHINGTON—I am expecting a courier. Nothing, like good company, eases the strain Which he endures, who waits,—then impatiently

Watches—wishes—listens and waits again,— For news of momentous import. This is Why I have decoyed you, to keep me in Good companionship in the breezy shade Of this summer-scented lawn.

WAYNE—And here comes your courier; Or I am no judge of hard riding.

[Enter an aid from GEN. SULLIVAN. Aid bows to WASHINGTON and then to WAYNE.]

WASHINGTON—(eagerly.) Are you from General Sullivan?

AID—I left Newport two days ago; And bring dispatches to General Washington From General Sullivan.

[Hands WASHINGTON a roll of papers.]

WASHINGTON—At convenience we will examine these.

Now for quicker methods. You are from the Field; tell us what you know?

WAYNE—Has the battle been fought at Newport?

Fought and won? A "Yes" to this is worth a Thousand pages of dispatches.

AID—The battle has not yet been fought; But may be.

WASHINGTON—Only postponed! Not abandoned!

High-wrought feelings find some relief in this,

As when a soothing lotion quickly Scatters pain.

AID—The combined assault Was to have been on August tenth; and the British pressed to death between two powers In concert acting. D'Estaing upon the Waters—Sullivan with rapid march was To close around them upon the other side.

The Count, on shore, held conference with Gen. Sullivan, and all plans were confirmed. On the ninth the British, withdrawing from The north of Newport Island, concentrated

At the southern end. This same day Gen. Sullivan crossed from the mainland To the spot by the English left. This was Without notice to the Count, and one day Before the time fixed for united action; It was so far, a violation of The compact made.

WASHINGTON—But surely so small a matter Did not endanger a result of such Vast importance?

AID—There was some censure from the Admiral;

But forgotten in the great purpose which Engaged us all. On the eighth of August The Count ran the batteries of the town, And flaunted his pennant in Newport Harbor. Sullivan—as I have said—pushed closer To the British lines. The French—un-threatened—

Now ride upon the waters, with guns ready To rain fiery ruin upon the enemy. All was expectation and high hopes.

WAYNE—I fear another miscarriage of Well-laid plans. There is some Deity who Trips us. And all the more galling, because So often in an hour of greatest promise.

AID—At this crowning moment The fleet of Admiral Howe appeared off Point Judith, fifteen miles away. It was now the ninth.

WASHINGTON—I had given notice to Sullivan Of his departure from New York.

AID—Count D'Estaing resolved that it was Prudent to meet Howe upon the element Common to them both. And decided Not to open battle as agreed, While this hostile fleet menaced from the sea. The wind sitting in a quarter favorable, On the tenth, our Admiral, squaring canvas To the northeast gale, bore down upon The British.

WAYNE—And sunk them? Of course he did? Else why give up the victory engaged, And fly to that of uncertain compassing?

AID—It would be worth the journey I have made

To say "Yes" to this; but it is not so. The English refused the proffered battle. All day, from the shore, with strained eyes we Followed these giants of the deep. This was The very time when, by combined assault, Pigot was to yield up, to us, his sword, As prisoner.

WASHINGTON—(agitated greatly.) Foreseeing what you do not,

Alarm usurps the place of hope, and drives To speedy action. Be brief; go on!

AID—There is but little more to tell. The gale of the early day, afterwards Blew with fiercer anger, swelling to a Tempest! Within it, these fleets of mortals Yielded to immortal purposes.

It was a fearful time. The rock-bound shores

Of Narragansett—forced ablutions

Spurning—hurled back the audacious waves in

Resounding thunders. Ships of any nation Were but dancing atoms upon commanding Seas. Both fleets were scattered. Many vessels

Wrecked; all damaged.

WAYNE—So did Neptune, with impartial hand, Punish those who had designed to vex his Waters with their loud-roaring battle; And yet so puny to that he waged!

WASHINGTON—Is this the end?

Has the French fleet gone—hopelessly dispersed,

With its many thousand soldiers?

AID—And also the English squadron has departed.

So stood affairs when I was hurried hither.

WAYNE—How fared the army in this bitter time?

AID—Those on the land shared in the windy ruin.
Rhode Island would have floated in the torrents
Of descending rain, had she not been firmly
Anchored with the moorings of a continent.
Tents were gathered as tribute to roaring
Winds; and soldiers were left shelterless.
Our consolation! the foe was joined with
Us in huge discomfort.

WASHINGTON—As I foresee,
Sullivan is now in danger; we may
Lose an army, where we planned to win one.
Clinton will forthwith send reinforcements
From New York. Foreseeing this, safety in
Prompt action lies. Sullivan, with State
Militia, confronts a veteran army
Within intrenchments. Without the guns of
D'Estaing, to assault is hopeless. But to
Be assaulted! upon this rock dash my
Fears. He must retreat—retreat! Retreat
Before it is too late. Convey the order,
That a trusty courier, upon the
Swiftest steed the camp affords, in readiness
Awaits to convey commands to Sullivan.

[Exit Aid.]

[Enter hurriedly a Courier.]

WASHINGTON—You bring information!
Good or bad, what is it?

COURIER—Dispatches for the General-in-Chief.
[Hands papers to WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—(tearing open the papers, and
reading in alarm.)
Prescience was true prophet of the act.
Maxwell, who guards at the gateway to the
sea,
Here gives report that Clinton has sailed
The Narrows, and with an army is on
His way to Newport. Every minute now
Is big with fate, and not one is to spare
If we would win the issue.

[All retire.]

SCENE IV.—New York City. A reception
room in Fraunces' Tavern.
Time: November 12, 1778. Night.
Enter GEN. LORD FRANCIS RAW-
DON, COL. BANISTRE TARLETON
and CAPT. GEORGE LOFTUS; each
escorting a lady. They come in
singing and laughing.

LOFTUS—The best performance in America!
Old John Street Theater forever!
Bless the Yankees for giving that!

[All laugh.]

[Enter a Waiter.]

RAWDON—(to the Waiter.) We are six fam-
ishing wolves!
Six birds and one bottle.
The best in the cellar!
Be careful, or I will have an ear for
Derelection. And be quick!

LOFTUS—Fly, or we famish!
We have laughed to fainting.

TARLETON—Make it two bottles. [All laugh.]

FIRST FEMALE—No, no! an amendment.
Two birds for each; one bottle for all.

LOFTUS—Traitor! You mean
To choke with thirst, officers of the King?
One bird and two bottles!

[Laughing continues.]

FIRST FEMALE—Two birds! Two birds!
That is, if anything is two.

TARLETON—Good woman, you will develop
wings!

LOFTUS—Indeed! She has wings already.
[Loud laughing.]

FIRST FEMALE—(with stern indignation.)
Captain Loftus!
Some people know too much.

LOFTUS—(bowing with humility.) And some
divine;—truthfully,
When the subject is a divinity.

RAWDON—A good run, Loftus!

A safe escape! A clever run from danger.
[Great laughter.]

ALL FEMALES—(in unison.) Two birds and one
bottle!

SECOND FEMALE—All in favor, say "Aye!"
[Females all exclaim "Aye!"

Contrary, "No!" [Men all cry "No!"

Carried! Waiter, two birds and one bottle!

MEN—(all in unison.) A tie! A tie!
How is it carried?

SECOND FEMALE—The intelligence of this party
Was in the affirmative.

[All shout with merriment.]

RAWDON—Go! Waiter, go!
Bring anything you have;
Else we die on your hands. [Exit Waiter.]

TARLETON—Where is Captain Andre?
He was to join us here.

[To LORD RAWDON.]

Frank, where is he?
RAWDON—He remained at the theatre,
To gather his laurels, so thickly
Scattered upon the stage.

[To COLONEL TARLETON.]

Banistre, he gave us a hit to-night.
He always does. It was his way last
Winter in Philadelphia.

[To CAPTAIN LOFTUS.]

George Loftus, we will moisten his bays,
With those two bottles.

SECOND FEMALE—One bottle!

LOFTUS—Stop! Stop!
Change this battle of the bottles,
To the bottles of the battle. [All laugh.]
And if thirst don't down them all,
I'm no King's Captain. [Loud laughter.]

TARLETON—(Exhibits a theatre bill.) A taking
title.

RAWDON—(seizes the bill and reads.) "John
Street Theatre!

A special performance! Sullivan's run;
Or the scampering Yankees!
By Captain John Andre,
Of his Majesty's troop."

[Roars of laughter.]

TARLETON—So true to life!
A clever dog, Andre; a clever dog!
The play was applauded till silence
Was a longed-for rest.

RAWDON—The song! The song! Who can
give it?

The song to "Jacky Sullivan."

[To Third Female.]

A second bird to the winner.

THIRD FEMALE—You can't bribe me in that
way.

A second is mine already. [Laughing.]

TARLETON—There were twenty stanzas.
I caught these on the wing.

[Reads from Stanzas.]

RAWDON—Now, all together!
And give music to our battle hymn.

[They all sing.]

When Sullivan came to Newport Bay;
D'Estaing on the water, and Clinton away,
He was quite resolved to have his own say;
So he came rushing to Newport.

He sputtered and swore, he would drink only
gore;
And so he came rushing to Newport.

The water was rough, and the Frenchman was
sick;

Fight not being pleasant, his departure was
quick;

To aid Jacky Sullivan, D'Estaing wouldn't
stick,

So he scampered away from Newport.

Lafayette couldn't stop him; and Jacky was
sore,

When his fleet disappeared from Newport.

Then Clinton came sailing out of the West,
With soldiers four thousand, of bravest the
best;

His coming soon banished from Jacky all rest,
For the British were sailing to Newport.
Their purpose was plain; they plowed the salt
main

To seize Jacky and braggarts at Newport.
This Sullivan knew, and so speedily flew
From the gore he would swallow, and deeds
he would do;

And the Briton was left to laugh or pursue,
After casting his anchor at Newport.
Jacky never meant fight; he only meant
flight;

As we learned while landing at Newport.

[Unrestrained laughter.]

LOFTUS—My Lord Rawdon, you and Colonel
Tarleton

Were a part of this expedition,
And I not. The play—in good humor--
tells

The story, but it hides the serious side.
Why did you fail? You had force enough?
Six thousand men there, and our General
Sailing on with four thousand more.

RAWDON—Opposing winds kept us too long at
sea;

And Sullivan fled in time to escape
Arrest. On the twenty-ninth of August
He made his successful run, while, like a
Fowler who had shot and missed, we stood
Watching the flying bird. We landed
On the thirtieth, one day too late.

TARLETON—The August storm
Had scattered upon the waters—this before
We came—the blustering fleets which had
joined

For mutual injury off Point Judith.
Crippled by huge billows, Admiral Howe
Returned to New York. D'Estaing, batter-
ed as

Well, went off to sea, since he had no
Other place to go. [All laugh.]

LOFTUS—With French guns away,
This was Britain's opportunity
Against audacious rebels; who were
Here much too venturesome.

RAWDON—None knew this better than General
Clinton.

LOFTUS—Did D'Estaing go cruising for whales?
Or came he back to moorings?

RAWDON—After ten days of absence,
And on August twentieth,—all this from
Gossip who like a good old dame, awaited
Our arrival,—he again sailed into
Newport. Here to loyal hearts comes the
Comic part of this eventful story.
D'Estaing was too much torn by Neptune—
So he told his confederates—to engage
With them in the preconcerted conflict; but
He would go to Boston for repairs.
This he did. [All laugh.]

LOFTUS—(laughing.) Is this supporting your
friends?

These Frenchmen want to fight comfortably.
Say, after dinner; or when the cooling
Breezes blow; and when the decks are all nice
And dry. I don't blame them.

[All laugh greatly.]

Indeed, I don't! Why should they incom-
mode

Themselves for a gang of surly outlaws?
I like these Frenchmen, and their taking
ways—

That is, when they thus take themselves off.
They got their friend Sullivan into a
Scrape, and then sailed away?

[All continue laughing.]

RAWDON—Sullivan was in a scrape, as
Loftus says. Dangerously situated!
He had advanced close to our lines on
Newport Island, in league with D'Estaing for
Joint attack in front and rear. Behind he
Was unprotected. Raw militia made
Up his force. Lafayette pleaded with
D'Estaing
Against departure. It was to cut off

The backward journey to the mainland that
We were hurried eastward.

LOFTUS—What had Sullivan to say
Of his faithful ally? Who was to toast
Us, as if we English were so many
Frogs with which to grace a feast?

TARLETON—(*bursting with laughter.*) The air
was lurid with
His oaths. All this came to us through
faithful
Emissaries. He issued an address
Full of pompous rhetoric and high-phrased
Defiance. Censured in general orders
The flying Admiral of His Christian
Majesty, rating his support as of
Little value. [*All laugh.*]

LOFTUS—In this frame of mind, he was ripe for
Our gathering. We were entitled to his
Rabble. But they always beat us in legs;
For they win the fight who win the race.

[*Laughter.*]

RAWDON—Washington saved them,
As he usually saves them all in the
Fatal hour. We learned that he and Lafay-
ette

Induced a wordy reparation for
The spleeny criticisms upon the Gaul.
Washington sent from New York orders for
Retreat; which were executed, just as
England's Constable had extended his
Arm to grasp the culprit by the collar.
Our troops soon sailed back to New York, and
Effected nothing by the venture.

[*Enter the Waiter, who bows.*]

(*All cry in unison*)—The feast! The feast!
Now for the birds and bottles!

[*As they go, all sing:*]

"Jacky never meant fight; he only meant
flight," &c., &c. [*All retire.*]

SCENE V.—*New York City. Headquarters of
SIR HENRY CLINTON, British Com-
mander-in-Chief. (No. 1 Broad-
way.)*
Time: January, 1779.
*Enter MAJ. JOHN ANDRE and MAJ.
MONCRIEF.*

ANDRE—I am sick of such proceedings;—
These savage murders and our predatory
war!

I came here as a soldier, not a cut-throat.

MONCRIEF—So! So! The favorite of the
Army grows sensitive from promotion.
Captain Andre was uncomplaining;
Major Andre is now a critic.
Nevertheless, if this savagery is
Continued, you and I will fill in
History the role of cut-throats.

ANDRE—Last July we crimsoned the roses
Of beautiful Wyoming with the blood
Of innocence. How I have tried to forget
This foul blot upon English manhood!
Now the wound is made to bleed again,
By this massacre of Cherry Valley.

MONCRIEF—New York now joins Pennsylvania
In a common sorrow. The savage and
His scalping knives are not objects of
Eulogy in civilized war.

ANDRE—Moncrief, what can we do?
In Philadelphia last winter, even
Among friends, our union with these tawny
Murderers was a standing menace to
Respectability.

MONCRIEF—Ah! I see now. Andre, you are
deep;
Yet shallow enough for reading with the
Naked eye. Does Miss Peggy disapprove?
[*Laughs heartily.*]

ANDRE—Miss Margaret Shippen—you
Need not tell me that behind "Miss Peggy"
You conceal that name—is a young lady,
Whose disapproval of anything is
An honest criticism.

MONCRIEF—Indeed! I did
Not know it had gone so far as that.
[*Laughing.*]

ANDRE—I shall not translate your innuendo.
An estimable young woman! I was
Honored with Miss Shippen's friendship. In
the
Revelries of last winter she was, of
Many, the chosen favorite. We ignored
Politics, and so got on well together.

MONCRIEF—She was a little rebel!
But so charming, we all loved rebellion

ANDRE—I am not sure that the devil,
Who stirs this land to fight our gracious King
Has a home within her heart. But perhaps
He has. This much: her father is fast friend
Of England; and girls will sometimes frown
on
That which is most loved; so hostility
Assumed is shield to genuine feeling.
No matter! I,—while bowing to her greater
Worth,—cared not to ask at which political
Shrine she worshipped.

MONCRIEF—She was your star in Mischianza?
Do you keep knowledge of the constellation
In which she shines, since we left
Philadelphia?

ANDRE—She honors me with letters since we
parted.
Her constellation, is now a domestic
Sign, if such the zodiac gives.
She is to be married!

MONCRIEF—Peggy Shippen!
Now affianced and to be married?
Why, Andre, I have not heard of this!
When?

ANDRE—Only a few days ago came the report.
The wedding is to be when April hangs
Her buds in air to woo the bloom of May.

MONCRIEF—Is it now in order
To condole with you? [*Laughing.*]
If so, I extend my sympathy, as
If to one who had lost the sense of music.

ANDRE—Well said!
She was an epic of all the graces;
And her loss is the loss of as sweet a
Song as ever the Angels choired.

MONCRIEF—Whom does she wed?

ANDRE—General Benedict Arnold;
He, who became military ruler
In Philadelphia after us.

MONCRIEF—One of the most dashing
Of the generals in the hostile lines.
Enough. Here come their Excellencies.
[*Enter GEN. CLINTON and LORD
CORNWALLIS.*]

CLINTON—When a year has closed,
Prudent tradesmen count their loss or gain.
We of the army may profit from this
Example. Do we stand, before the
August-eyed critic of the youthful year,
In anything advanced, within the
Twelve months gone?

CORNWALLIS—I should say, your Excellency.
We still stand at the mile post we reached
A year ago.

CLINTON—Say you so, my Lord!

CORNWALLIS—To-day, as then, we occupy
A besieged City; the enemy as
Courageous and as strong; two qualities
In which our army stands much reduced.

CLINTON—You astonish me, Cornwallis!
Do you impeach the courage of the
British soldiers? Our ranks may be de-
pleted,—
Indeed they have been,—but the fearless
heart
Remains.

CORNWALLIS—You have those who would strive
with Agamemnon.
But war is judged by what it gains.
Courageous armies enter upon great
Battles, and states rise or fall upon the
Verdict. Armies—especially those aggress-
ive—
Never can count as brave achievements—
(Unless compassing subjugation)

Secretive raids, which end in murder,
Plunder, and private ruin. Great principles
Of state, for which dread war is panoplied,
Are not advanced by these; which are rated
With deeds most cowardly.

ANDRE—General Cornwallis,
I thank you for that speech.
It is the utterance of a soldier.

CLINTON—What else can we do?
One year ago, General Howe had in
Philadelphia, here; and at Newport,
A force of three-and-thirty thousand.
He asked for more—which the ministry re-
fused.

So he went home and left me heir to his
Command. His brother, left his pennant
Flying, and followed him in September last.
Admiral Byron in his place now gives
Orders. I have to-day a power of
Two-and-twenty thousand men; and the task
Still is formidable. With forces so
Reduced, we can only waste, not conquer.

CORNWALLIS—No one, your Excellency,
Will hold you guilty of this fault of
Small achievement.

CLINTON—Washington coops us here
As so many pigeons in a cage.
This has ever been his policy. It
Was so at Boston and Philadelphia.
To dislodge him we must assail his
Entrenchments now at Middlebrook. This
Rashness, only overwhelming odds can
Justify. Upon this Island-rock—to
Change my feathery smile—we are as
Prometheus bound; while the vulture of
Rebellion is pecking at our vitals.

MONCRIEF—England can look for no
Grand results, when we are thus neglected.

CLINTON—I have written to our Ministers
Not to expect anything from one so
Circumstanced as I am.

ANDRE—Then the record of
The year just ended, shows in our favor
No progress made towards the recovery
Of the colonies;—so said just now,
My Lord Cornwallis.

Are we content with such a balance-sheet?

CORNWALLIS—We should not be.
But, they are content at home, or seem so,
Since they furnish the force for no greater
War. Then, our duty is to follow
Superior example, and be
Ourselves contented

CLINTON—Our mode of war is sanctioned.
After Wyoming, Lord Germain extolled
The act of ruin, and advised similar
Deeds of waste. During the year ended he
Had no other plan. The Commissioners
For the Bills of Conciliation,—who
Spoke for King and Parliament,—in their
parting

Manifesto of October last, proclaimed
That the extremes of war should follow the
Failure of their mission; even a war
Of waste and desolation.

ANDRE—This army, then, is guiltless.
For as ordered, so we do.

MONCRIEF—On the ledgers,
As our swords write them, how heavy
Is this charge of waste against us?

CLINTON—Since assuming the command last
May?
Is this your question? Yes! Very well!
To answer requires some reflection;
Also, retrospection. In June last,—while
On the march across New Jersey,—at Mon-
mouth

We gave blow for blow in honest war, and
Won our road by fighting for it. August
Closed, just as we reached out for Sullivan
At Newport; who, with nimble foot, eluded us.
As we from there came home, Sir Chas. Grey
With fierce and heavy hand, tore comfort
from
New England shores. New Bedford, Fair
Haven,

And minor points were laid in ruins.
CORNWALLIS—No general purpose prompting,
 This was desolating war; in which the
 Innocent always suffers most.

CLINTON—Very true. But the spoils
 Obtained weakened the enemy,
 Who lived upon them.

ANDRE—The destruction of a people,
 Is not justified till all other means
 Have failed to subjugate. Do we admit,—
 As these methods argue,—inability
 To reduce these colonies in fair and
 Open fight?

CLINTON—No matter as to that,
 Which Parliament may answer.
 In September, you, my Lord Cornwallis,
 Leading a force five thousand strong, as-
 sailed
 New Jersey; while Knyphausen, with three
 thousand,
 Carried consternation to Westchester Coun-
 ty.
 This served to confuse the enemy, and so
 Far was fair strategy; though surely it
 Was marauding war.

CORNWALLIS—All to little purpose;
 For the strategy of Washington
 Was, to face me with Putnam and Wayne;
 Knyphausen with Gates; taking for himself
 Central place at Fredericksburg; he might—
 Thus situated—strike either of us
 With greater numbers.

CLINTON—But he did not strike either?

CORNWALLIS—No. Because our expeditions
 were
 Too quickly ended. Sufficient ruin
 Wrought, and plunder taken, we hurried back
 To camp. And rebellion's waves rolled again
 To the shores they washed, when we set forth.

CLINTON—As I recall, my Lord,
 You gave much punishment to the rebels,
 Levying upon their fields. And Knyphausen
 Came home, contented with the rural ruin
 He had done.

CORNWALLIS—We know that Wayne was with
 Putnam,
 And moved carefully—for he hits a
 Heavy blow. General Gray captured a
 Detachment of light horse—one Col. Baylor
 In command. They were surprised; were
 defenceless,
 And were destroyed. This is the manner of
 General Gray.

CLINTON—I refer to that.
 Surrounded while they slept, they awoke as
 Captives; and awoke to die.

ANDRE—One hundred men surrendered.
 Of these, seventy helpless prisoners
 Were murdered with the bayonet! This is
 The deed of fame set to the credit of
 General Grey.

CLINTON—Major Andre, you are yet young!
 When you are older, you will be less
 Sentimental.

MONCRIEF—What is the next deed of valor,
 Swelling a great nation's prowess?

CLINTON—The coast of New Jersey came in
 turn.

Little Egg Harbor was a haven of
 Much shipping. Colonel Ferguson, in
 October, entered and gave many vessels
 To the torch; he bore this kindled fire to the
 Shore. Count Pulaski,—the fighting Pole,—
 was
 Encountered and overborne. Many prison-
 ers

Taken,—though the Count got off—were slain,
 To save trouble. In January, now
 Upon us, following the lesson of
 Cornwallis in September, our grip of
 Iron,—strangling the comfort of peaceful
 Homes,—was extended along the Hudson,
 Even to Tarrytown.
 Thus is computed the work since I became
 Commander. This work has carried suffering

To rural acres, and brought spoils to us;
 But surely no other gain.

MONCRIEF—And in November, the savage,
 Taught by our high example, ended a
 Campaign of murder at Cherry Valley.
 Who shall stand higher in the temple where
 Honor finds a record,—the teacher or the
 taught?

CLINTON—All has been done,
 As King and Parliament would have it.

ANDRE—Is this marauding strategy
 Ended with the dying year?

CLINTON—Because of a change of policy
 With the Ministry, it is ended in
 The North. From this time the South shall
 feel the

Fiery blasts of war. The matters just
 Recounted, are here given as England's
 Parting wounds to a stubborn foe.

CORNWALLIS—Shall the English fleet
 Attend the army on this Southern mission?
 The French no longer threaten in Northern
 Waters.

CLINTON—As circumstances govern.
 Last November, Byron in front of Boston
 Invited Count D'Estaing to test each
 Other's guns. The Frenchman refused;
 again

A tempest drove our fleet to sea. The pru-
 dent

Count,—the harbor watch away,—escaped,
 and

Sailed with all his force to the West Indies.
 The rebels mourn his loss; and why,
 Heaven only knows, not I.

MONCRIEF—At Newport he gave them a vision of
 His departing sails; this was repetition.
 The alliance, like untrained horses pulling
 Different ways, progresses poorly.

CLINTON—Just as if pulling with a single will,
 This alliance has cost me five thousand men.
 In November I was ordered to follow
 D'Estaing to the West Indies with this num-
 ber,

Who sailed away. I protested that it
 Reduced my army to a starved defensive.
 These were followed by three thousand, for
 Assault upon Georgia.
 And so begins a Southern war.

CORNWALLIS—Thus far, good reports come from
 this
 Land of flowers—which bloom while fall our
 snows.

CLINTON—Couriers just arrived
 Confirm the report that Georgia has fallen.
 Commodore Hyde Parker last month opened
 On Savannah from the water side, while
 Colonel Campbell approached it in the rear.
 Between the two, a force of a thousand
 Rebels,—one Robert Howe directing,—
 yielded,

(Though a few escaped,) and Savannah
 Received our flag. General Provost came on
 From Florida,—at my cost he had been
 Strengthened with two thousand men—
 and so,

This union of guns gave Georgia as a
 New Year's gift to our gracious King.

CORNWALLIS—Major Moncrief, the ledgers of
 the last
 Year have been inspected, responsive to
 Your inquiry. Are you satisfied?

MONCRIEF—Well! We are not exactly bank-
 rupt in

Achievement. Conquered Georgia saves us,
 and

Helps the balance sheet. It is a narrow
 Escape, however;—as if we had felt
 Our way forth by this single thread, from
 the

Barren cave where empty efforts lie.
CLINTON—The New Year gives us hope,
 That this cave of emptiness shall be hung
 With wreaths, gathered from the Palmetto
 and

Beneath the Southern Cross. [All retire.

SCENE VI.—*Philadelphia. Hall of Congress,
 in State House (Independence Hall.)
 Time: April 15, 1779. Forenoon;
 before the daily session.
 Enter WASHINGTON and LAURENS,
 each with friends attending.*

WASHINGTON—In affairs,
 Money is a moving power.

LAURENS—Next to levies to fill the armies,
 It is the important power.

WASHINGTON—England attacks us here where
 we

Are vulnerable. Laurens, we cannot
 Go on, with national finances so
 Disordered.

LAURENS—The condition disturbs us all;
 And surely you?

WASHINGTON—My camp at Hiddlebrook
 Nurtures a patriotic fire, that will
 Consume our enemies if you but feed
 It. Withdraw the fuel, and I shall look
 For ashes.

LAURENS—Have the troops rested
 Through the winter, and shown content-
 ment?

WASHINGTON—Since December,
 When we went into camp, until this hour,
 An obedient soldiery has never
 Given an hour of anxiety. They
 Have watched the winter through from the
 shores of

Connecticut to the Delaware; on
 One extended line, that girdled Clinton.
 Like a caged vulture, he has darted here
 And there, to tear and ruin where he might
 Alight;—and then, to escape our dangerous
 Arrows, darted home again. In spoils he
 Has wounded our people, but given no
 General hurt. This is war most puerile;
 And the enemy is weak to be reduced
 To it.

LAURENS—Will this continue,
 Now that the frost has gone?

WASHINGTON—I foresee a change
 Adopted from necessity. Unable
 To make further progress in the North, the
 Enemy enters upon another field,
 And calls us after him in pursuit.
 The South, from this time forth must give
 him ground

To stand upon, unless there, as here, we
 Push him to the sea.

LAURENS—My people will
 Supplement Bunker Hill and Saratoga.
 So let him come.

WASHINGTON—(heartily shaking hands.)
 Spoken, Laurens,

Like a brother nurtured under the sun
 That warmed me as well. The attack on
 Georgia, just as the last year closed—
 the
 Expeditions now preparing—all confirm
 Me. Clinton will hold New York; but New-
 port

And the East set free. The menace here,
 will

Be sufficient to engage us, with an
 Observing army. A blow may be struck
 Now and then, but those decisive, or meant
 To be so, will henceforth in the South be
 hurled.

LAURENS—In Georgia, we have returned these
 blows already?

WASHINGTON—In January, Gen. Lincoln there
 Took command of about four thousand men.
 A sturdy man! He quickly got to work.
 In February, he struck at Kettle Creek,
 The robber band of Tories led by
 Colonel Boyd, and dispersed whom he did
 not

Destroy. A week later—it was on
 March the third—misfortune came to us.
 At Briar Creek, General Ashe,—surprised
 and

Cut off from Lincoln,—with a force of a
 Thousand men, was driven in disorder.

The loss of seven guns and three hundred
Soldiers,---in that distant land so naked
To the enemy,---tries us solely.

[Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, Military Governor of Philadelphia, supported by two crutches and attended by three aids. He bows to WASHINGTON and LAURENS.]

WASHINGTON---(taking ARNOLD by the hand.)
Saratoga, jealous of her renown,
Still frets the wound that made her famous.
Her greatness shall not wane in memory,
While this hurt remains.

ARNOLD---Thank you, General! And
Yet, Saratoga is a generous jade;
For, though she made one leg useless,
She gives me two in place of it.

[Lifts his crutches.]

WASHINGTON---No longer invincible! I marvel
That the unconquerable, at last is conquered.

LAURENS---(bowing to ARNOLD.) I may be permitted
To express to Benedict my happiness,
That, multiplied by love, he is a
Benedict now, two for one.

ARNOLD---Gentlemen, you rally me upon
My wedded life. Go on! I can stand it,
Since I have the prize and you the merit.

WASHINGTON---With Miss Margaret Shippen as
the prize,
You are well fortified. But beware!
If her heart beats not to our music, you
Are lost. States cannot resist the conquering
Power of beauty. It was Helen who
Set in flames the topmost towers of Ilium.

LAURENS---Her father and her friends
Consort with those loyal to the King, and
Are classed with those who love him. Arnold, this

Will be strange company for you!

ARNOLD---Trust me as a missionary.
I shall reform the heretic, if I
Find one---not become a heathen.

WASHINGTON---Then we may win a fortress;---
Not lose a Major-General.

LAURENS---The beauty of two empires!
England worshipped her while here; and now
the
Patriot supplants in adoration,
His foreign foe.

ARNOLD---(to WASHINGTON.) You play the politician,
And forsake the camp. Often through the
winter
We have rejoiced to see you here.

WASHINGTON---Necessity forces me to argument
With these law-makers. An empty treasury
Precedes an empty meat-house;
Both fatal to the army.

ARNOLD---You touch me closely now!
Here in Philadelphia, the winter past,
I have lived on promises received.
Been compelled to maintain the dignity
Of Commander on vapory air.
I, too, have given promises,---they were
All I had,---and may have trouble to redeem
Them. Joseph Reed and his Council of
Pennsylvania---may the devil catch
Them all!--disapprove this.

LAURENS---I am no longer President of Congress,
And therefore, shorn of authority.
Jay, since December last, has held this
honor.
He doubtless will do all for safety that
The time imposes.

WASHINGTON---I was to meet him here.

ARNOLD---And here he comes.
[Enter JOHN JAY, President of the Continental Congress.]

JAY---Good morning, gentlemen!
It is a pleasure to meet you, one and all.

[Bows to all.]

WASHINGTON---We have prior possession this morning,
Of these chambers whence emanates the law.

JAY---I know of none whose claim
Should rank that of Washington, for entrance
To Independence Hall.

ARNOLD---Jay, we want money!
We who fight, must feed to do so.
We want money!

JAY---General Arnold,---you will excuse me,---
I think it is chronic want with you.

[All laugh.]

LAURENS---(to JAY.) The condition of our finances
Alarms our Chief.

WASHINGTON---The Army begins to murmur.
Both officers and men are bankrupt.
Gratuitously they serve. This should not be.

It need not, for these colonies are rich
Enough to be worth the battle we are
Making to have them all our own. The
Obligations of the state are now, in
Value, three cents to the dollar; since so
Dishonored, they, like angry imps, frown
upon

Us, from clouds in rayless night.

JAY---But how to change?
I am willing for any remedy
That dispels this gloom.

ARNOLD---The country is flooded
With counterfeits, issued by the Britons?
Is this so?

LAURENS---Millions of counterfeits
Have poured upon us from England. This
Ignoble stratagem has helped to impair
The value of our bills. Millions of our
Currency we have withdrawn, the real
Contaminated with the base.

WASHINGTON---Our bills are unsecured by substantial

Prop. Disaster will ever follow such finance.
With no solid place of rest, they sink, and
sink,

Responsive to gravitation. Weight,
Is their quality and only value.

JAY---And what remedy for this?

WASHINGTON---A government, with power to enforce

Its laws. I have ever favored this.

The Articles of Confederation---
Eighteen months ago proposed, and not yet
Confirmed---is one step forward. But this
plan leaves

Each state---a great omission---to its own
Caprice, to feed the army; to furnish
troops;

And to collect a revenue. A central
Government that can enforce its edicts
Will save from threatened ruin.

ARNOLD---You men who make the laws
May listen with profit to these lessons.
I wish I could compel you!
It was Cromwell, as I remember, who
Dispersed a dawdling Parliament.

[All laugh.]

JAY---Arnold, I am terrified with your musty
Reference. There is no need of Roundheads
here. [Renewed laughter.]
Cromwell may slumber still

LAURENS---We cannot leap from the valley
To high Olympus. In due time, we shall
Have a union of these colonies,
Verile with living powers.

ARNOLD---Meantime our warriors may starve
For want of a coin to buy a penny loaf.

WASHINGTON---General, not so bad as that!
We have friends abroad who will trust us;
And also lend to us, answering our needs.

LAURENS---And Congress has neglected nothing
Which helps to effect such loans,
And will not.

WASHINGTON---There is no more to say;
And from this point argument runs to
weeds,
Like summer stalks from which the fruit is
plucked.

I return to camp with hope of better things.

ARNOLD---I have more to say, your Excellency!
And will say it now, and those may hear who
Care to. I bear wounds which these
crutches do

Not solace. The Council of this State does
Not approve my style of living.
I am arrogant and extravagant!

Entertain as friends some not orthodox
In politics. So says Joseph Reed, the
Most valiant chairman of Pennsylvania
Statecraft. Indeed, this man---who in the
dark

Hour of retreat across New Jersey, would
Have accepted the master's kick as soothing
Relief from danger---doubts my fidelity
To these colonists!

WASHINGTON---These mute supports,
[touching the crutches.]
Are witnesses unanswerable against
Such a calumny.

ARNOLD---Others do not think so.
Congress, upon these charges, by request
Of Reed and his conspirators,
Have ordered a court-martial.

JAY---Congress could not refuse
The request of a sovereign state,
Though groundless it deemed the charges.

ARNOLD---Your Excellency!
I have hobbled here to ask a speedy trial.
It was in February---two months ago---
When Congress, pushed on by this purveyor
Of base slanders, put this stain upon my
name.

Delay is killing me! It brought me back
From an intended journey full of happy
Expectations. I burn to confound these
Patriots, who value pence and shillings
More than flowing blood.

WASHINGTON---I am not censuring;
But in these times Spartan simplicity
Has force as an example.

ARNOLD---Who shall limit this simplicity?
Joseph Reed? God forbid! I say here, this
Creature shall not judge me! I will not
Permit it from this dainty statesman.
Shall I ask him, indeed, how many leeks
The pot receives to nourish my daily soup?
Or the potatoes fit in number to
Grace my dinner; whom I shall ask to join
Me in this meal so carefully economized;
When I may ride and when must walk---or
rather

Hop, since one leg is the economy
Of motion? Heaven help me! Before I
Submit to these indignities, I will
Abjure all thought of life, and pass on to
The hereafter with hope of better
Treatment, since worse it cannot be. It is
Enough to contend with men, not women;
And this my answer to a part of the
Accusation. God keep me patient! for
I know not at times to what extremes these
Jacks may drive me. I would rather be a
Dog, with liberty to bark, than a
Major-General thus hampered.

WASHINGTON---General Arnold, I
Grant your wish for trial as speedily
As it may be.

ARNOLD---And I shall remain contented
With this hope of speedy hearing.

JAY---And I contented
At your swift delivery from every charge.

ARNOLD---(to WASHINGTON.) You have heard
from
Lafayette since he went home in February?

WASHINGTON---In Paris he is the favorite.
His commanding influence draws to our side.

I am expecting much through him, in men
And money. Franklin---sole Minister since
September---finds him a prop of iron.

ARNOLD---Will he take up his sword again with
us?

A Frenchman, he felt that France in her war
With England, had first claim, and so went
home.

WASHINGTON---That was the spirit in which he
left.

I doubt if he retains it.

ARNOLD---We are not yet taxed heavily
In obligations by the French alliance.
Not a gun of theirs has yet spoken for
The new Republic.

WASHINGTON---States, like individuals, will run
The road of selfishness. Of laws, this is
Most natural. Since the day of D'Estaing's
Arrival, Canada has been the object
Of his dreams, as a conquest for France.

ARNOLD---Yes; and this folly Congress favored.
We punish the authors of stupidity,
By exposing it.

WASHINGTON---Even Lafayette caught this Gal-
lic fever.

But the boy is cured. I opposed the scheme,
Charged with many dangers. While other
states

Would willingly expand---for instance, this
French appetite for Canada---to us
They recommend a different policy.
Jealous of what we may become, when re-
leased

To peaceful rivalry,---and here the wildest
Prophecy has swing,---France and Spain
and Europe

Strive to limit us by law, to the present
Boundary of these colonies.

ARNOLD---Great Heavens! In territory we
have
Enough; more perhaps, than can be man-
aged.

JAY---In this, Arnold, I confirm you.
Our empire is already great enough.
Many men of wisdom think as we do.

ARNOLD---This French aid is a medicine
Which weakens, unless followed with the
Tonic of powder and ball. Soldiers, Gen-
erals,
And Statesmen look to this foreign power
To fight and end the war; so, nerveless
Expectation saps the energy before
Unconquerable. I like not this; nor
Am I thankful for empty friendship.
Feed our soldiers, and alone we conquer.

WASHINGTON---There you hit it. Feed our
soldiers!

France has done so. She has been our
almoner

In money and equipments, and again
Will be so. I look forward to her support
With fleets and armies, though D'Estaing
has
Sailed away.

LAUBENS---The hour has struck for the daily
session.

WASHINGTON---And we usurp the chamber?
My parting with the president to-day

(*bowing to JAY.*)

Shall be pricked in his memory, with the
Advice that Congress stay the desolation
Now threatened in the South, by needed
levies there.

I can spare no troops. Clinton, though de-
pleted,

Yet retains, in New York and Newport,
A force greater than my own.

JAY---General Washington, your appeals
To-day for money and for men have
Fallen upon friendly ears.

WASHINGTON---These appeals once granted,
I shall no longer besiege this chamber,---
The illustrious Hall of American
Independence,---where, through the season

closed

I have played the lobbyist; abetted in
This work by the winter's armistice of arms.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VII.---*New Windsor. Lawn before
Headquarters of WASHINGTON.*
Time: July 13, 1779.
Enter WASHINGTON and GEN.
WAYNE.

WASHINGTON---These marauding expeditions of
Clinton must be met by a counter-blow.
Leaving camp at Smith's Clove, I have
asked you
To meet me here, at New Windsor---a place
Which favors secrecy.

WAYNE---And Putnam. Does he still fight time
As valiantly as he does the Briton?

WASHINGTON---Youth bows to him a worship-
per,
In spite of years. A grand old man! He
Is in charge of the camp: when he so serves,
Wherever absent, confidence is always
At my elbow.

WAYNE---His trick at Horse-Neck
Is upon every tongue.

WASHINGTON---At West Greenwich---I prefer
this name---

The brutal Tryon pressed him closely.

Putnam was surprised;---and had been cap-
tured,
But for quick wit, which pushed with equal
chance

To death or safety. He played the hazard,
And gained the latter. This was in March.
A flight of a hundred steps before him,
And Tryon's troops behind! His horse obe-
dient

To the spur, is upon the verge! A misstep,
And wars cease to vex the victim! The quick
Resolve, the downward leap, the footing
gained

Below and safely speeding on!--all this,
Before the astonished troopers of the King
Upon the rearward crest, can really tell
Whether the vision which has passed was
mortal

Made or not. So the meteor downward darts
Through space, while we stand staring.

WAYNE---A feat to excite all listeners.

WASHINGTON---But to Clinton!
He is the burden of this meeting.

WAYNE---Why don't Clinton and his surly
minions
Come out and fight in the open field?
He outnumbers us.

WASHINGTON---I will not say he dares not.
But it is not his policy. He doubtless
Follows the orders as they come from Lon-
don.

WAYNE---Then may London,
That orders massacres and petty thieving,
Sink into sulphurous fire!

WASHINGTON---Both massacres shall be aveng-
ed in time.

Sullivan---such is present plan---will soon
Sweep the savages, guilty of Wyoming,
With the broom of death. Congress has thus
decreed.

I could not willingly consent; but as
You know, Wayne, the only way to subdue
The red man is to terrify him with
Punishment.

WAYNE---Mercy to the Indian
Is a wasted sentiment. Kill him first
And reform him afterwards. Such ethics,
Is high morality, which guards the Christian
Life. But the New Jersey troops have re-
belled,
And refused to march?

WASHINGTON---Not a word to the disparage-
ment

Of these men. That trouble has passed.
Naked

And hungry, payment was demanded for

Noble services. They were so entitled.
The Legislature of the State can do
What Congress cannot. It may levy a tax
And collect it. The State paid the troops, or
Made provision.

WAYNE. Further slaughter, by Clinton's or-
ders,

Has in the South been done? How much?

WASHINGTON. In May, the expedition to Nor-
folk

Added to the roll of British infamy.

Gen. Mathews, with a force twenty-five
Hundred strong, plundered and burned, and
fled.

Virginia, lighted by the British torch,
Now flames with indignation.

WAYNE. These deeds of violence to the few,
unite

The many more firmly in our struggle.

WASHINGTON. True! Yet the few who suffer
Should not be forgotten, though the many
gain.

The hateful Tryon is again at work.

Three days ago Norwalk put on her
Bloody shroud,---so forced by his murderous
arm,---

As New Haven and Fairfield did in the
Week preceding. In these cruel expeditions
He invoked all the aid of demoniac war.

WAYNE. Oh! I could swear to that!

WASHINGTON. New London is next to suffer.
New England's fairest jewel will soon be
Lost to recognition in distorting
Flame, unless we interpose.

WAYNE. (*with indignation.*) Send me against
them!

Point out the road which leads to their con-
fronting,

And then fall back and leave the rest to me.

WASHINGTON. I have another plan.

WAYNE. If it brings me face to face
With these nimble-footed villains, then let
The other plan prevail.

WASHINGTON. Early in June, Clinton and
General Vaughn, with a column five thou-
sand strong,

Took possession of Stony Point. It was
An empty place,---about thirty guarding it,---
And in surrender was found no victory.
It has since been garrisoned, and thus be-
comes

An armed monster upon the Hudson.

We must drive the beast away; and in thus
Doing, carry consternation to the
Enemy, which shall bring base Tryon home.
To storm and win Stony Point is the pre-ent
Purpose. Will you bear this martial shield?

WAYNE. (*with emphasis.*) General, I will
storm hell,

If you only plan the battle.

WASHINGTON. Then my work is done,
Though yours remains to do. Give me now an
Ear that holds in memory every detail,---
A surety for our enterprise.

Colonel Johnson, with six hundred men,
holds

The fort. Its bastions frown with heavy
guns.

The approach is difficult, since one cause-
way---

And only one---leads to the sally port.

WAYNE. Trust me! That one pathway
Shall give my column an open road to
Its farthest end; and then the gates be
opened

To admit, though the devil guard them with
All his fires.

WASHINGTON. Your men shall be selected;---
For a weak spot, like a rot in the orange,
Might infect the whole. Three hundred is
your

Limit for active operations.

WAYNE. (*astonished.*) Shall three hundred
assail

The six behind Titanic masonry?

And capture them!—

With their gun-engirdled house of giant stone?

WASHINGTON. You state the hazard,
In which you here engage.

WAYNE. (*drawing his sword*) I will do it!
To God—

Who ever listens—I swear to do it!
Or, failing, I will die.

WASHINGTON. My faith is brother to your courage;—

And the two shall go hand in hand till our
Flag flies above these battlements. Gather
Your strength at Sandy Beach,—about four-
teen

Miles away—and by easy march come
Front to front in conflict. Secrecy is your
Heaviest ordnance. A whisper, and you are
lost.

Let the bayonet be the weapon of
Sole reliance;—from every rifle be the
Charge withdrawn, that the pricking wedge
of steel

May grow in its importance. Each man
should

Wear a white cockade, that friends may know
each

Other. And the hour of assault be at
The dead of night. What say you?

WAYNE. (*in great excitement.*) I wish the
time were now!

Step by step I walk on to assured success
As you reveal the road.

WASHINGTON. One word more.
A negro, known to me as Pompey,—and
Though his skin is ebony, the greatest
Roman

With that name did not cover a whiter
soul,—

Is my informant of affairs within
The fort. His daily offerings of berries
To the soldiers gain admission and
Guarded secrets. He shall come to you.
Follow him. Arrived at your journey's end,
Pompey, with friendly aid easily disguised,
Capturing the sentinels, leaves the surprised
Enemy to the comfort of your pushing steel.

WAYNE. My will so far outruns
The intervening time, that my impatience
Records the deed as done. The material
Blow is mere formality. This is July
The thirteenth, and Tuesday On Thursday
At noon my column moves. At midnight,
Dragging the unwilling Briton forth to view
The angry moon, we shall after give him a
Captive's breakfast.

WASHINGTON. At once away. Secrecy
And good luck attend you through that day.
[All retire.]

SCENE VIII.—Stony Point, on the Hudson.
The fort. Rampart with a flagstaff.
A gateway opening toward the stage,
with a bridge in front. Two British
sentinels on guard.

Time: July 15, 1779. Midnight
Enter Pompey (a negro), with a basket
of berries, and two American soldiers
disguised as farmers. All approach
one sentinel. He is suddenly over-
powered and hurried off the stage.
They re-enter and approach the other
sentinel. He also is suddenly over-
powered and hurried off the stage.
Enter GEN. WAYNE with drawn sword,
and AID.

WAYNE. The way is open and success assured.
No sound has betrayed us.

AID. Not a dog barked. It was wise
To send fore-runners to destroy the curs.

WAYNE. Bring forward the troops. Already
I have made observation of the ground.

[Aid retires.]

*[Quickly enter a body of American
soldiers (the AID with them) who form
in line.]*

WAYNE. (*to the troops.*) Soldiers! There is
the fort.

We must gain it, if we would live in honor.
Every man will depend upon the bayonet.
He who fires a shot—given token that
He had not withdrawn his charge as com-
manded—

Will that moment die. The reserves will
await

Their orders. Ready! Now to it, with the
Battle cry, "The fort is ours!"

*[The soldiers, shouting, "The fort is
ours!" with WAYNE leading, rush over
the bridge. They pound at the gate,
which gives way. The roll of drums
begins within the fort; also the firing of
British musketry. The clashing of steel
is heard and the fierce clamor of conflict-
ing soldiery. The Americans are beaten
back over the bridge and upon the stage.
There, four or five English officers, with
the sword, engage with as many Ameri-
cans, in a hand-to-hand combat.]*

WAYNE (*to Aid.*) Order forward the reserves.
[Aid retires.]

*[Suddenly a fresh force of Americans
(the Aid with them) rush upon the
stage, and with the bayonets drive the
enemy back into the fort. The clang and
din of battle within the fort continues.
Then a force of Americans rush back
upon the stage, shouting, "Victory!"
"Victory!"*

Enter GEN. WAYNE.

WAYNE. The enemy surrender.
The fort is ours. Bring out the prisoners.

*[While a line of prisoners march out
from the fort, the stars and stripes are
run up the staff and float in triumph.
Shouting and cheering soldiers gather
around WAYNE.]*

AID. Cheer for our leader?
Cheers for "Mad Anthony!" All! All! All
together!

Let your lungs swell and burst with cheers
for our

"Mad Anthony Wayne!"

*[All huzza. The prisoners continue to
come from the fort. The flag flies and
the drums roll.]*

CURTAIN. END OF ACT II.

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Daniel Terbos—Was appointed October 17th, 1775, first major of the Second Dutchess County Regiment of the New York State Militia from the precinct of Rombout, in the township of Fishkill, under the command of Col. Dirck Brinckerhoff. Would like to know if Daniel Terbos was married; also the date of his marriage, wife's name, children's name and the date of his death. L. S. M.

White—I want to know the names of the descendants in the male line of Peregrene White of the Mayflower down to 1750. A. C. White, Jefferson, Ohio.

Potter—Can any one tell me if there was any relationship between Capt. John Potter of the First New Jersey Regiment, Army of the American Revolution, and Capt. Samuel Potter of the same regiment? Address Mrs. C. M. Rockhold, Bainbridge, Ohio.

Thornton—Allen—Wanted to know something of Miss Thornton, presumably of Virginia, who married John Scott, of Scotch ancestry, about 1758. Their children were, William, Thomas, Samuel, all Revolutionary soldiers, and Martha.

Allen—Who did Macum Allen of Botecourt County, Va., marry? He removed to Adair County, Ky., where he left seven children, all married. Any information of the above should be sent to Mrs. J. B. White, 630 Humboldt Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

Foster—Edward Foster was born in Rochester, Mass., July 8, 1788. He married Deborah Bangs, and lived in and about Hardwick. He had a son, Hopestill, born June 29, 1782, in that part of Pelham, now Prescott, Mass. Hopestill married Laura Osborne before 1812. In 1806 he lived in Antwerp, N. Y. Wanted to know the place and date of Hopestill's marriage and his wife's birthplace and date of birth. Address V. W. Foster, 164 Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Strand—Information wanted in regard to the services in the Revolutionary War of Jacob Strand of Northampton County, Pa. Also his family, by Mrs. George N. Osborne, Corry, Pa.

Jones—Nathan Jones, married at Bolton, Conn., June 19, 1760, Elizabeth Bidwell. Who were her ancestors? N. H. J.

Budd—The father of Ruth Budd, who was born at Crowe Pond, N. Y., May 4, 1764, and married Jonathan Bailey, who was born at Bridgewater, Mass. Family tradition says Ruth Budd's father served in the Revolutionary army, but don't know his Christian name. L. O. V., care THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Hayes—Wanted ancestry of George Hayes and wife Hannah parents of Seth, Joseph, Plynny and Eli, the latter born March 14, 1765. Was the George Hayes born in Simsbury, Conn., December 12, 1727, the father of the above four sons? If so when and where did he marry Hannah, who were her parents and where was Eli born? Seth, Joseph and Eli went from Russell, Mass., to Ohio in 1800.

Johnson—Who were the parents of Caleb Johnson, born November 9, 1779, according to family tradition, in Worcester, Mass., and said to have had brothers, Gardiner and Benjamin, and sister, Abigail? Caleb married Thirza Tredway June 10, 1804, in Rutland, N. Y.

Reuben Chapman, son of Jonathan Chapman; born 1761; died 1843; married in 1782 Rhoda Peck, born in 1761; died in 1848. Information wanted of Jonathan Chapman, who married a Spaulding; also of ancestors of Rhoda Peck. The family originally were from Connecticut; removed to Cavendish, Vt., and from thence to Ohio.

Elizabeth Barker—Her ancestors wanted. She was born in 1750; died in 1834; married William Hosmer, son of Joseph Hosmer, in 1778. Moved from Hartford, Conn., to Longyard, Mass., about 1800, thence to Ohio in 1819. W. R. Bowman, Waverly, Iowa.

Norton—Sarah Norton came with the family of a Rev. Mr. Butler from Vermont to Madison County, N. Y., where she married William Richardson perhaps about 1800. She is said to have been an orphan. Can any one furnish a clue to her parentage? W. A. WILCOX, Scranton, Pa.

William Keese (sometimes found spelled Kiers, Kierse, Kierce,) who was quartermaster at Stony Point in 1780. Also CAPT. EBENEZER FOOT or FOOTE, who stopped Major Andre and Joshua Hett Smith on their journey at Crowpond Corner. He was Commissary of his regiment, and became the first Judge of Delaware County. What was the regiment of each of these officers? W. ABBOTT.

Patriotic Books Reviewed.

John Winchester and one Line of his Descendants. In pamphlet form by George R. Presson of San Francisco. This work is as far as known the first genealogy of the Winchesters to appear in print. The first Puritan emigrants to appear in Massachusetts Bay were John and Alexander Winchester, and from the settler John it is evident that all American Winchesters are descended. The Winchesters from the beginning of the country have been in many respects foremost citizens in many walks of life and strong in character. They have taken their parts in the Indian, Colonial and Revolutionary wars, as may be seen in this work. An extended account is given from the early records of the breaking of the British governor's sword by Capt. John Winchester in his early manhood. This lively altercation created great excitement at the time and well shows the daring independent spirit of young Winchester. This work will be of service to all who are tracing their genealogy in the name of Winchester, and few extra copies are for sale by the author at the price of one dollar. Address George R. Presson, 214 Battery Street, San Francisco, California.

Century Company, New York.

Campaigning with Grant. Gen. Horace Porter. It is one thing to read the many books written about our great leader of the Civil War and another to gain a personal acquaintance with Grant in five hundred pages of Gen. Porter's work. While there have been authoritative and exhaustive writings about Grant and his campaigns they all lack the charm of the hero's great personality which this book portrays in the every day life of Grant the soldier. From October of '63 to the close of the war the author lived with the General, the opportunity affording a rare chance for the studying of the characteristics of coolness, bravery and hopefulness, traits which an ordinary observer might not as clearly see. The admirable way in which the whole is written give the reader perhaps a better knowledge of Grant than could be gained by his own observation. From the beginning of the book, describing Porter's first meeting with Grant to the surrender of Lee the interest is unabated. The campaigns are fully described, but shorn of the technical and topographical statements which are so bewildering to the general reader. Many misstatements are corrected in regard to Grant's attitude to his generals. In this connection it may be said that much interest is added by the portrayal of other great leaders such as Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock, while the visits of Lincoln afforded a chance for recounting some of his stories.

All our readers know Gen. Porter and the great work he has done and is doing in national affairs. A further opportunity of acquaintance is given through this noteworthy contribution to our literature.

Directors of Old South Work, Boston.

Old South Leaflets. This series of historical leaflets are valuable to all interested in the history of our country. The work of preserving the writings and speeches of great men in the crisis of the nation is to be commended.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

La Guerre de L'Independance en Amerique. Le progres et developpement de la guerre de l'indpendance est donne ice de la debut 1775 jusqu'a 1788

Educational Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Stories of Colonial Children and American History Stories. By Mara L. Pratt; are so interestingly told that the little people who read them will forget they are learning history, and will read and re-read as they do the "Once Upon a Time" stories, so dear to the childish hearts. These books are illustrated, prettily bound, and would make excellent supplementary readers.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 9th, 1897.

Editor and Publisher *The Spirit of '76*:

DEAR SIR—I am nearly ashamed of myself for not having sent you sooner subscription price (which I now enclose) for your magazine. I have received from you several numbers and have felt it due you from all members of all patriotic societies that the small amount asked should be promptly sent. Our Kentucky Society, Sons of the American Revolution, at their meeting last month promptly and unanimously ratified and adopted the Cincinnati resolutions, and I hope soon to see that the movement is completed and the union a fact.

Very truly yours,
C. B. ROBINSON.

To the Editor of *The Spirit of '76*:

I desire to express my admiration for the superior manner in which your excellent publication has been conducted. It tends to keep alive in our hearts the sacrifices of the grand old patriots who preserved for us this great and noble country. Several members of our chapter are subscribers to *THE SPIRIT OF '76*, and we all look forward with pleasure each month to its arrival. We feel that this magazine should be on file in the "Bound Brook Public Library," and I herewith enclose one dollar for subscription, beginning with the January, 1898, number, to be addressed as above stated. MRS. W. J. TAYLOR, Treasurer Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Bound Brook, New Jersey.

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- "Boston Common and State House, 1836."
- "Harbor view of Boston from a map of 1768."
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- "State Street and Old State House, 1833."
- "Adjacent Lean-to Houses in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birthplace of a President of the United States."
- "The Public Library, Boston, 1895."
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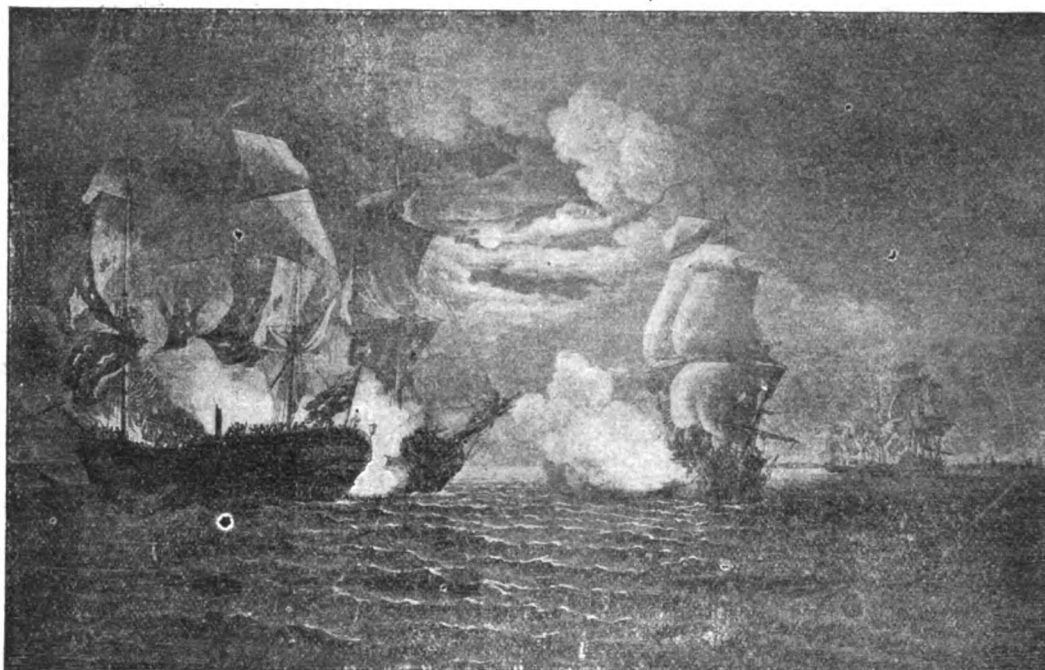
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JAMES LAWRENCE.

From "The History of Our Navy."
Copyrighted 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ye sons of old Neptune, whose spirits of
steel
In tempests were hardened, by peril were
tempered,
Whose limbs, like the wild winds that sweep
the bare keel,
By fetters of tyrants shall never be hamper'd;
Mid the storm and the flood
Still your honors shall bud,
And bloom with fresh fragrance though nur-
tured with blood;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the
wave,
And have sworn that the ocean's their throne
or their grave!

The chiefs who our freedom sustain'd on the land
FAMES far-spreading voice has eterniz'd in story;
By the roar of our cannon now called to the strand
She beholds on the ocean their rivals in glory,
Her sons there she owns,
And her clarion's bold tones
Tell of Hull and Decatur, of Bainbridge and Jones;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their home or their grave!



"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

Death of Captain Lawrence.

From "The History of Our Navy."

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She speaks, too, of Lawrence, the merciful brave,
Whose body in death still his flag nobly shielded;
With his blood he serenely encrimsoned the wave,
And surrendered his life but his ship never yielded;
His spirit still soars
Where the sea-battle roars
And proclaims to the nations of earth's farthest shores,
That the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
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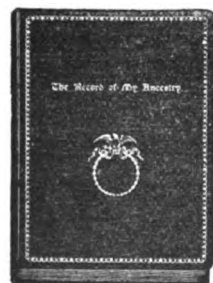
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A SERMON,

PREACHED AT LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1776,

To commemorate the murder, bloodshed and commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and America, in that town by a brigade of troops of George III, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, on the 19th of April, 1775, to which is added a brief narrative of the principal transactions of that day,

BY JOHN CLARK, A.M., PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN LEXINGTON.

As it was not consistent with the limits of a single discourse to give a full account of the particulars of this most savage and murderous affair, the following plain and faithful narrative of facts, as they appeared to us in this place, may be matter of satisfaction.

ON THE evening of the 18th of April, 1775, we received two messages; the first verbal and the other by express, in writing from the Committee of Safety, who were then sitting in the westerly part of Cambridge, directed to the Honorable John Hancock, Esq., (who, with Honorable Samuel Adams, Esq., was then providentially with us,) informing "that eight or nine officers of the king's troops were seen, just before night, passing the road towards Lexington, in a musing, contemplative posture; and it was suspected they were out upon some evil design."

As both these gentlemen had been frequently and even publicly threatened by the enemies of this people, both in England and America, with the vengeance of the British administration; and as Mr. Hancock in particular had been, more than once, personally insulted by some officers of the troops in Boston, it was not without some just grounds supposed, that under cover of the darkness, sudden arrest, if not assassination, might be attempted by these instruments of tyranny.

To prevent anything of this kind, ten or twelve men were immediately collected, in arms, to guard my house through the night. In the meantime said officers passed through this town, on the road towards Concord. It was therefore thought expedient to watch their motions, and if possible make some discovery of their intentions. Accordingly, about 10 o'clock in the evening, three men on horses were dispatched for this purpose. As they were peaceably passing the road towards Concord, in the borders of Lincoln, they were suddenly stopped by said officers, who rode up to them, and putting pistols to their breasts and seizing their horses' bridles, swore if they stirred another step they should be all dead men. The officers detained them several hours as prisoners, examined, searched, abused and insulted them; and in their hasty return (supposing themselves discovered) they left them in Lexington. Said officers also took into custody, abused and threatened with their lives several other persons; some of whom they met peaceably passing the road, others even at the doors of their dwellings, without the least provocation on the part of the inhabitants, or so much as a question asked by them.

Between the hours of twelve and one, on the morning of the 19th of April, we received intelligence by express from the Honorable Joseph Warren, Esq., at Boston, "that a large body of the king's troops (supposed to be a brigade of about 1200 or 1500) were embarked in boats from Boston, and gone over to land on Lechmere's Point (so called) in Cambridge; and that it was shrewdly suspected that they were ordered to

seize and destroy the stores belonging to the colony, then deposited at Concord," in consequence of General Gage's unjustifiable seizure of the provincial magazine of powder at Medford, and other colony stores in several other places.

Upon this intelligence, as also upon information of the officers as above mentioned, the militia of this town were alarmed, and ordered to meet on the usual place of parade; not with any design of commencing hostilities upon the king's troops, but to consult what might be done for our own and the people's safety; and also to be ready for whatever service providence might call us out to upon this alarming occasion, in case overt acts of violence or open hostilities should be committed by this mercenary band of armed and blood-thirsty oppressors.

About the same time two persons were sent expressly to Cambridge if possible to gain intelligence of the motions of the troops and what route they took.

The militia met according to order, and waited the return of the messengers, that they might order their measures as occasion should require. Between 3 and 4 o'clock one of the expresses returned, informing that there was no appearance of the troops on the roads, either from Cambridge or Charlestown; and that it was supposed that the movements in the army the evening before were only a feint to alarm the people. Upon this, therefore, the militia company were dismissed for the present, but with orders to be within call of the drum,—waiting the return of the other messenger, who was expected in about an hour, or sooner, if any discovery should be made of the motions of the troops. But he was prevented by their silent and sudden arrival at the place where he was awaiting for intelligence. So that, after all this precaution, we had no notice of their approach until the brigade was actually in the town, and upon a quick march within about a mile and a quarter of the meeting house and place of parade.

However, the commanding officer thought best to call the company together,—not with any design of opposing so superior a force, much less of commencing hostilities; but only with a view to determine what to do, when and where to meet, and to dismiss and disperse.

Accordingly, about half an hour after four o'clock alarm guns were fired and the drums beat to arms, and the militia were collecting together. Some, to the number of 50 or 60, or possibly more, were on the parade, others were coming towards it. In the mean time, the troops, having thus stolen a march upon us, and to prevent any intelligence of their approach, having seized and held as prisoners several persons whom they met unarmed upon the road, seemed to come determined for murder and bloodshed; and that whether provoked to it or not. When within about a quarter of a mile of the meeting house they halted, and the command was given to prime and load, which being done, they marched until they came up to the east end of said meeting house, in sight of our militia (collecting as aforesaid,) who were about 12 or 13 rods distant. Immediately upon their appearing so suddenly and so nigh, Capt. Parker, who commanded the militia company, ordered the men to disperse and take care of themselves, and not to fire. Upon this our men dispersed; but many of them not so friendly as they might have done, not having the most distant idea of such brutal barbarity and more than savage cruelty from the troops of a British king as they immediately experienced.

For, no sooner did they come in sight of our company, but one of them, supposed to be an officer of rank, was heard to say to the troops, "*Damn them ; we will have them !*" Upon which the troops shouted aloud, huzzad, and rushed furiously toward our men. About the same time three officers (supposed to be Col. Smith, Major Pitcairn and another officer) advanced on horse back to the front of the body, and coming within five or six rods of the militia, one of them cried out, "*ye villains, ye rebels, disperse ; damn you, disperse !*"—or words to this effect. One of them (whether the same or not is not easily determined,) said, "*Lay down your arms ; damn you, why don't you lay down your arms !*" The second of these officers about this time fired a pistol toward the militia as they were dispersing. The foremost, who was within a few yards of our men, brandishing his sword, and then pointing towards them, with a loud voice said to the troops, "*Fire ! By God, fire !*" which was instantly followed by a discharge of arms from the said troops, succeeded by a very heavy and close fire upon our party dispersing so long as any of them was within reach. Eight were left dead upon the ground.* Ten were wounded. The rest of the company, through divine goodness, were (to a miracle) preserved unhurt in this murderous action.

As to the question, "Who fired first?" if it can be a question with any, we may observe that though Gen. Gage hath been pleased to tell the world in his account of this savage transaction, "that the troops were fired upon by the rebels out of the meeting house and the neighboring houses, as well as by those that were in the field ; and that the troops only returned the fire and passed on their way to Concord;" yet nothing can be more certain than the contrary, and nothing more false, weak or wicked than such a representation.

To say nothing of the absurdity of the supposition, "that 50, 60, or even 70 men, should in open field commence hostilities with 1200 or 1500† of the best troops of Britain, nor of the known determination of this small party of Americans, upon no consideration whatever to begin the scene of blood.‡ A cloud of witnesses whose veracity cannot be justly disputed, upon oath have declared in the most express and positive terms, "that the British troops fired first;"§ and I think we may safely add, without the least reason or provocation—nor was there opportunity given for our men to have saved themselves, either by laying down their arms or dispersing, as directed, had they been disposed to, as the command to fire upon them was given almost at the same instant that they were ordered by the British officers to disperse, to lay down their arms, etc.

In short, so far from firing first upon the king's troops, upon the most careful inquiry it appears that but very few of our people fired at all, and even they did not fire till after being fired upon by the troops, they were wounded themselves, or few others killed or wounded by them, and looked upon it next to impossible for them to escape.

As to any firing from the meeting house, as Gage represents, it is certain that there were but four men in the meeting house when the troops came up, and they were then getting some ammunition from the town stock, and not so much as loaded their guns (except one, who never discharged it,) when the troops fired upon the militia. And as to the neighboring houses, it is equally certain that there was no firing from them, unless, after the dispersion of our men, some who had fled to them for shelter might fire from them upon the troops.

One circumstance more before the brigade quitted Lexington I beg leave to mention, as what may give a further specimen of the spirit and character of the officers and men of this body of troops. After the militia company were dispersed and the firing ceased the troops drew up and formed in a body on the common, fired a volley and gave three huzzas, by way of triumph, and as expressive of the joy of

victory and glory of conquest. Of this transaction I was a witness, having at that time a fair view of their motions, and being at the distance of not more than 70 or 80 rods from them. Whether this step was honorary to the detachment or agreeable to the rules of war—or how far it was expressive of bravery, heroism and true military glory, for 800 disciplined troops of Great Britain, without notice or provocation, to fall upon 60 or 70 undisciplined Americans, who neither opposed nor molested them, and murder some and disperse the rest, and then to give the shout and make the triumph of victory, is not for me to determine, but must be submitted to the impartial world to judge. That "there is a God with whom is the power, and the glory, and the victory," is certain, but whether He will set his seal to the triumph made upon this most peculiar occasion, by following it with further successes, and finally giving up this people into the hands of those that have thus cruelly commenced hostilities against them must be left to time to discover. But to return from this digression, if it may be called a digression.

Having thus vanquished the party in Lexington, the troops marched on for Concord to execute their orders in destroying the stores belonging to the colony deposited there. They met with no interruption on their march to Concord. But by some means or other the people of Concord had notice of their approach and designs, and were alarmed about break of day ; and collecting as soon and as many as possible, improved the time they had before the troops came upon them to the best advantage, both for concealing and securing as many of the public stores as they could and in preparing for defence. By the stop of the troops at Lexington many thousands were saved to the colony, and they were, in a great measure, frustrated in their design.

When the troops made their approach to the easterly part of the town the provincials of Concord and some neighboring towns were collected and collecting in an advantageous post on a hill a little distance from the meeting house, north of the road, to the number of about 150 or 200, but finding the troops to be more than three times as many, they wisely retreated, first to a hill about 80 rods further north, and then over the north bridge (so called) about a mile from the town, and there they waited the coming of the militia of the towns adjacent to their assistance.

In the mean time the British detachment marched into the center of the town. A party of about two hundred was ordered to take possession of said bridge, and other parties were dispatched to various parts of the town in search of public stores, while the remainder were employed in seizing and destroying whatever they could find in the town house and other places where stores had been lodged. But before they had accomplished their design they were interrupted by a discharge of arms at said bridge.

It seems that of the party above mentioned as ordered to take possession of the bridge, one-half were marched on about two miles in search of stores at Col. Barret's and that part of the town ; while the other half, consisting of about 100 men under Capt. Lawrie were left to guard the bridge. The provincials, who were in sight of the bridge, observing the troops attempting to take up the planks of said bridge, thought it necessary to dislodge them and gain possession of the bridge. They accordingly marched, but with express orders not to fire unless first fired upon by the king's troops. Upon their approach towards the bridge Capt. Lawrie's party fired upon them, killed Capt. Davis and another man dead upon the spot and wounded several others. Upon this our militia rushed on, with a spirit becoming free-born Americans, returned the fire upon the enemy, killed two, wounded several and drove them from the bridge and pursued them towards the town, until they were covered by a reinforcement from the main body. The provincials then took post on a hill at some distance north of the town ; and

as their numbers were continually increasing, they were preparing to give the troops a proper discharge on their departure from the town.

In the meantime the king's troops collected, and having dressed their wounded, destroyed what stores they could find, and insulted and plundered a number of the inhabitants, prepared for a retreat.

"While at Concord the troops disabled two 24-pounders, destroyed their two carriages and seven wheels for the same with their limbers. Sixteen wheels for brass 3-pounders and two carriages with limber and wheels for two 4-pounders. They threw into the river, wells, etc. about 500 weight of ball, and stove about 60 barrels of flour; but not having time to perfect their work, one-half of the flour was afterwards saved."^{||}

The troops began a hasty retreat about the middle of the day, and were no sooner out of town, but they began to meet the effects of the just resentments of this injured people. The provincials fired upon them from various quarters, and pursued them (though without military order) with a firmness and intrepidity beyond what could have been expected on the first onset and in such a day of confusion and distress. The fire was returned for a time with great fury by the troops as they retreated, though (through divine goodness) with but little execution. This scene continued, with but little intermission, till they returned to Lexington; when it was evident that, having lost numbers in killed, wounded and prisoners that fell into our hands, they began to be not only fatigued but greatly disheartened. And it is supposed they must have soon surrendered at discretion had they not been reinforced. But Lord Percy's arrival with another brigade of about 1000 men and two field pieces, about half a mile from Lexington meeting house towards Cambridge, gave them a seasonable respite.

The coming of the reinforcement, with the cannon (which the people were not so well acquainted with then as they have been since,) put the provincials also to a pause for a time. But no sooner were the king's troops in motion, but our men renewed the pursuit with equal and even greater ardor and intrepidity than before, and the firing on both sides continued, with but little intermission, to the close of the day, when the troops entered Charlestown, where the provincials could not follow them without exposing the worthy inhabitants of that truly patriotic town to their rage and revenge. That night and the next day they were conveyed in boats over Charles River to Boston, glad to secure themselves, under the cover of the shipping and by strengthening and perfecting the fortifications at every part against the further attacks of a justly incensed people, who, upon intelligence of the murderous transactions of this fatal day, were collecting in arms round the town in great numbers and from every quarter.

In the retreat of the king's troops from Concord to Lexington they ravaged and plundered, as they had opportunity, more or less, in most of the houses that were upon the road. But after they were joined by Percy's brigade in Lexington it seemed as if all the little remains of humanity had left them, and rage and revenge had taken the reins, and knew no bounds. Clothing, furniture, provisions, goods, plundered, broken, carried off or destroyed. Buildings (especially dwelling houses) abused, defaced, battered, shattered and almost ruined. And as if this had not been enough, numbers of them doomed to the flames. Three dwelling houses, two shops and a barn were laid in ashes in Lexington.^{††} Many others were set on fire in this town, in Cambridge, etc., and must have shared the same fate had not the close pursuit of the provincials prevented, and the flames been seasonably quenched. Add to all this, the unarmed, the aged and infirm, who were unable to flee, are inhumanly stabbed and murdered in their habitations. Yea, even

women in child-bed, with their helpless babes in their arms, do not escape the horrid alternative of being either cruelly murdered in their beds, burnt in their habitations, or turned into the streets to perish with cold, nakedness and distress.^{‡‡} But I forbear—words are too insignificant to express the horrid barbarities of that distressing day.^{§§}

Our loss in the several actions of that day was 49 killed, 34 wounded and 5 missing, who were taken prisoners and have since been exchanged. The enemy's loss, according to the best accounts, in killed, wounded and missing, about 300.

As the war was thus begun with savage cruelty in the aggressors, so it has been carried on with the same temper and spirit by the enemy in too many instances. Witness the wanton cruelty discovered in burning Charlestown, Norfolk, Falmouth, etc. But as events which have taken place since the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775, do not properly come within the compass of this narrative, they must be left for some abler pen to relate.

*The persons killed in the morning, when the hostilities were first commenced, were Messieurs Robert Munro, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jun., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington and John Brown, of Lexington, and one ——— Potter, of Woburn. Wounded, Jedediah Munro, Thomas Winship, Nathaniel Farmer, John Robbins, Solomon Peirce, John Tidd, Joseph Comee, Ebenezer Munro, Jun., and Prince, a negro, of Lexington, and Jacob Bacon, of Woburn. Afternoon, killed, Jedediah Munro, John Raymonds and Nathaniel Wyman. Wounded, in pursuit of the enemy when retreating, Francis Brown, of Lexington.

†1200 or 1500 was the number we then supposed the brigade to consist of; though afterwards, by the best accounts, it appeared that there were but 800.

‡From a most intimate acquaintance with the sentiments of the inhabitants of this town, then collected in arms, I think I may boldly assert that it was their known determination not to commence hostilities upon the king's troops; though they were equally determined to stand by their rights to the last.

§See narrative of depositions published by authority.

§§See Rev. Mr. Gordon's accounts

††Deacon Loring's house and barn, Mrs. Lydia Mulliken's house, and her son's shop, and Mr. Joshua Bopd's house and shop.

‡‡See dep. published by authority.

§§"Quorum pars magna fui!" Vir.

An Old Letter.

MANOR LIVINGSTON, January 14th, 1756.

Mr. Charles DeWitt:—

DEAR SIR—I have not heard from you for a long while; hope you and the little family are enjoying the great blessing of health. It afflicts me much to hear that the poor people of this and the neighboring provinces back of you are so inhumanly murdered by the savages. I hope and pray God that He may open all our eyes before it is too late, that we see the intentions of the French our ever inveterate enemies, and that we may unite all our strength to go hand and heart and root them out of the country, and until that be done I am clear that we never can live long in peace, and this in God's blessing we might do in one summer's campaign, but I fear we are not deserving so great a favor by reason of our manifold sins.

The expedition to Conjagera is to be resumed the next spring, I hope with greater success than the last, and I hear that General Johnson has accepted a new commission again from General Shirley, to make another attempt in the spring to drive the French from Crown Point, and perhaps to attempt Canada, as I hear that the General has sent two gentlemen by different vessels to London to solicit something of importance, but what it is remains yet a secret.

I have finished 30 odd tons of common shot and 200 shells for General Shirley, and am to purchase 600 head of cattle for him. It is probable we shall have an open declaration of war in the spring, as there are three packets fixed to run between England and New York; the first was to set out so as to be there in this month. I am to send six tons of iron to Albany, which I suppose is to be sent to Oswego to build a large vessel on the lake, as I am to have it drawn in bolts.

I have no more news to write you at this time. My family is, by God's blessing, in tolerable good health. My poor Phil, I think, begins to mend.

Wishing you and spouse the compliments of the season,

I remain your most humble servant,

ROBERT LIVINGSTON, JR.

NORMAN-FRENCH LINEAGE.

HON. CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, LL.D.,

President Empire State Society, Sons American Revolution.

BY HENRY DUDLEY TEETOR, M.A.

"A man is the sum of his ancestors."—Emerson.

ONE of the several heraldic mottoes which the writer found while tracing the paternal ancestry of Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew to its Norman-French origin, reads: *N'est noble qu'a demi qui n'est de la Race Du Puy.*



BOOK PLATE.

The foundation for this boast of Heraldry is the transcendent antiquity *De La Maison Du Puy.* For, ancestry is the essence of nobility. Gentle blood is the consummate flower of a long-derived lineage.

Ben Jonson expressed the thought in these lines:—

Derived down to us, and received
In a succession, far the noblest way,
Of breeding up our youths in letters, Arms,
Fair mien, discourse, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman.

The surname De Pew or Depew is one of the varied spellings of Du Puy, the name of a little

castellated mount on the dividing line between Dauphine and Languedoc, France. At and around its base has grown up the historic *La Ville Du Puy*, now nearly a thousand years old, a view of which is given. Du Mont and Du Puy have the same meaning.

Old Norman Rolls mention a treaty, which was signed at La Rochelle, 5 Dec., A.D. 1282, between the King and "Capitulum Ancienne Du Puy;" and "Catharin Du Puy d'une famille Le Puy, Ville de France."

A narrative pedigree of Du Puy, mentioned as of the Norman Nobility in "Les Genealogies Des Familles Illustres"—which the writer consulted when in Europe,—begins with:—

Raphael Du Puy, General de la Cavalerie Romaine et Grand Chambellan de l'Empire A.D. 1033.

The Emperor Conrad appointed him Governor over immense estates, including Arles and Burgoyne. He was succeeded by his son.

Hughes Du Puy, who went to the Crusades, with his wife and three sons—the whole family taking an illustrious part in that "epoch of romance and glory." For his services he was granted the "souverainete la ville d'Acre." By reference to this Pedigree it will be seen that among his descendants were Chevaliers, Seigneurs, Generals, Barons, Knights, Cardinals, Archbishops and Statesmen surpassing in number and renown any lineage, beneath a kingly line, that has come under the eye of the writer in his extended experience as a genealogist.

Raymond Du Puy, son of Hughes, (whose portrait is reproduced) was the founder of the Order of St. John de Jerusalem in 1118, and First Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. He was the father of Adhemar, Bishop Du Puy. During thirty years of his glorious leadership there was not a battle in the Holy Land in which he and his knights did not distinguish themselves with heroic deeds.

Le Sire DuPuis fought under William the Conqueror at Hastings A.D. 1066. His name is on "Catalogue Des Grands Seigneurs Normands qui passerent la mer et combattirent pour le duc Guillaume quand il Conquesta l'Angleterre." He was seigneur of Castle Dupuis, a picture of which is furnished.

The Chapeau de Cardinal was granted to Imbert De Puy, created Cardinal, A.D. 1397.

Gerard Du Puy, created Cardinal, 1375.

Jacques Du Puy, Cardinal, 1501, "Whose great cleverness made him the oracle of the Court of Rome, where he was consulted about all the affairs of State."

As Statesman there was Clement Du Puy, a very celebrated lawyer in the Paris Parliament, who died 1554.

Claude Du Puy, Counsellor of the Parisian Parliament, whose "brilliant intellect, great judgment, and profound learning rendered him the foremost man of his age," died 1594.

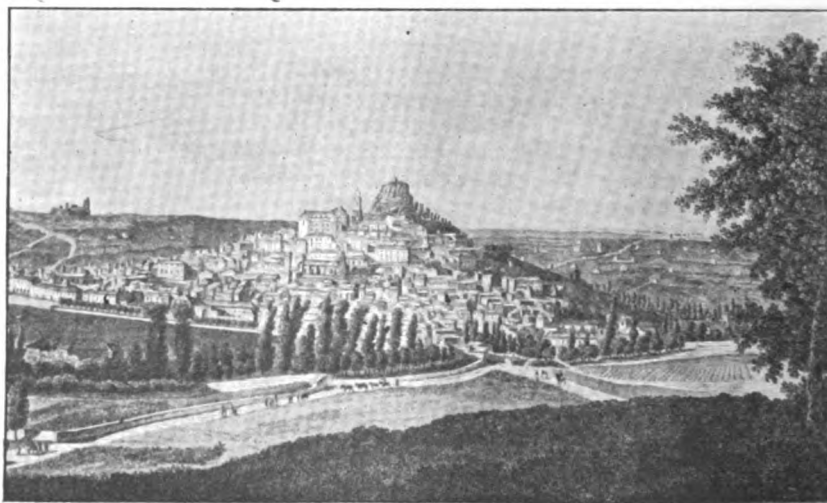
Henry Du Puy, Professor in Milan and Governor of the Castle. Rome honored him with citizenship and enrolled his posterity amongst the Patricians; he died 1574.

A name dear to every Huguenot descendant is that of General Charles Du Puy, Seigneur de Montbrun, called "le Brave Montbrun." He was one of the most valiant "Capitaines d'entre les Calvinistes, distingua durant les guerres de la religion." He was taken prisoner, after the breaking of his leg by the fall of his horse in battle; and with his leg broken and bleeding, he was dragged to a scaffold and beheaded, Aug. 12, 1575: "Il alla au supplice avec un grand courage"—going to his punishment, in the cause of his religion, with grand courage.

One of the last names mentioned in this equestrian lineage is that of

Nicholas Du Puy, "Chevalier de Malti fut tue par les Tures pres de Faragosse," in 1625.

Another Pedigree of Du Puy, Du Puis, Depew, etc., consulted in the British Museum, begins with the statement that the family, as Huguenots, are of Bordeaux. Philip Dupuis was buried March 27, 1706, at St. Martin's-in-Fields. His will mentions sons: Abraham Dupuis, gentleman, who fought at Dumblain, 1715, for which he was grant-



LA VILLE DU PUY.



RAIMOND DUPUI.

ed a Medal bearing the words: "Captain Abraham Dupuis;" mention is also made of Isaac Du Puy, baptized 1738, and of

Thomas Saunders Dupuis, Musical Doctor, Organist and Composer to the Chapel Royal, who died in 1796, was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a tablet is erected giving the following Coat of Arms: "Or, an Eagle rising from a mount proper," a direct allusion to the origin and meaning of the Surname Du Puy (see engraving.)

The oldest Armorial Bearings were achieved by Hughes Du Puy, No. 1, which is "conservees par sa descendance; D'or au lion de gueules," with the additional feature, "on a chief azure three stars, gold." This escutcheon may be seen, in part, in the book-plate of Dr. Depew, which appears at the head of this article.

The Colonial Huguenot ancestor of Dr. Depew was Nicholas Du Puy, of the lineage of Nicholas Du Puy, above named, who was killed at the Battle Faragosse in 1625. He came in the "Pummerland Church" in 1662, with his wife, Catherine de Vaux (of a distinguished Norman Family"). From their three sons, Nicholas, John, and

Moses, have descended nearly all bearing this old Norman name with its varied spellings; it being a well-known rule in Heraldry that varying orthography, in the spelling of a surname, where there is armorial identity, does not affect consanguinity.

MILITARY ANCESTRY.

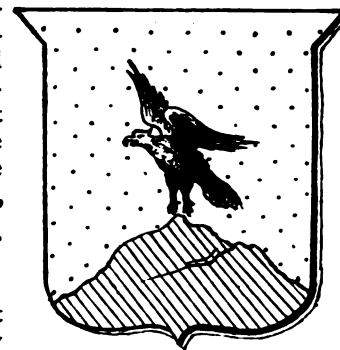
Abraham Depew, his great grandfather enlisted January 2, 1777, for the Revolutionary War, in Captain Jacob Wright's Company of the regiment commanded by Col. Philip Van Cortlandt. He was promoted Corporal June 1, 1777, and was discharged January 3, 1780, on account of expiration of term of service. He married Catherine, a daughter of Captain James Kronkite, who was commissioned Captain October 19, 1775, and served in the Third Regiment, Manor of Cortlandt, commanded by Col. Pierre Van Cortlandt.

On the maternal line Dr. Depew's Revolutionary ancestors were Rev. Josiah Sherman, brother of Roger Sherman, Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Rev. Josiah Sherman was chaplain of the 7th Connecticut in 1777.

Gabriel Ogden, his great grandfather, served in the line from Sussex County, New Jersey.

Judge Robert Johnstone, his great grandfather, was a descendant of the Clan Johnstone of Annandale, "a race of brave and warlike men of great power and authority on the Borders, and of statesmen famous for their eloquence in the Parliaments of Scotland."

DEPEW COAT OF ARMS,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A gracious gift of God no doubt,
From Princes to proceed;
But greater still good ancestors
In goodness to exceed.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE.



RUINS OF CASTLE DUPUIS.

Lincoln's Last Dream.

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1865.

BY HEZIKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

(President Lincoln, just before the assassination, said to Mrs. Lincoln:
 "When my cares of state are over, I wish to go to Palestine.)

APRIL flowers were in the hollows; in the air were April bells,
 And the wings of purple swallows rested on the battle shells.
 From the war's long scene of horror now the nations fond
 release;

All the day the old buglar blew the blessed notes of peace.

'Thwart the twilight's damask curtains

Fell the night upon the land,

Like god's smile of benediction

Shadowed faintly by his hand.

In the twilight, in the dusklight, in the starlight, everywhere,
 Banners waved like gardened flowers in the palpitating air.

In art's temple there were greetings, gentle hurrying of feet,
 And triumphant strains of music rose amid the numbers sweet.
 Soldiers gathered, heroes gathered, women beautiful were there;
 Will *he* come, the land's Beloved, there to rest an hour from care?

Will he come who for the people

Long the cross of pain has borne,

Prayed in silence, wept in silence,

Held the hand of God alone?

Will he share the hour of triumph, now his mighty work is done?
 Here receive the people's plaudits, now the victory is won?

O'er thy dimpled waves, Potomac, softly now the moonbeams creep;
 O'er far Arlington's green meadows, where the brave forever sleep.
 'Tis Good Friday; bells are tolling, bells of chapels beat the air
 On thy quiet shores, Potomac; Arlington, serene and fair.

And he comes the nation's hero,

From the white house, worn with care;

Hear the name of "Lincoln"! ringing

In the thronged streets, everywhere;

Hear the bells, what memories bringing to his long uplifted heart!
 Hear the plaudits of the people as he gains the Hall of Art.

Throbs the air with thrilling music, gayly onward sweeps the play;
 But he little heeds the laughter, for his thoughts are far away;
 Late to her who sits beside him he had said; "There haunts my mind
 One who perished for the people, and whose cross uplifts mankind.

Oft I've wished his steps to follow,

In the land he made devine.

When the cares of state are over,

I will go to Palestine.

And the paths the Blessed followed I will walk from sea to sea.
 Follow him who healed the people on the shores of Galilee."

Hung the flag triumphant 'neath him; and his eyes with tears were
 dim,

Though a thousand eyes before him lifted oft their smiles to him.
 Forms of statesmen, forms of heroes, women beautiful were there,
 Was it now another vision that had calmed his brow of care?

Hermon rising white before him?

Carmel in the evening sun?

Faith's strong armies grandly marching

Through the vale of Esdralon?

Bethany's palm-shaded gardens, where the Lord the sisters met,
 And the Pascal moon arising o'er the brow of Olivet?

Now the breath of light applauses rose the templed arches through,
 Stirred the folds of silken banners, mingled red and white and blue;
 But the Dreamer seemed to heed not; rose the past his eye before,
 Armies guarding the Potomac, flashing through the Shenandoah;

Gathering armies, darkening navies,

Heroes marching forth to die;

Chickamauga, Chattanooga,

And the Battle of the Sky;

Silent prayers to free the bondmen in the ordeal of fire,
 And God's angel's sword uplifted to fulfill his heart's desire.

Thought he of the streets of Richmond on the late triumphant day
 When the swords of vanquished leaders at his feet surrendered lay;
 When, amid the sweet bells ringing, all the sable multitudes
 Shouted forth the name of "Lincoln!" like the rushing of the floods;

Thought of all his heart had suffered;

All his struggles and renown;

Dreaming not that just above him

Lifted was the martyr's crown;

Seeing not the dark form stealing through the music haunted air;
 Knowing not that 'mid the triumph the betrayer's feet were there.

Flash! what scymetar of fire lit the flag with lurid light?

Hush! what means the shuddering silence, what that woman's
 shriek of fright?

Puff of smoke? the call bell ringing? why has stopped the airy play?
 Why the fixed look of the players that a moment passed were gay?

Why the murmurings, strange, uncertain,

Why do faces turn so white,

Why descends the affrighted curtain

Like a wild cloud 'thwart the sight?

Why the brute cries? why the tumult? Has death found the hall
 of art?

Hush! what say those quivering whispers turning into stone each
 heart?

April morning; flags are blowing! 'thwart each sable bar.

Dead, the leader of the people; dead the worlds great commoner.

Bells on the Potomac tolling; tolling by the Sangamon;

Tolling from the broad Atlantic to the ocean of the Sun.

Friend and foe clasp hands in silence,

Listen to the low prayers said,

Hear the people's benedictions,

Hear the nations praise the dead.

Lovely land of Palestina! he thy shores will never see,

But his dream fulfilled, he follows him who walked in Galilee.

The Jane McCrea Tree.

I SUPPOSE that most everybody who has studied United
 States History has learned something of the death of Jane
 McCrea, who was killed by the Indians at Fort Edward,
 N. Y., on the 27th of July, 1777. Fort Edward is a village of
 about 4,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the Hudson River. The
 main part of the village being at the foot of a hill which is called
 the "Fort Edward Hill."

Near the top of Fort Edward Hill Jane McCrea was killed by
 the Indians as she was on her way from the house of her friend
 Mrs. McNeil to the British camp at Moss Street to join her lover, to
 whom she was soon to be married. If you were to ride along the
 electric road near the top of the Fort Edward Hill you would pass
 directly by the place where Jane McCrea was killed and scalped by
 the Indians. After this bloody deed had been done her body was
 carried into a ravine near by and there hidden under a fallen tree
 and covered over with brush. Near this spot then stood another
 large pine tree and near the tree was a spring which is to-day
 known as the "Jane McCrea Spring."

It was very near this spring that the Jane McCrea Tree stood.
 It was large and tall and was a conspicuous landmark, and it was
 as near the spot where her body was found as such spots can gen-
 erally be located. This tree stood here until 1853, when it was cut
 down and manufactured into souvenirs. Lossing speaks of this
 tree as one "around which history and romance have clustered so
 many associations."

The ordinary tradition ascribed the spot where this tree stood
 as being the one where the unfortunate girl was killed. It was the
 nearest monument to mark the locality, and so it passed into a kind
 of popular saying that Jane was killed at the base of this tree, but
 old citizens who had the story direct from those who were alive at
 the time of the tragedy, said that she was killed at the top of the
 Fort Edward Hill, and some of these old citizens took the pains to
 write out a description, and I am sure that it is as nearly correct as
 it is possible to be.

In 1846, when Lossing visited this place, the tree was entirely
 destitute of any vestige of green. He made a drawing of it, which
 may be found in his "Field Book of the Revolution." He himself
 says that this engraving "is a faithful portraiture of the interesting
 relic as viewed from the opposite side of the road." And those
 who remember to have seen the tree say that it is a faithful like-
 ness, but the picture does not seem to represent the situation of the
 ground correctly, for it looks as if the tree stood on a level with the
 surrounding country, while in reality it was in the ravine. Jane
 McCrea's body was buried along side of that of an officer who was
 killed the same day near what was then, and is now, known as the
 "Black House," about three miles below the present village of Fort
 Edward. Afterwards the body was removed to what was called the
 "Old Cemetery," in the village of Fort Edward, and was again
 removed to what is now known as the Union Cemetery, between
 Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, where it now rests.

ROBERT O. BASCOM.

Fort Edward, N. Y.

The Dominic's Pilgrimage

FROM FORT AMSTERDAM TO FORT ORANGE.

BY EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

PART V.

"THE following morning I called upon Mr. Lavalette Wilson of Haverstraw, a civil engineer, whose advice, combining the accuracy of his profession and the interest of a lover of local history, was especially valuable. By his direction I was able to identify the spot where Andre came ashore from the Vulture on the night of September 21-22, 1780, and stood face to face with Arnold. I first found the ruins of an abandoned stone house on the shore, just 1 3-4 miles south of Mr. Wilson's house, and then, pacing off 300 feet more along the rocky beach, I discovered near the surface of the water—the tide being low—the few remaining timbers of the old dock. Facing inshore, I traced in the thicket which covers the foot of the Long Clove Mountain, the almost obliterated and wholly unused roadway up which Arnold led Andre to their dark and secret hiding place in the firs. It is a gloomy and forbidding wilderness, well suited to cover the perfidious business transacted within its shades. The old road is overgrown with noxious vines and intricate brush, and in places is filled with boulders and broken rock precipitated from the railroad cut above. Well might Arnold's spirit wish that the trail of his snakish crime were as nearly obliterated from the pages of history as is this roadway from the face of the landscape.

"In this connection, let me call your attention to one of many inaccuracies which I have discovered in Lossing's historical references to the Hudson. In his 'Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea,' he describes Andre's landing place as 'an estuary at the foot of Long Clove Mountain, a little below the village of Haverstraw,' and he gives a half-page illustration of an inlet with a mountainous back-ground. There is no such estuary in this vicinity. On the contrary, the landing place is on a slight projection of the western shore of the river, at the point nearest to and immediately opposite Squaw Point (on Croton Point) and commands a sweeping view of Haverstraw Bay above and the Tappan Zee below.

"Remounting my horse, I returned to Haverstraw and passed on to the Joshua Hett Smith house on Treason Hill, in West Haverstraw, just four and one-tenth miles from the landing place. I followed the same road that Arnold and Andre traversed when, being warned of the approach of daylight, and being unable to persuade Smith's oarsmen to row Andre back to the Vulture, the two conspirators skulked under of cover of the remaining darkness to this self-same house to complete their plot. The house was built 145 years ago. The old part is of red sand-stone, now covered with white cement, and has two comparatively modern wooden additions. It is occupied by Edward (?) Weiant, a veteran of the Civil War, who escaped from that conflict uninjured, but who, at the time of my visit, was lying ill from a wound received in the accidental discharge of a shot-gun which he had loaned to neighboring woman for the purpose of subduing some rowdies. The reason for the selection of this house as the rendezvous for Arnold and Andre was instantly apparent upon arrival. It is situated upon a commanding eminence, from which the river can be seen from Verplanck's Point on the one hand to Sing Sing on the other, and from which the approach of danger could readily be detected. From here they saw with alarm the firing upon the Vulture and her dropping down stream, which meant so much to them. Accustomed, as I have been, to associate Aaron Burr in about the same category as Benedict Arnold, I was not surprised to see the name of BURR chipped in the surface of the mantle-piece, in the dining-room, evidently done when Burr was studying law in this house.

"Three miles northward I crossed over 'mud bridge,' which connects with the peninsula of Stony Point, the scene of 'Mad' Anthony Wayne's famous exploit, and arrived at the house of the venerable John Ten Eyck, on the historic old King's Ferry Farm. Mr. Ten Eyck having business in the village, Mrs. Ten Eyck entertained me delightfully with reminiscences of the battle ground on which she lived. At the age of 80 she was as bright in intellect, as sprightly in body, and as vivacious in conversation as a woman of 40. In a jiffy she had the table spread and a collation set forth, and as I ate she chatted entertainingly about the old place, which came into possession of the family soon after the Revolution. Mrs. Ten Eyck's work-baskets and other receptacles were filled with Revolutionary bullets, buckles, buttons, bridle ornaments, and similar objects dug up on the place; and hiding in the corners of the floors were cannon balls ranging from three to twelve-pounders. She presented me with a six-pounder, which I added to Peg's burden until we reached the first express office. Some of the buttons she had were marked '7,' some '67,' and some 'U.S.A.' She said

that the 'U.S.A.' buttons were first used in the year of the capture of Stony Point. She related with interest the visit paid her, many years ago, by a veteran of the Revolution, who, at the age of 111, had walked all the way from Illinois, bound for his old home in Hempstead, L. I., and who was visiting the battle-fields of the Revolution en route. He told her that at the time of the capture of Stony Point by 'Mad' Anthony Wayne he had been sent down from West Point to dress the wounded on this very field. The aged palmer tramped on for Hempstead, and died the day he reached his old home.

"Mrs. Ten Eyck's anecdote reminded me that at Croton Point I had met a woman who had conversed with an eye-witness who saw the horse put to the cannon that was taken down to the Point to fire on the Vulture. When we realize that but a single life-time intervenes between us of to-day and those who won the independence of America, the War of the Revolution does not seem so very distant, after all.

"I now parted company with Peg once more, in order to be rowed across the celebrated King's Ferry, the western terminus of which is in a hollow of the coast on the northern side of the rocky promontory. A patriarchal willow weeps over the departed glory of the place which is no longer a ferry, and which bears no sign to mark its former significance. Yet here passed the most extraordinary array of men, probably, that passed any given point during the Revolutionary period. Here was maintained almost unbroken that intercourse between New England and the other colonies which it was Great Britain's policy to interrupt. This was the main crossing for the armies, American, French, British and Hessian, and in the marvellously dramatic human panorama that rolled from one shore to the other, were not only the greatest generals, the most illustrious statesmen and the flower of chivalry of the period, but also the perfidious traitor, the doomed spy, the hired murderers of an unnatural king, and other repellant figures. A pair of brawny arms required but twenty minutes to land me at Verplanck's Point, and thereby I gauged the duration of the time of the passage in the days of auld lang syne. On Verplanck's Point I could find nobody who could aid me in locating the old land-marks, and I was obliged to search unassisted for the remains of Fort Fayette. The topography of the Point has been altered materially by the excavations made, I was informed, by brick-makers; but I was able to identify a small crescent-shaped redoubt, large enough for a single gun, and a slight suspicion of a breast-work, as the only remnants of the works which complemented and shared the fortunes of Stony Point. Col. Livingston commanded the fort at the time of Arnold's treason, and despatched the cannon which drove the Vulture from her anchorage. Near by were Washington's headquarters in 1782. It was off this point that Hendrick Hudson, for a trifling cause, slew the first Indian killed by a white man on the Hudson and planted the seeds of enmity between the red and white races.

"When Lossing, the historian, visited Stony Point in 1858, it was in the winter time, and he skated to Peekskill, remarking that he 'had experienced a tedious but interesting day, the remembrance of which was far more delightful than was its endurance.' I made my way to the same destination on horse-back, one beautiful autumn afternoon, and the experience was as delightful as the remembrance. Nevertheless, I was glad to reach a populous village, with its physical comforts, and, most of all, to find myself the guest of a highly esteemed citizen and prominent banker of New York and Peekskill, a patriotic member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a charming host, Mr. Cornelius Amory Pugsley.

"I must say that I awaited day-break and my first glimpse of Peekskill with no little curiosity," continued the Dominic, "but my erroneous conception of the place disappeared upon finding the village pretty much like any other thriving and enterprising village similarly situated, and its people neither strange nor unnatural."

I could not at first divine what queer notion the Pilgrim had in his head about this charming place. Doubtless the reader has already discovered that notwithstanding his remarkable book-learning, he had curious little crotchets now and then, due, no doubt, to the narrow life of a rural minister. I ventured to ask him, therefore, what this erroneous impression was, of which he had so happily been disabused.

"I have always deemed it my duty," said the Pilgrim, "to keep in touch with the outside world, and having been a sedulous reader of the daily newspapers, I had formed my opinion of Peekskill from the after-dinner speeches of Chauncey M. Depew. Up to this time I had placed implicit reliance upon the statements made by this distinguished orator about his native village. I had observed that whenever he wanted to enliven a speech he invariably drew upon the never-failing reservoir of his Peekskill experiences for an anecdote or illustration. At length, I came to reflect with amazement upon the extraordinary nature of a population that could supply such an array of remarkable characters as he has delineated

from time to time. The doctors, the lawyers, the merchants, the bankers, the ministers, the boys, the men,—everybody was either a little shrewder, a little wittier, a little more virtuous, or a little wicked than anybody else on the face of the earth. I would not have been surprised, therefore, if I had found the villagers a distinct tribe of people, set apart and marked from the rest of their kind by certain physical characteristics, with, perhaps, the Depew features predominating. But my visit disillusioned me. I found that the strange inhabitants with which Mr. Depew had peopled his native town were as unsubstantial as the legendary creatures with which the magic pen and lively imagination of Irving have populated other romantic spots along the Hudson.

"Accompanied by Supervisor F. Couch, a prominent lawyer and the best posted antiquarian of the town, my host drove me about the beautiful and picturesque place. A circuitous drive of six miles took us to the sight of Fort Independence overlooking the Hudson on the north of the hill. Absolutely nothing remains of the old fortifications. The gravel hill on which it stood is being carted away, chiefly to New York, to make driveways in the parks. Turning inland again, and passing under the shadow of Gallows Hill, we traversed a peaceful little valley in which Continental Village was once situated. In the days of the Revolution this was a bustling military depot, consisting of barracks for 2,000 men, factories and depositories for all kinds of army necessities. On October 9, 1777, three days after the fall of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, Tryon made a descent upon the place and by fire and sword utterly wiped it out of existence. Only two or three neat farm-houses now mark the site of so much former activity, and lowing herds graze peacefully where terror once reigned. Thence we ascended Gallows Hill, a noble eminence upon which Putnam's army encamped, from which we saw, across the Peekskill Hollow, upon the next hill, the place where the British were encamped. It was upon Gallows Hill that Edmund Palmer was executed as a British spy. The townspeople of Peekskill quote verbatim to-day the laconic reply of 'Old Put' to Clinton's remonstrance against Palmer's execution:—

"SIR—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the army's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, convicted as a spy, and shall be hanged as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S.—He has been accordingly executed."

"As we wandered over the fertile and cultivated summit of the hill, eating velvety peaches of our own picking, it was hard to realize that it ever was Mars' Hill and resounded with the rattle of more warlike implements than the sickles which rang in the surrounding corn fields.

"Let me digress from the order of my story to say here, that near the end of our drive we saw, back of the Peekskill Military Academy, a venerable oak, on which Daniel Strang, another spy, was hanged; and several days later, near Kingston, I visited the field where Daniel Taylor met a like end. The fates of Hale, Andre, Palmer, Strang and Taylor, show that the infliction of this terrible punishment was not unfrequent during the Revolution. Their histories alone would make more than one fascinating volume of American history.

"On our way to the hotel, at the junction of the King's Highway and the Peekskill Hollow road, we came to the old house occupied by the Misses Holman. Built in 1750, it was once a flourishing tavern, and here Andre was confined one night in September, 1780, while en route to West Point, a prisoner. I was shown the room in which he sobbed the night away. The other objects of interest which we passed were a spring by the roadside called the 'Soldier's Spring,' where an American was hit by a spent ball while quenching his thirst; and an old oak tree that was used as a military whipping post.

"After a delightful drive about the village, and viewing its modern beauties and attractions, I reluctantly paid my kindly host adieu, betook myself to the river-side and embarked in a row boat for the opposite shore. The wind was blowing between the Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose with a violence that reminded me of the bulbous-bottomed goblin, with trunk hose and sugar-loaf hat, who is said to regulate the weather at the lower gate of the Highlands; but placing no credence in this vain superstition, I did not, like Dominic Van Giesen of Esopus, chant the hymn of St. Nicholas in order to exorcise him, but simply clung to my hat, that it might not share the fate of Mrs. Van Giesen's night-cap and land on Esopus church steeple, 40 miles distant. A pull of three-quarters of an hour, in the teeth of a lively sea, amid dashing spray, brought us under the lee of the great Dunderberg, and little cared I then how violently Anthony blew his nose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

THE Seventh Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution was more successful and satisfactory than any previous Congress. It opened on Monday morning, February 21st, in the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C. The stage was handsomely decorated.

Grouped around the President General, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, were the members of the national board, many of whom are the wives of high officials in Washington.

The first floor was filled with delegates, while the galleries were overflowing with alternates and visiting "daughters."

The important features of the first morning were the annual address of the President General and the response of Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes of Tennessee. Immediately, on conclusion of the addresses, fitting resolutions on the Maine disaster were offered and unanimously adopted.

The afternoon session was a busy one, and was occupied entirely by the report of the credential committee, roll call, and seating of the delegates. State Regents drew for the location of their respective delegations.

At the evening session it was discovered that the afternoon session had not been adjourned, and the Congress proceeded to adjourn, and the evening session was called to order.

The first work of the Congress was to accept the program presented by the program committee, Miss Laura W. Fowler of Old South Chapter, Boston, suggested that it be turned "end for end," that the work assigned to Friday and Saturday, consisting of amendments, and "The good of the society," could be discussed before those from a distance were wending their way homeward. She also suggested that, as the amendments, according to the program, came after the election, and provided for abolishing some of the officers, it might be awkward to elect officers one day and legislate them out of office the next. Therefore the programs of Wednesday and Thursday exchanged places.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was presented to the Congress and commended the work of the order. She said "On my father's side there was no fighting, for he was a Quaker. On my mother's side there was plenty of fighting blood. I have declined joining the organization, for you know my fighting is not for my ancestors, who are too dead to act, but for the women who are alive upon this continent to-day.

Tuesday's exercises opened with the singing of "America" and after prayer by the chaplain the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, as was done on each succeeding morning of the Congress.

A great flutter and much discussion followed the suggestion that the beautiful blue silk banners, with the names of the states inscribed upon them in gilt letters, and which the chairman of the arrangements declared were the "pride of her heart," be removed, so that an unobstructed view of the stage could be obtained. Some objected to "hauling down the flag," and it was decided to lower the hooks three feet, during the noon recess.

After several resolutions were adopted the day was consumed in listening to the reports of the various national officers.

The treasurer general reported \$38,000 as the assets of the society.

The vice president general in charge of organizations of chapters, reported 624 Chapter Regents, and 74 chapters organized during the year, in all 23,292 members.

A chapter in Honolulu, called "Aloha" Chapter, meaning "Love to you," has been organized with 26 members.

Registrar general Mrs. Mary Seymour reported nearly 6,000 new members, during the year, among them 65 "real" daughters, whose fathers served in the Revolutionary War.

Resolutions were offered upon the death of Miss Francis E. Willard, who was a "daughter." They were adopted by a rising vote.

A telegram of greeting from the Sons of the American Revolution of Arkansas, who were celebrating Washington's birthday, was received. A communication from the National Flower Congress in session at Nashville, N. C., was read and various receptions announced.

The office of the first vice president was abolished and the twenty, representing the different states, are now upon equal footing, each one being liable to a call from the president-general to preside at a board meeting.

The banquet at the Arlington on Tuesday evening, given by the national officers to delegates, alternates and visiting daughters, was the social event of the week. Occurring in the evening follow-

ing the grand assembly ball, the social and closing event of the season at Washington, the committee were able to avail themselves of their marvellous decorations. They were similar to those in the treasury building at the inauguration ball last season. The marine band, stationed in the main parlor, contributed patriotic music. The toilets of the ladies were extremely beautiful and indescribably brilliant with gems, which, reflected from the many mirrors, added charm to the scene. Mrs. Adlai Stevenson received, assisted by Mrs. Brackett, first vice-president Genl. Miss Lavinia Dempsey, who was recently crowned queen of the Holland Dames in New York, was present in her coronation robes. Words cannot describe them. The robe was of royal blue velvet. Her crown, which cost \$10,000, she did not wear, as it was not her reception.

The Continental Hall Committee at the Congress reported progress and suggested that the sum of \$50,000 be secured before a site is purchased. Five thousand dollars from the fund of the society was handed over to the committee, and with more than \$10,000 raised upon the floor, by voluntary donation during the hour of discussion, the fund was increased to \$42,000. Medals were presented the four founders of the society; Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, Miss Eugenia Washington, and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood. They were voted them at the 6th Congress at a cost of \$250 each. The right of Mrs. Lockwood, editor of the *American Monthly*, the organ of the society, to receive a medal, was contested at first, but having been proven in part, she was awarded a medal, the eagle being removed and a pen substituted. She very graciously accepted the change, saying, "Any old bird will do for me. I can go through life content that the eagle is the emblem of my country. I would prefer a dove, however."

Among the vice-presidents chosen were Mrs. Russell Alger, wife of secretary of war, Mrs. Hanna, wife of the senator from Ohio, Mrs. Frye, wife of the senator of Maine and Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the senator of Indiana.

Registrar General, Mrs. Jane Seymour, reported having verified 3080 papers. Of this number 65 were "real" daughters. At the October meeting of the Board, she presented the names of ten real daughters whose united ages were 831. The oldest Miss Mary Spooner, is 104 years of age. She has never ridden in a steam car and says she will not at this late time of life. Six thousand members have been added during the year. The first of the amendments provided that the office of Surgeon General be abolished. It was accepted without a dissenting voice.

An amendment reducing the representation, after a long discussion passed, showing that each and every Chapter in the country shall be represented by its Regent or Alternate. In addition to this, a chapter shall be entitled to a delegate for the first 50 members. If the chapter numbers 100 the representation must remain the same, one delegate.

One delegate shall also be elected for every subsequent 100 members. An amendment making the National Board of Management—an administrative body—was passed with but one dissenting voice.

An amendment which caused much discussion, was passed which read as follows:

Proposed amendments to the constitution may be presented at any Continental Congress, and acted upon at the next Congress, the full power to amend being vested in the Continental Congress, providing that sixty days' notice be given, before the assembling of the Congress, at which they are to be acted upon.

A telegram was received from Cleveland, Ohio, as follows:

Daughters of the American Revolution, Washington, D. C.: The Western Reserve Society, Sons of the American Revolution, send fraternal and patriotic greeting, to the grandest society of patriotic women on earth!

A telegram was received from Seattle, Washington, stating, The Washington Society, Sons of the American Revolution send greetings.

The Maryland Society, Sons of the American Revolution, sent a letter of greeting, asking the influence of the Congress in behalf of the bill in the U. S. Congress for making an appropriation to the Maryland revolutionary monument.

An amendment reducing registrar's general to one instead of two, passed without debate.

Resolution commending the project of erecting a monument at mouth of New York harbor, in commemoration of the sailors who lost their lives in the battleship Maine, was accepted. An interesting report was read by the chairman of the Relic Committee. A resolution calling for a monument toward securing from Congress of the United States, pensions for the few surviving real daughters of soldiers and sailors who fought in the war of the revolution, was discussed, and was finally laid on the table. A design for a "marker" for the graves of revolutionary soldiers was submitted to the Congress.

Reports were made by the National University Committee, and the chairman of the "Prison Ship lists."

It is estimated that over 11,000 prisoners perished on the "Old Jersey" alone. The names of many of these, are being gathered from lists found in different localities. A proposition to purchase "Meadow Garden Farm," in Augusta, Georgia, where George Walten, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence lived, at time of his oath, was referred to the Congress.

The election was the most exciting ever held by the daughters. Each of the three candidates, Mrs. Daniel Manning, Mrs. Donald McLean, and Mrs. Rose Brackett, were ably nominated. It was almost a foregone conclusion, that the ticket supported by the Board, towards the success of which everything else was sacrificed, even the consideration of appreciation of the invaluable services of the First Vice President General, Mrs. Brackett, would be successful. However, as Mrs. McLean said, who was first to congratulate the successful candidate, bowing to the will of the majority with becoming grace "with Mrs. Daniel Manning in the Presidential chair, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, all honored President General, and the rest of us doing our duty on the floor, all will be well." So say we all of us!

An amendment for Biennial elections passed to take effect in 1900.

During the last day many amendments were offered, the most important being for a reduction of dues. This matter has been before the Congress for the past four years, and been ignored, because the Board and not the Congress was the "administrative" body and did not approve. A telegram inviting the daughters to visit the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, next summer, was received.

The report on amalgamation of the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution was read.

The Constitution and Charter, under which the Daughters of the American Revolution became incorporated, will not admit of union with any other organization.

A loving cup was presented to Mrs. Stevenson, who had served as President General for four years, and gained the warmest esteem and admiration of the Congress.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Rose Brackett who has so ably assisted the President.

A motion looking towards representation of the Society at the Paris exhibition was made and unanimously adopted, when the Seventh Congress was adjourned *sine die*.

MR. EDITOR—In your February number I noticed an article signed by Mary Desha, giving an account of the origin of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. It is in the main correct, but as these matters are really historical (or will become so in the course of time,) it is well to have the light thrown fully on all sides and nothing left in shadow, or unexplained, or incorrectly stated. I wrote to Mr. W. O. McDowell immediately after reading the article on Hannah Arnett, and his eloquent appeal to the descendants of patriots to form a daughters' society. He promptly answered, saying he had received similar letters to my own from Mrs. De Wolff (a descendant of Hannah Arnett,) Miss Eugenia Washington and Miss Mary Desha. He advised my calling on the three ladies or writing them to meet at my house, where we might discern the matter of forming a society, and after formulating plans, he would come over from New York and organize the society. The weather being very warm, and my preparations for leaving the city almost completed, I wrote to the three ladies above referred to only; although there were quite a number of others present. It was decided to postpone the organization until autumn. Before I returned to the city I received a letter from Miss Desha, saying that the society had been organized, and that I had been elected its treasurer-general. I declined the position as one of too great responsibility. Another letter followed this declination, saying that I could have the secretary-generalship if I wanted it. This position I also declined, as being too onerous. I was offered a vice-presidency. I declined, as I did not wish an official position, being already the historian of the Colonial Dames in the District of Columbia, and also connected with the Mount Vernon Association and other societies. The error in spelling my name "*Walcott*," "*Brown*," is not at all serious, but I will correct it by signing myself

Very cordially yours,

LOUISE WOLCOTT KNOWLTON BROWNE,
1645 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A short time ago the Committee on Civics and Patriotism recently appointed for the purpose of inculcating patriotism in the public schools met in the Hotel Manhattan. Their purpose may be good, but what must the parents of the children think when they learn that this learned committee propose to teach political facts instead of theories. Their first lessons would be naturally a study of some of the more important facts of city politics. A short history of the Tweed ring, the rise and fall of Tammany and its resuscitation. Then, too, for the purpose of illustration the schools could have their Tammanies. Our schools need patriotism, but it will never be obtained by a knowledge of corrupt local politics.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

GEORGE CLINTON BATCHELLER is a native of Grafton, Mass., where he was born September 27, 1834. The founder of his family in America, Joseph Batcheller, of Canterbury, England, with his wife Elizabeth, one child and three servants, came to the Massachusetts colony in 1636. He became a deputy of the General Court of Boston in 1644, and the first representative from Wenham. Mark Batcheller, one of the

sons of Joseph, was killed in the assault upon the stronghold of the Narragansetts in 1675.

Abraham Batcheller, grandson of Joseph, married a Scotch girl of Salem and removed to Sutton, Mass., probably in 1751, where he bought one thousand and acres of land at one shilling per acre. Their children were ten sons, who grew to manhood, each receiving at his majority a farm of 100 acres. This Abraham Batcheller was not only a man of indomitable courage and perseverance, but very eccentric. It is related of him that instead of cutting out the underbrush to give himself a clear track to any part of his large tract which



BATCHELLER

he desired to visit, he was accustomed to start his three yoke of oxen on a "bee line" and crush through all obstructions. The children received a cup of tea once a week only, and that upon Sunday morning. Two of these ten sons, Abner and Abraham, as appears from the archives of the Revolutionary War still preserved in Boston, were enrolled upon April 19, 1775, among the "minute men," who upon that day shared in the famous battle of Concord and Lexington. This Abner, great-grandfather of George Clinton Batcheller, participated in the movement on Dorchester Heights, March 4, 1776, which resulted in the hasty evacuation of Boston by the British. The son of Abner, Moses, Mr. Batcheller's grandfather, served in the war of 1812, on board the famous frigate Constitution. Mr. Batcheller's father, Moses Leland Batcheller, established a scythe industry in Grafton about the year 1831. Owing to superior quality and workmanship, the goods became very popular. The "Batcheller" brand was a guaranty of excellence, and was much sought after by farmers throughout the country. The manufacture finally removed to Burrillville, now Smithville, R. I., where it was carried on by "the In-mans," extensive manufacturers of that place.

Through his grandmother, Polly Chase, and his great-grandmother, Prudence Leland, Mr. Batcheller is related to the Chase and Leland families of New England. His mother was Sarah A. Phillips, a descendant from Rev. George Phillips, who came from Norfolk, England, in 1630. Her grandfather, Ebenezer Phillips, enlisted April 24, 1775, and served as sergeant in Captain Luke Drury's company, fighting at the battle of Bunker Hill under the immediate command of General Warren. General George S. Batcheller, late Minister of Portugal, is a relative of Mr. Batcheller.

Up to the age of seventeen years Mr. Batcheller attended the Grafton High School. Later he graduated from Barre Academy, Vermont, in 1855. Accepting a position with the old and well known Boston dry goods firm of Turner, Wilson & Co., he remained with them until 1857, when he came to New York; and a little after, under the firm of Nichols & Batcheller, engaged in the manufacture and sale of crinolines, hoop-skirts and corsets. From this partnership Mr. Batcheller withdrew in 1865, and from this period dates not only the beginning of the house of Langdon, Batcheller & Co., but also the real beginning of the great world-wide corset industry. The magnitude of the business may be inferred from the fact, that the value of domestic manufactures in this line, for the United States, now aggregates more than \$12,000,000 annually.

It was in this year, 1865, that the original firm of Thomson, Langdon & Co., of which Mr. Batcheller now became an active and leading member, established a factory for the corset branch of the business in London, England. Already branch houses had been established in various parts of Europe, a bold step for an American firm at that day. Presently, however, the American market was found so large that the foreign branches were discontinued.

In 1876 the extensive factory and plant at Bridgeport, Conn., was established for the manufacture of the now celebrated Patent Glove-Fitting Corsets. Two years later Mr. Thomson, the London partner, retired. Mr. Langdon took the management of the financial affairs of the firm, while Mr. Batcheller, as the executive man of the business, has mainly made it what it is. His ability, enterprise, and personal energy in unremitting attention to every detail are quite remarkable. No business man in New York in any line of business has acquired a more solid and enviable reputation. In 1892 Mr. Langdon retired, and Mr. Batcheller became sole proprietor of the business. Later he associated in business with him, his brother William H. Batcheller and George C. Miller.

Under the management of Mr. Batcheller, the eminent success of the house, with the rapid enlargement of its facilities and increasing importance of its trade, is not a surprise. The factory and plant at Bridgeport have received frequent additions and extensions, so that in 1892 the productive capacity increased fully one-third; and it is now one of the largest plants, as well as the most complete and admirably equipped corset factory in existence. The working force numbers fully one thousand hands and the productive capacity is enormous. This flattering success is only the legitimate reward of sound judgment combined with rare executive ability and unflagging zeal in the upbuilding of a great industry.

Still Mr. Batcheller's absorption in business is not such as to exclude him from social life and the duties of citizenship. He is an active member of the Colonial Club, the Republican and West Side Republican clubs, also of the West End Property Owners' Association, one of the board of trustees and the treasurer of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, West Seventy-sixth street, and life member of the New England Society, charter member of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America and Sons of the American Revolution, American Institute of Civics and member of Masonic Order. He is a fancier of fine horses, owning several valuable animals. He is also a lover of art. In his collection of paintings are the rare and valuable portraits of General Wash-



GEORGE CLINTON BATCHELLER

ington and Martha, his wife, taken at Mount Vernon in 1796 by Sharpless, the London artist.

He is a close observer and good judge of human nature, and to this fact must be attributed his happy faculty of surrounding himself with a corps of workers unexcelled by any business house. He has a literary turn of mind, and though fond of society, yet devotes much of his leisure hours to his library, which contains many miscellaneous and standard works by the best authors.

Mrs. Batcheller is a member of New York Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, is also a member of the National Association of New England Women.

LEE PHILLIPS was born in Schodack, Rensselaer County, New York, and spent his boyhood days upon his father's farm. His great grandfather, John Phillips, was born in 1741, and lived in Dutchess County at the time the Revolutionary War began. He served with distinction as captain of a company in a Columbia County regiment, and died in 1805 at the age of sixty-four. He was buried in the "Old Log Meeting House Burying-Ground," in the town of Schodack, where a headstone still marks his grave. David Phillips, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, carried a musket in the war of 1812, and Andrew Phillips, the father of Lee Phillips, being incapacitated by reason of his age from service in the late civil war, spent most of his time and means in enlisting men in the service of the Union.



LEE PHILLIPS.

Lee Phillips studied law for three years in the office of the law firm of R. A. and F. J. Parmenter at Troy, and at the age of 21 years was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in that city as assistant to the Corporation Counsel, the Hon. Roswell A. Parmenter.

In 1880, Mr. Phillips went to New York City, where his close application to the duties of his profession soon won him a prominent place among the legal fraternity.

Mr. Phillips was never a candidate for public office, but in 1886, Mayor Grace sent for him and tendered the appointment to the position which he now holds, namely that of Secretary to the Municipal Civil Service Commission. The appointment was accepted, and excepting an interval of one year under Mayor Grant and two years under Mayor Strong, Mr. Phillips has held the position ever since and has discharged its onerous and complicated duties to the satisfaction of the several Mayors under whom he served, as well as of the general public and the heads of the various departments of the City Government.

He is a member of the Colonial Club and West End Association. His wife is a daughter of the Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She is an alumnus of Laselle Seminary of Mass. and president of the Laselle Club of New York.

Col. Lewis Cheesman Hopkins.

JOHNS HOPKINS, of Hartford, the man who honors Stephen, of the Mayflower, if his son, was made freeman in 1634 (Records of Mass., vol. 1, page 370, confirmed as to statement by C. R., vol. 1, page 153.) the same year his son Stephen, whose name would seem to corroborate the kinship between the two, was born.

To make the above satisfactory and beyond any present doubt, as it is in evidence from all the authorities in our possession, I quote the records on which everything is founded, and leave to the public the accepting or refusing my own strong convictions.

In tracing the ancestry of Col. Archibald Hopkins, of Washington, through his father, the great Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, to John, of Hartford, "who came from Coventry, England, to Cambridge, Mass., in 1630," the above is stated without demur in "American Ancestry," Vol. IV., pp. 227-228, and the book was published in 1889, when this discussion was at least in a quiescent state.

Then in Paige's "History of Cambridge," p. 33, it is implied that John Hopkins's name first appears in the list of proprietors in 1633, while a little later on, it is stated that "perhaps many of them were here earlier than the dates would indicate."

The next confirmation (which also is applicable to the Windsor, Conn., records) by the author is to the effect that "some whose names are given under date of 1632 were certainly in Cambridge in 1631, and some entered on the lists in 1633 and 1634 may have been residents one or two years previously."

John Hopkins married Jane—and furthermore history saith not, but if he came over in 1630, as "Munsell" unhesitatingly asserts, and only attained his majority which entitled him to freemanship in 1634, he must have married in America, and it is quite a natural surmise that his wooing may have detained him in Cambridge, instead of seeking his father in Plymouth or elsewhere.

In a history which I have never been able to find again, so have not even the faintest actual authority for the statement, after this marriage of John Hopkins to Jane—there was written in pencil "Strong." The wish may have been father of the thought, still the possibilities tend naturally that way, claiming as I feel borne out in saying by constant study of their connections, that those who came over for twenty years after the Mayflower, were mainly relatives, only waiting for the verdict of the pioneers to make their start.

The human consignment of the "Adventurers" were not those to the "manner born," and should not be cast upon the "old comers," as of their ilk.

In Paige's early plan of Cambridge (pages 15 and 16) John Hopkins draws among the first, being only "24" on the list, his house situated on Spring or Mount Auburn street. The whole desire of placing everything I could gather before the public was not for assertion, but discussion; convictions which one must hold alone are of little value, and, fortunately, I have been spared this, but every Hopkins must have some legends or records, and if the impulse to bring them forward is not strong enough for action, they have the regrets which will always remain with them.

Figures make strong testimony, are accepted as facts. Thus John Hopkins, of Hartford, who, according to the possibility resulting from my search, was born in 1613, became truthfully a "freeman," as told in the records of Massachusetts, vol. 1, page 370, March 4, 1634. A proud husband immediately after, and, to fill the year with blessings, welcomed Stephen, sole son of his heart and home, the same year.

The supposition by many is, though I cannot verify it by records, that he went to Hartford with the Rev. Thomas Hooker's company. Location and time are in favor of this. There must have been some great attraction drawing him there, for his position in Cambridge was of the best.

However, in Hartford, he became an original proprietor, "townsman," if that were an additional honor, in 1640, juror 1643, and then surrounded by all that proves life attractive, died in 1654, making him, according to his freemanship and the date of birth I have supplied, 41 years of age, his comparative youth being always in history.

A man was only required to be of age to secure "freemanship,"

but there was, of course, a varying rate of age after that. Time of arrival and inclination (the cause for the latter I have already explained) had much to do with claiming or accepting it.

His wife, Jane Hopkins, thus early a widow, found that traditional Pilgrim comforter in Nathaniel Ward, of Hartford, afterward of Hadley, and so far as the step relations she gave the Hopkins descent, had no cause for regret.

Stephen, the first child and only son, married Dorcas Bronson, daughter of John Bronson, the emigrant ancestor of that family, a man of military fame, having served in the Pequod war.

Bethia, the only daughter, "born about 1635, married May 21, 1652, Deacon Samuel Stocking, of Middletown; second, James Steele, of Hartford."

I have hoped much from this name connection, have traced it among the early settlers, and thought to place it in England so directly as to be family proof. Seeking a friend on this subject, he joined the search, and we make the earliest record in the Mildmay family collaterally.

That period was such a field for "Elizabeth" in every form that it seemed possible to me among the many nicknames that followed everything in "ye olden times," Beth, Bertha and Bethia might result. The lack of spelling for centuries added or took away a letter without the slightest compunction.

This would be a singular confirmation of relationship if John Hopkins, of Hartford, had this purpose in naming the daughter of Bethia after his stepmother. And one reflects on the horror of the Pilgrims at anything savoring of Popery, the force of thus naming Stephen, son of John, of Hartford, is a very powerful argument, for the relation of Stephen, of the Mayflower, as St. Stephen, would interdict such an act except for the strong family desire of perpetuating the father's and grandfather's name.

Who would not claim relationship with Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D.D., of Newport, R. I., the famous divine, from whom the Hopkinson School of Theology received its name, better known to some readers as the hero of the "Minister's Wooing," great, great grandson of John.

Then bringing the name down to the memory of the living that greatest of all these who have borne the name of Hopkins, treasured by every student of Williams College who had the pleasure of being under him, held inexpressibly dear in the hearts of all, this Rev. Mark Hopkins, LL.D., as they called him, who, when visiting his grave the centennial of the college, October 8, 1893, "The Sainted Hopkins" give added value to his inheritance.

The military record of this branch of the family is unequalled. Stephen Hopkins, of Hartford (son of Ebenezer), then of Harwinton, afterwards of "Nine Partners" (Amenia, Dutchess County, New York), had five sons officers in the Revolutionary army, two being killed by the Indians. Can a country ask more of its citizens?

It was a wonderful family, filled with piety, good works and patriotism. My endeavor will be to place a few genealogical lines, from various sections, that I can authenticate, so that those of the same lineage will see where they belong in this great history.

Mr. Lewis Cheesman Hopkins (starts until notice is given him of another generation), with John Hopkins, of Hartford, then Stephen, his only son, who married Dorcas Bronson; next Ebenezer Hopkins, born in 1669, resided in Hartford, married Mary, daughter of Deacon Samuel Butler, of Weathersfield. Hezekiah, their son, born November 21, 1702, in Hartford, afterwards of Harwinton, Conn., married Sarah Davis, June, 1742. Hezekiah the second, of Harwinton, born in 1758, married Eunice Hubbell, June

12, 1783; their son, William Milton, born August 1, 1789, married Almira Adkins, November 7, 1807.

Then Lewis C. Hopkins, who married Julia Maria Whetstone, and to their two living sons, gives the inherited family patriotism, himself a Son of the American Revolution, a member of the "Founders' and Patriots' Society," while the grandchildren, following in his footsteps, are learning duty to their country and flag, with the "Children's Society of 1776."

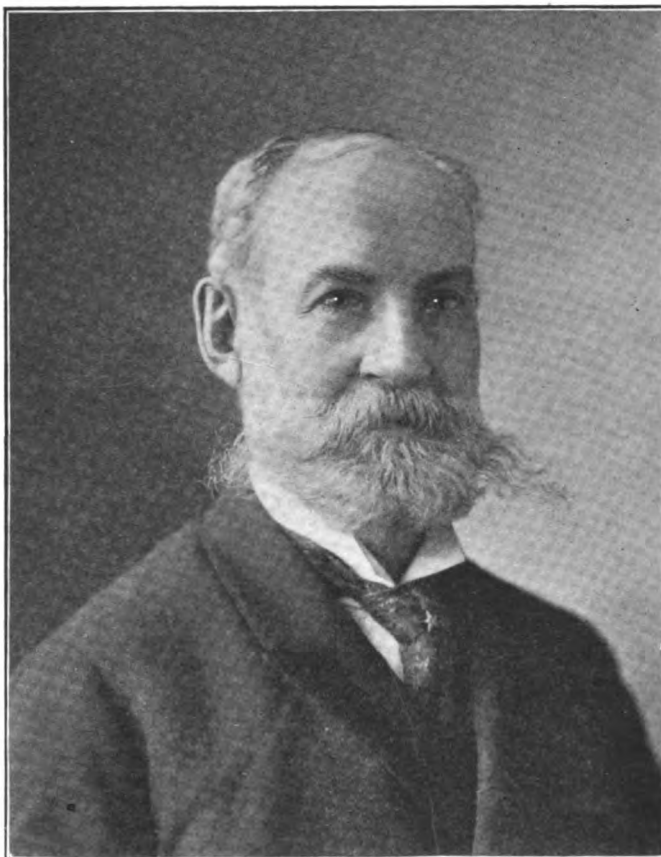
After nearly thirty years' active life in Cincinnati in 1874 closed out his concern to withdraw permanently from business in that city.

Mr. Hopkins commenced his career as a clerk and salesman, and by diligence and devotion to business worked himself into personal favor with his employers and popularity with the customers until in time he became a proprietor. He donated a park to the city of Cincinnati in 1866, which was named "Hopkins Park." He has been remarkable for gathering about him the best class of young men and women, and making them not only useful to him, but valuable to the business community. Mr. Hopkins took more than a proprietor's interest in his employees, and endeared himself to them by a kindness of heart at once sincere and sustained.

Mr. Hopkins is a public spirited man, and during his time in Cincinnati was prominent in fostering a popular love for music, having built a handsome music hall, and occupied the position of President of the Harmonic Society for several years. He was active as a member of the United States Sanitary Commission and of the first Board of Health, and in various other ways took an active interest in the material welfare of the city. During the Civil War his patriotism was marked. He devoted much time and paid large sums of money for the assistance of troops en route for the war, marching companies of soldiers into his store, feeding them, and freely distributing blankets and clothing without cost.

In 1862 he was commissioned "Colonel of Volunteers" by Governor Yates of Illinois.

On the evening of September 13th, 1862, the "Winfield Rifles" of Cincinnati, preceded by a military band, marched to his residence, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, making him a present of a heavy service of solid silver, which has become of historic value, descending to the oldest son, Franklin Whetstone Hopkins, by whom it is sacredly cherished. An engrossed parchment, signed by all the officers and members of the company, accompanied the gift, containing the following, which was also



COL. LEWIS CHEESMAN HOPKINS

engraved on the largest piece:

Lewis C. Hopkins:—

DEAR SIR—We, your fellow members of the "Winfield Rifles," present you with a Service of Silver as a testimonial of our heartfelt gratitude for your conduct towards us during our short career as soldiers in the field. Having had no claims upon your purse, you, with princely liberality, expended thousands of dollars on our equipment; having had no other than the ordinary demands of humanity upon your hospitality, you generously fed us and ministered unto us; having had no right to look to you for more than the labor and time which we all gave to the cause, you devoted day and night and herculean exertions to ameliorate our condition as raw soldiers, unprovided with the ordinary comforts of the camp and the field.

In doing these things you manifested no ambition except to serve your country, and no emotions except those of a generous and self-sacrificing nature. We are proud to have you as a member of our Company, and to be permitted to subscribe ourselves

YOUR FRIENDS.

CINCINNATI, September 13, 1862.

The New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America gave a reception and banquet at the Windsor Hotel on the evening of December 7th, in honor of its governor, the Hon. William Winton Goodrich.

Just before adjournment, Governor-General Grant announced that the members of the society had a pleasant little surprise in store for another member, and that Mr. Hall had been requested to spring it upon its victim. As the object of the surprise is one of the most zealous workers and deserving members of the society, we quote the brief remarks of the speaker in full.

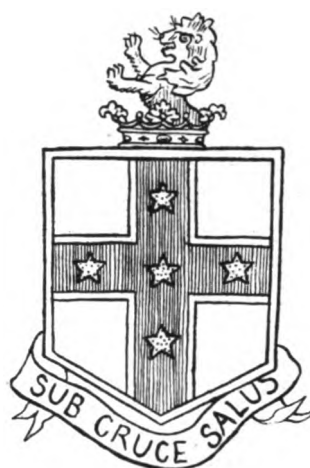
"Mr. Governor-General and Associates, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are assembled here this evening chiefly to pay tribute to our distinguished Governor, Justice Goodrich, but it is desired also to pay a measure of honor to another officer of the society, its efficient registrar, Colonel Lewis C. Hopkins. Colonel Hopkins has been one of the most indefatigable workers for the growth of the society that we have. Whenever you hear the name of Hopkins you naturally expect something good. We think of Edward Hopkins, a Colonial governor of Connecticut; of Esek Hopkins, first commodore in the United States navy; of Johns Hopkins, the philanthropist; of Mark Hopkins, president of Williams College, whom the boys loved so much that they used to call him "Mark, the Perfect Man;" of Samuel Hopkins, the eminent divine and founder of the Hopkinsonian school of theology; of Stephen Hopkins, Signer of the Declaration of Independence; and of the other Hopkinses, and you expect to find a man of more than ordinary ability. Now I don't know from which, if any, of these Hopkinses Colonel Hopkins descends, but he seems to combine the qualities of all of them—of the Governor, the Commodore, the Philanthropist, the Perfect Man the Doctor of Divinity, and the Signer of the Declaration of Independence. If this does not explain Colonel Hopkins' activity in behalf of the interests of the society, perhaps it can be accounted for in another way. It was only yesterday that I obtained a satisfactory explanation myself. It seems that Colonel Hopkins is half a pair of twins. When his father faced the task of naming the infants, he considered the subject with a view to the greatest good to the greatest numbers. He wanted to give them names which would in some way be instrumental for good to their fellow-citizens. It happened that at that time two Presbyterian evangelists were conducting a successful revival in Colonel Hopkins' birthplace, and were doing a glorious work in saving sinners. Colonel Hopkins' father being a Presbyterian himself, determined to name the boys after the two evangelists, and thus set the mask of destiny upon them. That is where Colonel Hopkins gets his middle name, Cheesman, and where, undoubtedly, he also gets his wonderful ability as a patriotic evangelist in the work of this society. Our organization is greatly indebted to our Registrar for tireless labors and his earnest efforts in promoting its growth. If he has not secured more members than any other associate, I think it may safely be said that he has secured more in the time that he has devoted to the work. In recognition of these services, his associates have requested me to present to him, in their behalf, this beautiful gold insignia of the Order. Please accept this, Colonel Hopkins, as a token of the esteem in which you are held by your friends in this Order; and accept it also with the assurance of the confidence of your associates that when you wear it on your breast, it will lie over one of the most loyal and patriotic hearts that beats in the Order."

As the speaker pinned the beautiful insignia of the Order upon Col. Hopkins' breast, the Registrar was visibly affected by the unexpected testimonial of confidence. Nevertheless he found words to express his appreciation, and to say that whatever success had attended his efforts had been due not only to his love of the Order, but to the application of principles formed during his long business career. Colonel Hopkins performed the lion's share of work in connection with the banquet, and its success was an additional testimony to his efficiency.

THE treason of Benedict Arnold is said to be the saddest event of the revolutionary war. Arnold died in London twenty years after the United States had gained its independence. The motto on his family crest was the one word "Glory," and long before he died, he erased it with his own hand and wrote in its place the word "Despair."

The Robert Sneider Company, of 145 Fulton St., New York, have struck an attractive medal in commemoration of the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor. It is a timely souvenir and in its case a thing of beauty. The one sent to this office is appreciated by the publisher. This Company designs crests and onograms, and prints society invitations of the best quality at a reasonable price.

"Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
The badges of our famous ancestors."



Adams.

"In the upper part of a Gothic window on the southeast side of Tidenham Church, near Obopston, Eng., the name, "Johes Ap Adam, 1810," in Old English, and arms as above, are still (1861) to be found beautifully executed in stained glass of great thickness and in perfect preservation.—From Notes of C. F. Adams, Jr.

PEDIGREE OF ADAMS.

ARMS.—*—Argent, a cross gules, five mullets or.

CREST.—Out of a ducal coronet or, a demi lion affrontee gules.



THE name of Adams goes back to Adam, Sr., Eden, Asia, year one. No one has ever been desirous of getting further than this period in their search for ancestors, for fear of running across something that would not make a desirable family portrait. The name Adams means red earth, and in Jersey red earth is called mud.

Scientists teach us, that as is the base so is the conclusion, and the writer often thinks that the conclusion in his case is correct and that his name is mud.

This first ancestor was a man of great estates, in fact, he was land poor; but he would have got along all right had it not have been for an expensive wife. She had him build a house through a Building and Loan Association and furnish it on the installment plan, and when he could not meet his payments he was dispossessed, as many of his descendants have been.

Adam did not have a coat of arms, he had the arms, but no coat, and the family apparently did not blossom out in this respect until it came to Lord Ap Adam, who came out of the *marches of Wales. He was a noble Baron who took shelter under the cross, and this hereditary trait has shown itself in many of his descendants. You will notice that the name remained Adam until the time of Roger, who probably thought himself Adamsite more important than the old folks.

One of the Adams mottos is aspire, persevere and indulge not. In publishing THE SPIRIT OF '76, the aspirations were high enough and the perseverance necessary, but the indulge not, superfluous as there was nothing tangible to indulge in, from this list of ancestors, it is hoped that some one in the family may want an heir to leave their wealth to and as the writer is the father of six children he has heirs to burn.

*—AP ADAM came out of the Marches of Wales.

SIR JOHN AP ADAM,² Kt., Lord Ap Adam, Baron of the Realm from 1296 to 1807.

Sir Thomas Ap Adams,³ SIR JOHN AP ADAMS,³ who married and had issue.

WILLIAM ADAM,⁴ who had a son, SIR JOHN AP ADAM,⁵ who was the father of THOMAS AP ADAM.⁶

SIR JOHN AP ADAM,⁷ Kt.

SIR JOHN AP ADAM, *alias* Adams⁸ (afterwards the "Ap" came into disuse.)

ROGER ADAMS,⁹

THOMAS ADAMS,¹⁰ Married Marie, daughter of Mr. — Upton.

JOHN ADAMS,¹¹ Married Jane, daughter of Mr. — Rennelegh

John Lord Gourney of Beverston, County of Gloucester. Married Elizabeth, daughter of above.

William Ap Adam,³ (married and had issue,) Sir Roger Ap Adam,³ of Lancashire.

Married Jane, daughter and heiress of Sir John Inge.

Married Milescent, daughter of Sir Matthew Besylls, (?) Kt.

Married Clara, dau. and co-heir of Mr. Roger Powell.

Married Jane, dau. of — Ellyott.

*He was a conscientious member of the Audubon Society and wore no plumes on his crest.

JOHN ADAMS,²² Married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Mr. — Stebbing.

Nicholas,¹³ (who married and had issue); JOHN,¹³ m. Margerye, dau. and heiress of Mr. Squier; George,¹³ (who married and had issue.) RICHARD,¹⁴ m. Margaret, dau. of Mr. — Armager.

Robert,¹⁵ m. (had issue) Elizabeth Sharlow; WILLIAM, married daughter of — Borington (?).

GEORGE,¹⁶ (Lieut. in service of Charles I, died in Barbadoes in 1647) m. —, dau. of Mr. — Conrad, Streetholt Merchant, London; Henry,¹⁶ (died in Braintree, in New England, in 1646); Ambrose,¹⁶ (had issue); John,¹⁶ (had issue).

Conrad,¹⁷ (li. 1680); GEORGE,¹⁷ (li. 1680); John,¹⁷ (li. 1680); Henry,¹⁷ (li. 1680); Sam,¹⁷ (li. 1680); Joseph,¹⁷ (li. 1680); —omas,¹⁷ (li. 1682); Peter,¹⁷ (li. 1680); Edward,¹⁷ (1680.)

GEORGE Adams,¹⁷ a glover, and his wife Frances, settled in Watertown, Mass., in 1645. On the 4th of Nov., 1664, he sold to John Chenery his house and land in Watertown and moved to "Cambridge Farms," now Lexington (probably about the time of the sale.) He was killed by the fall of a rock in Watertown, October 10, 1696. Inventory of this estate, £81.13.8; son Daniel sole executor. The births of only two of his children are recorded, though he had six at least. Children :

John, b. April 6, 1645; d. young.

George, b. 1647; m. Martha Fiske, June 10, 1684.

DANIEL, b. —, 1662; settled in Simsbury, Conn.

John, b. March 6, 1667; moved to Simsbury, Conn., where he m. Abigail Pinney, Dec. 6, 1677; moved to Enfield, Conn., in 1697; then to Colchester, Conn., where he d. Nov. 22, 1732.

Samuel, b. —; settled in Simsbury, Conn., where he m. Elizabeth, daughter of Luke Hill.

Mary, b. —; baptized Nov. 21, 1686; in Watertown.

Daniel (George) Adams,¹⁸ of Windsor, b. —, 1652; d. Nov. 17, 1718; m. Mary PINNEY, Sept. 20, 1677; settled in Simsbury. Children :

Daniel, b. —, 1679; d. Jan. 11, 1718.

Sarah, b. —; d. —; m. Thomas Stevens, Feb. 22, 1704.

Samuel, b. —; d. Apr. —, 1772; m. Elisabeth Read, July 2, 1718.

JOSEPH, b. —, 1685; d. Mar. 28, 1741; m. Mary Case, Apr. 30, 1719.

Thomas, b. —, 1689; d. Feb. 24, 1784; m. Martha Buttolph, Dec. 25, 1712.

Benjamin, b. 1696; d. of a cancer, Oct. 8, 1770; m. first, Rachel Case, Mar. 26, 1712; m. second, Lewis Griswold, May 27, 1734.

Thankful, b. Mar. 4, 1697; d. Feb. 21, 1699.

Marcy, bap. Jan. 16, 1698; d. —; m. Daniel Porter, Jan. 27, 1712.

Mary, bap. Jan. 16, 1698; d. Mar. 29, 1700.

Ephraim, bap. May 25, 1701; d. —; m. Ruth Beaman, May 5, 1726.

Thankful, b. —; d. —; m. Robert Westland, May 17, 1721.

Joseph (George Daniel) Adams,¹⁹ b. —, 1685; d. Mar. 26, 1741; m. Mary Case, daughter of William and Elisabeth (Holcomb) Case, of Terry's Plain, Simsbury, Conn., Apr. 30, 1719; she b. Aug. 23, 1696; d. Sept., 1784; she was sister to Rachel Case, wife of Benjamin Adams, brother of Joseph. Children :

Joseph, b. Sept. 16, 1722; d. —, 1776.

MATTHEW, b. Aug. 21, 1724; d. Mar. 9, 1764.

Matthew (George, Daniel, Joseph) Adams; m. Susannah, daughter of William and Mehitabel ENO. Children :

Matthew, b. April 9, 1746; d. Sept. 24, 1776.

Susannah, b. October 29, 1747; d. August 19, 1835.

*William, b. November 2, 1752; d. February 14, 1811.

Abel, b. April 30, 1756; d. March 25, 1829.

Abel (George, Daniel, Joseph) Adams;²⁰ m. Rosene COSSETT; she b. May 30, 1759; d. Oct. 25, 1827, daughter of Rene and Phebe (Hillyer) Cossett. Abel Adams was one of the soldiers sent from Connecticut after the Lexington massacre, and joined the Continentals near Boston. He enlisted May 9, 1775, in Capt. Abel Pettibone's company, 2d Regt. Conn. Continentals, Col. Joseph Spencer; discharged Dec. 18, 1776. He then, in 1776, as a private in Capt. Ephraim Adams's company, 11th Regt. Conn. Militia, marched to West Chester. Children :

Betsy, b. July 17, 1778; d. Jan. 28, 1828.

Rosannah, b. Feb. 2, 1780; d. March 28, 1823.

Abel, b. January 3, 1781; d. October 15, 1856.

AMBROSE, b. December 17, 1783; d. February 19, 1860.

Homer, b. March 29, 1788; d. September 18, 1846.

Phebe, b. December 23, 1789; d. November 16, 1872.

Lusana, b. October 14, 1790; d. September 12, 1800.

Urrpha Cossett, b. February 17, 1793; d. June 27, 1867.

Ruth, b. March 23, 1798; d. November 19, 1866.

Virgil, b. January 25, 1796; d. April 26, 1849.

Ambrose (George, Daniel, Joseph, Matthew, Abel) Adams;²¹ m. first, Nov. 24, 1803, Caty ENO; b. Oct. 18, 1787; d. Feb. 27, 1850, daughter of Isaac and Zeruah (Griswold) Eno, of Simsbury; m. second, Feb. 4, 1851, Mrs. Lydia Pinney, b. Nov. 1, 1793; daughter of Daniel and Alice Eno, of Windsor. Children by first wife :

CATHARINE Adams, b. October 24, 1804; d. October 5, 1863.

Ambrose Homer, b. September 23, 1806; d. December 14, 1841.

Infant, b. February 9, 1809; d. March 6, 1809.

Jane Elizabeth, b. September 11, 1812; d. March 9th, 1872.

Mary Ann, b. July 7, 1814; d. June 25, 1886.

Andrew J., b. December 22, 1829; d. June 23, 1831.

*Capt. William (George, Daniel, Joseph, Matthew) Adams;²¹ m. Rosabella LOOMIS; she b. July 28, 1756; d. July 2, 1802, daughter of Francis and Elizabeth (Pinney) Loomis, of Windsor. Children :

WILLIAM, b. October 14, 1778; d. July 24, 1822.

Rosabella, b. June 4, 1780; d. August 25, 1858.

Asenith, b. September 21, 1783; d. November 21, 1864.

Susannah, b. May 1, 1785; d. August 22, 1865.

Cyrena, b. May 19, 1789; d. —.

Sarilla, b. —; d. —.

A WAY FROM A WAYSIDE INN.

But first the landlord will I trace,
Grave in his aspect and attire,
A man of ancient pedigree;
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Simsbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His Coat of Arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed.
He beareth argent on his shield,
A crusade cross gules in the field,
Five mullets or. thereon. The crest,
A demi-lion gules doth rest,
Affrontee on a ducal coronet;
While in the scroll beneath is set
An ancient motto, which reads thus :
Sub cruce salus.
And over this no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore;
Drawn there at Boston in the fight.

William, (George, Daniel, Joseph, Matthew, Capt. Wm. Adams;²² m. May 2, 1798, Electa ROBERTS; she b. Oct. 30, 1775; d. Oct. 15, 1847, daughter of Nathaniel and Rhoda (Woodford, of Avon) Roberts. Children :

William, b. October 10, 1799; d. June 4, 1871.

HIRAM, b. May 22, 1801; d. March 8, 1866.

Byron, b. February 23, 1806; d. November 17, 1876.

Chester, b. February 23, 1806; d. July 8, 1870.

Watson, b. April 23, 1807; drowned May 9, 1837, in the Mississippi River, near Fort Adams, at the time of burning of steamer "Ben Sherrod."

Tudor, b. April 30, 1809; d. February 25, 1860.

Electa Caroline, b. December 4, 1812; d. February 4, 1881.

Edwin R., b. April 1, 1815; d. June 11, 1815.

James, b. August 26, 1817; d. June 20, 1866.

Hiram (George, Daniel, Joseph, Matthew, Capt. William, William—2) Adams;²³ m. first, June 19, 1823, Catherine Adams, daughter of Ambrose Adams, and his second cousin, whose genealogy is given above; m., second, June 1, 1856, Lydia Skinner Butler; she b. Oct. 26, 1808. Children by first wife :

ELECTA CATHARINE, b. April 14, 1824.

Mary Maria, b. August 18, 1826; d. August 30, 1870.

Eliza Curtis, b. February 6, 1827.

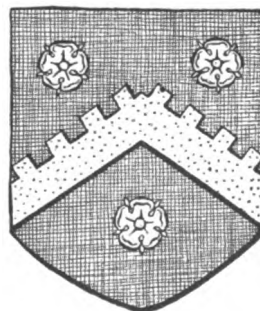
Hiram Watson, born July 14, 1828.

Amelia Delina, b. June 28, 1836.

Byron De Witt, b. June 11, 1838; d. November 23, 1881.

Ashbel Smith, b. March 16, 1844; d. January 25, 1881.

ELECTA CATHARINE (George, Daniel, Joseph, Matthew, Capt. William, William—2, Hiram. Also, Abel, Ambrose, Catharine) Adams;²⁴ m. November 21, 1853, GROVE HORTON CORNISH.



Cornish.

"The way unto the Norte Contre, the rose ful fast he sought.
Wt him went ye Ragged Staf, yet many men dere bought
The Fisse Hoke came into the field wt ful egre mode.
So did the *Cornysse Chowghe and brought forth all her brode."

*Cornysse Chowghe, a bird, one of the crow family.

JAMES CORNISH, b. in England —; d. in Simsbury, Conn., Oct. 29, 1698; age unknown, but an old man; he m. after 1661 the widow of Greenfield Larraboy, of Saybrook, Conn., she undoubtedly being

THIS Coat of Arms became extinct in 1770, and as the copy-right had run out, it was absorbed by the writer, whose ancestor, James Cornish, was the first school-master in Northampton, Mass. He afterwards moved to Westfield, and about 1667 was appointed clerk of the courts in Hampshire County, by Sir Edmund Andros. From there he removed to Windsor, Conn., and died in Simsbury, October 29, 1698. James Cornish, his son, settled in Simsbury about 1695, and was deacon of the church in 1715. An item in an old Massachusetts *Gazette* says that what is now Granville, Mass., was sold to James Cornish in 1686 by Toto, an Indian Chief for a gun and sixteen brass buttons. The town was settled by whites in 1738. From what the writer has heard of the town he thinks his ancestor paid about 10 buttons too much for it.

his second wife; she d. at Northampton, Mass., Dec. 22, 1864.

Children:

Gabriel, perhaps b. in England.

JAMES, b. —, 1664.

Dea. JAMES (James) CORNISH, b. —, 1663; d. April 2, 1740, in Simsbury, Conn.; he m., first, Elizabeth (daughter Timothy) THRALL, of Windsor, Conn., Nov. 10, 1692; she d. May 1, 1667; d. Jan. 25, 1718-14; he m., second, Hannah (daughter Rev. Andrew HILLARD, and widow of Thomas) Humphreys, April 15, 1716; she b. Dec. 12, 1681; d. Dec. 2, 1751.

Children, by first wife:

JAMES, b. Oct. 30, 1698.
Elizabeth, b. Sept. 25, 1695.
Joseph, b. October 18, 1697.

Phoebe, b. —.
Sarah, b. April 19, 1709.
Benjamin, b. March 28, 1710-1.

Children, by second wife:

Gabriel, b. May 26, 1718.
Jemima, b. November 30, 1718.
Kestiah, b. October 12, 1721.

Mary, b. —.
Jabez, b. —, 1736.

Capt. JAMES (James, James,) Cornish, b. Oct. 30, 1693; d. March 29, 1784; he m., first, Amy BUTLER, of Hartford, Dec. 9, 1719; she d. Feb. 16, 1763; he m., second, Mrs. Hannah Hickox (*nee* Thrall) November 24, 1763, and she d. August 27, 1779. They all lived in Simsbury, Conn.

Children:

James, b. October 4, 1720.
ELISHA, b. June 5, 1722.
Amy, b. August 2, 1724.
Daniel, b. May 31, 1727.
Abigail, b. September 5, 1729.

Joel, b. July 18, 1731.
Abigail, b. May 5, 1732.
Lucy, b. June 8, 1735.
Violet, b. April 12, 1737.
Rachel, b. September 2, 1740.

Sergt. ELISHA (James, James, James,) Cornish, b. June 5, 1723; d. April 27, 1794; he m., first, Hepsibah (daughter of Charles) HUMPHREY, Sept. 25, 1740; she b. —, 1724; d. Feb. 25, 1755; he m., second, Mary (daughter Benjamin) DYER, Aug. 31, 1755; she d. Oct. 21, 1775; he m., third, Charity (daughter of John PETTIBONE, and widow of Sylvanus) Humphrey, June 2, 1776; she b. June 30, 1744; d. Oct. 5, 1803.

Children by first wife:

Hepsibah, b. August 27, 1741.
Hepsibah, b. November 4, 1742.
JAMES, b. December 16, 1744.
Elizabeth, b. May 8, 1746.

Elisha, b. December 7, 1749.
Dorcas, b. September 11, 1750.
Charles, b. September 29, 1753.

Children, by second wife:

Mary, b. February 17, 1759.

Children, by third wife:

Giles, b. April 8, 1760.

Capt. JAMES (James, James, James, Elisha,) CORNISH, b. Dec. 16, 1744; d. July 9, 1813; he m. Ruhama BIDWELL, Dec. 28, 1766; she b. —, 1743; d. March 14, 1814. Lived in Simsbury, Conn.

Children:

Charles, b. October 29, 1767.
Dorcas, b. —.
Chloe, b. —.

Larue-Hama, b. —.
Eber, b. February 16, 1772.
JAMES, b. —, 1774.

Col. JAMES (James, James, James, Elisha, James,) CORNISH, b. —, 1776; d. Jan. 30, 1836; he m. Cynthia (daughter Sergt. Jesse RUSSELL, —; she b. Oct. 14, 1778; d. Aug. 5, 1824; he m., second, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, —, 1829. Lived in Simsbury, Ct.

Children:

GEOVE, b. —, 1796.
Charles, b. —, 1799.
Charles Edwin, b. April 12, 1806.

James Darwin, b. May, 1808.
Sidney Aurora, b. October 6, 1819.

GROVE (James, James, James, Elisha, James, James,) CORNISH, b. 1796; d. Jan. 16, 1835; he m. Amy (daughter of Asa) Humphrey; she b. May 2, 1797; d. Nov. 21, 1867. Simsbury, Conn.

Children:

GROVE HORTON, b. Feb. 28, 1830.
Edward Pierpont, b. Oct. 16, 1832.

DeWitt Clinton, b. June 2, 1832.
George Washington, b. Aug. 30, 1834.

GROVE HORTON (James, James, James, Elisha, James, Grove,) CORNISH, b. Feb. 28, 1820; d. Aug. 31, 1872; he m. Electa Catharine Adams of Bloomfield, Conn., November 21, 1858; she b. April 14, 1824.

Children:

LOUIS HENRY, b. May 28, 1855.
Ella Amelia, b. October 12, 1856.

Sarah Bell, b. Jan. 6, 1858.

Planting the Trees.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sail;
We plant the planks to withstand the gale—
The keel, the keelson, and beams and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree!
We plant the homes for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and sidings, all parts that be—
We plant the home when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spires that outtower the flag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

New York Evangelist.

BOSTON, February, 1898.

To the Editor of the Spirit of '76:—

The union of two important bodies of descendants of Revolutionary sires has for a second time been defeated by the failure of one of those societies to ratify the action of the Cincinnati conference. The opportunity of combining the energies and the forces of a large multitude of members, whose patriotic instincts turn in other directions than those of partisan or political ends or a scramble for office, seems, for the present, to be lost; in fact the chance to carry out the prescribed objects of the two societies, as indicated by their constitutions, is of the past.

Many sober-minded members of the societies, who feel troubled that a movement, which seemed so reasonable and so much to be desired, should fail, are asking what plan can be proposed which will practically bring together in one body all sons of Revolutionary soldiers. I venture to propose this plan. Union of the two bodies is impossible; that has been clearly decided; and with want of harmony, certainly no attempt at union is desirable; oil and water can never come together in a harmonious whole, but it is to be deplored that the advantages which have been reached by a continuous existence of the two societies for a number of years should be entirely lost. Two plants exist to-day, known as the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution and the National Society of Sons of the American Revolution. My plan would be to build on one of these foundations, practically, a new society, making such simple changes as would meet the views of both parties, in which no bitterness or contention would find a place. The plant offered by the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution is clearly denied us. I would, therefore, suggest that the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, at its next annual congress, should *alter its constitution* so far as to make it conform precisely to that recommended and adopted at the joint conference held at Cincinnati in October last. This apparently met the wishes of all the delegates there assembled. I would then have the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution decide to *change its name* to that of the Society of the American Revolution. This in like manner was accepted at the conference. In this manner a new society would be practically formed, a large number of the present Sons of the American Revolution would already be members and they would cordially welcome any others who chose to join them. No one, whether a member of the Sons of the Revolution or any other, could feel reluctant to join the new body with the thought that he was making any concession to the pre-existing Sons of the American Revolution. The compromises regarding insignia, colors, name and the others were all settled in Cincinnati, and the coming together in one body might easily be of a harmonious character. The standard for eligibility is now the same in both of the existing bodies, and there would be no necessity to change them.

The proposition for two State Societies to come together offers difficulties which might as well be avoided. In the first place such a plan implies revolution, or resignation of the State Society from the parent, not to be entered on if possible to avoid it. Such a plan would entail the loss of both of the organized National Societies, which are now carried on successfully and effectively. The formation of a new body, with, by and by, the creation of a National body when several states had united their forces would cause an immense amount of work for many persons, and the consumption of time which can be ill spared among the duties of this busy world.

The carrying out of this plan might call for the examination of the credentials of the present Sons of the American Revolution, just as the greatest care should be exercised in supervising the papers of the new members, originally members of the Sons of the Revolution; certainly wisdom and justice would dictate that all the officers of the present Sons of the American Revolution should give up their offices and offer a chance for the election of new boards.

Very few members of the two patriotic societies have any interest in the contest which the past few years have shown; the prejudices which have arisen and the bitter recriminations had better be laid aside and let us strive for some really practical method, not of union, but of *getting together*.

I believe the adoption of such a plan as I have indicated would meet the views of most of the right-minded members of both bodies now existing, and as their fathers stood shoulder to shoulder in the days of the Revolution, the sons should stand together, in carrying out, more effectively, the objects for which both societies were formed.

F. H. B.

The members of twenty-seven States, societies Sons of the American Revolution have voted in favor of consolidation of the two societies.

Thirteen State Societies, Sons of the Revolution, against it.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

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LOUIS H. CORNISH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, AND OLD GUARD.

THE historical glory of the United States, certainly the most illustrious among all the records of Commonwealths, proceeds from the fact that our ancestors were awake to the duties of the hour, and acted promptly. Of such were the Boston "Tea Party;" the shots at Lexington, which were heard round the world; and the declaration of Congress in 1812, that the American Flag, at the mast-head of a vessel on the high seas, protected its seamen from impressment, no matter what their nationalities might be.

Now, what is the duty of our Republic to-day in respect of Cuba? A year or two ago it was our duty to recognize the Cuban Revolutionists as belligerents; that is as soldiers acting under the international laws governing warfare, and entitled to the humanities that prevail among all civilized people. This we neglected to do; and the result has been that Spanish cruelty has had full swing in the meantime, exemplified in shooting captives, and starving hundreds and thousands of non-combatants, mostly women and children.

To-day it is our duty to acknowledge Cuban independence, a recognition which the brave revolutionists have earned by over three years of the hardest fighting against the most unbearable tyranny and cruelty. Spain would then speedily let go her hold of the unhappy island, and its industries would revive, as ours revived, after the Yorktown surrender, and the consequent treaty of peace.

AMERICANS must not make the mistake of jumping at the conclusion that, because Spain has only eighteen millions of people, and no such financial resources as ours, she would not be able to put up much of a fight with the United States. Money is a factor in war; but it is only one of several, and not necessarily the most important.

In 1776 we numbered only three millions of population, and our moneyed resources were insignificant. The Tory party, large, respectable, and conservative, warned Washington and his associates that the country was too poor to fight England. Every school boy knows that Patrick Henry said: "Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, are invincible against any forces which Great Britain can send against us."

We would not invade the territory of Spain, however

practicable it might be to batter her seaboard cities with our floating artillery. Nor would Spain throw men upon our soil. To undertake such a job as that would task the resources of an alliance with all the Powers of Europe.

Spain would confine herself to defending the Cuban harbors, mainly Havana, Matanzas, Santiago and Baracoa; and to capturing our merchant steamers and ships. With her present stock of men and ships she might worry along during a couple of years, over these two tasks, and might do us material damage. She might not pay her soldiers and sailors, but she would feed them; and they would do their duty, because they would be shot if they didn't. Of course she would be utterly whipped at last, but she is used to that. Having lost all South America, except Brazil, which she never owned; and all Central America, and the Pacific coast of North America as far north as British Possessions, and as far east as the Mississippi, it will only be a logical sequence to lose Cuba and Porto Rico. Then would come payment of indemnities to us, and we might hold Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, in pawn during a long period.

ALL true Americans turn with disapprobation from those Americans who are striving in a backward direction to connect their lineage with royalty, and in a forward direction to connect themselves with titled nobility. Both the royalty and the so-called nobility are of Europe. Asia and Africa are neglected. The decadents may reach them later.

Nobility in itself is an admirable characteristic. A noble act, or a noble man or woman, cannot be praised too highly, or imitated too closely. But the technically-styled "Nobility" of European Commonwealths are noble only in name.

Taken as a class, their principles and morals are, and have been during the entire existence of the European States, detestable.

Their emperors and kings have not been better. And when the empresses and queens have been bad they have been very bad.

The "nobility" of Europe are no better than their crowned masters. The chronicles of the time reek with their misdeeds. And these vices are openly practised, and kept up, year after year, and century after century. And yet, during the last half century, and increasingly, our American girls have been doing their utmost to marry the creatures who possess foreign titles, apparently without any regard to the reputations or character of their prospective husbands. Their parents, mainly of the newly-rich variety, train their daughters to discourage the attentions of their own countrymen, and take them to London and Paris with the avowed purpose of marrying them to titles. They aim at dukes, but dukes are scarce, and they finally come down to counts, who swarm all over Europe, in all stages of impecuniosity, and patrician swindledom.

As if this were not sufficient, a spinster, of mingled Dutch and Hibernian extraction, gets herself crowned "Queen of the Holland Dames," at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York City. On this occasion she wore a day gown of turquoise blue velvet, lined with orange satin and ermine.

Jewels of many varieties adorned her neck and shoulders, while her crown was brilliant with diamonds. The train was six yards in length. Clashed around one of her ankles was a gold filigree anklet. She wore a signet ring-topaz half an inch in diameter.

The front of the bodice of the gown was trimmed with topazes. The neck was cut low, finished off by a deep silver lace Medici collar, studded with small diamonds. The hat pins used to hold on the crown were headed with diamonds.

The Queen carried in her hand a golden wand at the top of which was a cluster of golden laurel leaves studded with diamonds, topazes and sapphires. Expenses, \$10,000; gems, \$5,000. The latter are an asset, and can be sold or pawned when the Queen is hard up. The Queen was heard to declare that they were the "real thing."

While the "real thing" was thus exploited, the Genius of Snobocracy soared high over the Waldorf-Astoria, and screamed defiance at the American Eagle; and Fifth Avenue clapped its hands with joy.

THE Seventh Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution well deserves mention. Not only did it bring from every part of the Union hundreds of representative women, but it proved to be a most dignified and harmonious body. Discussions were able, but never acrimonious. Even the fact that a Presidential election was inevitable, in view of the time limit of two years for National officers, failed to mar the general courtesy and goodwill. As has been already stated, Mrs. Daniel Manning was elected to fill the high office held for the past two years by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

The reception at the Arlington on the evening of the twenty-second was in some respects the most note worthy of the many brilliant events of the kind held during previous sessions of Congress. The women of the Society there met face to face in gala array, and came away feeling that such a gathering does much to cement the ties already binding together the Daughters of all sections of our land.

At this reception, and at that given for the founders of the Society on the evening of the twenty-fourth, the insignia of the D. A. R. was beautifully shown in electric lights of red, white and blue.

The whole Congress has left upon the minds of those attending it, an impress of the value of the noblest womanhood, and the assurance that this great organization represented by the familiar initials "N. S. D. A. R.", is composed in the main of those worthy to be leaders in all that stimulates patriotism, and uplifts character.

THE Flag Committees of the Illinois Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and Society of Colonial Wars, have issued an appeal to the Senators and Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress for the passage of a law to maintain the dignity of our American Flag. This appeal cannot be disregarded if there remains any of the spirit for which our flag stands and for the establishing and preserving of which our nation has suffered. That the dignity of the flag is lowered at home by the many purposes to which it is put must be known by our legislators, and we are at a loss to understand the inactivity on the subject in our legislative halls. Why does not Congress legally protect our flag from desecration? THE SPIRIT OF '76 heartily commend the work of these committees and hopes that the day may come when, as in France, all heads shall be uncovered when "Old Glory" is displayed.

Grant said: "There is no name so great that it should be placed upon the flag of our country." Is it possible that we have become so materialistic that we consent to the name of a patent medicine or of some brand of cigars in the place where even Washington's name is not worthy to appear?

MR. WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH'S lecture "From Lexington to Yorktown," has just been delivered by him for the fiftieth time this season. It has been given under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York, Milwaukee, Albany, Pittsburg, Hartford, Waterbury, New Britain, Wilkesbarre, Montclair, N. J.; Woonsocket, R. I., and many other places, while the Sons of the American Revolution have had it in Boston, New York, Providence, Buffalo and elsewhere. Historical societies in Chicago, New Haven and Newark, N. J., and many other clubs and lyceums have been helped to a better knowledge of the Revolution by its interesting pictures and clear statements.

Mr. Ellsworth's engagements in April include the Daughters of the American Revolution in Rochester, Syracuse, Rome and Utica. He is said to be working on a new lecture for next year treating a most picturesque phase of the great Revolutionary story.

THE Revolutionary marker, made by the M. D. Jones Co., of Boston, Mass., has been adopted as the official marker of the Sons of the American Revolution. By means of the marker many graves of Revolutionary soldiers have been identified and saved from obliteration.

An act of Congress should be passed recognizing this design as the only marker to be placed on the graves of Revolutionary soldiers, as has been done for the Grand Army of the Republic marker. This should be a subject for the attention of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

THE adjourned Congress of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, will be held in Morristown, N. J., on Saturday, April 30th, 1898.

At the last Congress it was voted to lay the matter of the official organ before the state societies and to report at the coming congress. It was suggested that the patient might be dead at that time; and the matter was tabled. The patient is not dead nor has it any ambition in that direction. The Sons of the American Revolution have the credit of an official organ but not one official message has been sent to the publisher during the year. At the Conventions a sum has been appropriated sufficient to pay for the minutes of the meeting being sent to each member.

The directors of the paper returned from the Cleveland convention discouraged and with the determination to suspend publication. The present Publisher had told his colleagues that he would keep it alive for one year.

If it had been left to the Orthodox sentiments expressed at the Cleveland Convention it would have been dead; but there has sprung up a new belief, that is Scientist or Faith. This faith and hard work have kept the paper from the tomb. To day it is paying for itself.

If the National Society care to use it as their organ they have the opportunity; if not the space devoted to the society can be used for news of general interest to the public who are its present supporters.

If each State Society would subscribe for its entire membership satisfactory figures would be given them. The paper could be used for official notices and news of the meetings. A sufficient space would be allowed according to the subscriptions of each state. For instance, a state like Massachusetts, with over 1,000 members could have ten pages a year at their disposal. A state with half that number, half the space. This would be an equitable distribution, if you want it.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Suffolk Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution was held at the Buffalo Club March 12, and at the end of a wait which has lasted since 1893 the chapter of the society here received its charter from the State Society. The charter, however, dates back to the formation of the local chapter and accredits it as existing since 1893.



The most notable thing in connection with the charter is the fact that the local chapter received it from the hands of Col. Fred Grant of New York, the son of the great soldier and President, U. S. Grant.

Before the banquet of the society the members met in annual session and chose officers for the ensuing year. The result of the balloting was as follows:

President, Truman G. Avery; first vice-president, Andrew Langdon; second vice-president, C. M. Bushnell; secretary, W. E. Otto; treasurer, E. H. Whitney; directors, P. P. Burtis, S. M. Clement, Walter J. Shepard, Edgar B. Jewett, William H. Hotchkiss, George Gorham, James Sweeney, Charles J. North, W. Caryl Ely.

President Avery was escorted to the center of the head table, Col. Fred Grant and Col. Lewis C. Hopkins of New York

were placed at one side of the president, and Col. Ralph E. Prime of Yonkers at the other. By the side of Col. Hopkins sat William H. Hotchkiss, who, later, was to act as toastmaster. Clarence M. Bushnell sat next to Mr. Hotchkiss. 100 members of the society occupied places at the tables.

At the conclusion of a very delicious dinner President Avery turned the program of the evening over to the direction of William Hotchkiss as toastmaster.

Mr. Hotchkiss was greeted with applause as he arose, and in a few words, in which he referred to the earnest import of times amid which the association was holding its annual meeting, he introduced what he called "A Lesson in Quotations."

The "lesson" was a collection of patriotic expressions from the pens of the great writers of this country, counseling greatness, dignity and patience yet not supineness under the stress of danger to our country. The selections were from Lowell, Franklin, Bayard Taylor, Theodore Winthrop and Holmes.

Col. Grant of New York was then introduced.

At the mention of the name of Grant, and as the guest of the evening arose looking so much like the pictures of the hero President in the prime of his life, the applause was hearty; he said:

"In the face of such a welcome I can only regret that the New York chapter did not send you a better orator. The toastmaster has referred to my name. I am proud of it and try as I may to live up to it. But after having studied my characteristics and nature very searchingly, I have come to the conclusion that the only point beyond a certain facial resemblance in which I follow my father very closely is in my oratory. (Laughter and applause.)"

"I recollect that in 1887 I was running for an office in this state and in the course of the campaign I came to this city, and made a speech. I was received most kindly, most enthusiastically. I was so pleased with the appreciation shown that I was quite set up, and I thought I would try it on in New York."

"So when I got back to the metropolis I told them I was willing to make a speech there, and a meeting was arranged over on the west side. I went to the meeting, was cordially received, made a speech which I felt was a better one than the speech I made here, was warmly applauded and I flattered myself that I was getting on with my oratory."

"Imagine my feelings, when, after I had taken seat, the chairman of the meeting arose, and said: 'Fellow-citizens, I think we all are equally pleased to have seen and heard Col. Grant. When I introduced him I said he was like his father. He is like him in many ways, and he can't speak for a damn any more than his father could.'"

"Since that time I have dismissed my aspirations toward oratory, and have continued to resemble my father in that respect. He was notably brief in his speeches, so you may have hope. (Laughter.)"

Turning to the duties of his official mission, he reviewed briefly the history of the society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the delegation of himself as the bearer of the charter of the Buffalo chapter. He referred to the times as calling particular attention to the patriotic objects of this and similar organizations.

"It is this high and broad patriotism which it is the purpose of this and kindred societies to foster. In the present situation it is the patriotic duty of every citizen to help the administration in its earnest endeavor to prevent war if possible and to be prepared for it if not."

Col. Grant's earnest words in regard to patriotism were received with warm applause. Then he presented the charter of the chapter, and President Avery accepted it with a few graceful words, in which he reviewed the efforts involved in the forming of the chapter and the movement to secure a charter.

Toastmaster Hotchkiss then introduced Col. Prime, who spoke on the great question of the day, lauded the country for the attitude it had taken, and particularly Congress for the unanimous passage of the emergency fund of \$50,000,000.

Col. Hopkins' announced topic was "Some Peculiarities of Genealogical Research," but his talk was largely a succession of funny stories gathered from the records of New England towns and churches.

Clarence M. Bushnell was the first of the local speakers to be called upon. He spoke at considerable length of the objects of the society and of other patriotic societies. He was followed by Hamilton Ward, Jr., and others, the informal speeches carrying the banquet considerably past the hour of midnight.

At the last meeting of the Board of Management of the Empire State Society prior to the close of the Society's year, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted, and after being elegantly engrossed and framed was presented to the Compatriot as a justly deserved recognition of his devotion to the duties of his office.

WHEREAS, Our esteemed Compatriot, Stephen M. Wright, Secretary of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, will vacate that office at the annual meeting by reason of his positive refusal to accept a re-nomination, and consequently his membership in the Board of Management terminates with this meeting; therefore be it

Resolved, By this Board that we tender Compatriot Wright our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the matchless manner in which he has performed the duties of his office for the past two years; that we are filled with admiration at the marked skill, sleepless vigilance, and unwearied patience which he has always evinced, and that we bid him an affectionate "Good-bye." And be it

Resolved, That this action be entered in full upon the minutes of the Board, and a certified copy be transmitted to the Compatriot under the seal of the Society.

(Signed)

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT,
THOMAS WILSON,
EDWARD PAYSON CONE,
WM. W. J. WARREN.

At the regular annual meeting of the Oregon Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, held in Grand Army Hall, Portland, Oregon, February 22, 1898, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, the adjourned convention of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the twelfth of October, 1897, preferred back to the several State Societies the question of union with the Sons of the Revolution in accordance with the plan of union suggested by the Joint Committee of the two Societies, and

Whereas, similar action was taken by the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and

Whereas, of the eighteen State Societies of the Sons of the Revolution so far heard from, thirteen have voted against said union, and

Whereas, the thirteen states so voting comprise more than three-fourths of the total membership of the Society, and

Whereas, the Oregon Society of the Sons of the American Revolution has been heartily in favor of union on a fair and equitable basis; therefore be it

Resolved, that we heartily endorse the action of Compatriot Maurice McKim, our delegate at the Cincinnati convention, in advocating union on terms honorable to both Societies, and be it further

Resolved, that the said plan of union be and the same is rejected.

COL. THOS. M. ANDERSON, U. S. A. President,
JOHN J. KOLLOCK, Secretary,
MAURICE McKIM, Registrar.

A large amount of matter relating to banquets and annual meetings of the Sons of the American Revolution has been crowded out of this issue and will appear in the next.

Sons of the Revolution.

The Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution is earnest in its wish for the union of the two societies of male descendants of Revolutionary sires, and has unanimously voted to accept the constitution proposed for the Society of the American Revolution.



In their efforts to accomplish this union, the members of this Society are animated solely by their desire to strengthen in the hearts of all citizens the love of our country, whose independence is a heritage from our Revolutionary ancestors. They believe that in a republic, whose fundamental law denies any aristocracy of birth, the justification for existence of such a society must be found in its patriotic work. They are confident that immensely greater power in such work would be exerted by one strong, vigorous organization than by two rivals societies differing in no respect in their objects or requirements for membership.

They fully endorse the language and spirit of the resolution adopted unanimously by our General Society at Savannah, that "there now exists two separate societies with identical objects, and nearly identical names, when one society ought alone to exist; that this fact seriously interferes with the patriotic work to which both these societies are sincerely and equally devoted;" and also those of the resolution adopted at a subsequent meeting held at Philadelphia, to-wit: "We regard and believe that they (the S. A. R.) regard the actual union of the two societies as of such paramount importance that the settlement of details of union should be subordinated, as far as consistent with the honor and dignity of both the societies, to the accomplishments of that end."

The Ohio Society regrets that the debates and resolutions of some State societies have contained almost unpardonable mistakes as to the objects of the proposed union and the motives of its advocates. Honest difference of opinion does not constitute "factional opposition" on one side more than the other. Meetings for the better formulation of similar views, such as were held in Philadelphia and Cincinnati by both the advocates and opponents of union, are not "intrigues or unaccustomed measures of factional agitation."

While there have been sharp criticisms of the plan and constitutional objections to its consummation, this Society has failed to discover any positive argument against the general proposition, beyond the question of eligibility. It is true there is an indirect objection, in one case, to the name of the new society.

It is well known to the conference committee that certain State societies of the Sons of the Revolution had admitted to membership collateral descendants of Revolutionary heroes, and that the Society of the American Revolution included in its membership descendants of "patriots of 1776" whose active service in the cause of independence was not positively established. These members, having entered their societies through no misrepresentation or concealment, had acquired vested rights of which it may be difficult to dispossess them. It was therefore decided that the only safe way to secure a membership with a record of unquestioned ancestral service and positive lineal descent, was to recommend a new society with an independent constitution.

We fail to see how the requirements of lineal descent from an active supporter of the Revolution could be made more stringent than those of the new constitution, or how any collateral descendants can possibly be admitted to the new Society. It is true in order to affect the new organization with the least possible delay, the members of each of the existing societies, whose applications have been approved by the General Registrars, are to be admitted. But they are received only "on probation." Their permanent membership depends absolutely on the approval by the Committee on Revision of Rolls of their eligibility under the stringent provisions of the constitution.

The new name is most logical and distinctive, and follows the custom of National Government, which, in State papers, designates the of war of independence as the American Revolution. It peculiarly defines the conflict which the Society commemorates, especially when used by branches in foreign lands where reside those "who have crossed the sea and have changed the sky but not the heart."

The principal objections to the action of the General Society are based upon the construction of constitutional provisions and powers.

This Society can not agree with the views of many regarding the right of a convention of the General Society over its own constitution where no limitation of power is expressed in the instrument. It believes, however, the necessity for the de-

cision of this question will be avoided, and the impartial consideration of the magnificent possibilities of one great united society will eventually ignore any imaginary technicalities.

This Society feels very forcibly the obligation to act with unquestioned honor towards the Sons of the American Revolution. All the initiative movements for union have originated with the Sons of the Revolution, and have been received by the Sons of the American Revolution, with a membership almost twice as large as our own, in a broad, generous and patriotic spirit. At the Cincinnati meeting the proposed constitution as reported was promptly ratified by that Society. After several amendments made by our Society had been communicated to their convention, a committee from their body was received by us. Desiring to confirm their confidence in the sincerity of action, and so thoroughly understand the effect of the adoption of the constitution, that there could be no future cavil about it the chairman of their committee Dr. Callaudet, before committing his society to the instrument as amended, stated it was their understanding that the adoption of it by a majority of the State societies would constitute a complete union, and asked official confirmation by the Sons of the Revolution of this understanding. The only person authorized to reply was General President Carroll, who then occupied the chair. Speaking in his official capacity, he announced that to be his understanding. Many members of our society, who now oppose the proposed union because of lack of constitutional power, heard the General President make this statement; but not one contradicted or modified in the slightest particular this official announcement of the conclusion of our Society. Having received this assurance and relying upon it as the decision of our Society without any reservation, the chairman of the S. A. R. Committee proceeded to inform our meeting that his Society had accepted the amendments, as we requested, and had ratified the whole constitution as amended.

Do we honorably keep faith with the Sons of the American Revolution when we oppose the constitution on a technical ground that the vote in its favor will not produce the complete union which our General President assured them would be the result of such action?

Whatever may be the will of the majority of the State societies upon the question submitted to them, the members of Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution will loyally accept it, and will be ready to keep step in the onward march with all lineal descendants of Revolutionary sires under either the old or a new banner.

But they still feel with undiminished force that duty to their revolutionary ancestors demands they make the welfare of and progress of the whole country, the first object of these patriotic Societies. They hold firmly the unshaken conviction that union is the essential step toward the discharge of this duty.

Therefore should the present movement fail, this Society will not cease to use its best efforts to effect a consolidation of the two organizations, so that, as we now have one National union of many states whose influence is felt throughout the world, so we may also have one patriotic organization, composed of many Societies of lineal descendants of heroes of the American Revolution, developing its consolidated power in the increased devotion of all citizens to our beloved country.

Very respectfully,

E. MORGAN WOOD,
THOS. H. NORTON,
HENRY C. DIMOND,

Committee.

Approved for the Society:

A. H. PUGH, President.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave a reception to the officers and delegates returned from the Washington convention. Interesting reports of the work of the congress were read,



which showed that the Chicago delegation took no small part in the proceedings. Satisfaction was expressed over the results of the election of Mrs. Manning, President-General; of Mrs. John N. Jewett, Vice-President-General, and of Mrs. Kerfoot, Honorary State Regent. Vocal solos were interspersed with the reports, after which a social time was spent in the chapter's pretty tea-room. The membership of the chapter is now over seven hundred, and it is doing good work in the field of American patriotism, by supporting all plans for the spread of interest in patriotic study by the children of their city.

The California Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, organized at San Francisco, April, 1896, has an active membership of 33, including the 12 organizers, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, regent, Aloha Farm, Walnut Creek; Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck, vice-regent, 1914, Webster Street, San Francisco; Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, registrar, and chairman of committee on membership, 821 Lombard Street, San Francisco; Miss Alberta Bancroft, Walnut Creek; Mrs. John M. Chretien, corresponding secretary, 804 Bush Street, San Francisco; Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Menlo Park; Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, historian, 3201 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco; Mrs. Frederick Hewlett, Mrs. Osgood Putnam, Mrs. George A. Cuix, Mrs. Florence Cornwall Moore, Mrs. E. J. Bowen. Meetings of a historical and social nature were held monthly from October to April of last year, and three of the Daughters have extended their hospitality this year. In October Mrs. Elizabeth Davenport at her charming suburban home in Berkeley, where she read an account of the death of Washington from the *Ulster County (N. Y.) Gazette* of December, 1799, and regaled us among other delicacies with the famous Mt. Vernon cake, while her daughter rendered sweet weird music on the zither. The historian gave a short account of the various battles of the Revolutionary war for the month, which will constitute part of this year's regular programme. The November meeting was held at the historian's, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, on Pacific Heights, who contributed a paper on the surrender of Yorktown and the evacuation of New York. Tea was served in antique china and silver, Knickerbocker heirlooms and quaint colonial cooking utensils exhibited on the Dutch-tiled hearth. On the anniversary of Washington's Farewell to his Generals at Frances' Tavern, New York City, December 4, 1783, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, the principal organizer and registrar of the California chapter, invited some eighty guests to a "confabulation," which included not only her own chapter, but representatives of Segnoia, Puerto del Orr, Oakland and eastern chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution from the societies of the Colonial Dames, the Descendants of Colonial Governors and the Daughters of Holland Dames of New York. The house was charmingly decorated with palms and ferns, and autumn foliage made a halo around the portrait of Thomas Jefferson, painted in 1779 by Rembrandt Peel. Mrs. Moody and her lovely trio of daughters were assisted in receiving by the officers of the California chapter. Washington's address was read by Miss Catlin of the California chapter, who is proud of being a descendant of one of the officers present on that memorable occasion, and also told us of the first recorded "confabulation" of women in Revolutionary times, when it was voted to melt the statue of George III and make bullets of it for the Continental army. The historian, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, followed with a dissertation on the use of the word "confabulation," quoting from old English poets and writers who have used the word, and a description of Frances' Tavern, now decorated with a tablet by the Holland Society of New York, and for the preservation of which as a museum, the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York are making such great efforts. With the singing of patriotic songs, led by Mrs. Walter Campbell of Puerto del Orr chapter, and the partaking of a dainty collation, this notable gathering of women dispersed. HULDA H. BERGEN BROWN, historian of California Chapter, 3201 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco.

The "Stars and Stripes" Chapter was organized January 23, 1897, at the home of Miss Edith Crapo, who had been appointed regent by the state regent, Mrs. D. N. Cooley. The following charter members are all representative women of culture and intelligence of our beautiful "Flint Hills" city: Mrs. Sarah M. Wilkinson, Mrs. Jessica Childs Jones, Mrs. Catherine McN. Chittenden, Mrs. Alice B. Carpenter, Mrs. Martha Cilly Illick, Mrs. Hannah Barker, Mrs. Alice Little, Mrs. Julia Shelton, Mrs. Mabel Millard, Misses Edith Crapo, Ruth Sherley, Ruth Carpenter, Abbie MacFlinn, Elizabeth Erving MacFlinn, Jessie M. Frick, Carrie J. Tucker, Caroline Urania Stivers, Elizabeth Heywood, Martha Lane, Harriet Lane and Cora Poor. The chapter has held monthly meetings during the year at the members' homes and enjoyed interesting programmes prepared by the programme committee. On January 5th we held our annual business meeting, and also enjoyed "Ancestor Day" programme. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Mrs. Kate Gilbert Wells was elected, vice Miss Edith Crapo, whose resignation the chapter had received with much regret in September; Mrs. Seymour Jones, re-elected vice-president; Mrs. Sarah M. Wilkinson, re-elected historian; Miss Abbie MacFlinn, re-elected registrar; Miss Charlotte Erving MacFlinn, re-elected secretary, and Miss Jessie Frick, treasurer. Our new regent has entered upon her duties in the chapter in the most enthusiastic manner. She is an able, accomplished young matron, well up in parliamentary rules, and the chapter offers her loyal support in carrying out her broad views for expanding the power and influence of this organization of women in whose veins proudly

flows the blood of the founders of our nation. The members of the chapter have been invited to meet at the spacious home of our regent on Washington's birthday anniversary for appropriate observance of the day. The chapter has a constantly increasing membership and numbers over thirty members, with a number of papers awaiting verification in Washington.

ABBIE MACFLINN, Registrar, "Stars and Stripes" Chapter, Daughters American Revolution, Burlington, Iowa.

Mrs. Frederick Hasbrouck, vice-regent of the Knickerbocker Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Miss Elizabeth DeHaas Falconer, were chosen delegates to represent the chapter in the Continental Congress, held at Washington, February 22d, together with the regent, Mrs. Richard Henry Greene, who was a delegate by virtue of her office. Miss Mary Falconer Perrin, treasurer; Mrs. Simon Baruch and Miss Edna Greene were elected alternates. A reception, headed by a short business meeting for the election of delegates, was given in the chapter rooms at No. 226 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York, Tuesday, January 25th, to celebrate the first birthday anniversary of the chapter. Miss Mary Isabella Forsyth, regent for the state of New York, was present and made an informal address, which was followed by a programme of music and recitations, arranged by an entertainment committee, consisting of Mrs. C. Hilton Brown, chairman; Mrs. John M. Duncan and Mrs. Charles P. D. Peck. Some fine piano solos were given by Mrs. William K. Nesbit, a member of the chapter; patriotic and humorous selections were recited by Miss Sadie Vere Miln, Mr. Watrous, accompanied by Mrs. J. E. Homans, sang three or four songs well suited to his baritone voice, and Miss Falconer recited a humorous poem. Among those present, besides the members already named, were: Mrs. L. Curtis Brackett, recording secretary; Miss Catherine Colwell, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Pierre L. Boucher, chaplain; Miss Helen N. Fisher, registrar; Mrs. Dunnell, historian; Mrs. William A. Copp, Mrs. John S. Spencer, Mrs. Peter Donald, Mrs. William B. Conghtry, Mrs. Charles E. Taft, Miss Annie Perrin and Miss Mary Brackett. Knickerbocker Chapter is growing steadily and now numbers seventy five members.

Delegates from the Quequechan chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution of Fall River, Mass., to the Continental Congress to be held in Washington in February were elected at the regular monthly meeting of the chapter Tuesday afternoon, January 11th, after which there were the usual literary exercises. An interesting paper was read by the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Emily J. T. Coburn, giving an account of a recent visit of some of the members to the first anniversary of the Old South chapter, held in the historic church after which it is named. Then followed a paper on Paul Revere by Mrs. Hall of the Lydie Cobb chapter of Taunton, Mass., whose regent, with two other members, were present. The paper showed much care in its preparation, and of especial interest were letters from Paul Revere to his wife and son Paul, which were copied by Mrs. Hall from the originals through the courtesy of a descendant of the famous patriot. A letter from Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York city chapter, on the George Washington memorial was also read. After a social hour the meeting adjourned. The hostess on this occasion was Mrs. Caroline E. Mackenzie, whose house was prettily decorated with flags. The regent, Miss Mary L. Holmes, presided. She, with the historian, Mrs. C. W. L. Davol, are the delegates elected; alternates, Mrs. Mary P. Hartley, vice-regent, and Mrs. Bessie Corel, historian. The last regular meeting of Quequechan chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held with Miss Bessie Borden, Tuesday evening, February 8th. Vocal music, some interesting articles of Revolutionary times and a banjo club of young lads were the features of the evening. A social hour followed. Several gentlemen were among the invited guests. The chapter voted to offer two prizes to pupils of the High School for the best essays on some subject relating to the American Revolution.

The Elizabeth Kenton Chapter of Covington, Ky., was organized on February 12th, 1895, with fifteen members. During the first year three new ones were added, and now numbers fifty-six, and it has helped form a branch chapter of twelve members in its own city. Up to this time it has accomplished little of importance owing to circumstances. It has held pleasant programme meetings and some few social gatherings. But this fall it has taken up the task of erecting a monument to the memory of Simon Kenton and Elizabeth, his wife. This has aroused great enthusiasm both in the chapter and in the city; and a movement is on foot to have the state fittingly honor the brave old pioneers.

Daughters of the Revolution.

The West Virginia Society, Daughters of the Revolution, held their January meeting at the home of Mrs. S. P. Norton. The first part of the evening was devoted to business and literary work. Mrs. C. F. Dickinson read a paper—"The First Continental Congress."



Miss Julia Wilson read an article about the death of Ella Cassett Washington, grand-niece of Washington. Mrs. J. M. Misting read an article about the unveiling of a bronze tablet that had been placed upon the wall of the Broadway corridor of the New York Post Office, on the ground floor, in commemoration of the shedding of the first patriotic blood of the Revolution. After this Mrs. Norton entertained the "Daughters" by playing progressive anagrams. The first prize, a beautiful book, was captured by Mrs. Andrew W. Wilson. The trophy prize, a Sweet Pea calendar, was taken by Miss Annie C. Neill. Several applications for membership have been received, and three new members have joined the society during the past month.

The regular monthly meeting of the Long Island Society, Daughters of the Revolution, was held on the afternoon of Friday, February 4th, at the Twenty-third Regiment Armory. After a somewhat lengthy business meeting a paper was read by Mrs. W. S. Mills on "Bacon's Rebellion," and one by Miss Winga on the "History of the Adoption of the American Flag." The death was reported of Mrs. Mary Wortman, the oldest member of the society, whose 93rd birthday was celebrated last August. The next meeting will be "Inauguration Day," occurring in regular order on March 4th.

Mrs. Mary Wortman, the oldest member of Long Island Society, Daughters of the Revolution, died February 1st, 1898, at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Spur Carroll, Brooklyn. She was born 95 years ago, in what is now the town of Melville, Long Island, but which she preferred to call by the old name of Sweet Hollow.

Her grandfather, Isaac Baylis, was a minute man in the company of Captain Skidmore of Jamaica, and her grandmother was driven from her house with the bayonet by the British soldiers during the Revolution, as, with her child, she had refused to go. Mrs. Baylis lived to be 100 years old, and the old house to which she returned after the soldiers left, is still standing.

Mrs. Wortman's father and his five brothers owned adjoining farms, and next to her grandfather Baylis farm was that of her grandfather Smith who used to take provisions to the soldiers of the Revolution. She remembered him in his Knickerbockers and silver knee and shoe buckles. Thirteen families of relatives lived in that community, all but one with a family of about ten children, all, so it has proved, long lived. She was one of nine daughters, her twin sister dying at the age of 86.

The first white girl born in New Netherland, Sara Rapalie was her ancestress, and she, with her father Joris within seven months of its organization in 1661-2, joined the First Reformed Church of Brooklyn of which Mrs. Wortman was the oldest member at the time of her death.

Mrs. Wortman was twice married, Henry Suydam, her first husband was one of the largest contractors of Brooklyn, and was building several hundred houses, when accidentally killed in an unfinished house in the year 1835, leaving her with five children. Her second husband was her brother-in-law, and a widower, also with five children, to these were added after their marriage, four more.

Mrs. Wortman's last illness was of but a few days duration, and with her passed from earth a cheerful hearted, sweet-faced woman, whose memory was a store house of a busy and interesting past.

The date of the regular monthly meeting of the Long Island Society, D. R., falling upon Wed. 4th, "Inauguration Day" was made the theme of the literary entertainment. A paper was read by Miss Ferre describing the two inaugurations of Washington. That of John Adams was given by Mrs. Ferre. Mrs. Moore described those of Jackson and Harrison, and Mrs. De Murgiondo, those of Lincoln. Delegates were elected for the Annual Meeting of the National Society, D. R. to be held in Boston, by invitation of the Massachusetts State Society, on the 25th and 28th of April.

The Regent, Mrs. Parsons, declined going and Mrs. Gerou was elected in her place. The other delegates elected, are Mrs. Coggeshall, Vice-Regent, with Mrs. Suydam, alternate, Mrs. Schaumberg, with Mrs. Barton of Flushing, alternate, Mrs. Mills with Miss Teny, alternate, Mrs. Moore with Miss Buttrich alternate.

A donation of five dollars was reported for the Martyr's

Monument, from Major Halstead of Minnesota, whose great-uncle was one of the Prison Ship Martyrs, and who was himself prisoner in Libby.

Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Coggeshall and Mrs. Gerou were appointed to represent the Long Island Society, Daughters of the Revolution in the Monument Association.

Nine new members were admitted to the Society, and a social hour with tea and sandwiches followed.

There has recently been organized at Louisville the initial Kentucky Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. By reason of local historic association the name *Beargrass* was selected for the chapter. The following officers were elected: Mrs. J. W. McCarty, regent; Mrs. J. M. Johnson, secretary; Mrs. W. B. Dick, treasurer; Mrs. J. M. Cotton, chaplain. The intention is to limit the membership of the chapter to twenty-five and to make the preparation of historical papers of paramount importance. The ladies are now requesting that the names of all Revolutionary soldiers buried in Kentucky be sent to the secretary, Mrs. J. M. Johnson, 307 E. St. Catherine St., Louisville, Ky.



The Organizing State Regent is Mrs. Chase Palmer, who was Miss Olive Edwards. She came to Louisville from Baltimore, where she was a member of the Avalon Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. Palmer has always been a busy woman with a diversity of interests. A college graduate herself, she has, of course, full sympathy with all movements for the higher education of woman. She is an accomplished linguist, and is also actively interested in sociological problems, particularly those which affect the life and work of woman. Journalism also has a large share of her attention, and she has been for several years a special correspondent of one of the great New York journals. Mrs. Palmer is a great-granddaughter of Captain William Somerville, who came to America from Ireland in 1756, and who was a lineal descendant of the Scottish Barons of the same name. Sir Gualtier de Somerville, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, was their ancestor. Captain William Somerville entered the Revolutionary Army in Aug., 1776, and in October, 1778, he was appointed conductor of artillery in the Continental line under the command of the Chevalier de Chambray. He was also with General McIntosh in his campaign against the Indians in the West in 1778. His honorable dismissal from the army, signed by General Washington, is still in possession of the family.

The Society of Colonial Wars in the District of Columbia elected the following officers and gentlemen of the council and standing committee on December 2nd, 1897, at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, D. C.: Governor, Charles F. T. Bealc; deputy governor, George Colton Maynard; lieutenant governor, Gen. Walter Wyman, U. S. M. H. S.; secretary, Joseph Cuyler Hardie; deputy secretary, Henry G. Kemp; treasurer, John William Henry; registrar, Frank Birge Smith; historian, Marcus Benjamin; chaplain, Rev. Arnold Harris Hord; chancellor, William Park Metcalf; surgeon, Ira Warren Dennison, M.D.; gentlemen of the council (to serve three years,) James Milton Flint, M.D., U. S. N., Dr. James Cushing Merrill, U. S. A., Henry Dearborn Saxton; committee on membership, Frank Birge Smith, William Van Zandt Cox, George Tully Vaughan, M.D., U. S. M. H. S., Harry Weston Van Dyke, Thomas Blagden; committee on historical documents, Gilbert Thompson, Henry P. R. Holt, Robert Atwater Smith, George R. Stetson, John E. Watkins; committee on installation, Frederick Wolters Huidekoper, Joseph Prentice Sanger, U. S. A., John Sidney Webb, General A. Baird, U. S. A., James Malcom Henry. At the above mentioned meeting the following gentlemen were elected members: Colonel Charles Page Bryan, J. B. G. Curtis, M.D., G. W. N. Curtis, M.D. JOSEPH CUYLER HARDIE, Secretary.

Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to
Miss M. Winchester Adams, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City.

Trees as Memorials.

WE all love to watch the trees in springtime. First the leaf buds begin to swell, then the leaves peep out and grow larger and larger until by and by when they are fully expanded we exclaim "How beautiful!"

Almost every boy and girl knows just where some tree is growing that he or she thinks a little better than any other tree. Perhaps some one in the family planted it years and years ago, or it may be the one their school set out last year, and they are watching and taking care of it, that it may grow to be as fine as some of the old trees. Each tree has its own family name, then too, they some times have other names from some historical event in which they took part,

Once in some moss an acorn hid
Where nobody chanced to see;
Till sun and rain persuaded it
To be a noble tree.
It grew to be a grand old
oak,
And proud it was the
day,
A Charter in its hollow
was
Quite snugly hid
away.

This was the famous "Charter Oak" of Hartford, Connecticut, which fell Aug. 21, 1856. As oaks live to a great age this tree must have been very old when America was discovered. When the first settlers of Connecticut were clearing the forests the Indians begged that it might be spared. They said, "It has been the guide of our ancestors for centuries as to the time of planting our corn. When the leaves are the size of a mouse's ear then is the time to put the seed into the ground." It was a good thing that they did let the "old oak stand" for it faithfully guarded the chartered rights of the infant colony. At sunset the day it fell the bells of the city were tolled and bands of music played funeral dirges.

The elm is a favorite shade tree of New England.

'Twas underneath a fine old elm
In Cambridge you must know,
That Washington first took command
Of our army long ago.
The graceful elm was very glad,
As glad as it could be,
That he who led that army on
Gained for us Liberty.

Of the "Old Liberty Tree" of Boston, Lafayette said, "The world should never forget the spot where once stood 'Liberty Tree,' so famous in your annals." This elm witnessed many exciting scenes. "Liberty Tree" became a sort of idol, and on February 14, 1766 "it was pruned after the best manner agreeable to a vote passed by the true born Sons of Liberty." The evening following the repeal of the Stamp Act "all the gentlemen in the town contributed lanterns to illuminate it until its boughs could hold no more, which gave it a most splendid appearance."

It was beneath the shade of an old elm, in the center of the public square in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, that the Berkshire troops were marshalled previous to their march to Bunker Hill. The first agricultural fair in America was held under the boughs of this tree.

The birch was a most useful tree to the aborigines of North America.

For, long before from other lands
Discoverers came to search,
For this New World where in to dwell,
The Indians knew the birch.
Then on the rivers now we love
Their birch-canoes were seen;
While oft they paused to rest beside,
Some wood or meadow green.

Cotton Mather—as he advanced in years—is said to have deeply regretted the part he took in persecuting those who were supposed to have been witches. Over his grave in the Old Copp's Hill burial ground in Boston weeping willow. The slip from

which it grew was taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Many people have admired the immense ash trees at Mount Vernon which were planted by General Washington.

Nearly every locality has some one tree that its people love. The planting of a tree is the placing of a beautiful living memorial and one in which we can take part every year when Arbor Day comes. If the school yard has not room for another, there is some street or road near by which would be made more beautiful by another shade tree. We can call the tree we plant a "living tablet" if we choose, and name it in memory of some person or event, then what a pleasure it will be to see our tablet growing bigger and bigger year after year, and to know that we are beautifying the land which our fore fathers gained for us.

It is surely patriotic to do any service that will benefit the country we love. Aside from their beauty trees have a scientific value, else those who have charge of our forests would not have thought of Arbor Day.

The boys and girls all over our land, are fostering the right spirit when they plant a tree, and as trees are a benefit to our country, the deed is truly one of patriotism. M. W. A.



DISTRICT SCHOOL AT NORTH BLOOMFIELD, CONN.

Little Electa Catherine.

A little school-house stands to-day
Beside a country road,
Where children climb in wisdom's ways,
With many a weighty load.
Some seventy years ago there lived
In a toll-house o'er the way,
Little Electa Catharine
Who kept our Arbor-Day.

A sapling grew close by her home
A maple fair to see,
And this the little maiden claimed
And always called "my tree."
But alterations in the house,
Decreed the young tree's fall;
And so the little black-eyed maid
Removed its roots and all.

And planted it quite near her school,
Where sun, and rain and air,
Year after year gave nourishment
Till the tree was wondrous fair.
For sixty years its pleasure gave,
To those who sought its shade;
Her children oft have rested there,
Her children's children played.

Below the school, in summer time,
The brook goes babbling still,
St. Andrews Church is near at hand,
Beyond is Tariffville.
The tree is gone, yet doth it live
In memory, so we say:—
"Thanks to the child who planted it
And kept our Arbor-Day."

M. WINCHESTER ADAMS,

Washington, or the Revolution.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. Royal Library in Buckingham Palace.**Time: July, 1779.**Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, Prime Minister; LORD WYEMOUTH, Secretary of State; LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the other Ministers of the Realm.*

KING—Again your sovereign summons
You to heavy responsibility.
The official pillar of this mighty Empire,—
Will you be prop and help to me, against
Dismemberment? Spain has thrown open the
Gate of furious war, and through it marches
To scar our shield invincible, with
Hostile blows. The traditional enemy
Of England—her hate kept active with the
Smart of frequent punishment by us
Administered—has paid the price; hence
Spain

Is bowed in homage to perfidious France.

WYEMOUTH—Gibraltar lures her to this mid-adventure?

KING—We hold this rocky seat
Beside her royal palace; and having
Ample power, we will hold it for our
Posterity.

NORTH—And so we may.

The last soldier of England as a forfeit,
Before Gibraltar. But does the defiance,
With equal argument, elsewhere extend?
For five years and more we have striven to
Reduce the Colonies across the sea.
Advancing nothing—after loss huge and
Wasteful—Nemesis, harrowing to activity
Continental allies of these rebels,
Now knocks at our homes. Is it not time to
Shut the book of this long and bloody
record?

KING—Not while I wear the crown.

Others may weaken and fall, but not the King.

Severe self-reflection prompts this speech. It
Is pitched in harmony with our heaviest
Ordnance, for continued war against
America, France and Spain.

The Minister, who will take his cue and
Action from this resolve, I will support
Against wind and tide. Who differently
Concludes, can be no Minister of mine.
Our rebellious subjects, without a shilling
For a shoe, are now barefoot in beggarly
March to unconditional submission.

Clinton and his Indians will prick them to
Quicker motion; but for this act of Spain
The opposition could not have lived till now.
From Georgia come reports which cheer:

Savannah
Again flies the flag of the Lion-hearted
Richard; and it is still onward borne by
Our good commanders, back into the
Woody center of repentant States.

WYEMOUTH—Your Majesty carries my judgment
With you. To stop now, while the white
teeth of

Our war dogs are fastened upon the
Shrinking wolf we have hunted these many
Years, is ingratitude to good fortune.

GERMAIN—Portending disaster
Is noted by the shrewdest, who lighten
Consequences by preparation. To
Clinton has been made known the price of
treason.

The account precise and itemized, is
From one of the best of the rebel generals:
Advised by me, Sir Henry will buy what
Is marketable. All is fair in war.
Corrupt your foe with gold, if you cannot
Vanquish him in arms.

KING—A sentiment loyal and patriotic,
Because it helps us on to peace.

GERMAIN—We hope to strike a blow—
Intrigue to the end, closely hugging the
Promise of the beginning—which shall end
Revolt, as if its many criminals
Were all as one;—and that one, with halter
Drawn was swinging.

KING—The land provided for,
The sea—which murmurs the imperial
Sway of England in every zone—will aid
Us vastly. These Continental nations,
Whose unfriendly hands would tear our
ensign,
Shall not be fed to our harm, under the
Guise of neutral powers. The Dutch Re-
public

For a century or more has championed
The code of immunity to a neutral
Flag upon the world of waters, which—we
Must in truth admit—England has partially
Confirmed. But, self-preservation annuls
All treaties; and henceforth by a rule of
Our making, we will search, as suspicion
leads.

Russia and some other States, free from
billyow

Entanglements, teach us to be as free.
The Netherlands complain, that by this rule
We have of late oppressed her commerce.
Perhaps so! And this oppression shall
continue,

If she floats to France, materials of war;—
A general warning, which others may hear
And fear. England will enforce it, as
Mistress of the seas. [All retire.

SCENE II.—*Philadelphia. Congressional
Committee Room, in Hall of Independ-
ence.**Time: October, 1779.**Enter HENRY LAURENS, JOHN JAY, and
JOHN ADAMS.*

ADAMS—By chance we gather here, a trio of
Ambassadors, on this October day.
We will call this a meeting of the
“Committee on Foreign Affairs,” since we
Are all the chosen Ministers to
Foreign States.

LAURENS—Rather a “Committee of Finance;”
For money is our quest.

JAY—To Spain I shall carry no
Hope to win gold, though there I plead for
this.

If King Charles and Florida Blanca, his most
Prudent Minister, give blows material
In support of her decree of war, so
That England shall feel them, this Republic
Will for that be thankful.

ADAMS—To England, at this time, to win a
Treaty of peace and commerce, is a journey
That gives no good promise. But it is well
To be near, if wanted; so hence to Paris.
I wonder if King George, North and Germain
Will favor a loan upon my petition.

[All laugh.

LAURENS—I excel you all in high expectations.
Holland is rich and friendly. In June,
France

Added three millions to former kindness.
The Hague should do as much.

ADAMS—Franklin in France,
With Lafayette as orator for his suit,
Has a field of easy plowing.

JAY—Vergennes is a master in diplomacy,
To win Spain as an alley.
That nation has no love for our cause.

ADAMS—The Bourbon, born with a sceptre in
his

Hands, is from his cradle the people's foe.
Florida Blanca has firmly said that his
King would never admit our independence,
Till England led the way. Vergennes won
him to

The side of France by the pledge of Gib-
raltar
Restored and other territory gained.

JAY—And we assisted; guaranteeing
Florida and the coast of the Gulf, in
Return for free sailing upon the
Mississippi. This was a tempting bait,
And the King took it.

LAURENS—He lost, however, the rich heart
of the

Fruit he coveted. Colonel George Rogers
Clark,—

By right of conquest, if not discovery,—
Gives to us the great Northwest, even to
The Mississippi. It was a master-stroke
Of Patrick Henry, as Governor of Virginia.
To send forth this expedition.

ADAMS—Behind us, from the waters of Erie
To the Gulf of Mexico, where the Indians,
With a fringe of savage fire—now quenched
with

This success. Spain had longing eyes for the
Illinois. It was to fall to her as
Spoils from Great Britain. She has lost; and
Henceforth her Southern limit shall be to
those

Lands whose waters, to a stingy distance,
The Gulf imbibes.

JAY—Our hero, Clark,—may his name
Never be forgotten!—thousands of miles
From home, and with less than two hundred
men,

Wrenched these primeval forests from Eng-
lish rule,
And made them ours.

ADAMS—Let us boast of these, our good for-
tunes.

For those of evil are surely many.

LAURENS—Our resources are so few!
Stony Point in July last emblazoned
Our dashing courage. For want of men,
Within a month,—and without the asking—
We gave back what we had won.

ADAMS—It was a feat,
Twin brothers in renown to that of Wayne,
Which Harry Lee performed in the August
Following. Paulus Hook, in New Jersey,
Is the doorway to Clinton's Castle in
New York. Lee here made a successful
breach,

And, without stopping to say “Good morn-
ing!”

To the host, rode off with two hundred of
His retainers.

This was tweaking the master by the nose.

JAY—Wyoming, during the summer past,
Has been avenged. The Senecas and the
Six Nations have felt the iron beel of
Sullivan. They will hereafter have less
Faith in their “great father,”—so they call
the King,—

To shield them; and hence cease to massacre.
This lesson was severe; but is the
Only way to quell the savage.

Punishment they understand.

ADAMS—To my State these summer suns
Brought different fruit. That expedition
To Penobscot was ill-advised.

LAURENS—So will it ever be,
When military plans are laid without
The approving hand of Washington.
His common sense ranks genius; and his high
Genius is enriched with common sense.
Hence, on equal grounds, he is invincible.

ADAMS—All men can cavil
After an injury is done. It was
A formidable flotilla which
Massachusetts alone sent forth to drive
The enemy from their footing on the
Eastern shore. Hostile cannon—
Of greater caliber,—followed, and
Assailed the assailants. Our vessels were
Sunk or burned; the landed men were fugi-
tives,

And the British remained masters of
Penobscot, and so, on to the East.

JAY—But not so to the West.
Clinton has just left Newport; and west of

The Penobscot not an enemy stands
Upon New England's soil. After three years
Of possession, Rhode Island watches the
Vanishing invaders.

LAURENS.—Forces withdrawn from the East
To attack us in the South.

ADAMS—And from that quarter,
May we hear more cheering news!

LAURENS.—Since their capture of Savannah,
In December last, the British pillage
Through Georgia—and South Carolina, too—
Has been unbearable. By suffering,
Patriots—as true in heart as are the
Fixed stars true to their places—were driven
To accept protection from victorious
Foes. Life was wasted, property stolen,
And that left want only destroyed. Terms of
Surrender at Savannah were disregarded,
In the belief of permanent powers
Gained. So do little minds, in the moment
Of success, deem themselves invincible,
And give rein to the nature that rules
within.

ADAMS—The South was unprepared for war.
Their blows—when ready,—will be the
heavier,
Fitting the requittal for these grievous
wrongs.

LAURENS—All eyes in the South
Turned to D'Estaing;—since in troops Wash-
ington

Could do but little in co-operation.
Congress urging him, the French Admiral
Sailed from the West Indies, and suddenly
Appeared off the coast of Georgia. This was
Early in September—the month just ended—
When annual gales may disturb the best
Of naval calculations. He was willing
To aid General Lincoln to regain
Savannah, but quick work was conditioned.
This October came before all was ready,—
So will time steal upon the best intentions,
And the delay was a ransom to the
Besieged. On the ninth a combined assault
Was made; but,—in sorrow I say it,—our
Guns were silenced by defeat. The brave
D'Estaing

Was wounded, and that noble victim of
Kingly tyranny, Pulaski, killed.
With a loss of five hundred men, Lincoln
Came to Charleston; and D'Estaing is now
Homeward bound to France. Pardon this
tedious
Recital of an eventful story,
But heavy sorrow sometimes makes one
garrulous.

JAY—Well, well! The bitter must come with
the sweet,

To make the contrast. We have the men; we
Still have the high resolve for freedom and
Independence. We need the money. In our
Respective stations, if we but succeed,
In part, all will yet rightly end.

[All retire.]

SCENE III.—(Same as Act II, Scene V.) New
York City. Headquarters of GENERAL
CLINTON.

Time: December 25, 1779.

Enter GEN. CLINTON, LORD CORNWALLIS,
LORD RAWDON, and COL. TARLETON.

CLINTON—Our Christmas revels ended,
We now must step from pleasure into toil.
So run our lives away!
To-morrow I sail for Charleston.

CORNWALLIS—But still will hold this post?

CLINTON—Of course.
Necessity compelled us to draw in
Our line from Newport. But to yield New
York,
Is to end the war. Lord Rawdon, what are
Our present forces in America?

RAWDON—In and around this city, thirty
thousand;

In the South, six thousand;—and three
thousand
Hold the Eastern coast.

CLINTON—The Ministry order
That Charleston shall be reduced. Once I
was

Charged with this task, and failed; it is
now my
Wish,—and my pride as well,—in person to
Make the second trial. The fleet to-morrow
Will carry eight thousand five hundred,—a
Power irresistible,—from this favored post.

TARLETON—Enough to stop pulsation in
Every rebel heart south of the Potomac.

CLINTON—And still enough be left to repel
Danger here. General Cornwallis, in
Defence to our German allies,—whose
Arms have been locked with ours in every
Encounter since this strife began,—I leave
Knyphausen my successor in command.
I shall call for you to join me, since it
Would be remiss, in a work so great, to
Forego your helpful hand.

CORNWALLIS—My will and pleasure
Unite in my obedience.

RAWDON—The King and his advisers
Were right in turning us southward. As we
Learn, the people, released from further ter-
rors,
In trooping crowds welcome us.

CORNWALLIS—It is fear, not love, that thus
impels.

The South is unorganized. Washington—
Whose judgment and direction are worth a
Standing army—is far removed. Because
Of this we gained Savannah; and later
Repulsed the effort to retake it.

TARLETON—No matter what the cause im-
pelling,
So we subdue these rascals.

CORNWALLIS—My sentiment with yours keeps
time.

I have questioned—before you all—the policy
Of our predatory war, as the past
Year bore record. At best it has been a
Wasteful effort, begrimed with useless
Suffering. In a general attack,—the
Purpose being subjugation,—I would
Be fierce, terrible and bloody, to gain
This end.

CLINTON—As savage as was that struggle on
the sea,
In September last, within hail of England.
A desperate encounter, and fatal
To us; for our ship struck her colors
To the Yankee.

RAWDON—That shall remain as a romance of
the sea.

We should never forget that the hero
Was an English subject, gone wrong.
After all, out from Scotia's blood rises
The unconquerable will of the now
And forever famous Capt.—John Paul Jones.

CLINTON—Tarleton, you will sail with me to-
morrow.

TARLETON—And am rejoiced to be so favored.
Will the ice willingly release us from
The harbor?

CLINTON—It is a reasonable question.
A more savage winter never marked this
Latitude. Cold and pitiless, it girdles
Us. The entire bay from here to Staten
Island,—and the rivers on either side,—
Upon their icy shield would bear up an army.

CORNWALLIS—This they really do;
For over those flowing waters,
Our soldiers daily march in safety.

CLINTON—And herefrom we might look for
danger,

Were it not that Boreas is impartial
In his wrath. Washington and his camp, tied
With these snowy bonds, are helplessly
Held within the lines at Morristown.

RAWDON—These icy winds—as if in folding an

Army of unseen devils—cut our faces
With Arctic tempered blades But for this,
We could forage and refill our larders
Even wood for fire is gained only from city
homes
Destroyed. A terrible season!

CLINTON—One consideration pushing us out
To sea is, that we may lighten here the
Demands upon the Commissary.
Replying to Col. Tarleton, our engineers
Promise that our ships shall find their free-
dom,
And to-morrow escape to a more friendly
clime.

Gentlemen, since preparation for the
Coming day here lays a heavy tax, I
Release you. General Rawdon, passing out,
Will you request Major Andre to attend
Me? [CORNWALLIS, RAWDON, and
TARLETON retire.]

(Musing) It is time I sounded—
This mysterious well, and know if truth
Has firm foundation there.

[Enter MAJOR ANDRE.]

ANDRE—Your Excellency has
Some commands for me?

CLINTON—We are about to sail away.
I would know more of that correspondence
Upon which you build so lavishly, for
The glory of our King. Does your gentle
Friend continue her most important lines?

ANDRE—No; it is not necessary.
Her husband now assumes her place.

CLINTON—(amazed.) Gracious Heavens,
Andre!

I should not longer be kept in ignorance
Of your scheme. I have dropped hints of
what might
Come of this;—and Lord Germain, with the
King's

Approval, bids me not to fail. I shall
Be much compromised as a commander,
If our enterprise should prove to be a
Bubble of empty air.

ANDRE—Fear not!
Our bubble is a bomb.
Its explosion will shake two continents.

CLINTON—Say you so!
Then the time has come for me to be
A partner to this great secret.

ANDRE—And so you shall.
All! All! I am ready to reveal.
What would you know?

CLINTON—Who has been your friend in Phil-
adelphia?

ANDRE—Miss Margaret Shippen.
That was her name.

CLINTON—Who is she now?

ANDRE—The wife—the honored wife—of
Benedict Arnold, Major-General
In the Continental army.

CLINTON—(in great astonishment) Andre!
Andre! The best

Beloved of this military family;
My friend, and officer most faithful to
Our King! Excited thoughts, in wild con-
fusion,

Disturb orderly reflection, hearing
What I do. Pardon me, that I am thus
Aroused—foreseeing the fateful future,
So charged for our making. And is this the
Man who would sell his country and her
Armies for a price?

ANDRE—The same, your Excellency.
The contract drawn,
Is not yet sealed; but will be.

CLINTON—How climbed you to this vast emi-
nence,
Upon whose giddy height's you may com-
mand

The ending of this fratricidal folly?

ANDRE—By means most natural.
Last winter, in Philadelphia, I knew—
And her acquaintance honors any man—
Miss Shippen.

She was a partner in the Mischianza.
I never knew—or cared to know—the side
She favored in these quarrels of state, though
Her father was friendly to the King.
When our army left, her kind remembrance
Followed me—as I think, regardless of
The man, though not the soldier. Later, the
Pen became the link that gently held us
To each other.

CLINTON—How little is youth constrained,
When once the current runs!

ANDRE—Our letters were mere commonplace,
Till she became a wife. In pride, that she
Had won the most dashing of his fellows,
She wanted me to know her gallant soldier,
Whom she had conquered, though all Eng-
land failed.

Between good friends—neither of whom
thought of

Evil, more than does the holy cross upon
Some lofty spire, which amid the whirling
Storm still points the way to Heaven—this
Was most natural. In the midst of gales
Political, honest friendship was to
Both of us, as this peaceful symbol. With
General Arnold, through her proud and
willing

Pen, I was made acquainted.

CLINTON—And then with Arnold also
You held this correspondence?

ANDRE—Rather to Gen. Arnold transferred it;
With his wife I have not since communi-
cated.

He was pleased as I was; for, when once set
Flowing, the blood of amity is richer
Than that of war. He signed "Gustavus,"
and

I "John Anderson."

It was then I gave the hint to you.

CLINTON—How did you approach
The danger point of treason?

ANDRE—In chosen words,
I honored him for his great name; pitied
Him, that it was used so ingloriously.
He chided me; but did not forbid.
He came eagerly to await from me
This dish of dainty garniture. I then
Knew I might go on; that he would come to
Me at last—for one is ever tempted
By what he longingly keeps in eye.

CLINTON—A shrewd diplomatist!
Does his wife know this?

ANDRE—She knows no more than
She did introduce us. I urged the great
Advantage which he would win from service
To the crown. Rank, money, honor!
Hinted at the good that would cease to flow—
The war ended,—and this end gained, to be
His blessing. Suggested Monk, the iron
Prop of Cromwell; but after, the glorious
Friend of England, who brought back
Charles and seated
Him upon his throne, ending strife; and was
Then Duke of Albermarle. He rushed for-
ward

To meet my words; then hesitated;
Was indignant; now advanced; fell back;
And at last rushed on again. He is now
Fast-locked with me. I know his price. In
good
Time he will come home, beneath the
standard
Of Saint George.

CLINTON—You will sail with me to-morrow.
But here we must return in the coming
Spring, to further drive this momentous
Enterprise. Meantime secrecy sit as
Guard upon our tongues. [All retire.

SCENE IV.—Headquarters of WASHINGTON at
Morristown.

Time: February, 1780.

Enter GEN. KNOX and GEN. NATHANIEL
GREENE.

KNOX—Then Heaven help us, if you cannot!
My men for days have not had an ounce of
meat.

GREENE—Your appeal to Heaven is opportune;
For thence help must come, if at all. I can
Do nothing.

KNOX—You are the
Quartermaster-General of this army.

GREENE—This being so, can I,
From official title, cause food to fall
Like manna, upon our heads?
Or conjure clothing with a magician's wand?
Oh that I could do so!
Then this noble camp should soon be sur-
feited.

KNOX—It is a great truth you speak,
When you say "noble camp." For nobler
men

Never more nobly suffered in a nobler cause.

GREENE—We are as closely locked with snow
and ice,
As if companioned with Polar bears.
Winter has set free its chilling forces,
That all the world may know how helpless
man

Is, against them. It is a consoling
Thought that, but for his ships Clinton is
Imprisoned also, and the key is lost.
The little that we get, in fuel and
In food, comes from adjoining counties.

KNOX—New Jersey is scarred from head to toe
with
Both devouring armies. The common prey!
However, she lives through all, and grandly
Struggles that we shall, in spite of
Sepulchral snows.

GREENE—Her heavy trial is,
The Tory at her gates. The British are
Near, and always ready to corrupt
Timorous souls; who, yielding, work greater
Injury to prove the sincerity of
Apostasy. The convert outruns in
Zeal the original in faith. This rule,
Just now applied on Southern soil,—follow-
ing
English conquest there,—carries havoc to
A patient people.

KNOX—Here comes his Excellency.

[Enter WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON—(showing much depression.)
Pardon me,
Gentlemen, if I seem unsteady in
Direction during this trying hour.
At last, I am at that point when it is
So hard—so very hard—to push forward;
Facing a future, dismal, dark, hopeless!

GREENE—Through these wintry rifts, General,
We have lately had one happy gleam—
The fight of John Paul Jones. He exchang-
ed his
Ship for a better one of England's. With
His sword he compelled this barter upon
The seas, where the Briton boasts no rival.

WASHINGTON—(becoming animated.) A
cheering chapter
In this book of suffering! He was
Inferior in all but daring.
Lashed to the Serapis, he would not yield,
Though every gun upon his Richard was
Dismounted. English cannon lighting the
Way, he climbed to the decks of his fast-
flashing
Rival, and, taking her as his, to greedy
Neptune—greedy of its fame—gave up his
own.

KNOX—Oh, that he could meet Clinton and his
fleet!

WASHINGTON—For them I have prepared an-
other greeting.

In November last, North Carolina's
Troops were ordered South; Virginia's fol-
lowed

In December. They will strengthen the
hands

Of Lincoln, though this dangerously weak-
ens

Us. It had to be! Even facing the fact
That the expiring enlistments will soon
Reduce us to four thousand men.

GREENE—They will re-enlist?

WASHINGTON—I hope so. Yet why?

They serve without pay, food, clothes or
fuel.

The world never gave a parallel. They
starve,
And freeze, and serve, and all so unmur-
muringly.

This cannot go on. Congress must become
A power to govern, to tax, and to provide,
Or all is lost.

GREENE—We men are not alone in suffering!
The women have their share.

WASHINGTON—And may this be ever remem-
bered!

Not a hamlet in the land but sends forth
Its mite. The women with busy fingers
Are providing. What a page for the yet
Unsharpened pen of history! A great
Nation of States waging war for freedom,
And sustained by charity. And so broad
The mantle of generous gifts, that private
Fortunes are offered—freely offered—un-
der it.

KNOX—Robert Morris is an
Illustrious example of your comment.

WASHINGTON—And many more.
But how much would it lighten hardship,—
Heavy enough when unavoidable,—
If all would willingly conform to
Enforced conditions!

GREENE—I do not understand.

WASHINGTON—The case of Arnold gives much
disquiet.

Court-martialed, because Congress ordered
it,—

And this ruling power we must obey,—
He was convicted. As directed by
The Court, he has been reprimanded; a
Stingless sentence, and made intentionally
So, regardless of his great qualities.

KNOX—Well?

WASHINGTON—With all the gentle considera-
tion

Shown, Arnold is very angry. Did I not
Esteem him greatly, I could not feel so
Regretfully his displeasure toward
His accusers.

GREENE—This is only an addition to the load;
And where the items are many that
Totalize the burden, let this one be
Lost, swallowed up in numbers.

WASHINGTON—It would be wisdom thus to
treat it.

Gentlemen, a grave mood has fast hold upon
Me to-day; I am unwilling longer
To be a weight upon better spirits,
And will retire. [WASHINGTON retires.

GREENE—The General is much depressed.
A thing not common.

KNOX—Under the load he carries,
I wonder he does not fall. He alone
Is the stay and prop of our highest hopes.

GREENE—Without him,
The army would not hold together.

KNOX—I did not tell him, for,
Indeed, I could not, that three sentinels
Were this morning found frozen and dead!
Each man standing on his path.

GREENE—Why, who was he,
Who wrote of the Roman soldier, pacing
His beat while Vesuvius was in anger,
Two thousand years ago? The ashes fell
Around him, but his measured tread ceased
not,

Till covering lava became his grave.
The revolving centuries have continuously
Answered to his name, upon the roll of the
Immortals, "Died at the post of duty."

KNOX—And every sentinel
Who perished yester-night, is challenger
For this honor of that ancient Roman
The cycling years, through the coming ages,
With like renown shall say for them,
"Died at the post of duty." [All retire.]

SCENE V.—Room of Count de VERGENNES,
Minister of KING LOUIS XVI, in Royal
Palace at Versailles, France.
Time: March, 1780.

Enter VERGENNES and LAFAYETTE.

LAFAYETTE—I assure you, Count, you
Never served a grander purpose than in this.
I have summered and wintered with these
Noble men. The fate of all mankind
Is linked with their success or failure.

VERGENNES—That my pulse runs with yours,
Is proven by my works. To gain helpful
Gifts, I have pushed the King and France,—
and

Europe, too,—as far as I have dared; all this
In kindness to your adopted heroes.

LAFAYETTE—And posterity,—
Dividing its inheritance of freedom,
Which in division grows, on and on till
All States are blessed,—will thunder its
gratitude
To the great Minister of France, the
Count de Vergennes.

VERGENNES—Perhaps so.
No matter with what motives I began,
I am now heart-bound to America,
In her furious and unequal combat.

LAFAYETTE—I thank you in the name of Wash-
ington
And his patriots. I carry back
To them—for I shall soon return—the
Inspiring news that France comes to their
side

With millions of money, a fleet of ships,
And twelve thousand soldiers. Is that the
Benediction to be reported?

VERGENNES—You have correctly stated.

LAFAYETTE—And Rochambeau commander.
Neglecting
Nothing—love-sharpened wit the guide—to
prevent
A conflict of authority, (for
Confusion will ruin the shrewdest plans)
Washington, as if a Marshal of France,
Ranks all, when this contingent reaches the
Contending colonies.

VERGENNES—Again you rightly speak.

LAFAYETTE—In good time,
And opportunely, comes our Franklin.
[Enter BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.]

VERGENNES—You see, Doctor, that
Still I am engaged plowing in your fields.

FRANKLIN—May you have much company!

VERGENNES—With Spain assisting,
We are not lonesome.

FRANKLIN—England still shakes a haughty
head,
More arrogant from forceful opposition.

LAFAYETTE—Be careful, lest
The fall from high reaching may break her
neck! [All laugh.]

VERGENNES—She has felt that fall,
Though not these consequences.

FRANKLIN—I rejoice at the one; and lament
The other.—Good Count, what means your
riddle?

VERGENNES—Upon the ocean, from compul-
sion,
She flies a lower flag. For a century,
It has been the tradition, if not the law
In treaties written, that a neutral flag
Guarded a neutral ship. Within the year
England has disregarded this, and
Insolently trampled it—because she
Dared to, from her maritime supremacy.
Argosies from the Netherlands—all Europe

Holds not a more thrifty state—have been by
British arrogance stopped and plundered.
The very waves which witnessed such wrong,
would
Rise in high revolt if they were self-con-
trolling.

Other nations were asked by us to join in
Common protest.

FRANKLIN—For this equity on the world's
highway,
It was a request most reasonable.

VERGENNES—Great Frederick, without a com-
merce

Of importance, was not interested;
Austria, thought only of self-interest, and
This was not afloat. Great Catherine, be-
tween

The powers was arbiter, if she would.
Though kindly spoken in her words to us,
Words, not framed as a command, worked
nothing.

Panin,—shrewd Minister of the Empress,—
To England's request for Russia to league
With her in public trespass, returned a
Blunt refusal. So neither side did woo
Catherine to their liking.

FRANKLIN—In September last
Paul Jones carried his prizes—a British
Man-of-war and other sail—into the
Texal. England demanded a surrender,
And that Jones be treated as a pirate.
The Netherlands were dumb to this as-
surance.

VERGENNES—That did not mend matters;
But widened the breach—already growing—
Between England and our dike-protected
Neighbors. An incident, unforeseen, at
Last overtopped diplomacy. Spain seized
A Russian ship. It was enough!
Catherine raged, till all bent before her
wrath;

And within a month has given her decree,—
In which others must unite;—that henceforth
A neutral flag makes the ship beneath it free.

LAFAYETTE—It is an event which,—like a mile-
post
On a road,—marks the progress of mankind.

VERGENNES—All the world will be richer for
this.

England is humbled; while Catherine has
built

For herself a monument. And now to
The King for confirmation of the aid
You have thanked me for. [All retire.]

SCENE VI.—Wood near Camden, South Car-
olina.

Time: August 16, 1780; early morning.

Enter CAPT. MOULTRIE, CAPT. CARROLL,
GEN. DE KALB, and soldiers.

MOULTRIE—(much excited) We are ordered
To await the General here? Were it not
That I hear a name made famous in this
State,

By one whose blood is vein-encased with
mine,

I should retire from this artless management.

CARROLL—General Moultrie, your much hon-
ored relative,
Is a name to prick you to loftier feeling
Than discontent.

And, like mine, it grew upon Southern soil.

DE KALB—And both of you, from that soil,
Will yet exact hearty commendation.

MOULTRIE—Oh, for some panacea against im-
patience!

Which, like an ailment usurping health,
strangles

Subordination. I cannot help it.

It worries me to be so hedged with stu-
pidity.

CARROLL—Of what do you complain?

MOULTRIE—Have I the time
To recount the long indictment, before
We feel again the fast preparing foe?

Shall I review more than a year of blunders?
Not two hours ago—upon this spot—the
Head of our line, in blind ignorance of
The situation, struck the British. We
Were hurled back and Porterfield is slain.

We
Stand now at bay, waiting the second blow.
This is Camden, and August the sixteenth—
Bennington's third anniversary;—we have
Here no Stark, to insure a like celebrity.

CARROLL—The past, as the present, you ar-
raign.

The first, the second, fathers.

MOULTRIE—In the South, all has gone wrong
Since first the King launched here his
thunderbolts.

Savannah was lost because the enemy
Came where least expected. That wastwenty
Months ago. Savannah was not regained,
Because the link of victory was lost
While golden moments ran—wasted upon
Preparation. For a year—like a lion
Whose claws have been clipped—the South
lay helpless.

Then came Charleston.

DE KALB—There, it was a
Question of superior artillery.
Clinton sailing from New York,—thanks for
ocean

Storms,—January of the present year
Had nearly run, before Southern shores gave
Him welcome greeting. Lord Rawdon
followed

Clinton with three thousand; and Cornwallis
Later still, leading an equal number.
Cooped up in Charleston, confronting such
an

Army, Lincoln was defenceless.

MOULTRIE—You track me to my conclusions,
Like a hunter upon the scent. Why did
Lincoln wait for the barren honors of
Capitulation? Had Washington been
There, that army of seven thousand had
Not remained within a city circled
Prison, to be surrendered in May,—
Without the priming of a gun in protest,—
But with us here, this August, would be
ready

To repel invasion.
The loss of Lincoln's army! It was this
Disaster which brought me from the North,
Though much needed there.

CARROLL—And hosts of others, too.
Who wear swords which seek the gravest
dangers.

MOULTRIE—And since that heavy time,
Surcharged with these misfortunes, Georgia
and

Also our Carolina have been as
Convicts paying penalties. For weeks, our
Opposition ceased; and,—as beasts of prey
Set free,—Clinton and his instruments,
Throughout these States, have worked their
evil will.

Tartleton at Waxhaw gave no quarter to
The retreating, but overtaken, Buford;
And the cruel murders there, upon
Surrendered men, call tears of pity into
Anger-glistening eyes. In all directions
Went marauding parties forth, charged to
pillage,

Burn and slay. The wicked Tamerlane was
A saint of mercy beside these men. This
Colonel Tarleton has Lord Rawdon as his
Dual in these fearful crimes.

DE KALB—As we have learned,
Clinton overawed the people with
Proclamations as bitter as his sword.

MOULTRIE—Cursed be the hand which wrote
them!

Prisoners on parole were ordered to fall
Into British ranks, or be tried for treason.
What say you to this, for keeping the pledge
Of treaty, signed and sealed!

CARROLL—Clinton is no longer here; in June
He turned northward, leaving Cornwallis in

- Full command, with seven thousand veterans
- MOULTRIE**—And to those veterans,
This same Cornwallis proposes to add
Regiments of disaffected Carolinians.
Can he do it?
- DE KALB**—Men in straits,
With their fears and their families advising,
Will do much excusable.
- MOULTRIE**—In all the books of torture,
I tell you, sir, there is no excuse for this.
I will give no quarter to a Tory.
I have met them! Yes, at Wyoming, I
Met them, and knew their quality.
- CARROLL**—Cornwallis issues to the people
Commissions for native regiments.
Lord Rawdon, and those of equal rank,
Do recruiting service. A census
Is taken to compel enlistments.
'O refuse is death.
- DE KALB**—And thousands do enlist—
Though often from this compulsion.
- MOULTRIE**—Would that all such wretches
Had a single head, and this hand and sword
Could reach it! So many of our people
Are at the North, that the South is a naked
Waste in defensive population.
- DE KALB**—Washington has done
What he could in remedy. I am here by
His command, with the troops of Maryland
And Delaware. And other Southern sons
Stand with us now, awaiting expectant
Battle. It was a long and tedious march;
But in spite of all the buffeting,
I am here in time.
- MOULTRIE**—A kingdom for more such men
As Marion and Sumter! Like avenging
Angels, charged with wrath divine, they
have dropped
To earth from the arches of our ever-bloom-
ing
flowers. We know no other origin;—
Nor of their coming—till they come. They
sting
The invader with a deadly venom.
The stiff-necked Cornwallis, Tarleton and
Rawdon hug closer to their camps, when
The warning drums of Marion
Beat on the banks of the great Pedee.
Sumter is fit companion.
- CARROLL**—Their deeds push quickest blood
To still more rapid flow. They are here, and
There, and everywhere,—and each spot is
famous
After they have gone. That I were with
them!
- MOULTRIE**—At Rocky Mount! Aye! at Hang-
ing Rock,
Only ten days ago, Sumter pricked the
Swelling bubble of English arrogance.
Superior British force shrinks before
Superior daring, when Marion
And Sumter are in the saddle. Neither
Is with us now. Their absence may be a
Battle lost.
- CARROLL**—The dashing rangers are not idle.
Sumter goes to seize supplies; and Marion
Is gone, I know not where; but this I do
Know, that upon whatever mossy bank he
Sleeps this night, there is the bed of Mars.
- MOULTRIE**—My confidence turns from this
man Gates.
And if it did not, I should feel more at ease.
- CARROLL**—He is sent here by Congress.
Washington wanted Greene; but Congress
Would not have it.
- MOULTRIE**—Did he not tell me,
Only yesterday, with head stretched high in
air,
That he was independent; was his own
Commander; Washington no more to him
Than a Tartar upon the Caspian?
- DE KALB**—He informed me, an hour ago,
That upon this field this morning, he would
Marshal seven thousand men.
- MOULTRIE**—And I say in answer to this that—
like
A chattering ape, whose jargon is only noise—
There is no sense in what he tells you.
He has not three thousand. The surprise
This morning,—from which we now are
bleeding,—
Together with such silly stuff as that you
Report, is what sickens me. Hope feeds
poorly,
When ignorant egotism taints every dish.
- CARROLL**—Here comes General Gates.
*Enter GEN. GATES with aids and sol-
diers.*
- GATES**—I thank you, gentlemen,
That you have kept this spot; and that here
so
Readily I find you. The flurry of
This morning was the bite of the insect,
Which turned us in our sleep, but wasted
not
Our power to kill, when seen with wakeful
eyes.
Thus we have arranged: De Kalb, the right
of
The line will be your care; Caswell in the
Centre with North Carolina stalwarts; and
Stevens to lead his Virginians on the left.
The rear will be my place. At once away,
To form this line before the break of day!
[All retire.]
- [Enter CORNWALLIS, LORD RAWDON,
COL. TARLETON, MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT.
LOFTUS, Aids and Soldiers.]*
- CORNWALLIS**—From Charleston coming,
I am but two days with you. I have seen
Enough, Lord Rawdon, to approve your
work.
It was well that you called in your scattered
Forces and centered here.
- RAWDON**—Colonel Tarleton gave up
His conquering march upon the Black, and
Turned this way. He left a people, by him
Several scourged for their disloyalty.
- CORNWALLIS**—These States have been reduced
To subjugation simply by the terror
Of our coming.
- TARLETON**—I find it warfare most agreeable.
No organized force resisting—leisurely
To advance, to order, to terrorize,
And to punish as we please.
- CORNWALLIS**—Captain Loftus, what report?
You have
Played the scoui, I hope to some good pur-
pose?
- LOFTUS**—This morning's collision,
Was a surprise to them as to ourselves.
They are demoralized by our pounding.
Their fleeing cavalry spread panic as the ran.
I find them in force about three thousand;
Not more. One Gates is the General com-
manding.
On either wing they are assailable
- MONCRIEF**—Gates! why he is the man
Who took from Burgoyne his sword!
- CORNWALLIS**—The same! This is good news,
For now we will clip his fame; and frost-nip
His laurels, too, giving them no longer
Time for growing. His wings are exposed,
You say; not so ours. A swamp upon either
Side protects us, as though high battlements.
[A gun is heard in distance.]
Hear you that? It is the opening call!
Rawdon, Tarleton, and the rest, see to it,
That the honors won you are worthy yet to
wear.
Each to his place!
With muscles strong for England and her
King!
[All retire.]
- [Enter a company of English soldiers,
fighting with the bayonet, and falling
back sullenly before the bayonets of a
company of Americans.]* LORD RAW-
- DON and COL. TARLETON are with the
British, and each engages in a sword
combat, one with CAPT. MOULTRIE and
one with CAPT. CARROLL, who are with
the Americans. [All retire fighting.]**
*[Re-enter CAPT. MOULTRIE, in great ex-
citement.]*
- MOULTRIE**—Three Rawdons have I slain to-
day already,
When the fourth appears and proclaims
himself
The true one: and him I lost! This monster
Multiplies,—hydra-headed,—by decapita-
tion.
I'll seek him again, before the day is done!
[Retires.]
- [Enter (from side of the stage where
all the last troops retired) a company
of American soldiers, retreating
rapidly, before a company of pursu-
ing English, still fighting with the
bayonet. [All retire fighting.]*
- [Enter MOULTRIE and CARROLL, from
opposite sides, with drawn swords.]*
- CARROLL**—Moultrie, you are yet alive,
And thanks for that! How goes the battle?
I fear the worst has come
- MOULTRIE**—Badly! Badly!
Oh, that I could die to change it! All is lost!
The Virginians fled when sounded the open-
ing
Gun. Caswell followed with all his line.
In quickly getting off Gates led them all;—
And so far as I know is still upon the wing.
De Kalb,—giant in this gathering of pyg-
mies,—
With the men of Maryland and Delaware
By his side, as firmly rooted as the
Magnolias which proudly bent above them,
Bore the entire brunt until he fell,
Injured mortally.
- CARROLL**—De Kalb killed?
- MOULTRIE**—His horse was shot under him.
Severely wounded, he defied the yawning
Grave, for his work was not yet done. On
foot,
Inch by inch, he pushed the infamous Raw-
don
Back, all the while coloring the greensward
red,
As he advanced. Cornwallis then came upon
Him; and within a forest of uplifted
And hacking blades, this untamed lion fell.
*[The roar of battle is heard in the dis-
tance.]*
Now to save ourselves, for some better day.
[All retire.]
- [Enter CORNWALLIS, RAWDON, TARLE-
TON, MONCRIEF and LOFTUS, with cheer-
ing soldiers, flaunting banners, and
beating drums.]*
- CORNWALLIS**—The conqueror of John Bur-
goyne—
Debtor to his heels, though not his head—has
Eluded our grasp. With easy step we may
now
March on even to the Delaware.
The South is here subdued. When will this
people
Learn that England is invincible?
Upon their pallid hearts, to-day we have
This lesson written.
Now to camp and our morning meal.
*[Soldiers cheer, drums beat, and flags
wave. [All retire.]*
- SCENE VII.**—A lawn before headquarters of
WASHINGTON at Morristown.
Time: September 1, 1780.
*[Enter WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, CAPT.
CARROLL, aids and soldiers.]*
- WASHINGTON**—This is distressing news you
bring.
The battle lost,—our army dispersed,—
And Gates a fugitive.
- CARROLL**—I came from the fatal field,

Where these eyes—tear-dried from grief—
saw that which
I report. Gates led the retreat: it is
More true to say the flight. And when last
heard
From, he was at Charlotte,—
Two hundred miles away.

LAFAYETTE.—(with indignation). And this is
the man,
Your Excellency, with whom the
Conspirators at Valley Forge
Would have supplanted you!

WASHINGTON.—No more of that, dear Marquis:
We will not pinch again the limb that's
healed,
And renew irritation.

CARROLL.—The worst remains untold.
A battle lost may be offset with a
Battle gained;—and so, conditions again
Have equal poise. But Cornwallis,—follow-
ing

The road horror-marked by Rawdon and by
Tarleton,—rages through my stricken land
with

More than heathen cruelty. Since the fall
Of Savannah, terror of what might happen
Has been each day mollified with hopeful
Salutations to the morning sun.
But now, a threatening cloud all day long,
Shadows the South with fear.

LAFAYETTE.—What deeds
Of heathenism load your harsh report?

CARROLL.—All who will not bear arms for the
King,
Are seized as malefactors. Prisons are
Filled with our people, and thousands before
Their allotted time have knocked at Heaven's
gate,

Because of close confinement and malignant
Fever. Everywhere property is confiscated
And life made the jest of cruel agents.
Assassination—an all-devouring friend—
Both by day and night, holds before seared
and

Shrinking eyes, its ever dripping knife.

WASHINGTON.—(much agitated). Why is it,
That I am made the recipient of
So much misery; poured steadily upon
An aching brain until it becomes an
Overstrained reservoir of woe: the ear
Drinking an excess of sorrow, which
The hand is helpless to relieve!

LAFAYETTE.—Your Excellency forgets
That the power to punish these wrongs is
Here from France,—already gathered on
Eastern shores. The ear—now so overbur-
dened—

Will prompt the hand to heavier punishment
When the hour for requital strikes.

WASHINGTON.—You reprove,
Justly reprove me Marquis!
And I come round again to the stern work
Before us. Yet the heart, with pity bursting,
Will throb its way, at times. The burden is
So great, which is carried in tribute
To our cause.

LAFAYETTE.—True! True! In this
Home of mortal men, no boon was ever
Yet vouchsafed without the price of suffering.
Sweetest happiness from worst reverses
springs.

WASHINGTON.—(with animation). Indeed, a
weary life

Confirms you. Barring the road to Paradise
Stands the heavy cross. And cheerfully will
We bear ours still, that good may come: by
Greatest example we are so taught to do.

CARROLL.—Marion and Sumter are two new
stars

Which shine in the Southern constellation.
They blaze malignant over British power.

'Tis true, that Sumter, in ignorance of
The fate of Gates, three days after, at
Fishing Creek, suffered from Tarleton's
blade. But,

Escaping, Sumter will redeem this loss.
Since I went South much has happened
here?

WASHINGTON.—Nothing so stirring
As upon the soil you came from To me
The sorest trial came last May, when troops
Of the Connecticut line rose in mutiny
For want of food. They were blameless, for
Starving men are not responsible. This
Trouble passed. In June Knyphausen,
catching

The infaction from the South that dissolution
Was upon us, essayed his hand in
New Jersey, before our camp.
He took nothing for his trouble.

LAFAYETTE.—He was glad to get home again,
Though empty-handed.

WASHINGTON.—Moving from New York
With six thousand,—I then had less than
Four thousand men,—he threatened
A general engagement. Maxwell, Dayton,
And others were stubborn combatants,
Resisting him until, at Springfield, both
Sides prepared for final issue. The first
Attack repelled with loss,—fifty Hessians
Killed,—Knyphausen turned for his New
York home,

While we pursued, galling him severely.
Clinton,—just then returned from his South-
ern

Mission,—joined his retreating troops.
Another

Effort—on June twenty-third—ended as the
first.

Greene was prepared to humiliate the
Assailant if he ventured a general
Action;—which he would not. In spite—
for failure—

Clinton burned Springfield as he left, giving
Up—which proved to be from heavy loss to
Him—an ill-starred expedition,

CARROLL.—He will not repeat this venture?
Surely, not till a new installment
Of purchased Hessians come?

WASHINGTON.—I forecast the future,
And confidence comes home again.
This Southern darkness the glorious sun
Of France dispels. High risen upon our
Troubles, the morning ice will melt in
The glowing noon.

LAFAYETTE.—Again, the question to your Ex-
cellency:

When will you visit Rochambeau and his
Six thousand soldiers,—just one-half the
force

Which France now provides,—who, since
July, with
Admiral Ternay and his fleet, have awaited
You at Newport?

WASHINGTON.—Matters here disposed of,—
I know of no more dutiable service.
Arnold has been made master of West Point,
After efforts persistently put forth
By him to gain this end. Greene watches
from

This post; and more than all, that makes for
Present safety here, Clinton has been taught
not

To venture from his water-encompassed
cage.

September is at hand. In its early days
I will join Rochambeau at Hartford:

And your good company, with that of
Colonel Hamilton, will enrich the
Pleasure of the mission.

LAFAYETTE.—This is as I would have it,
[All retire.]

SCENE VIII.—City of New York. Grand
ballroom in the Kip mansion.

Time: September 19, 1780; evening.
The sound of music and revelry is
heard from the roof adjoining.

Enter from the dinner MAJ. MONCRIEF,
CAPT. LOFTUS, and MAJ. ANDRE.

MONCRIEF—I bow to the coming man.

[Bows to ANDRE.]

Fortune never tires of the pleasure
Of crowning her favorite.

LOFTUS—And here he is!

[In friendly familiarity with ANDRE.]

Andre, your star went out when you were
born,
That others should not share your luck.

ANDRE—(with great depression of feeling.)
You know not what you say!
And sing because your tongues
Are loosened with good wine.

MONCRIEF—And our wits sharpened,
In honor of John Andre; the favored
Guest, for whom all here are joined in this
Glorious carousal.

LOFTUS—We are bidden here, distinctly,
To worship the rising sun. So ran the
Order for attendance: "Major Williams,
At the Kip mansion, will entertain
General Clinton and his staff, in special
Compliment to Major John Andre, who
Departs to-morrow on a secret
Expedition. You are expected."
Say, Moncrief, have I fairly given the
Command, which brings good company in
high

Festivity to-night?

MONCRIEF—Substantially correct.
The importance of this expedition—
Military prudenae and plans concealing—
Is embodied in the toast of our noble
General:

"Fill your glasses to the brim and drink
with me;

He who leaves us in the morning as plain
John Andre, will come back to us Sir John."
We filled and drank; and following both,
Roared our approving pleasure, in which
fair

Women joined. Man! your deserts fall far
short

Of this brimming cup of joy, since you carry
Shining honors so moodily.

ANDRE—Good friends,—for such you are,
Proven and tried and housed within my
heart,—

Pardon grant, if, instead of calling upon
Gratitude to aid me, I seem to push

Indifference forth to gather with her
Chilling hands, these offered favors.

You are both just returned from fields of safe
Adventure. In the South, success threw
Open wide her gates for your advance.
My ordeal I am yet to pass;—and all
Is so uncertain!

LOFTUS—Dear son of happy stars,
Summon confidence to disarm mistrust;
Sir Henry would not send his favorite forth
To his undoing. Here he comes to say so.

[Enter from the dinner SIR HENRY
CLINTON, a staff of officers in brilliant
uniform, and ladies in costume, follow-
ed by musicians playing, who go to
their place.]

MONCRIEF—At yonder board,
The song swelling responsive to the toast,
Each of us was drafted into service;—
Excepting him, who of us all, has here
Most cause to sing.
'Tis now the hour for the nightingale.
Before the dance, a song from our guest.

[All exclaim: "A song! A song! A
song from MAJOR ANDRE!"]

ANDRE—(still under great depression.)

I pray you pardon me;

I cannot sing to-night.

At some other time hold me your debtor.

[All repeat: "A song! A song! A
song from MAJOR ANDRE!"]

CLINTON—(looking toward ANDRE.)

Had I my youth again,
And youth's endowment of heavenly melody,
I would not refuse to sing
At such a time as this.

ANDRE—(with forced animation.)

The wish of this good company
Shall be the law. I will sing.

[ANDRE sings and the music assists.]

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business—'tis to die?
For should the next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain.

(Refrain)—Then why, soldiers,
why, etc., etc.

But should we remain?
A bottle and landlady,
Makes all well again.
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpet sounds—
The colors they are flying, boys.

(Refrain)—Then, why, soldiers,
why, etc., etc.

[All applaud, and the company take
places for the dance.]

MONCRIEF—(To GEN. CLINTON.)

Were I superstitious,
That song would worry me.

CLINTON—And why so?

It was a good song, and bravely sung.

MONCRIEF—It was the favorite song of Wolf;
And sung by him in such a company
As this, the night before Quebec.

CLINTON—(in alarm.) Say you so?
You should not have told me this.

It is no time to jar the strings of
Grandest expectations. To your place!
To your place, sir, in the dance!

[MONCRIEF, astonished at CLINTON's ve-
hemence, goes to his place for the dance]

(Aside.) This suggestion, like a sudden and
Uncanny ghost, shakes my entire frame.

LOFTUS—(to GEN. CLINTON.) A weird thought—
From the churchyard born, and wandering
forth

At this late hour to frighten timid men—
Comes into my brain, and all this night
Has held its lodgment there.

CLINTON—And with what new ingredient
Would you season our feast.

LOFTUS—It is just four years ago this day,
when

Our people seized the young Continental,
Nathan Hale.

CLINTON—(staggering and showing much
emotion.)

And his lamp of life
Extinguished three days thereafter.

LOFTUS—On the third day following, at day-
break,

He was executed as a spy.

CLINTON—The music waits!

To your place, sir, upon the floor!

[LOFTUS, astonished at CLINTON's ve-
hemence, goes to his place for the
dance.]

(Aside) Do the spirits from the unseen
world,
In kindly office, force upon me these
Harrowing reminders, pregnant with mean-
ing?

[CLINTON approaches ANDRE.
Major Andre, no ear but yours must hear
What I now say!

[They draw apart to themselves.
You are much depressed to-night?
I am moved, noticing this.]

ANDRE—It is nothing which should discomfort
you,

And grieved I am it does so.

The heavy weight that presses here

[touching his heart.]

Comes, I know not whence or why.
I could as well lift this island from its

Rocky bed, as bid this burden off.

CLINTON—You know—I need not tell you so,
For you long have known—I am here your
friend,

As well as your commander; and would not
Even urge you upon improper paths.
The chosen road, which leads you to-morrow
To General Arnold, conducts also to
Glory, for your King and you,—enwrapping
Me with both. Cornwallis, in his southern
tramp

Against unarmed peasants, winning golden
Opinions for his successes, hangs over
Me in fame, like a cloud that covers some
Aspiring hill: This deed of ours blows that
Cloud away! Yet, all these high hopes shall
Shriveal to nothingness, and Arnold rot
In his rebellion, if you shrink from
Our enterprise.

ANDRE.—It were cowardly,
To be turned by shadows of the brain,
From actions so momentous.

CLINTON.—Brave boy!
Then you willingly advance,
As we have planned?

ANDRE.—(humbly bowing). I serve.

CLINTON.—A princely motto.
And uttered like a prince!

[Placing his hands on ANDRE's head.]

And with it go a father's benediction.

(Aloud) On with the dance!

And bubbling joy drown every care!

[CLINTON and ANDRE take their places
in the dance. The music plays. The
dance. [All retire.]

SCENE IX.—Room in the house of JOSHUA
HETH SMITH, near Haverstraw on the
Hudson.

Time: September 22, 1780: before
daylight.

Room dark, with short candle dimly
burning. Pen, ink, and paper on the
table. Chairs in the room.

Enter BENEDICT ARNOLD and MAJ. AN-
DRE.

ARNOLD.—(startled). What noise was that?

ANDRE.—I heard nothing.

ARNOLD.—I heard it, and saw it, too;—
Sweep round us as we entered.

It was a bat;

The vampire, whose gorge is human blood!
Foul dragon of the night! it fitly joins
Our meeting here, as angel conspirator.

ANDRE—So far, good angels favor our plans.

ARNOLD—Say devils, sir!
Angels would fan with gentle wings
The hissing fires of hell,
Rather than guard us here!

[Shows much emotion.]

ANDRE—I fear that you repent the sowing
From which present intent has grown.

ARNOLD—(reanimated.) No! No!

I will not look back! I have gone so far,
That on either hand the clammy-cold of
Treason touches like a corpse. To business,
Then; quickly to business; and, soul-absorb-
ing,

Calculating gain stifle sentiment!

When left you the city?

ANDRE—Following your letter to Sir Henry,
I came up the Hudson two days ago,
On the Vulture. This night, under your
Protection leaving the vessel, I found
You on dry land.

ARNOLD—Found me in the bushes!
Hiding there like a convict self-condemned,
Awaiting a co-malefactor.

ANDRE—(excitedly) General, this is not just!

ARNOLD—We are alone; but to the ear of each
Our hearts cry out "Malefactors!"
In such an hour as this, to confess our
Guilt keeps honesty alive, though but
A feeble counter to culprit poison.
From the covert bush, with extra saddle

Provided, we galloped here to complete
Our villainy. Begin!

[ANDRE hesitates.]

Sir! I say begins! What would you with me?

ANDRE.—Your tones, most impetuous,
Carry confusion to a simple agent,
Who is here at your request, not his.
Your will, General Arnold, when declared,
Shall be obeyed, if possible.

ARNOLD.—I am here to sell myself and coun-
try?

And you are here to buy!

ANDRE.—And for authority to do
What you state so ruggedly, I stand upon
Credentials as unshakable as the
British State.

[Produces papers, which ARNOLD in-
spects.]

ARNOLD.—The voice of Sir Henry Clinton
Falls from your tongue as his: and
Back of both speaks Lord Germain in sanc-
tion.

Again, I say, quickly to business!
Last I come back to honest life again,
And in destructive wrath forswear
The tempter and the temptation.

ANDRE.—You are in command of this post?

ARNOLD.—Yes: I am the
Continental Commander of West Point.

ANDRE.—You will here consent, and agree
with me,
To surrender the same, with all its
Army, stores, and guns, to Sir Henry Clin-
ton

When he comes?

ARNOLD.—I can do this, if I so agree.
But what consideration is to move
Me thus?

ANDRE.—You shall be paid ten thousand
pounds sterling:—
And made a Brigadier-General in the
English army.

ARNOLD.—A pretty bargain:
And so simple in compliance!
You pay the price, and Lucifer to his
Crowded realms adds another lost.

[With great animation.]

I will not do it. Sir, begone! Begone!
Before the outraged soul, which at Saratoga
Flew so closely to the gates of eternal
Honor, prompts a memorable example.

[Partially draws his sword.]

ANDRE—(starting in alarm.) General! Your
invitation
Brings me here—and your protection fol-
lows.

ARNOLD—(falls into a chair and gives way to
grief)

This is all so terrible!
Pardon my vehemence, Major!
This is so terrible!
Impulse has driven me to talk of crime;
But to look on it, I dare not. [Weeps.]

ANDRE—It is no crime to heal a bleeding state;
With the bays of peace to choke the throats
of
Remorseless cannon.

ARNOLD—I have been so honored by my
people.

This deed—this most horrid deed—will stand
the
Test of time, more grim than midnight mur-
der.

ANDRE—Your people have not honored you!
You have carried for them the keenest blade,
As we on our side can testify.
Your people have left you to penury.

[ARNOLD springs up.]

A debtor—walking forth only when the
Creditor is asleep—your peace is a
Nightly growth, and with the owl keeps
company.

[ARNOLD brightens with approval.]

Your well-earned rank has been worn by others,
Though your sword fashioned it.
Jealousy has stood your active enemy;
And meanest men have climbed,—through
her abetting,—
To your deserved place.

ARNOLD *warms with passion.*
Simple in living as was prudent for
The dignity of your station, you have
Been court-martialed for extravagance;
And by the Court condemned.
Call you this "honored by my people?"
If so, I do not; and, as a soldier
Of the King, say, that such treatment of a
Brave man does not comport with English
Gratitude.

ARNOLD.---(overcome with passion).
You have played the game with keener logic,
And brought me to a proper sense of my
Past abasement. I am resolved and ready.

ANDRE.---Here is the contract Sign!
[Spreads out papers.]

ARNOLD.---(taking up a pen and hesitating).
A sudden palsy seems to stop my hand:
As if the head and heart at war, they held
The will between, in cowardly hesitation.
[Throws down the pen.]

I can not do it!

ANDRE.---Then all is as if we had not met?

ARNOLD.---The horror of this act, rushes upon
Me with a torrent of unending woe.
If it were done, when 'tis done, my name
might
Quickly find a record here. But, Oh!
The eternity of condemnation,
If we lose. Through endless centuries,
Each new-born babe who enters into life,
As a book newly bound,
Will perpetuate this crime.

[With emphasis.]

I will not do it!

ANDRE.---You fail to note the prize you throw
away.

Giving up wealth and honors, to return
To the wretched table where husks are
Provender.

ARNOLD.---Tempt me not! I am but
Mortal, and all are weak since Adam's day.

ANDRE.---Against the wrongs you long have
borne,
I offer you English sterling, military
Rank, and much more that follows on.
Do you consent? If not, I go.

[Turns as if to depart.]

ARNOLD—Yes! Yes!

Upon the heads of those who have thus
driven

Me, be the sin of this commission.

*[ARNOLD seizes the pen and signs
the contract.]*

(with great vehemence.) Now leave me!
Here are the plans of the post, with direc-
tions

For its capture. Here is my pass, which
carries

You safely through our lines—in case of
need—

To those you came from.

[Hands him papers.]

Through yonder door find your chamber,
Till the hour for departure comes.

In pity leave me now!

While an outraged conscience moans,
Leave me alone to battle it.

*[ARNOLD sinks into a chair, with his
head upon the table; and MAJ. ANDRE
retires through a side door.]*

ARNOLD—(Lifting his head and glancing
around.)

The inky pall

Of night still enwraps this hour's work. 'Tis
well!

For all the beams that ever burst from ra-
diant

Day, would blackened be, by looking on it.
[Rising from his chair.]

The candle burns slowly to its end; and
Will not die, till it has surfeited its
Drooping eye with my fathomless remorse.
*[With firmer decision. Rousing him-
self.]*

Well, let it be so! And thus run on till
Tormenting imps, in the advancing gloom,
Come forth to hector me; and then I will
Defy them! I am a man again, and
Stand on what I've done. The witch of the
Devil's

Glen, who reads to-morrow as to-day,
Divination gave that after the full
Round of nature, from an easy couch
Arnold should mount from burdensome mor-
tality.

So of matters physical, against all hurt,
I am armed with this coat of prophecy—
A guard of impenetrable steel.
The morality of my deed concerns
Me now. Who shall take account of the
cuffs

From worthless rivals, the ingratitude
For noble service, the coward's sneer, the
Scorn of pygmies by me endured, and not
Acquit me?

With foot firm set upon solid ground, this
Is the shore safely reached, out from drown-
ing

Camps where gaunt famine has long been
caterer.

I am now, a soldier of the King! And
Here draw my sword as pledge of changed
conditions!

*[He draws his sword and raises it as
if to swear by it: Suddenly his eyes
become fixed in space, and his sword
falls from his hands.]*

What is this, which comes 'twixt me and my
Intention? Like the seers of old, have I
New springs to vision, to pierce the mystic
world?

Shadows, incarnated to my sense, here
Walk with fleshly semblance!

Who is this, that with a frowning front,
sweeps

Past in mien majestic? Warren! Warren!

'Tis he!

In a universe of wandering ghosts,
Would he be prominent for his nobility.

Speak! Oh, speak to me! And with a voice

from
Which all evil flies, lift the fallen up:—

With haughty stride he moves away, as if
Contact were pollution. Following him,
Stalks on in lusty youth, the very god

Of those who once were men. Nathan Hale!
your

Presence is reproof enough without that sign
Of Warning. Next comes one, whose locks
of silver

In union with the last, adds wisdom to
Youthful daring. Mercer! Have pity, Mer-
cer!

Those honored wounds, exposed, sear my
very eyes

And tear me as if my own. Still the line
Extends! Wooster! turn that accusing glance

Away, or much before my time, I too
Shall join this high procession.

Here is De Kalb! new risen to his crown:
And thousands more in lengthening line

March on,
False Arnold still to curse! An army

moves!—

And in their front, the misty banner flies,
That here stands for freedom. Hoary vet-
erans

Proudly bear it up,—whom hunger with its
Skinny hand snatched from our Valley

Forge.

I'll see no More! *[Falls upon his knees.]*

These angry shades are too much for frail
mortality.

The panting fury which now sweeps this
Exhausted frame, is kin to craven fear.

These eyes are blistered with burning fancies,
Which vest the unreal with reality.

[Picks up his sword and rises.]
This is yet my friend; with it in hand,
Arnold is a man; and undismayed,
Though phantoms march in legions on the
air.

[Again becoming agitated.]
These midnight messengers, upon the
Somber disk of night, have mirrored the
picture

Of myself;—
Most damnable, as martyred hands uphold it.
The candle sputters in the gasp of death;
And with its dying light, hope flies forever
From this unhappy heart.

[Trembles with emotion.]
The terrors which the tomb inhabit gather
Here; and this room, as in the musty vault
Of death, echoes them from the quick beat-
ings

Of the affrighted heart. We all are brag-
garts!

Who can be brave, when guilty sense ap-
palls him?

Farewell to the pride of freedom-waged war!
Farewell to the wild assaults for Liberty!

The gorgeous temple, fame-trumpeted for
me,

Here in ruin falls. To ashes turned by
My procuring hand,—like this poor candle
ended,—

It is no more forever; but unlike this
Candle, which dies an honest death, out from
The wreck by me created, crawls the
Viper, Treason.

*[Falls into the chair with his head
upon the table, and weeps bitterly.]*

(Rising from the chair.) All the gold of
India

As offering, to undo what I have done.
Too late! Too late! Dismal words! the

Sounding key which locks the gates eternal.
How like the bell of doom they strike the

Culprit's ear!

*[The candle is about to expire. Arnold
moves slowly to the door through which
he will withdraw.]*

So ends all here. What shall be the coming
day?

Who can tell? *[The candle goes out.]*
Into the darkness; into the black of night.

[Arnold retires.]

SCENE X.—Tappan-on-the-Hudson. A lawn
before WASHINGTON's quarters.

Time: September 30, 1870.

Enter WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE,
GREENE, STEUBEN, KNOX, CAPT. CAR-
ROLL, aids, and soldiers.

WASHINGTON.---(holding papers in his hands)
Monstrous! Most monstrous!

Twelve days ago I left for Hartford, called
into consultation there with Rochambeau

And Ternay—two morning stars just risen
On our sky. Their suspicious promise might

Now be witless jest, but for this discovery.
The persistency, with which Arnold sought

His office here is now understood.
While faithful hands were working on the

arch,
Black treason was mining at the base,—

With intent that all should crumble.

STEUBEN.---I never liked the man.
His brow fell back, and his chin came for-
ward—

Both too much for my Lavater.

WASHINGTON.---But he was brave in action.

STEUBEN.---So is the lynx.
Yet, it will steal, though it battles bravely.

WASHINGTON.---Greene, the post is safe?

GREENE.---Safe, your Excellency, against the
hosts of

England in united column marching.
By your orders, after Arnold fled, quickly

Was all inspected. Every point is guarded
With hands faithful, alert and strong.

LAFAYETTE.---The game of intrigue---which
The Ministry of England made and played---
Is by the makers lost.
The prisoner, Andre, reveals this much.

WASHINGTON.---My heart bleeds
For this unfortunate young man.

KNOX---If Clinton
Will surrender Arnold, the boy may go ?

WASHINGTON---By indirection, this
Suggestion hinted meets with a refusal.

GREENE---Then the boy must die ?

CARROLL---Yes ! die, as died our martyr, Na-
than Hale.

WASHINGTON---It seems to be the stern demand
Of justice, as fixed by cruel war.

STUBEN---You are aware, your Excellency,
That the scheme included you as prisoner ?
This was proven on Court martial.

WASHINGTON---A crafty and bold plot;
First checked by honest yeomanry, who
seized
The spy at Tarrytown.

Williams, Paulding and Van Wart held the
flaming

Sword guarding our Eden. It fits well in
Eternal things, that as this strife is waged
To uplift man to freedom---from his humblest
Ranks, he should prove his deserving

KNOX---The next step in this accursed tragedy,
Is for your Excellency.

WASHINGTON---To approve
The court-marshal of yesterday ?

KNOX---You hold the facts and findings in your
hands.

It was unanimously decreed, that
John Andre should die;
As a spy---upon the gallows, die.

WASHINGTON. Who can concisely
Tell to me this accursed story ? From
Conception to consummation, tell it ?

CARROLL. I will try, your Excellency, as
Revealed before the Court, which I attended
On the twentieth; this was Wednesday; Andre
Came up the Hudson in the Vulture.
Landing on the twenty-first,--at midnight,--
Arnold and he met on the shore; and, before
The day,--at the Smith house,--concluded
terms.

The morning of Friday broke upon the
Conspirators, with the Vulture lower
In the stream and out of reach, so driven
By our guns. That same Friday night,
Andre,

Homeward bound,--and since no one would
then row him

To the Vulture,--began the route by land,
Crossing to the eastern shore; at that very
Hour, you were homeward bound from
Hartford.

WASHINGTON.---Riding with bounding hopes,
Kindled from the torch of our allies.

CARROLL.---On Saturday, the twenty third,
You were engaged to dinner with Arnold.

LAFAYETTE.---The day after, Clinton
Was to come, and make a meal of all.

WASHINGTON.---He who fails to see
The helping hand of God in this, is
Blinded by ingratitude.

CARROLL.---On this Saturday---one week ago
to-day---

At Tarrytown, Andre was stopped by our
Patrol, searched, exposed and seized.
In his hands he carried Arnold's pass;
And in his boots the plans of treason.

STUBEN.---And let me, from foreign soil, bear
Witness here to American fidelity.

All the gold of England could not buy the
Patriotic captors.

Andre tried it, as we know.

LAFAYETTE.---Here is the grit and metal of
true ring :

With which to win and make a State.

CARROLL.---Taken to Colonel Jameson,---

The nearest command,--on Sunday, this
Guardian of the prisoner wrote to Arnold,
Revealing all.
It was a blunder, at which justice weeps.

GREENE,---And was excusable !
Who, at this time, would regard the spy
other

Than an imposter; wrongfully with Arnold's
Pass. Jameson lost his head, as many might.

CARROLL. The tell-tale letter,
On Monday came to Arnold; and straightway
He fled to the Vulture, still in the Hudson.
Your Excellency reached West Point,
A few hours later.

WASHINGTON. I was delayed.
Saturday had gone and Monday come,
When I reached the journey's end.
The chief malefactor is housed within
The tempter's camp;--
And the poor dupe is here for punishment.

KNOX. Mercy---though she calls with a
Trumpet of archangels, with whom she dwells,
Should find us dumb to her petition.
While we are gathered here, Cornwallis in
The South --a demon shot to earth from the
Red home of Pluto---without trial,
Plunders, wastes and hangs.

GREENE. The law,---fierce though it be,---
Is still majestic in its warning.
It should run its course.

WASHINGTON. By that law, the accused must
die ?

GREENE. By that law Nathan Hale was hanged.

WASHINGTON. He begs to die
A soldier's death; by the bullet.

LAFAYETTE. There is in this case
No note of mitigation.

The full rigor of the law is merited.

WASHINGTON. Clinton pleads ?

STUBEN. Then he should plead in vain !
It is from a tainted house, whose portals
Are crimsoned with the blood of innocence,
That he extends his hands as suppliant.

WASHINGTON. (with vehemence.) Gentlemen !
The

United sentiment here expressed,--as
In Court-martial it was before recorded,--
Comports with mine, and strengthens it.

This is
A matter of much moment; and he who
Would do right, will welcome the wisdom of
Others to enrich his own. Happy do
I count myself, to be so favored with
Advisers. I approve the sentence of
This Court, and give the prisoner to his fate.

So ends another chapter in this bloody book !
But for the pages which Time is yet to write,
I break into a prophetic mood:

From this day on---difficulties impeding,
But not defeating--

We advance steadily to victory.

Our allies, all impatient, await the
Opportunity, in friendly rivalry,
To join our march which ends with indepen-
dence.

Shall America or France cut closer
To the invader's heart, is now the challenge.

[Drawing his sword: all the others do
the same.

And these swords---tempered with the fierce
white heat

Of four years past---we re-consecrate to
The cause of freedom: and swear, to bring
them

Safely back from the shock of final battle,
Carried in our hands triumphant,--

Or, borne upon our biers.

[All kiss the sword in token of the oath:
and all, including the soldiers, cheer.

[All retire.

SCENE XI.---Tappan-on-the-Hudson. Open
country.

Time : October 2, 1780; noon.

A gallows, with a hanging noose, in
the rear.

Enter a file of soldiers, who, with offi-
cers commanding, take their places on
either side of the gallows. Muffled
drums are heard from the outside.

Enter more officers and soldiers, and
music, "The Dead March."

Enter MAJ. JOHN ANDRE, unbound be-
tween two officers, whose arms he rests
upon; as he sees the gallows he shud-
ders and halts.

ANDRE. I am reconciled to my fate,
But not the mode.

However, it is but a momentary pang.

[Led on, ANDRE places himself under
the fatal noose. Here he takes off his
hat and throws it down. He seizes the
noose from the hangman and adjusts it
on his neck, and then ties a white
handkerchief over his eyes. His arms
are then bound.

ANDRE. I request you to witness
To the world that I die like a brave man.

[The drums roll.

CURTAIN FALLS. END OF ACT III.

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in this Act III, of Part II, reached one of the
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its defiance and its hurricane of natural pas-
sions, as above anything in any language." The
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Enclosed find one dollar (\$1.00) for one year's subscription for THE SPIRIT OF '76, addressed to Carrie S. Hamill, 610 Morgan Street, Keokuk, Iowa

I would like to ask this question: Information desired concerning STUARTS or STEWARTS, who lived in Pennsylvania or Maryland about the year of 1740 or 1750. A Mary Stuart claimed to be of the royal family of Stuarts. She married an Elder—I think John Elder. According to tradition these Stuarts and Elders were wealthy and lived in or near Baltimore or on the Elk river, Pennsylvania. C. S. H.

Farnsworth-Ladd.—I should like to ask concerning Farnsworth-Ladd—Thomas Farnsworth and Demas M. Ladd, whose father was a cavalryman from Connecticut. What was his first name? Where did he enlist? The date of Thomas Farnsworth's marriage to Demas Ladd? and the place? They afterwards lived in Williamstown, Vt., and moved to Alden, N. Y., early in 1800. Did Thomas Farnsworth's father serve in the Revolution? Farnsworth—Udell, Thomas Farnsworth, 2d, son of Thomas Farnsworth, 1st, and Demas Ladd Farnsworth was born at Williamstown, Vt., May 20, 1797, married at Alden, N. Y., Sophia Udell, daughter of Oliver Udell and Lucretia Grow, who were married and lived at Pomfret or Windsor, Conn. What was Oliver Udell's father's name? Did he serve in the Revolution? What was Lucretia Grow's father's name? Did he serve in the Revolution?

Brower.—Will some one give me the ancestry of Garret Brower, who was born in or near New York City, 1749. He married Anna De-gar? Would also be pleased to learn something of her ancestry. Address Mrs. V. H. Legg, Adams, N. Y.

Cooper.—Wanted information regarding the parents of Lydia Cooper. Who married Nathaniel Morton in 1635. He was a nephew of Geo. Wm. Bradford, and secretary of the Colony for forty (40) years.

Also who were the parents of Sarah Williams, who married Benjamin Dean of Taunton, Mas., January 6th, 1681. Mrs. A. P. Linn Cochran, Springfield, O.

Leonard.—Settled in Taunton at an early date. Has there any genealogy of this family been published?

T. O. LEONARD, Detroit, Mich.

Rachel Preston of Litchfield, Conn.; married Joseph Huntington, June 10, 1773. He was born May 6, 1739, and died December 20, 1818, in Harwinton, Conn. I would ask for information relating to Rachel. The above is all I have. C. H. PARDEE.

BOSTON, MASS., March 16, 1898.

To the Editor of the Spirit of '76:

Dear Sir:—Greeting—While nothing gives me greater pleasure than to read your ably edited, fair minded and pure American publication. I am reminded that nothing more fitting to your April number, than would be a brief sketch of one of Boston's Colonial Landmarks, "Green Dragon Tavern," the estate is still owned by "Saint Andrews Lodge, A. F. and A. M."

Within those historic walls met patriots John Hancock, Col. Paul Revere, Dr. John Warren, Col. Peter Faneuil, Joseph Warren, M. D., Samuel Adams, John Adams, Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Col. Joseph Webb, Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, Col. Thomas Crafts and others, and planned freedom for their fellowmen. The "Lodge of St. Andrews" was often called the "North-end Caucus," it met in the "longroom of Green Dragon." The "Sons of Liberty" (1766-1776) had its birth in that ancient Lodge, also the noted "Boston Tea Party." On the evening of April 18, 1775, "St. Andrews" held a special session, Dr. Joseph Warren, master of that Lodge requested Paul Revere to make that famous ride.

Our history speaks little and half never can be told as to the important hand the "North-end Caucus" played towards liberty's cause in the War of the American Revolution.

Very truly, GILBERT PATTEN BROWN.

"THE ALPINE," 55 W. 33d ST., N. Y., March 21, 1898.

Spirit of '76, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City:

SIR—Enclosed find check for one dollar to renew my subscription. I have recently come into possession of an interesting receipted "board bill" made out just 100 years ago, of which the following is a copy:

His Excellency John Jay, Esq., to Stephen Crane.	
To two days boarding ten Indians.	Dol. Cts.
Sixty Meals at 87½ Cents pr Meal.	22 50
To Lique. as pr Book.	5
Albany, Feb. 21, 1798.	27 50

Received Albany 7th April, 1798, of Ezra(?) L. Hommedieu Twenty-five dollars in full for the above account.

(Signed) STEPHEN CRANE.

It would be interesting to know why these Indians were boarded at "His Excellency's" expense, and also to know something about this Stephen Crane who renders a bill for \$27.50 and then accepts \$25.00 in full for the account. C. SIDNEY CRANE.

Editor of the Spirit of '76:

As you say, THE SPIRIT OF '76 prefers *subsidy* to a *hypnotic*, I incline the needful for *both purposes*,—the amount I suppose that will cause quiet slumber till about May 1st, 1899. I fondly hope that our chief magistrate of the nation, before that period, will awake from his hypnotic condition and free himself from the mental, moral and physical fetters of syndicates, and retrieve (as far as may be) the shame and stigma now resting on our nation, for idly looking on, without effort to put a stop to, the most barbarous and bloody outrages that have cursed the western hemisphere since the *spirit of '76* had its birth. For money the sacriligious barbarism was inaugurated against humanity—and for money it has continued. Query: Is it also for money our degenerate nation bides its continuance? God forbid!

Fraternally, PARMENAS TAYLOR TURNLEY,
Highland Park, Lake Co., Ill., March 16, 1898.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 4, 1898.

The Spirit of '76 Publishing Company:

GENTLEMEN—In enclosing you currency for my subscription to THE SPIRIT OF '76 I desire to express my high appreciation of your excellent publication. It is a patriotic magazine of great value to members of patriotic societies, and I would be glad if every member of the Ohio Society was a regular subscriber to it.

With the best wishes for your success, I remain,

Very truly yours, JAMES M. RICHARDSON.

Editor of the Spirit of '76:

DEAR SIR—Please find inclosed my subscription for this year. I have not the least intention of doing without anything which I enjoy so much; but had forgotten that my subscription expired this month.

Very truly, VIRGINIA K. MADDOX.

Patriotic Books Received.

James Nourse and his Descendants (compiled by Maria Nourse Lyle) gives in very creditable manner, the results of patient research, which must be of great value and interest to all of the Nourse family. The engravings are a credit to any publisher.

Early Settlers of Nantucket (J. B. Lippincott,) compiled by Lydia S. Hinchman, gives brief sketches of some twenty-five colonial settlers of Nantucket, together with several genealogies. It also contains more or less historical facts, of which the account of the rise of the Friends on the Island is, perhaps, the most interesting.

Col. Edmund Phinney's 18th Continental Regiment, by Nathan Gould. This account gives the history of the privations and fighting of this regiment for one year's service, containing the muster rolls of each company. From the list of names it is seen that most of the men were from the Province of Maine. While they had no chance of distinguishing themselves in an important battle their loyalty was unswerving and their duty performed with a fidelity that honored their State.

Colonial Verses (Brentano,) *Ruth Lawrence* is a dainty holiday book in artistic attire. The verses are good, but what especially attracts the reader are the excellent engravings of Mount Vernon and grounds. The book is valuable on this account, if for no other.

For Love of Country (Charles Scribner's Sons,) by Cyrus Townsend Brady, Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. If the test of a story lies in its absorbing interest, "For Love of Country" must be considered one of the best historical books on the Revolutionary period, recently written. worthy to stand side of Hugh Wynne. The dramatic situations in which the young naval hero is placed are well sustained and described in a thrilling way. Twice is this young man compelled to choose between his duty and his love, in both of which the following of his duty means to his mind the death of the girl he loves. It is a satisfaction to the reader to follow the hero in pursuit of duty and to know that the outcome is happy. There is just enough historical fact to give the fiction an added interest, many of the experiences being incidents in the life of Capt. Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia. The foundering of the British man-of-war Yarmouth and the courage of Capt. Vincent of the vessel is vivid.

History of the United States (Woodfall Co.) by Edward S. Ellis, is one of the most exhaustive and accurate histories that has recently been written for the general reader. Its illustrations are of a high order of art and its binding attractive. There are five volumes crowded with interest and very profusely illustrated.

How the Dutch Came to Manhattan, penned and pictured by Blanche McManus, is one of a series of Colonial Monographs by the same author. This attractive little book, every page of which is fully illustrated, is a chronicle of the events of the early Dutch occupation of Manhattan Island from its beginning to its final reversion into English hands. Price \$1.25. E. R. Herrick & Co., Publishers.

Stories of the American Revolution (Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston,) by Everett T. Tomlinson, have for their foundation historical facts. They illustrate the incidents of home life during that eventful period, which have been too much neglected. These stories will not only interest the young readers, but will make them wish to know more of the history of their own land.

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- "Old Boston Theatre, Corner Federal and Franklin Streets, 1794."
- "Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' built 1742."
- "Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845, Lamb Tavern, 1746."
- "Boston Common and State House, 1836."
- "Harbor view of Boston from a map of 1768."
- "Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Building."
- "State Street and Old State House, 1833."
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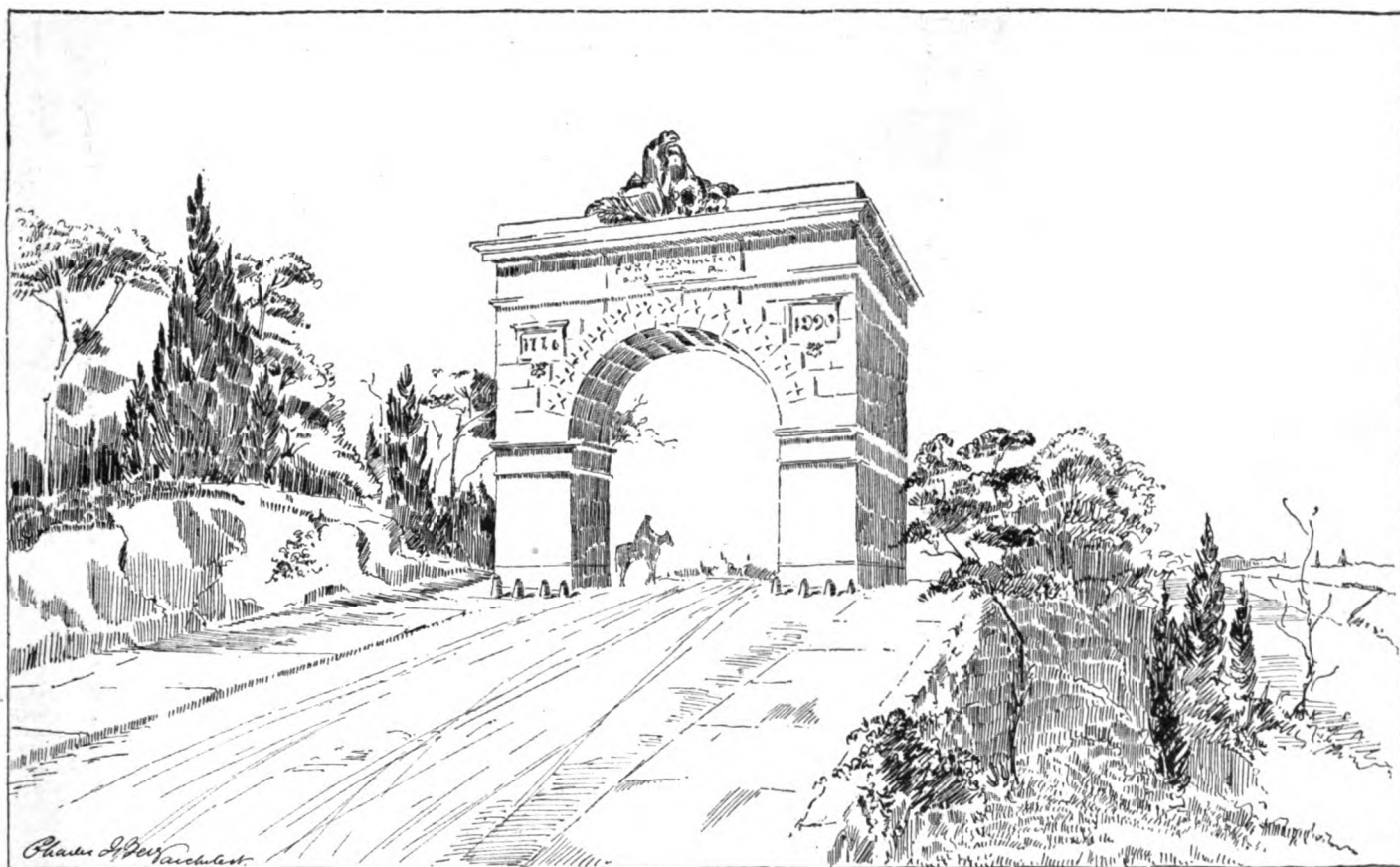
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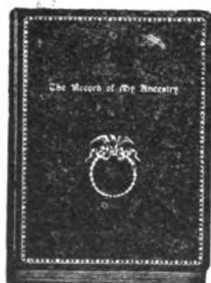
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NOTES.		Christian Name, <i>Lawrence</i>		Washington.		Maiden Name, <i>Anne Pargiter</i>	
Mayor of Northampton 1532-45 of Gray's Inn Northampton Grantie of Sulgrave Eng.		<p>Birth—Date and Place, _____</p> <p>Death—Date and Cause, _____</p> <p>Interred at _____</p>		<p>Marriage—Date and Place, _____</p> <p>Children: Robert Lawrence of Gray's Inn. Barbara (Butler). Mary (Wakepeace).</p>		<p>Birth—Date and Place, _____</p> <p>Death—Date and Cause, Oct. 7, 1564</p> <p>Interred at _____</p>	
		<p><i>Frances (Thompson). Anne (Pester).</i></p> <p>N <i>Robert</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D _____</p> <p>I _____</p>		<p>Mar. _____</p> <p>Children: Lawrence Robert Walter Christopher William</p>		<p><i>Margaret (Hawtayne). Elizabeth. Neadditen.</i></p> <p>N <i>Elizabeth Light</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D _____</p> <p>I _____</p>	
PHOTOGRAPHS.		<p><i>Anne Ursula Lawrence</i></p> <p>N _____</p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D <i>Dec. 13, 1616</i></p> <p>I <i>Brington Church</i></p>		<p>Mar. <i>Aug. 3, 1588</i></p> <p>Children: <i>Sir William of Packington Sir John of Thrapston. Robert, b. 1600. Lawrence, Thomas b. 1605, d. 1623. Gregory, b. Jan. 1606. Margaret Alice George b. Aug. 1608. Frances Amy</i></p>		<p>N <i>Margaret Butler</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D _____</p> <p>I _____</p>	
<p><i>M. J. Fellow of Brasenose Coll. Oxford. Rector of Purling Essex Co. Eng.</i></p> <p>N <i>Lawrence</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D <i>1654-5</i></p> <p>I _____</p>		<p>Mar. _____</p> <p>Children: <i>John Lawrence, bapt. June 23, 1635 Emigrated to Va. Elizabeth, bapt. Aug. 17, 1636. Margaret Mattha William, bapt. Oct. 14, 1641.</i></p>		<p>N <i>Amphillis Rhodes</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D <i>Jan. 19, 1654/5</i></p> <p>I _____</p>		PHOTOGRAPHS.	
<p><i>Emigrated from England to Va. 1657</i></p> <p></p> <p><i>Bridges Creek Va. Proprietor of Mt. Vernon</i></p> <p></p> <p><i>Bridges Creek, Va.</i></p>		<p>N <i>John</i></p> <p>B <i>1633-4 England</i></p> <p>D <i>Jan. 1677, Va.</i></p> <p>I <i>Bridges Creek, Va.</i></p>		<p>Mar. <i>1660</i></p> <p>Children: <i>Lawrence, b. 1661. John, b. 1663. Elizabeth, b. 1665. Anne, b. 1667, mar. F. Wright.</i></p>		<p>N <i>Anna Pope</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D _____</p> <p>I _____</p>	
<p>N <i>Lawrence</i></p> <p>B <i>1661</i></p> <p>D <i>Nov. 1697/8</i></p> <p>I _____</p>		<p>Mar. <i>1690</i></p> <p>Children: <i>John, b. 1692. Augustine, b. 1694. Mildred, b. 1696, m. (Gregory) (Willis)</i></p>		<p>N <i>Mildred Warner</i></p> <p>B _____</p> <p>D _____</p> <p>I _____</p>			
<p>N <i>Augustine</i></p> <p>B <i>1694</i></p> <p>D <i>Apr. 12, 1743.</i></p> <p>I _____</p>		<p>Mar. <i>March 6, 1730/1</i></p> <p>Children: <i>1st wife, Jane Butler Lawrence, b. 1718. 2nd wife, Augustine, b. 1720. Jane, b. 1722. Children of Mary Ball, 2nd wife, 4 George Elizabeth, b. June 20, 1733, m. F. Lewis. 5 Samuel, b. Nov. 16, 1734. 6 John Augustine, b. Jan. 13, 1735-6. 7 Charles, b. May 1, 1738.</i></p>		<p>N <i>Mary Ball</i></p> <p>B <i>1706</i></p> <p>D _____</p> <p>I <i>Koenmore, Va.</i></p>			
<p>N <i>George</i></p> <p>B <i>Feb. 11/22, 1731/2</i></p> <p>D <i>Dec. 14, 1799.</i></p> <p>I <i>Mt. Vernon</i></p>		<p>Mar. <i>Jan. 6, 1739</i></p> <p>Children: _____</p>		<p>N <i>Martha Handridge</i></p> <p>B <i>May 1732</i></p> <p>D <i>May 22, 1802</i></p> <p>I _____</p>			

(REDUCED.)

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THE SPIRIT OF '76.

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"Wayside," Concord Mass., the old home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, now the residence of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, and where the Children's Society of the American Revolution originated.

The National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

THE founding of a patriotic society composed of children and youth of lineal descent from those who helped forward the war of the American Revolution was the happy inspiration and the work of its originator, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, of Concord, Massachusetts. The organization grew out of a recommendation made by Mrs. Lothrop, February 22, 1895, to the National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Washington, D. C., and her earnest pleas that the youth of the country might have a patriotic society of their own, the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

In co-operation with her husband, Mr. Daniel Lothrop, the eminent publisher who did more than any other American to create a new era in juvenile literature, Mrs. Lothrop had long turned her attention to the idea of the National Patriotic Society for young people, with branches in all the States. Mr. Lothrop had used his life to further the interests of young people, particularly in those directions which

could assist them in patriotism and good citizenship; and as an author, Mrs. Lothrop, who is world-known and loved by her pen-name of Margaret Sidney, had spent a good part of her life in the work of the advancement of the young; therefore on the death of her husband, she determined to take upon herself, as a labor of love, this work that could best assist young people to good American citizenship. Mrs. Lothrop, as the Regent of the Old Concord Chapter, D. A. R., of Concord, Massachusetts, was invited to deliver before the Continental Congress, D. A. R., February, 1895, the address of response to the address of welcome by Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, the President General of the D. A. R., and she took this opportunity to incorporate her idea into her address,—feeling that it was appropriate, practical work for the mothers and sisters who were enrolled in the membership of the D. A. R., to assist this movement. The practicability of this appeal was immediately recognized, and two days later the motion was presented and unanimously carried; That the Society of the Children of the American Revolution, as proposed by Mrs. Lothrop, be organized, and

the entire management of the organization be vested in her.

THE FIRST STEP.

Her first step was to lay all the plans and the constitution, as formulated by her, before the National Executive Board, Daughters of the American Revolution, requesting that the constitution should be voted upon article by article, and a mimeograph copy given to each member of the Board, so that they might study it carefully and be ready to vote it on the following day which was done.

The constitution was amended to make Mrs. Lothrop's term as President four years, and the plans and constitution were then heartily endorsed, with much appreciation of their strong, clear and admirable arrangement.

IMPORTANT DATES IN ITS HISTORY.

The National Society of The Children of The American Revolution was incorporated at Washington, D. C., April 11, 1895. Its first local society was formed May 11, at Concord, Massachusetts. The first public meeting was also held with that nice observance of the fitness of things that has characterized this work from its inception, at the old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass., July 4, 1895. The list of famous men and women who either addressed the audience, or sent their messages to be read with hearty approval of the work was a long one, embracing our most distinguished American citizens, proud to do honor to the occasion and the cause.

ITS AIMS AND PURPOSES

The objects and distinctive features of the Society can be best understood from the following extracts from documents written by its President explanatory of same:

1. The National Society, Children of the American Revolution was formed that the members may help forward to patriotism and good citizenship, not only those who are eligible to membership in it, but also those who are not eligible. Those who belong to it will not be true to their trusts as descendants of their broad-souled ancestors if they forget for a moment the many ways and means by which they can help forward all others, who though ineligible to membership may be associated with them in patriotic work and endeavor. The local societies are expected to urge and invite to all public meetings, all those children who want to go, no matter what their nationality is. The children are, perhaps, just as patriotic as if their ancestry included the colonist and the Revolutionary soldier, and they are expected to keep themselves in sympathy with the children who claim ancestry connected with the early history of our country. One of the objects in starting this National Society, Children of the American Revolution, is with the hope that it may form a nucleus for a patriotic organization that will interest all children and young people of the United States in a united effort to learn all that can aid them to their best development and good citizenship. The Society on this basis can be of unlimited scope, with its channels for receiving the good aimed at, free to all who may desire it.

2. A uniform study of American history will be undertaken by this children's society, as it is claimed by very many persons well fitted to judge, that our young people know more of ancient and foreign history than they do of that of their own country.

3. The inner workings of the local Societies will result in the teaching of local history and of government, national and municipal, while practical pleasure will be derived from party excursions to historical points. It is hoped that this will tend to impress indelibly the great lessons of our national history, together with the principles and institutions that made the country what it is. It is also one of the official duties to find out the boys and girls who helped forward the Cause of Independence. There are many such buried in history.

4. One of the reasons for starting the work is that it will tend to popularize the work of the public schools toward

patriotism and good government; for those children who are not eligible for membership are to be gathered by the local Societies into all its public meetings, into its plans, its work, its pleasures, so that the movement may be said to be one of the broadest and most beneficent to touch child life and the life of youth that has yet been started.

5. The Reading Circle devoted to American history in its various forms should be started in connection with the local Society, and under the auspices of that Society. Here the young people are gathered to practice the fine art of reading aloud, while at the same time they absorb the history of their own country. And after the reading is complete, if they so choose, the members of the Circle play games, adding the recreation they may need in their young lives.

6. The observance of all patriotic anniversaries in a reverent spirit: the familiarizing themselves with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and other patriotic documents; the memorizing of our national songs; the love and reverence for the American flag; the following of the injunctions of Washington who served his country in his youth—all of these are practical aims to hold up before the young people until they are infused with a love for, and a desire for, good citizenship.

7. Moreover, the local Society teaches the young people confidence in debate and recitation; and it gives them experience in the conduct of the Society affairs and a knowledge of fundamental parliamentary rules that will sometime be very valuable to them. How many of our finest statesmen, and those who have moulded the best American thought, have laid the foundation of their success as inspirers of their countrymen, in the old debating societies of the district school and the academy. This system of local Societies in every town and village in the United States can, if rightly managed, become streams of strong and pure patriotism, that like the rivers of our country find their unimpeded and splendid way into every corner of our vast domains, until our dear native land shall be glorious in the beauty and the strength of her youth.



MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP

Founder National Society Children of the American Revolution.



MISS MARY DESHA

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS.

THE evening of February 24, 1898 will long be remembered as a notable occasion in the history of the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It was the hour chosen in which to suitably recognize the great obligation this splendid association must forever feel to the earnest women who first aroused an interest which speedily culminated in the organization of this patriotic order. Though not yet numbering a half score years, it paused, amid the pressing demands of the Seventh Continental Congress, to honor four women; bestowing upon each a memorial medal, a medal of gold, crested with diamonds and sapphires, beautiful in form and symbol. Upon one is inscribed "Service;" upon three, "Founders." By this act the congress said; "We do not choose, as is the custom, to wait until you have passed away to give utterance to our appreciation, but we will adorn you now with a significant gift, that you may see our gratitude and that the people may also know whom we delight to honor."

It was a worthy, just, beautiful thought, and those who witnessed the ceremony have taken to their widely separated homes a memory to cherish. At the National Capital there has probably never been given a more interesting object lesson. Delegates and alternates were in prompt attendance. Daughters, Sons, and guests, crowded the galleries; the boxes were filled with distinguished officials and foreign ministers. The stage presented an effective ensemble. The national officers in rich toilettes, the thirteen beautifully robed and graceful Pages, the abundance of flowers and a back ground of national colors was a brilliant scene.

The session was as usual opened with prayer and music. The President General announced that the "Founders Medals, ordered by the Sixth Continental Congress, would be presented by the Chairman of the Committee on Medals; "Mrs. Senator Lindsay of Kentucky." It is a matter of record that the "Founders" distinguished by this public

recognition are Miss Eugenia Washington, Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood. They sat to the right of the President General, with the Committee. The Chairman, Mrs. Lindsay, is well known for her grace of mind and person and her devotion to the Daughters of the American Revolution; notwithstanding delicate health and the inexorable claims of official life, she finds time to discharge the duties of Chairman of several important committees. The Chairman, rose and indeed the entire audience when the Founders came forward and Mrs. Lindsay, pausing to acknowledge by a smile and inclination of her head, the hearty applause; said;

"The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in the full tide of womanhood turns to-night on this magnificent representation of a society numbering over 23,000 members, they cannot but think they builded better than they knew. This society now numbers more than any force the Continental Army could put in the field. We present to night these recognitions of service of these women who labored, as you all know, unceasingly, to foster the cherished idea of a society of revolutionary daughters. In the name of our society I confer these medals, with the full assurance that the recipients will honor the medals as the medals honor them."

Miss Desha was the first to respond. This daughter of whom her state is so justly proud, spoke in clear tones and impressed her audience, as she never fails to do, with her ability and that she has the courage of her convictions. Her career in this society is a profitable study. She has never failed in a duty or faltered in devotion. Her work has been immense. She is of that fine element in our nationality which has always produced patriots. I refer to the Huguenots, Miss Desha said;

"I am glad to be one of the four founders of so magnificent a society as was organized on that memorable August 9th, 1890. Everything is as I would have it. My personal ambition has reached its zenith. My state pride is gratified for our President General, the Chairman of this Committee, one of our highest officers, and two of the founders are Ken-



MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON



MRS. MARY S. LOCKWOOD

tuckians. My national pride is also gratified, for in this society we have representative women from Maine to California, and from Florida to the Klondyke. There is one thing I want to say to-night, and that is that we claim this to be in no sense an aristocratic organization. It is a patriotic organization. Whatever a man did in revolutionary time to help the American cause we honor his descendants."

Mrs. Lockwood was the second to acknowledge the beautiful gift. She was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Mrs. Lockwood is from good old New England forbears, and has demonstrated that she inherits their energy and devotion. She spoke, not without emotion, of the cause she loves, and thanked the Congress for the recognition given; concluding thus: I am to-night more glad than ever that I took up my pen in behalf of this society, for had I not done so it seems that Kentucky would have borne off all the honors, and the North would have been left out entirely. I am glad also, that the Congress has so handsomely honored those three women who took up the work I began.

Miss Eugenia Washington next stood before the audience. She unfortunately was suffering from a severe cold, which prevented her from speaking, so she was compelled to avail herself of the kind offices of her friend Mrs. Walworth to express her thanks and appreciation. She was received with cheers, both for the founder and for the name of Washington. She is the great-grand daughter of Colonel Samuel Washington, the brother of the General. She has National Number 1, which is in harmony with the eternal fitness of things. Miss Washington wished it known that she would at an early day, deposit her valuable medal with the relics belonging to the society at the National Museum.

Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth was last to speak. She is a woman of most dignified presence and wields a strong pen which is always at the service of the society. She lives in New York, but is a typical descendant of Kentucky pioneers. After well expressed thanks to the Congress responding to the habitual thought of her mind, she thus talked of the work to be yet accomplished by the Daughters;

"Let Congress know that we will ever keep knocking at its doors until every Revolutionary battle field in this country is properly memorialized, and until every burying ground where lie the men who fought and died that we may be free, are properly cared for, and until our flag flies high above us, undecorated and unsullied. Daughters, let us ever look forward to our Continental Hall and to our National University, so that future generations may say 'Well done'."

Before turning from the stage it is well to recall the fact that each of these representative women proudly earn their own livelihood. Out of their busy lives they have reached forth their hands and given us a great national blessing, and they have at the same time inscribed their names in our archives, never to become dim while Americans inhabit America.

At the conclusion the applause was deafening, though it was not all applause, for tears of gratitude and joy filled many eyes, while the band gave forth patriotic strains.

There was a change of scene; in an instant the lights were out; dense darkness obtained, and the vast audience sat in voiceless expectancy. Suddenly the large insignia hanging above the stage glowed with brilliant light and the national colors sprang forth from the darkness. The effect was magnificent and the applause and greeting given our beloved emblem rose again and again. The majestic measures of "Hail Columbia" at length gained ascendancy, and the four smiling founders accompanied Mrs. Lindsay down the broad steps, and standing in line upon the last one, the great reception began. The thirteen young Daughters, our Pages, who are annually appointed by the National Board, and represent the original thirteen colonies, were ranged on either side of the center aisle, while delegation after delegation, state after state, filed through to grasp the hands and speak fraternal words to the women whom we delight to honor. National airs kept the time of this happy little army, which ably represented the many thousand women who so earnestly realize it is their duty to carry the gospel of Americanism to every American home.

ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON.



MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH



THE HON. BENJAMIN WOOD.

THE old saying that breeding will tell may be accepted as an axiom in relation to the influence of heredity upon character, as well as those qualities of mind which ensure success. In the case of the old Quaker families of this country the proverb especially finds ample illustration as to its general truth. The "Friends," as they styled themselves, feared God and nothing else, and were sturdy and unflinching in defence of right. They attached more importance to a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man than ought else in life; and in maintaining their rights of conscience they were not intimidated by the threats of kings. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the firmness, courage, self-reliance and other exalted traits of the old Quakers, who suffered and were expatriated for conscience sake, are to be found strongly predominant in their descendants of the present happy times?

Among the earliest of the emigrant "Friends" who came to America from England, in order that they might enjoy unmolested their own form of worship and faith, was a Henry Wood, who first settled in Massachusetts in 1616, during the reign of James I. In New England he suffered from the same intolerance which had driven him from his ancestral home, so that at length he removed to New Jersey. Here he acquired a large extent of land by purchase from the Indians, a part of the property so obtained now forming the site of the city of Camden, on the other side of the Delaware river, opposite Philadelphia.

Henry Wood had become a thriving Colonist in America some time before the arrival of William Penn, and his family grew and flourished. His posterity branched out over the ambiguous territories, locating themselves from time to time in Pennsylvania and Kentucky. In this latter State, Oct. 13, 1820, was born the subject of this sketch, Benjamin Wood, a direct descendant of Henry Wood, and whose history proves him to be a worthy scion of the sturdy stock from which he sprang. It might be mentioned here that the name Benjamin appears to have been a favorite in the family, as there has not been a generation of Mr. Wood's ancestors some member of which was not thus distinguished.

Mr. Wood's grandfather, Henry Wood, was a Captain in the Revolutionary army, and had six brothers fighting for independence in the ranks of the Continental army, so that the family rendered distinguished service to the cause. His maternal grandsire, Henry Leyman, also acquired fame in the same war by refusing to leave the field after being shot through the cheek, standing to his post of duty until the close of the engagement, as the history of those troublous times records.

In his youth Mr. Wood entered upon the life of a seaman, and made several voyages to the West Indies and Central America in positions of trust. After coming to manhood he traveled throughout the States, and actually visited all, then in the Union. This he did for the purpose of enlarging his experience and to add to his knowledge of human nature as well as of affairs, so that he might the better qualify himself for the business career on shore to which he had decided to devote himself.

After having successfully engaged in various enterprises, Mr. Wood was finally induced to purchase *The New York Daily News*; and he has ever since been identified with this widely circulated evening paper as its controlling factor. While filling the Editorial chair he has been a consistent and honest supporter of Democratic principles, so that no journal in America has ever rendered more valuable service to the Democratic cause and party. At the time he acquired control of the paper a presidential election was approaching; and in the struggle which ensued Mr. Wood rendered yeoman service.

By this time Mr. Wood had been recognized as a power in the political world, and became member of the Democratic State Committee. While occupying this position of trust he was further honored by being made chairman of the committee which undertook the task of reconciling the divergent interests of Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckenridge in their candidacy for the presidency. He also was elected chairman of the convention of Democratic editors which, during the same period, met at the Astor House, to determine the policy of their party. Thus the eyes of the nation were turned suddenly upon him as one of the great leaders in the memorable struggle which was at hand.

It was not long before Mr. Wood's services to his party received the recognition which was then due. He was elected to represent the Fifth District of New York in Congress, in the autumn of 1860. After taking his seat in that national body, no member was more strenuous or persistent in supporting, with voice and pen, the unity of the States, and in resisting the pretensions and aggressiveness of the South. Such, indeed, was his bold and uncompromising attitude that the United States Government took offence at his conduct. As a consequence the *Daily News* fell under the ban of the Federal authorities, for eighteen months being denied the privilege of transmission by the United States mails. But a large proportion of the nation approved his policy, while from the electors of his own Congressional district it was enthusiastically endorsed by his reelection to Congress in 1862, the majority behind him being overwhelming. He declined a nomination for the same body in 1864, and for some years retired to private life, in order to devote his energies exclusively to the journal whose interests demanded all his care. In 1880, however, his former constituents would take no refusal, so that he was a third time triumphantly returned to the august assembly of which he had been so conspicuous an ornament. And it should be put on record that he was never defeated as a candidate for any electoral office, while repeatedly refusing the political honors which the admiring citizens would have thrust upon him.

The power and political influence of the *Daily News* during the Civil War may be measured by the ability and character of the men who then composed its editorial staff. Among these were John Mitchell, the well-known Irish patriot; ex-Governor Wall of New Jersey, William Mann, and Isaac G. Gray. Among the names of its contributors at the same exciting period were James A. Bayard, Charles O'Connor, Samuel J. Tilden, Robert Garret, Sr., Josiah Black, and Josiah Randall, all of whom have since risen to world-wide fame, or have forever engraved their record in the national history.

After the war Mr. Wood unloosed his purse-strings in aid of the impoverished journalists of the South; and it was owing to his boundless generosity that many Southern publications were enabled to take on new life.

Mr. Wood now believed that opportunity was ripe for a new departure in American journalism. Accordingly, April 29, 1867, *The New York Daily News* made its first appearance as a one cent evening newspaper, and in the form now familiar to more than half a million daily readers. The cost of printing paper was then 10 cents a pound. Notwithstanding the heavy expenses, Mr. Wood made the venture a success, and, it is believed, from that time until the present, *The Daily News* in point of circulation has distanced every other morning or afternoon journal in the United States. In fact, it may be said that with the exception of the *Petit Journal* of Paris and the London *Telegraph*, it probably leads the press of the world in point of circulation.

About five months prior to the change of price, Mr. Wood decided to publish a Sunday *News* at a price which would bring it

easily within the reach of the masses. The other great Sunday newspapers had more or less of a circulation in the country towns and villages, but in not one were the columns wholly devoted to subjects of special local and personal interest. The field was comparatively unoccupied and inviting. Advertisers who aimed to reach the largest possible number of metropolitan readers appreciated the value of the new medium and flocked to its standard, while an enormous circulation attested the welcome with which the paper was received by the public.

One of the reasons why *The New York Daily News* has proved so successful is to be found in the fact that it has always been in close touch with the common people. It aided reforms and the election of public men with large, broad and wholesome ideas; and those who find it important to discern public opinion accurately cannot now neglect *The Daily News*. During the past thirty years every candidate it has supported for Mayor of New York, save two, has been elected. Over and over again its influence in public affairs has been acknowledged, and more than once men of Democratic faith in the metropolis have had occasion to be grateful for its decisive strokes in periods of grave concern.

With lightning presses, capable of printing 250,000 copies an hour, and in possession of every other detail of mechanism necessary for the rapid production of a newspaper, no occasion has yet arisen when Mr. Wood's facilities have been overtaxed.

Mr. Wood has been married twice; his first wife died in 1849, leaving him two sons; he was again married October 25th, 1867, to Miss Ida E. W. Mayfield. She being a Catholic, they were married in St. Paul's Catholic Church, 59th Street, New York. She is the eldest daughter of Henry T. Mayfield and the granddaughter of John R. Crawford. Although Mr. Wood is many years older than his wife, the marriage proved a happy union. By this second wife Mr. Wood has one daughter, a beautiful, graceful girl, of whom he is very justly proud. She is an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and, like her brilliant father, is an earnest advocate of perpetuating the noble deeds of American patriots. Mr. Wood and his family have for many years made their home at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Why do Our Legislators at Washington Not Give us a Flag Law?

THE Flag Committee of the Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Illinois, through their chairman, Mr. Charles Kingsbury Miller, have distributed throughout the United States three circular letters on the subject of flag legislation.

The following extract is from circular letter (2 pp.) issued February 22, 1898:—

"The flag of our country is the symbol of our national existence, power and sovereignty. It is the emblem of freedom and equality, and represents the glory of our Republic.

"It is a reminder of American fortitude, courage and heroism of the suffering and sacrifices, on land or sea, which have been endured for the preservation of the country it represents.

"It is the shield and protection of the citizen abroad and at home, whether native or adopted, and ought to be honored and revered by every one who is a lover of our country.

"It should be held as something sacred, and to deface, disfigure or otherwise misuse it, is a wrong against our nation."

Copies of this circular, containing a Flag "Resolution," were mailed to Clubs, Boards of Trade, commercial organizations, religious societies, leagues, federations, brotherhoods, railroad organizations and labor unions in all parts of the United States, with a request that they would endorse the same, and the spontaneous and hearty replies to this have been most encouraging.

The second circular letter, (8 pp.) printed March 5th, contained an appeal to Senators and Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress, announcing that "patriotic citizens of all classes entreat you, our legislators at Washington, for a law to maintain the dignity of the American flag at home."

The third circular letter (8 pp.) was published March 21st—the following excerpt is from the first page:—

"What is our object in asking a law from Congress to maintain the dignity of our American Flag at home?"

"It is not to make our citizens loyal. It is not to compel them to defend the flag.

"They have and will defend it with their lives.

"It is to regulate the action of those who without a disloyal thought, unthinkingly, turn our national flag into street awnings, advertising signs of all descriptions, pull down or shoot at it when bearing the names of opposing political parties, and when the occasions which it has been employed to advertise have passed, or the

sun and the wind have worn and defaced it as coverings for peanut stands, etc., the remnants are not decently destroyed, but it is flung into the mud of our public streets to be disgracefully misused and kicked about as any other old rag."

Copies of this trinity of circular letters, issued for the purpose of stimulating legislation in behalf of this patriotic cause, were mailed to the leading newspapers of the country, and scattered broadcast in every quarter, where it is hoped they will do effective service towards advancing this flag movement.

There are also copies on file in the offices of the secretaries of each of the various patriotic and hereditary societies in the United States.

There will never be a flag bill brought before either branch of Congress until the people shall make such a united and determined demand upon our national legislators for the passage of such a law, that some one of the bills will have to be reported by the Committee on the Judiciary in which all flag bills are now regularly entombed.

Family Record Reproduced.

A curious photograph, about six feet high by eighteen inches wide, is owned by Colonel J. Kennedy Stout, of Spokane, Washington. It is a full-sized reproduction of an old parchment preserved in the Connecticut Historical Society in Hartford, which half a dozen descendants of Captain Thomas Miner, who landed with Governor Winthrop in June, 1630, have had taken.

The original is "An Heraldical Essay Upon the Surname of Miner," written in 1683 by William Miner, of Christmas street, Bristol, England, and sent to his uncle, Captain Thomas Miner, "now living (1683) in Stonington, in His Majesty's Colloney of Connecticut." It records nine generations, beginning with Henry Miner, who died in 1359, and who was given his coat-of-arms by Edward III, in the French wars, when Crecy and Poitiers were fought. On the margin are nine coats-of-arms, all of them being the Miner arms impaled with those of their respective wives. The copy of the old parchment is a curiosity. Colonel Stout belongs to the eighteenth generation from the original Henry, his paternal grandmother having been a Miner.

Colonel Stout also has an old German Bible, printed in Zurich in 1536, and brought to Pennsylvania 150 years ago. It has several generations of family record, from 1696 to 1752, of ancestors in the Stout line. The colonel is a member of several patriotic and hereditary societies, among them the Society of the Colonial Wars, the Sons of the American Revolution and the Pennsylvania German Society.—*Spokesman Review*, Spokane, Wash., March 18, 1898.

THE BATTLE-CRY.

BY FAY HEMPSTEAD.

FLASH from every headland high
The wakened Nation's battle-cry!
Signal out from mast and spar,
Through flag and pennant borne afar,
The rumblings of a mighty war!

Fling out the sails—the guns aboard;
Close up the lines! Unsheathe the sword!
And battle's bellowing waves be rolled
On that cruel race, whose crimes are told
Throughout the thousand years of old!

And when it be that o'er the sea
The booming guns shall thunder free,
Across the tumult this refrain
Be that to nerve our hosts again
To victory: "Remember the Maine!"

And from these hours of conflict wrung
A rescued Nation's life be sprung!
And Peace, through tears of anguish wet,
On Cuba's wasted isle be set;
And Freedom's fires burn brighter yet!
Onward! "Remember the Maine!"
Little Rock, Arkansas, April 22, 1898.

Answers to the questions in February SPIRIT OF '76.

Question 1—As Washington's first term was drawing to a close, Hamilton and Jefferson united in begging him to stand for a second term, but the cares were so great, and wanting to go back to Mt. Vernon, he said, "I would rather take my spade in my hand and work for my bread than remain where I am."

Question 2—Worn out with the abuse which the extreme party heaped upon him, Washington exclaimed that he would rather be in his grave than be President.

The Diary of Deacon John Bradbury.

[This is the last selection from this diary which will be published. Thanks are due a member of the family for her kindness in transcribing the document. Deacon Bradbury lived and died in York, Me., (1827) having served as member of the provincial legislature, judge of probate and member of executive council for ten years. He was so earnest in his support of the American cause during the Revolutionary war that he on one occasion publicly rebuked his minister for uttering loyal sentiments in a sermon.]

Aug. 17 ordered to Carry our Battoes Down to an Island 3 mile off and Land our provision & take three Days allowance. this morning an unlucky affair hapned; one of ye Small Raddoes was ordord to go very near the fort the 2d Shot they Receive from ye fort one 12 pounder, come through ye fashens and Cut off Both Capt Cleg's feet by his ankles. carried away ye Calf of Christopher Langlys Leg Nathaniel marsh Both his Legs Broke off, Robert townsend the pan Bone of his Knee & Shin Carried away. James union one Leg by his Knee; the Capt & Nathaniel Marsh Died after having Legs cut off. ordord up to ye Brestwork to join our Companies and Dismissed ye picket Lodgd under a few Bushes in a Swamp.

18 the army went and Cleard a Rode & Built a Bridg almost opposit ye fort—Rainey weather and nothing to Shelter us. But a few bushes the water and mud half Leg Deep and I very weak & poorly with the Camp Disorder and can get nothing to help me; got a tent this night and Lodgd Dry

19 ordord to Strike our tents & march Down with half mile of ye fort; marched through a Low Sunken Swamp and went to Building a Brestwork; the french Came Down on a Little point to Erect a Battery; a few Shots from our Battries Soon Drove them off. 2 of ye Rangers Kild Last night; Built a Brestwork to Keep ye Enemy from ye woods, But Nothing to Keep ye cannon Balls from ye fort Except the trees. 2 Shots from ye fort this Day which cut several trees over our heads But Did no Damage; one of them we got Slept well tonight on a wad of hemlock on ye ground tho weak & poorly.

20 this morning as our guard was Coming in there came a french Deserter & Deliverd himself to Capt Butterfield who sent him Directly to ye generall. unsettled weahter & Rain 8 or 10 Shots from ye fort ordord on picket tonight with Capt Jackson & Ensn King. Set the sentries & Stood to our arms all night; had a very uncomfortable Night as it rained very fast the chief of ye time—one 6 pounder came from ye fort as wee ware Setting on ye Brestwork within 6 feet of my head which we got.

Aug. 31 this Day all ye officers in Camp ware oblige to turne out to Build a Brestwork to Keep off the Cannon Ball which came from ye fort as we are very Near ye fort; one man wounded from ye fort to-Day; 3 or 4 more this afternoon—one of Capt fellows Serjants Named frost had his arm Shot off—fired Briskly from ye fort at our Batteries that were not finished. Lay down this night in peace But had not Lain Long Before every man in Camp was ordered to stand to his arms and Line ye Breast work from end to end as there had been Enemy Discovered & so Expected. But nothing Remarkable this time. Lay down till towards Day when one of the Sentries fired at Something he Knew not what. which alarmed ye whole Camp from one end to the other & he was the best man who could fire first as they thought But through the goodness of god no Damage Done Neither from ye enemy nor from us.

22 Very pleasant this morning and all firing Still as yet But very Little firing to Day till towards Night when it Began Something Smart tho I have heard of no Damage Done as yet. major Rogers got 3 french prisoners last night which gave account that general Amherst was near; made all ye officers obliged to work very hard Building and finishing ye Breastwork. I ordord on fatigue tomorrow—went to bed in peace tho Not well—Rained hard all night.

23 took a party of men & helped to mend ye Bridg to Draw ye cannon & make a Brestwork Near the Battery, & workd not only in Sight of ye fort but within musket Shot where I could see ye french walk on ye walls. 2 men Kild & Scalpd to Day by ye indians Near our first Breastwork; one of ye Battoes 60 feet long & 16 wide is now fit to play on ye fort but waits till the other one is finished; finished all ye Battoes at 12 oclock and at 3, all ye musick in camp playd 10 minutes and then opend ye Batteries and playd on ye fort & plaid from all quarters which soon made the houses fly to peases.

Received one shot from them which cut off a Regular's thigh—continued firing till after sunset, and then ceased till one o'clock at night when our men endeavored to cut away the Boom. The enemy fired with small arms very smart which caused all our artillery to play on them, which soon stilled them. We continued playing till day. A little cessation for the value of an (h)our at a time. Know not as yet what damage is done. Boom partly cut off.

Aug. 24 This morning our artillery begun to play briskly on them again—One bomb burst in ye air last night and the peaces came into camp but did no damage. Jonathan Door went out with 8 of the light infantry and in 4 days brought in three persons for which Col. Haverlin gave them 32 dollars, besides other things; those that went out with him 8 dollars each. These prisoners say General Amherst is within 50 miles of Moreal (Montreal). Rainy, cold and uncomfortable weather. An unlucky shower of musket balls came from ye fort last night when we were erecting a new battery, which wounded one officer and 14 men. Engineer Warren received a ball in his back which lodged near his backbone—but likely to recover. Sergeant Furbush his right hand shot off, his left broke, by which means he lost his life. Our artillery played on them briskly last night.

25 A very fair, pleasant morning; firing ceases but little. The enemy attempted (to) come out against us with their grand (not legible), but the wind drove her toward our shore, the rangers kept up such a fire on them after shooting the Captain's head off, the others were glad to surrender on any terms. We pursued the schooner and other vessels and by night we had command of all the vessels—took a number of prisoners and some cannon, beside other plunder. All the picket guards in camp called for to go to their relief. 20 prisoners were taken this afternoon—three of them officers. A shot from ye fort cut the neck bone of a young man clean off which killed him instantly. I (was) ordered on ye Royal Battery Guard—took 34 men with ensign Taylor and marched down opposite ye fort through a prodigious swamp within musket shot of ye fort and ye sentries, and staid within ye batteries with Lieut. Blakery of ye Regulars all night and all day, and by next night they threw 300 shells in the fort. I was relieved at 12 oclock at night by Capt March—fowl weather. Lt. Sewall went on board of one of the French prizes to stay.

Aug. 27 This morning the enemy opened a battery against one of ours, and at 6 o'clock began to play briskly—but our 24 pounder soon stilled them. They begun to play from all the batteries and continued very smart on both sides until 2 o'clock. An unlucky shot from the enemy set our magazine on fire which blew one provincial 40 feet in the air and burned his life out, killed one regular (and) wounded others. I (am) ordered on picket to-night with Capt. Jackson and Ensign Childs. At two o'clock this night, there came a French deserter which gave an account that the French had left the island; at four o'clock there came 15 or 20 more which gave the same account.

28 This morning the regulars and the rangers took possession of the island & fort, the picket relieved and reduced to a Sergeant and 12. The others ordered to go to draw ye cannon and put them on board ye shipping. A sergeant and 6 men of ye rangers followed ye French army overtook a Doctor, took him back and took from him to the (amount) of 15 dollars each, chiefly in cash, one silver watch. A man in siege was going along to the sutler's with a dollar in his hand, a cannon ball came and struck the dollar away and cut his fingers off. I (am) ordered on duty tomorrow, but being taken with a pain in my head and eyes, I could not go.

Aug. 29 The artillery all embarking on board, the vessels endeavored to proceed to St. John.

30 Ordered to strike our tents at 5 o'clock and embark on board the battoes. Fowl weather and everything in confusion. The weather cleared off at 4 o'clock and we set off—arrived at St. Johns at 5 o'clock. The enemy burned the fort and most of the houses and fled to moreal (Montreal). Ordered to pitch our tents—got them in readiness—ordered to lay on our arms till further orders. Ordered to move nearer ye right and pitch our tents. Lodged in peace though in an enemy's country and but a little distance from Moreal. Major Rogers had a small brush with the enemy. Lost 2 killed besides wounded. Took seven prisoners. One man on guard heard guns at Moreal.

Banquet Conn. Sons of the American Revolution.

The 166th anniversary of George Washington's birthday was celebrated at New Haven by five hundred members and guests of the Connecticut Sons of the American Revolution. They marched headed by fife and drum, as their forefathers marched in the days of old, from Yale Art Gallery to the new Music Hall, Court street, where they banqueted together, making the ninth time in the history of the society.



SOUVENIR BADGE
CONN. S. A. R. BANQUET.

A reception by Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania and Cooke of Connecticut, at the Yale Art School, lasted about a half hour, and after it was over the governors had shaken about five hundred hands. The arrangements of the reception at the Art School were well looked after by Gen Geo. H. Ford.

On the right of Governor Hastings stood Professor Weir of the Art School, Jonathan Trumbull of Norwich and Attorney George D. Seymour. Mr. Trumbull stood right under an oil likeness of his distinguished ancestor, Governor Jonathan Trumbull, who was the governor of Connecticut in Revolutionary times. At the left of Gov. Hastings stood Gov. Cooke, Prof. Hadley, Captain Paxton, U.S.A. A line formed about noon. The honored

guests were followed by the members of the society, marching two and two, across the historic Green, led by President Trumbull, the great-great grandson of Jonathan Trumbull, and walking with him was Gen. E. S. Greeley, the toastmaster of the dinner in place of Colonel N. G. Osborn, who was unable to be present. The hall was new, in fact the opening day. The Trumbull table occupied the front part of the stage. Behind this table was Robinson's orchestra of 22 pieces. There were 23 tables in all, beautifully and artistically decorated with tulips, daffodils, pink and American Beauty roses. In the center of each table was its name mounted upon a stand of flowers. The stage was additionally decorated with flags.

The tables were named in honor of the Connecticut heroes of the Revolution.

The guests were all provided with souvenir menus, containing a complete list of the guests.

Each member of the society wore a badge, which was especially designed for the occasion by Gen. George H. Ford. The bar was composed of a brace of old-fashioned flint lock pistols, copied from a pair presented to Gen. Putnam by Maj. Pitcairn during the Revolution. Dropping from the bar was the society shield, a minute man, a Maltese cross, the emblem of the society.

The galleries, which surrounded the main floor on three sides, contained a magnificent array of fair Daughters of the Revolution, but standing out, bold above all this display of life, cheer and music was one fact that outshone them all to those who proudly trace back their line to the minute men of '76.

In the center of the stage sat the great-great-grandson of the chosen friend of Washington, Jonathan Trumbull, the man Washington called "Brother Jonathan," and originated the familiar nick-name for the United States. The present Jonathan is the honored president of the Connecticut society, and to-day he was the central figure of the assemblage.

The floral decorations were by Champion, and the banquet was served by Edward Sparks. Colored waiters served the guests. Seated at the head table were President Jonathan Trumbull, Norwich; Hon. D. H. Hastings, Pennsylvania; Hon. Lorrin A. Cooke, Winsted; Rev. Dr. Simmons, Hartford; Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, Prof. Arthur M. Wheeler, Prof. John F. Weir, Prof. John F. Niemeyer, Hon. Henry B. Harrison, Hon. O. Vincent Coffin, Gen. Edward S. Greeley, Rev. Watson L. Phillips, D.D., Major T. Atwater Barnes, Hon. Lucius P. Deming, and Hon. Stephen W. Kellogg.

The opening prayer was delivered by Dr. Simmons of Hartford, with all the assemblage standing. The invocation was followed by "The Star Spangled Banner," by the orchestra, the Sons and guests joining in the chorus. It was nearly 8 o'clock when the cigars were passed.

Gen. Greeley made an admirable toastmaster, and his introductions were extremely well put. In calling upon Hon. Daniel H. Hastings,

chief executive of the Keystone State, to speak to "Pennsylvania in the Revolution." General Greeley paid a high tribute to the heroes who bled for their country.

Governor Hastings arose amid a storm of hand-clapping, his military figure and bearing marking him as a man among men. He told of the men who responded to the call of their country in '76, and lauded their valorous deeds in an eloquent manner, frequently being interrupted with applause.

"Connecticut in the Revolution" was the sentiment given to the chief executive of this Commonwealth, Hon. Lorrin A. Cooke. "Connecticut's active part in the Revolution began on that April day of 1775, when Governor Trumbull sent from his home and office in Lebanon a messenger to General Putnam, who was plowing on his farm in Brooklyn, telling him to hasten forthwith to Lebanon," and much more of interest.

Rev. D. W. L. Phillips of this city spoke on "Some Obscure Patriots." He said in part: "It is given to some to attain historical immortality; it is given to all by the brave and patient discharge of duty to deserve it. Whether or not you accept that dogma to which your New England ancestors have given unquestioning assent. 'He lifteth up one and casteth down another,' it is certain that some, through favoring circumstances and their own aptness for leadership, inevitably came to prominence, while others just as devoted and sacrificing, on whose fidelity indeed, the great ones built their thrones—never emerge from their native obscurity. Many Virginia planters, only one Washington; many western rail-splitters, only one Lincoln; many quiet tanners, only one Grant; but the unknown many were the mighty force which these giants hurled triumphantly against their country's foes."

Dr. Phillips was followed by Prof. Wheeler, who spoke to "Inspirations of the Revolution," and then Prof. Hadley, in answering to the toast, "Yale in the Revolution," spoke of the incidents connected with Washington's visit to New Haven and to Yale in 1775, as recorded by Noah Webster; of the curious straits to which the college was reduced in the course of the war; of some of the graduates of Yale who achieved eminence on the field or in the council room, and chiefly, of the change in the social atmosphere of the college from an aristocratic to a democratic one in the course of the Revolutionary war, in which respect, as in so many others, Yale life proved so faithful a mirror of the general life of the nation.

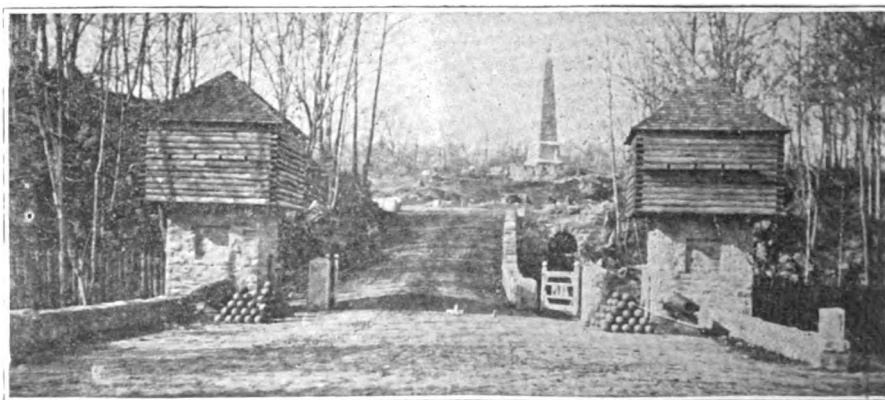
Lines to the D. A. R.

Written for the Chicago Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution by Mrs. James A. Walker.

Daughters, lift up your voices, and let your songs arise—
A fragrant incense offering, to hallowed memories.
It breathes a hero's spirit, in many a battle hour;
It breathes of Christian patience, born of unseen power.

When o'er the waste of water, the little Pilgrim band,
With hands that did not falter, sought out this far-off land—
Amid the snows of winter, they prayed upon its sod—
The words the bleak winds echoed were: "Liberty and God."

Be ours their daughters' mission, these mem'ries to retain—
In song and in tradition, our sires shall live again.
America, dear country, our prayers shall rise for thee—
The gift our fathers left us, a bloodbought legacy.



ENTRANCE TO PUTNAM PARK

The Trip to Plattsburg.

June 21 to 25, Round trip, Including all Expenses, \$30.00.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT.

Editor of *The Spirit of '76*.—

In accordance with my promise made you sometime since to write a letter about the sights to be seen in your June trip from New York to Crown Point, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that from Saratoga you will of course visit the Saratoga monument and the battle field at Bemis Heights, Stillwater and Schuylerville. Most of the important localities are marked by monuments or tablets, and the beautiful monument at Schuylerville itself is well worth the trip from New York. The view from the top of the monument is magnificent and most of the important localities can here readily be seen if you have the services of an experienced guide, as you no doubt will have. If not, ask Mr. Ostrander, who has charge of the monument, to point them out. You can hardly visit all the localities in one day. From Saratoga I observe that you go to Lake George, passing through Fort Edward on the way. If you were to stop at Fort Edward you should visit the site of old Fort Edward, the Jane McCrea house and spring, the spot where she was killed, and her grave in the Union Cemetery. Near by is the tomb of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, who was killed at Ticonderoga, 1758. These places could all be visited in a couple of hours, and between Glens Falls and Lake George is the monument erected where Col. Williams was killed by the Indians, 1755; he was the founder of Williams College, and was killed near the spot where the monument stands, together with King Hendrick, the celebrated Indian chieftain, and a little way further on is Bloody Pond, so called from the tinge given to its waters by the burial therein of the English soldiers at the termination of the "bloody morning scout." Near Lake George on the grounds of the Fort William Henry Hotel, is the site of old Fort William Henry, memorable for the massacre of the English by the Indians under Montcalm in 1757. A little way from Lake George, still in an intolerable condition of preservation, are the ruins of Fort Gage and Fort George, both well worth visiting, and two or three hours' time, or even less, at Lake George will suffice for this purpose. Lake George itself is not only classic but it is also historic, and to enumerate all the points of interest you will see in the passage through this lake would perhaps require more space than can conveniently be given to this article. The captains upon the steamers upon Lake George are usually very kind in pointing out places of interest to passengers. Sabbathday Point, where Abercrombie camped; Rogers' Slide, near the Roger Rock Hotel, and Howe's Landing, near the eastern end of the lake, are all places that may be seen along the route, but every mountain, almost every island, every bay and every defile, have been the scenes of scouting expeditions, hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures during the French, Indian and Revolutionary Wars. Unless you stop a day at Ticonderoga it will be impossible to visit the points of interest there with any degree of satisfaction. At Ticonderoga is a monument which marks the spot where Lord Howe was killed, and there also may be seen the celebrated Lord Howe Stone, so called, which was dug up a few years since in the village of Ticonderoga, but the fort ground itself is the place of great interest. The old French lines where Abercrombie was defeated may yet be plainly traced through the woods. The crumbling walls of the old fortress, with the numerous earthworks and batteries well deserve a visit. On the fort ground do not fail to see the underground room or "oven," as it is called. The site of the old well is still plainly visible, and a plainly marked depression in the ground still exists where the underground passage from the fort to "Ti Creek" once was. Above you is Mount Defiance, where the British planted their cannon, and compelled the evacuation of the fort. Go up the mountain if possible. A bridge once extended across the lake to Mount Independence on the Vermont side. A row boat will take you across in five minutes, and here are the water batteries and the "horseshoe" battery further up the hill, still in an excellent state of preservation. And between the two is a long line of graves, marked only by the green mounds that cover the unknown and unnamed patriotic dead. As you stand on the fort ground at Ticonderoga you can see the location at Hand's Cove, just north of Larrabee's Point, where Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys embarked at the time when Ticonderoga was captured in the "Name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The "covert way" by which Allen entered the fort is on the lake side and may yet be discovered by those familiar with the construction of the fortress. In the angle of the walls which are yet best preserved and where remains of windows and doors may still be seen, was the room of De La Place, and there he surrendered the fort to Allen. The fort at Crown Point is much better preserved than that at Ticonderoga, but the traces of old Fort St. Frederick are well nigh obliterated. While the ruins at Crown Point richly repay the visitor for the time spent in examining them, the fortress itself does not compare in historic interest with that at Ticonderoga. The details of history which have been enacted at the latter place are too voluminous to be here enumerated. Only a few of the great names that shine in our annals can here be mentioned. Abercrombie, Howe, Montcalm, Burgoyne, Putnam, Rogers, Allen, St. Claire, Arnold, and a host of others all trod the soil of Ticonderoga, and have cast about it an interest scarcely equalled by that of any other place in our national history.

ROBERT O. BASCOM.

Fort Edward, N. Y., April 26, 1898.

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Montgomery.—Who were the ancestors of John Montgomery, who lived at Guilderland, N. Y., and served in the Revolutionary war? He married Fannie Greene. Who were her ancestors?

Myers.—The ancestry of John Myers, who lived at Kinderhook, N. Y., and died about 1798, and his wife, Elizabeth Lasher?

C. C. MURDOCK, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Lydia Cooper, married Nathaniel Martin, nephew of Governor William Bradford, and Secretary of Colony. Who were her parents? Mrs. A. P. Linn Cochran, Springfield, Ohio.

Samuel Marshall—A Loyalist, came to Shelburn, Nova Scotia, about 1783, was later first warden of Trinity Church, member of Legislature, and leading ship owner at Yarmouth, U. S., where he died April, 1818, aged 55, and therefore born 1757 or 8. Wanted his place of birth and ancestry. Address Mrs. E. M. Townsend, Oyster Bay, Long Island, or Judge Savary, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

Who were the parents of **Audley Sherman**, born about 1768. Also that of his wife, **Susannah Huddleston**, born about 1718. They were supposed to have been born in Rhode Island, perhaps Portsmouth.—STEWART, 361 Broadway, Rensselaer, New York.

I would like to have some fuller information as to Col Richard Hampton, of the 11th Pa. Reg't, Revolutionary War? This is his record, Lt. Col. Continental army, July 16, 1776, Col. 11th Pa., October 15, 1776. Transferred to 10th Pa., July 1, 1778 to 6th Pa. July 17, 1781, to 2nd Pa., January 1, 1783, Brevet Brig. Gen'l, September 30, 1783. Served till November 8, 1783, Died December 21, 1804. Fatheys Hastings, of Chester Co., Pa., says he died leaving no descendants, but in fact he left a son Lewis and a widow, Lewis married and had a number of children. Richard his eldest son, had a son Joseph Hampton, now living in Coatesville, Pa. A granddaughter of Col. Richard Hampton, Miss Evaline Hampton now resides at Jersey Shore, Pa. Col. Hampton evidently was well thought of in Pa., for Gov. Mifflin appointed him Adjutant Gen'l of the State after the Revolution, and he served in that capacity until his death. He was born in 1738, in Yorkshire, England, and was a captain in the British army, in the attack on St. Malo, September 16, 1758. What I would like to know about him, is his history in England, his reason for resigning from the British army, whether he was justified in his charges against Gen'l Wayne, for the latter's part in the offence of Paoli, on the 20th of September, 1777, and whether the presentment of those charges, by him, did not effect his subsequent prospects of promotion in the army. I would like to know what were the relations between him and Gen'l Wayne after the court martial and whether they were thereafter ever on friendly terms? I would also like to know how Col. Hampton stood with Gen'l Washington after that court martial. Any one of your readers who can give me this information will greatly oblige.

Yours respectfully, N. W. EVANS.

Washington, D. C., November 22, 1897.

Publisher Spirit of '76, 18 and 20 Rose St., N. Y. City:

I beg to inquire if there is any sale, demand or market value for the first commission issued to a Captain of Light Dragoons in the Revolutionary War by the Congress sitting at Philadelphia, dated 6th January, 1779, to take rank from 8th February, 1778, signed by John Jay as President. The document is in excellent preservation, including the signature of Mr. Jay, subsequently the first Chief Justice United States Supreme Court. Some years ago I had it strongly framed in oak.

Address W. H. S., care "Spirit of '76."

We are pleased to call attention to a Genealogical Chart, prepared by Mr. Henry Whittemore, the historian and genealogist, which combines some new and original features. Well known genealogists who have examined it pronounce it most simple and practical of any system now in use. It is called the "Numerical and Alphabetical Chart," and is a reversal of the system used in ordinary genealogical works. It begins with the present generation and works backwards. Thus the present generation is I, the father II, the grandfather III, and so on to the Xth generation. The alphabet is employed in carrying forward and connecting succeeding generations on the maternal side. The chart is arranged for 300 or more names, with an explanatory key, which will enable any child to understand the system. Ample space is allowed for dates, and every other page is left blank to fill in historical or other data. The price, \$1 each, places it within reach of all.

A GOOD AMERICAN.

Is there anything the matter with Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia?

He appears to be all right.

He is an American and the American people are behind him.

The Lees have been pretty good American citizens.

Robert E. Lee, the uncle of the Consul-General, went into the Confederate army, but there were lots of good Americans there, too—Fitzhugh Lee among them.

The Lees of Virginia have been at the front whenever there has been trouble in the United States.

They represent the martial spirit of the nation, and are very good people indeed.

Fitzhugh Lee is doing his work in an eminently satisfactory manner. He is attending to American interests all the time.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

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LOUIS H. CORNISH EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MILITARY ORDER OF FOREIGN WARS, THE ORDER OF FOUNDERS AND
PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, AND OLD GUARD.

Owing to the unusual demand for January and February numbers of THE SPIRIT OF '76 we have run out of these issues and cannot supply them for less than \$1.00 per copy.

Subscribers who do not renew promptly are put to considerable expense in filling their files.

After hard work we have succeeded in getting three sets of Volume 1, 2 and 3. These may be had bound for \$5.00 per volume.

WAR is upon us, and while we have entire faith in the result being favorable to our arms, yet we are filled with apprehension that disaster will overtake some part of our country.

While the patriotic enthusiasm is spreading, business interests are dormant. We have taken a stand in a righteous cause, and our intervention has been denounced by a decrepit power; insinuations have been given by other effete monarchies, and our country has been harrowed accordingly; our old enemy Great Britain has sided with us and prevented them doing so, the "blood is thicker than water" has been taken up and an Anglo-phobia era is before us.

NOW, this country is able to take care of itself if it minds its own business and don't absorb scattering outposts which will cost more to care for than they are worth; what it wants is coast defense strong and impregnable, battle ships of the best to patrol our home waters, military equipment ready to supply a million soldiers; with these and the facts known to other powers we could defy the world and compel what Christ taught, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

SEVERAL prominent members have received just recognition from Compatriot McKinley. General J. C. Breckinridge promoted to a Major-General, Colonel Thomas Anderson to a Brigadier General, while Colonel Fred Grant has been put in command of the 14th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. Our advertising representative, who was looking for trouble, has joined Colonel Grant's force, and under him will find it if there is any going on.

THE supplement containing Washington's genealogy is taken from a photograph of a page of Bailey's "Record of My Ancestry." It shows how a valuable record can be compactly kept and handed down to posterity. The book is handsomely gotten up and a large demand for it is assured.

A CONDITION and not a theory prevents the minutes of the Convention of the National Society Sons of the American Revolution, held at Morristown, N. J., April 30, 1898, being published in full and distributed to the members as heretofore.

It is needless to say that in the assembling together from all over our broad land of its brightest and most representative citizens that some diversity of opinion should exist, but on the whole it was a very harmonious gathering.

The Hon. Franklin Murphy made many friends by the generous and graceful manner in which he withdrew his name from competition with that of our present President-General Barrett, and there is but little doubt but that he will soon be elected to the highest position he so well deserves for the services he has so willingly given the Society as its efficient secretary for so many years.

The officers elected were;—

President-General, Edwin S. Barrett of Boston.

Vice-President-General, Hon. Franklin Murphy of N. J.

" " " Major Gen. J. C. Breckinridge,
[Washington, D. C.]

" " " Brig Gen. Thomas Anderson,
[U. S. A., Oregon.]

" " " Hon. James Richardson, Ohio.

" " " Hon. John Whitehead, N. J.

Secretary-General, Capt. S. E. Gross, Illinois.

Treasurer-General, Charles Haskins, New York.

Registrar-General, A. Howard Clarke, Washington, D.C.

Historian-General, E. M. Gallaudet, LL.D., " "

Chaplain-General, Rev. Dr. Clark, Detroit, Mich.

The New Jersey Society entertained their guests in a generous manner, led by that grand young man of many years, the Hon. John Whitehead, who said that this had been the happiest day of his life. Elsewhere will be found a more complete resume of the day's proceedings written by the delegate at-large, by proxy, from Arkansas.

A FIVE-DAY TRIP to Plattsburgh, N. Y., stopping at West Point, Newburgh, Saratoga, Lake George, Fort Ticonderoga, Lake Champlain, visiting the battle fields and old forts, will leave New York at 9. a. m., Tuesday, June 21st, returning Saturday evening under the supervision of Thomas H. Hendrickson, the well known tourist agent. The fare for the round trip, including all necessary first-class hotel and travelling expenses, will be \$30.

A registration fee of \$5.00 is required, for which an attractive souvenir badge will be given, and the names of those going on the trip will be printed in an illustrated prospectus of the excursion. The balance of \$25.00 should be paid the Saturday preceding the 21st of June. Registration may be made care of THE SPIRIT OF '76, 18 and 20 Rose St., New York City, or Thomas H. Hendrickson, 339 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE California Genealogical Society has been formed for the purpose of collecting, preserving and disseminating information on Genealogy; to assist its members in tracing their ancestry; to ascertain the location and condition of the various public and private records, which are or may become accessible to students of Genealogy and American History and to aid investigations of this nature by combining the efforts and resources of its members. It seeks to direct public attention to the value of complete and exact records, and to emphasize the necessity of unremitting care in their collection and preservation.

The Annual Convention of the National Society Sons of the American Revolution.

MR. EDITOR—When I left Arkansas things were pretty lively in our State preparing for war, but as I had no desire to go in that direction they sent me to Morristown. The extras in Philadelphia said that there was a Spanish fleet off the coast, and so instead of going to New York, I went at once to the inland town where the convention was being held. Landing at the depot I was met by a courteous gentleman who wore our button, and he directed me to the Lyceum building to register. There I met the Hon. John Whitehead, president of the New Jersey society, who told me that the Lyceum was his pet creation. It is a large grey stone structure, and a worthy monument to a worthy man; he graciously directed me to the United States Hotel, as the Mansion House was full; here I found had been billeted the delegates from Washington, D. C., who objected being put into the United States.

At supper I met Capt. Folsom of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, a man of tales told in an interesting manner and without the Boston frost attached to that latitude.

In the morning the delegates met at the Mansion House at 10 a. m., and preceded by the Hon John Whitehead were shown the site of the old Capt. Arnold Tavern, the first of Washington's headquarters, the site of the old court house used as a prison for the Britishers, the \$125,000 Presbyterian Church, which stands on the site of the original first church, down past the Memorial Hospital, where we were shown a dell where 'tis said Washington partook of the sacraments from the congregation that assembled here while the church was in use as a hospital for the soldiers, we soon came to the famous Washington Headquarters of Morristown, which is used as a museum of Revolutionary relics, adjoining the house in the same grounds is an assembly room called Lafayette Hall. Here the convention was called to order by the president at 11 a. m.

When the states were called in alphabetical order I arose and responded for Arkansas. When I sat down a man arose and asked me if I was the Arkansas traveller. Well, I had never been introduced to the man, but he had such a hearty, good-natured look that I forgave his breeding and answered him in a courteous manner, and we fell into conversation. Soon there was quite a burst of applause, caused by a narrative of an old house at Princeton that had at one time sheltered Washington; coming into the possession of a peasant who had sacredly kept a candle burning in the room where Washington slept and called him Saint Washington; it was a very touching and poetical sentiment which was rudely dispelled by my neighbor, whom I had found to be a New Yorker, by his saying that he knew the Italian who had kept the light burning, and had asked him why he did it, and he had told him it was because he didn't want to see the dago.

I tried to draw him out about the Constitution of the United States, and he said it was too old-fashioned for the times, for instance that part of it which says "all men are born free and equal;" they may be but they don't stay so for more than five minutes; he further said that he thought that one man was just as good as another and a darn sight more so if he was from New York.

He appeared to know most everybody, and seeing I was a stranger he took me in and introduced me to the delegates from Florida, Mr. Cone and Mr. Pugaley; the latter gentleman looks the true tropical type, and said the reason he had come North was that things were getting rather warm in his State and he expected an early spring.

I asked my New York friend why so many from his State were present and if they were filled with patriotism. He said the reason was that they did not have meetings often enough to scrap amongst themselves so they came to the National Convention as a sort of matinee.

The prime mover in the effort for patriotic endeavor is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, who will give up a banquet rather than travel on the Sabbath day; another prominent member, no matter what he does, is always right, and is backed up by some old war horses who generally come out on top when they set their minds on it.

The election of officers showed some opposition in the field. Mr. Murphy endeared the Compariots to him by the gracious manner in which he withdrew from the field in favor of Mr. Barrett, as was shown in the enthusiastic greeting he received when elected vice-president-general.

General J. C. Breckinridge, whose name was greeted with cheers, and presented by Dr. Galludet, who said that the Compariot could not be present at the convention as Compariot McKinley had appointed him a major-general and he had gone to the front, received the next vice-president generalship.

The far West received due recognition through the appointment of Col. Thomas Anderson, U.S.A., of Oregon. The Hon. James Richardson of Ohio, who spoke of one of the candidates as a "good mixer," and which is an apt title for himself, for there is no one that exceeds him in his interest of the welfare of

the National Society, where he is always to be found smoothing out tangles. The Hon. John Whitehead, who has seen a great many years for so young a man, rounded out a cortere of as true Americans as the country can produce.

For the arduous duties of the Secretary-Generalship Captain S. Ellery Gross of Illinois sacrificed himself. His snappy but pleasant eye shows that he has that in him to make a worthy successor to Mr. Murphy. I was agreeably surprised at the Chicago delegation to find they did not want as much of the earth as the effete eastern men.

Up to this time the officers were elected unanimously. For Treasurer-General the New York delegation nominated General Shields of Missouri, as against Mr. Haskins of New York, but their opposition did not prevail. The Washington delegation objected to A. Howard Clark of Washington as Registrar-General and the New Yorkers put in nomination Edward Hagaman Hall, who was not present, for this office. General Horatio C. King said he believed in rotation in office, but the sentiment of the majority was for Mr. Clark, who was elected. For Historian-General Dr. Galludet of Washington was unanimously elected, and he will ably fill the place; and the new Chaplain-General, the Rev. Clark of Detroit, Michigan, is a genial, whole-souled man, who will do honor to the position.

The work of the Entertainment Committee of the New Jersey Society is to be commended. A tasty lunch was served at 1 o'clock in the rooms adjoining the convention hall. The banquet was held in McAlpin Hall, and at 6.30 p. m. about 100 guests sat down to following:—

MENU.			
Little Neck Clams.	SOUP.	Water Cresses.	
Mook Turtle.		Sauterne.	
Boiled Salmon, Tartan Sauce.	FISH.	Hollandaise Potatoes.	
Pontetcanet.	SWEETBREAD CANNELONS.	French Peas.	
Potato Croquettes.	FILET OF BEEF, MUSHROOM SAUCE.	String Beans.	
ROMAN PUNCH.	Amontilado.	ROAST CAPON.	
Currant Jelly.	CIGARETTES.	Bouche Potatoes.	
	Champagne.		
	LETTUCE SALAD WITH POTATOES.		
ICE CREAM.	STRAWBERRIES.		
Fancy Cake.	Wine Jelly.	Bon-Bons.	Segars.
	COFFEE.		

With the coffee came the following flow of wisdom: Prayer by Chaplain General Clark, of Detroit; opening address by President, John Whitehead; address, Hon. E. S. Barrett, President-General; address, Hon. H. C. Pitney, "Pride of Ancestry;" address, Rev. Clark, "The Northwest in the Revolution;" address, Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., "Three Degrees of Patriotism."

Seated at the tables I noticed the genial Col. L. O. Hopkins of Maryland, who much resembles the Austrian Emperor, Franz Josef. The Maryland delegation had sent on a double-barrelled gun, which was loaded, for bear, but went off all right. Mr. Whitehead said that Morristown had the best water in the world that gushed out of the rocks in springs. I saw wells that were full of something besides spring water. Among others I saw General Thomas Wilson, U.S.A., retired, always on hand, but too modest to say much for himself, but of whom much can be said by those who know his worth; John Hancock, of the Pennsylvania Society, stalwart in frame, and as one of the members said, he has a good face; Stephen M. Wright, of the Empire State Society, who is always on hand when there is any work to be done; Edward Payson Cone, the best teller at an election that the Sons of the American Revolution can produce, and his companion, W. W. J. Warren, who has spent much time and money in furthering the cause of American patriotism; Col. Ralph Prime of Yonkers, who is always ready with word or work for the protection and honor of "Old Glory."

The speech-making was good, and some of it remarkable. I don't know where our President-General gets his funny stories, they are always good and pat, but old enough to know better.

The speech of the Hon. John Whitehead was remarkable for the memory displayed, the vivid description and the earnestness evinced. The Hon. H. C. Pitney made a good impression, and Dr. Galludet spoke in his usual pleasant manner.

Rev. Dr. Clark, our new Chaplain-General, showed his ability at impromptu speaking and made a favorable impression. But I think the best was kept until the last, when the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., pastor of the Methodist Church at Morristown, talked on "Three Degrees of Patriotism." His quick wit, snappy assertions and splendid delivery acted as an inspiration to the retiring guests. Morristown should be proud of such a possession.

A special train left Morristown at 11.20 p.m. for New York, and the delegates of the convention dispersed to their various homes.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The following resolution was adopted by the Arkansas Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at a meeting held at Little Rock, April 19th, in commemoration of the Battle of Lexington.



The Arkansas Society of the Sons of the American Revolution assembled on this, the anniversary of the first battle of our War for Independence, hereby express our approval of the course pursued by the President in relation to Cuba and our affairs with Spain, and of the action of Congress in taking the stand it has; and actuated by the spirit which animated our forefathers in the trying days of '76, we affirm our unwavering devotion to our common country, and our willingness to render her our services in the conflict apparently close at hand, should we be called upon to do so. This resolution was presented at the National Convention Sons of the American Revolution at Morristown, April 30, 1898, by the representative of the Society.

The Arkansas Society, Sons of the American Revolution, celebrated Washington's birthday in excellent style with their annual banquet at the Capital Hotel, Little Rock. Three new members were received: Messrs. Samuel S. Hempstead, of Little Rock; Granville Goodloe, of Arkadelphia, and Robert M. Smith, of Hot Springs. Interesting literary and musical exercises, including the singing of patriotic songs, took place in the hotel parlors. Mr. Fay Hempstead, secretary of the society, read an original poem, entitled "At Havana," strongly appealing to American patriotism at this particular time. A number of Daughters of the American Revolution were present as guests. At the banquet the following toasts were eloquently responded to:

"Washington, a pillar of strength to the patriot army."—Governor James E. Eagle.

"Vergennes, a faithful ally in our adversities."—Dr. Charles E. Nash.

"Nathaniel Greene, the right-hand man of Washington."—Fay Hempstead.

"Mollie Pitcher, a true daughter of the American Revolution."—Hon. L. C. Balch.

"The Daughters of the American Revolution, noble descendants of a noble ancestry."—Mrs. Frederick Hanger, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"The Women of '76, their memories are sacred for the aid they gave."—George F. Rozelle.

The year book of the Michigan Society Sons of the American Revolution will soon be received from the printers as proofs of the copy are now being read and corrected, the book will contain a full record of the early history of the Society and all its various celebrations and ceremonies, also a considerable space will be devoted to each members ancestor's service during the Revolution.

The Colorado society held an open meeting at Unity Church on the evening of April 19th in honor of Lexington and Concord day. Suitable addresses and patriotic music delighted a very large and appreciative audience. Mr. Frederick O. Vail spoke of Lexington, and Mr. Frank M. Keezer of the Concord fight. The closing address was made by Joseph F. Tuttle, Jr.

The presence of Col. Ivers Phillips, formerly of Worcester, Mass., but for many years a resident of Boulder, Colorado, gave special interest to the occasion. He is a member of the Colorado Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and enjoys the proud distinction of being the oldest person enrolled in the membership of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. At the business meeting in the afternoon he gave a very interesting address, which was greatly enjoyed. He is in his ninety-third year, but spoke with great ease and vigor.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Joseph F. Tuttle, Jr., president; William F. Slocum, D.D., Gen. Irving Hale and C. H. Stickney, vice-presidents; W. M. Spears, secretary; F. M. Keezer, deputy secretary; E. L. Kelly, Registrar; E. D. Bouton, treasurer; G. L. Cannon, Jr., historian; W. F. Steele, chaplain.

Board of Managers—E. R. Downs, chairman; Dr. W. R. Whitehead, F. O. Vail, T. N. Crissey, Maj. C. A. Coolidge, C. R. McHarg, B. F. Follett, Ivers Phillips.

Membership Committee—H. M. Houghton, chairman; C. H. Wells, J. A. Russell, Jr., F. P. Van Keuren.

Through the kindness of President Moses G. Parker, M. D., about 40 members of Old Middlesex Chapter Sons of the American Revolution, of Lowell, Mass., were given a banquet recently. Francis H. Brown, M. D., of Boston, vice-president of Massachusetts Society Sons of the American Revolution was present as a guest. He read a very interesting paper on "How the book was made." Mayor Bennett was also present as a guest and spoke briefly appropriate to the occasion.

At the conclusion of the speaking all present arose and the meeting was closed by singing "America."

Copies of a pamphlet containing the constitution, by-laws, officers and membership roll of Old Middlesex Chapter were distributed. The manual was compiled by Mr. Horace S. Bacon, the secretary, and will prove very convenient. The chapter now has a membership of nearly sixty.

The Maine Society Sons of the American Revolution celebrated Washington's birthday by holding its annual meeting and a colonial tea. In the meeting the necessary business was transacted, the officers for the following year elected, being President A. L. Talbot, Lewiston; Secretary, H. S. Burrage, Portland; Treasurer, Eben Corey; Historian, Nathan Gould. A resolution favoring the passage of the bill for government ownership and preservation of old Fort Ticonderoga was adopted.

The colonial tea was in the nature of a reception, in which were musical and literary exercises. There were a number of the "Daughters" present. The membership of the society is 331, the net gain in membership last year being 66.

The second annual meeting of the Texas Society, Sons of the American Revolution, was held recently at Galveston. It will in all probability be the last meeting of that society, for measures are now under way to amalgamate it with the Society of the American Revolution.

The president's report showed that the society was growing in membership slowly but steadily. Referring to the movement to unite with the Society of the Revolution, he felt sure the Texas society of the sister organization would unite with the Sons of the American Revolution.

Officers elected were Col. J. H. Evans, president; Major C. W. Preston, vice-president; Mr. P. Allen, secretary; Mr. George D. Morgan, treasurer and Mr. W. F. Beers registrar and historian.

The annual meeting of the California Society of Sons of the American Revolution was held in the rooms of the Society of California Pioneers, January 11th, and as usual was enthusiastic and interesting.

Despite cold and disagreeable weather the meeting was largely attended. Sixty sons of Revolutionary sires joined in 1897 and many applications have been received and are in course of investigation. The election was a spirited affair, resulting as follows: President, Colonel J. C. Currier; Secretary, Edwin Bonnell; Treasurer, Charles H. Warner; Registrar, Col. A. S. Hubbard.

At a meeting of the Colorado Society Sons of the American Revolution, held on Friday evening, February 11th, 1898, it was voted unanimously to memorialize Congress as follows:

Whereas, Such sacred associations and memories are connected with old Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y., as a historical spot dear to the hearts of all true Sons of America, and

Whereas, The old fort is fast falling into decay, and if not preserved by government care will soon be a mere heap of non-descript ruins,

Therefore, Resolved, By the Colorado Society Sons of the American Revolution, that our Senators and Representatives be appealed to, to take such steps as shall secure government ownership and preservation of this historical fort, and

Resolved, That to this end each of our Senators and Representatives in Washington be furnished with a copy of these resolutions and thereby urged to activity in this patriotic effort.

Granville Malcolm, James A. Jones, Charles H. Wright, Committee.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., May 1st, 1898.

To the Members of the Connecticut Society, Sons of the American Revolution:—

The undersigned reports with pleasure and pardonable pride that General Humphreys Branch No. 1, Connecticut State Sons of the American Revolution, is in a flourishing condition and is in every way a wide awake organization.

Its membership can always be relied upon to forward any project it believes to be for the best interest of Connecticut State

Sons of the American Revolution, having once put its hand to the plow—it knows no looking back—no retreat and no defeat, but with a determination and persistency born of faith and enthusiasm in its espoused cause it pushes on with an invincibility which overrides all obstacles till the goal is reached and the victory won.

Witness—it was one of our number, Nathan Easterbrook, Jr., who conceived the idea of local branch organizations, which should assist and strengthen the State Society in its general work—the idea was immediately espoused by about thirty wide awake New Haven Sons of the American Revolution—charter members General David Humphreys branch—who, with strong faith in their convictions, persistently advocated and labored for an amendment to the constitution of our State Society, which would permit and encourage the formation of local branches, till the amendment, which was prepared by a committee from their own ranks, was passed at the annual meeting of this Society, May 10th, 1891. That their convictions were honest, their claims just and their labors were for the permanent good of this Society none will gainsay, for to-day there are seven branch organizations in this State which have received life from and are working under the aforesaid amendment. Already our sister states have caught the chapter inspiration and are following in our wake. That none may gainsay our claim to be the originator of the branch or chapter movement we refer to articles on that subject published in the October, November and December numbers, 1896, of *THE SPIRIT OF '76*. The publishing of a large edition of "Songs of the American Revolution," originally prepared as a paper and read before the branch for the entertainment of its members, by one of our number, the lamented Samuel E. Barney—a book which has received unstinted praise from the press beyond our state borders; the publishing of an equally large edition of "Beacon Hill, Fort Wooster Park," which has had a large sale. The locating of one hundred graves of Revolutionary patriots in Grove Street Cemetery, many of which were rescued from oblivion, and all of which are indicated by a bronze marker furnished by this Society, but designed by our Mr. E. E. Lord; the placing on historic Beacon Hill, at considerable expense of time and money to our members in consequence of the attendant public exercises; of the bronze memorial tablet also designed by Mr. E. E. Lord and furnished by this Society; the pushing forward though slowly by the Monument Committee, four of whom are members of our branch; of the proposed memorial monument, which is to be located at the junction of Davenport, Columbus and Congress Avenues, near West river bridge in our city, the work on which thus far has been done by the branch members of the committee, plans and designs for which have been brought here to-day by one of the committee, a member of our branch, Hon. Lucius P. Deming, the first president of our State Society, and the first president of the National Society Sons of the American Revolution, than whom no "Son" was ever and is more loyal to the best good of the Sons of the American Revolution, or more desirous that the two national societies should unite their forces in one grand organization for the carrying forward of the work alike common and of interest to each. And last, the easy and quick raising among the branch members of \$1230 as a guarantee fund for any deficiency arising in connection with the late ninth annual dinner of the Connecticut State Sons of the American Revolution, plus the assessment on such guarantee fund of 50 per cent. every dollar of which was collected and every bill incurred paid on March 9th, fifteen days after the banquet, we submit are evidences of a live organization and a loyal membership.

As one of the original committee selected to further the project of branch organizations, and as secretary of David Humphreys Branch for the past four years, the writer affirms that in his judgment no committees selected from any organization have ever labored with more persistent enthusiasm and harmony than have the committees from General David Humphreys Branch No. 1 Connecticut State Sons of the American Revolution since its birth May 10th, 1891, to the present time.

The membership of the branch reported by the secretary, May 10th, 1897, was 115; new members added during the year ending May 6th, 1898, 22; died during the year (Messrs. Samuel B. Barnes and George Baldwin,) 2; dropped by the State Society for non-payment of dues (Mr. F. W. Skiff,) 1. Net gain for the year, 19. Net membership, May 6th, 1898, 134.

The percentage of gross gain in membership for four years ending May 1st, 1898, 137 per cent; the percentage of net gain for the same time, 106 per cent; an average net gain for each of the four years, 26 1-2 per cent.

It is our custom at the meetings of the branch to provide refreshments of cold tongue, sandwiches, crackers and cheese, coffee, lemonade, ice cream, cake and cigars, believing that this sociability of eating enhances general sociability and good fellowship.

A word in closing to brother secretaries of branches. Do you wish your branch to be a wide awake, live organization?

Then you must be a wide awake, live secretary. Do you wish to augment your numbers? See that eligible material in your locality is interested and brought into the State Society and as an ex officio member of the Board of Managers attend their meetings, secure the name of those admitted to our fellowship who are in your district, personally visit them and get their applications for membership in your branch.

Persistent, active, aggressive work on the part of the secretaries and the wide awake men in the branch must show not only an increased membership in the State Society but in the local branches as well and more lively interest all along the lines in the general work of the Connecticut State Sons of the American Revolution. Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, Secretary
General David Humphreys Branch No. 1, C. S. S. A. R.

EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY.

I take pleasure in sending you herewith copies of the correspondence between the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and the Hon. Charles D. Sigsbee, Captain of the United States Navy and formerly in command of the "Maine," and the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy.

At the annual meeting of our Society, held on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Society has learned with deepest sorrow of the dreadful calamity which resulted in the destruction of the United States Battleship "Maine" in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, together with the great loss of life, and the wounding of many others;

Resolved, That the members of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution do hereby express to the nation, and to the relatives and friends of the officers, sailors and marines, whose lives were lost in the service of their country on that occasion, their profound sympathy;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, to Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee, of the Battleship "Maine," and to the press.

In accordance with the above, copies of these resolutions were sent to Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, to Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, Captain of the Battleship "Maine," to which the following replies were received from the above named gentlemen:—

HAVANA, CUBA, March 20, 1898.

To the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, 1123 Broadway, New York City:

GENTLEMEN—I beg to take upon myself the office of replying to your sympathetic and patriotic resolutions of March 12, 1898. The survivors of the "Maine" are now scattered beyond my immediate reach, but I shall endeavor to take measures which will carry out the wishes of your Society in giving publicity to your resolutions. In the meantime, I have no hesitation in assuming to represent for the moment all those concerned, so far as to express our appreciation and thanks to your Society.

Yours most respectfully,

(Signed) C. D. SIGSBEE,
Capt. U. S. Navy, Commanding U. S. S. Maine.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 14, 1898.

To the Secretary Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution 1123 Broadway, New York City:

DEAR SIR—The Department is in receipt of the resolutions adopted by the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, February 22d, expressing its sympathy with the families and relatives of those who lost their lives in the Maine disaster, and desires to thank you, and through you the Society, for its courteous action.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN D. LONG, Secretary.
W. W. Kenly, State Secretary.

In the last issue of *THE SPIRIT OF '76* concerning the presentation of the Buffalo Charter after a delay of five years, it should be borne in mind that it was not the fault of Stephen M. Wright. As at no time during his term of office as Secretary of the State Society was there even an intimation received from the Buffalo Chapter as to the lack of an official Charter. Had there been such his usual promptness in the dispatch of the Society's business is too well known to allow of even a thought of the document not being immediately issued. If it was delivered at the "end of a wait lasting since 1893," the blame should be on those who evidently thought it not worth mentioning until a few weeks ago.

At the annual meeting of the Iowa Society a stand of colors was presented to the first regiment from Iowa to the Cuban war.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

On the evening of the 16th of February, a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was established at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. It will be called the Bronx Chapter—certainly an appropriate name when it is recalled that, during the Revolutionary War, this little stream flowing through Westchester was identified with many incidents of border warfare.



Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, one of the founders and an honorary vice-President of the National Society of the D. A. R.; and who, moreover, at their recent Convention at Washington, received one of the three gold medals presented to the three founders—was present and organized the Chapter. Her remarks, on this occasion, taken down at the time for the *SHIRIT* of '76 in short hand, were as follows:

Mrs. Walworth said in part: Before entering on the details of organization I would remind you of the importance you should attach to the main purposes of our "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution." You are now a part of that society as individual members; you will continue to be an efficient part as an organized chapter; there is no difference in your status as members of the Society, but as our organized chapter you come into a closer Union and thereby acquire a stronger influence in this Society, and a new power in the community in which you reside. In addition to true local power, which you should attain, the immense influence of the national organization is with you. Therefore, be ever loyal to that organization; you now become one of its vital members, and by your voting representatives may influence its methods and aid or diminish its strength; you may retard or advance those great purposes to which I have referred. Those purposes are patriotic, historical and educational. I need not dwell on the demands of patriotism; your enthusiasm in tracing the required genealogy of each member here, and in organizing this chapter proves that you have the sentiment which will lead you on in a fervent devotion to your country; that the Republic and the Flag will be sacred watch-words in your lives hereafter. In the historical objects of our society you have an inspiration unknown to many chapters whose historical studies are necessarily theoretical. You are indeed favored; your books are the streams and stones, the storied mountains and historic hills of this lovely region. Its tales of heroism and endurance in the Revolution appeal to you at every turn. Dear Daughters of the Bronx, you have a rich field for your labors, and our "Daughters" in distant parts of our land may learn from you the details of these localities, so that the deeds they illustrate will become living pictures in the tablets you will erect, and the forgotten heroes you will commemorate. The educational object of our society will develop as your work progresses, even as the flowers unfold beneath the warmth of the Spring sunshine. Your enthusiasm shall be the fertile breath to unfold the budding patriotism of those around you, a patriotism too often chilled by indifference or cynicism. All educational work should begin with self-education, and this becomes easy through mutual helpfulness in a chapter. Now, to enter on the business of organization. Your Regent, who has been appointed, through the State Regent, by the Board of Management, will announce to you the appointment of officers for the first year; you will appoint your committee on by-laws, and decide perhaps upon the limit of your charter members, and consider the time to secure your charter from the National Society.

Mrs. Walworth dwelt on the important duties of the Registrar, the need of care and a firm standard of requirements under the rules of the society. She also spoke of the duties of Historian and urged that the new chapter should decide on some definite line of work in relation to the local historical points of interest.

The officers elected were Miss Susan M. Stone, Regent; Mrs. Roger M. Sherman, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Joseph S. Wood, Treasurer; Mrs. Wm. Johnson Bacon, Registrar; Mrs. Arthur Williams, Secretary; and Mrs. Charles E. Ward, Historian.

The meeting was held at the residence of Col. Wm. Leete Stone on Park avenue, whose daughter is, on the maternal side, a great, great grand-daughter of Lt. Col. Samuel Copwell, an aid to Washington, and who was present at the execution of Major Andre; and, on the paternal side, she is the great, great, great grand-daughter of the Colonial Governor of Connecticut, William Leete, who, it will be remembered, hid the Regicides, Goff and Whalley in a cave near New Haven, Conn.

The residence of Mr. Stone seems also most appropriate for

the formation of the chapter, as it is within a few feet of the White Plains road, over which Washington went when pursued by Gen. Howe, and which pursuit culminated in the battle of White Plains, all classic ground to patriotic Americans.

Following the organization of the chapter, a simple collation was served, the rooms being beautifully decorated with the Stars and Stripes.

The charter members of the Bronx Chapter are as follows: Mrs. William Johnson Bacon, Mrs. Roger M. Sherman (whose husband is a great-great-grandson of Roger Sherman, the "signer,") Mrs. Joseph S. Wood, Mrs. Arthur Williams, Mrs. Marshall S. Clement, Mrs. Charles E. Ward, Mrs. William Leete Stone, Miss Sophie J. Mee, Mrs. William A. Sageman, Miss Mary Jennings, Mrs. Harry P. Wilcox, Mrs. Frank Tickenor, Miss Susan M. Stone.

Although Mount Vernon has been backward hitherto in establishing a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, yet from the above names of its charter members—all of the first families of Mount Vernon society and with a splendid ancestry—it is hoped that this Bronx chapter will soon take a prominent place, second to none in the land; at least this is the expectation. In fact, for a long time the National Society have been looking towards Mount Vernon for a chapter of real merit, and it now seems as if its hopes were on the eve of fulfillment.

April 1st being the charter day of the Washington Heights Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, it was resolved at the regular meeting, March 25th, to hold the yearly election of officers on that day. The following officers were unanimously elected: Regent, Mrs. Ferdinand P. Earle; first vice-regent, Mrs. Charlotte Sayre Boorman; second vice-regent, Mrs. Elizabeth McCalla Stephan; third vice-regent, Mrs. J. de Trafford Blackstone; recording secretary, Mrs. Emily Louise Bostwick Fay; corresponding secretary, Miss J. Elizabeth Hotchkiss; treasurer, Mrs. Howard Robbins; registrar, Mrs. Geo. Eugene Foote; historian, Mrs. Eliza Jumel Caryl; assistant historian, Miss Florence Eaton; chaplain, Rev. John T. Patey.

Board of Managers—The Mesdames Jacob Hess, Ella Kreamer, Cornelia H. W. Larrabee, Francis Frederick Lambley, George Barry Mallon, Ella Francis B. Scott, J. Baldwin Hands, Isaac Cary, R. B. Hopkins, I. H. Storer, and the Misses Emmunetta Gregor and Grace Welch.

After the election Mrs. Earle gave a luncheon to the members of the chapter.

At the regular meeting March 25th Mrs. Caryl, our historian, read a paper on the council chamber, and she has promised that at each regular meeting to give us the history connected with the different rooms of the historic mansion, which we are so fortunate in being able to hold our chapter meeting in, through the kindness of our regent, Mrs. Earle, the present owner of what was once Gen. Washington's headquarters.

FLORENCE B. FOOTE, Registrar.

Otsego Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution have "discovered" a "real Son" of the Revolution in the person of Mr. John J. Crafts, one of Cooperstown oldest inhabitants, and has fittingly marked the event with the gift of a silver paper cutter, a fac simile of Washington's sword, bearing the inscription, "Presented to John J. Crafts, a 'real Son' of the Revolution, by Otsego Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution."

Framingham Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Framingham, Mass., entered upon its second year last October with an increasing membership and renewed interest in its work. The same officers were elected. They are: Regent, Mrs. E. M. White; vice-regent, Mrs. Willard Howe; secretary, Miss F. Gertrude Coolidge; treasurer, Mrs. Adaline T. Metcalf; registrar, Mrs. Frank H. Fales; historian, Mrs. C. U. Fuller.

The subject chosen for the literary work of the year was a chronological study of the Revolution with special mention of the services rendered to the cause of American freedom by the ancestors of chapter members. The first meeting of the year was a pleasant lawn party held at the Odiorne house, now occupied by Mrs. Susan Power, one of the descendants of the original owners and a member of Framingham Chapter. The October meeting was devoted to the history of the frigate Constitution, because of the celebration in Boston harbor that month in honor of the frigate. Since that time the chapter has studied the cause of the Revolution and the history of the first year. At the January meeting after the business and the literary exercises a social was enjoyed.

The chapter has been actively preparing for an entertainment consisting of music and historical representations to be given in Elmwood Opera House, South Framingham, February 8. Twenty-six children in costume will present a Flag Dance. The living portraits of ladies of the White House are to be exhibited. A quilting party of the olden time will be enacted, the

gossip of which will be enlivened by recitation, song and a "shake," this being the descriptive name by which our forefathers were wont to designate the dance which ended the festivities. The opera of the Courtship of Myles Standish will be sung. The final representation will be a Ball at Fredericksburg, in which Washington will introduce his mother to the assembled guests. In this scene the old-fashioned minuet will be danced.

The regent has been arranging a handsome souvenir programme. In addition to the programme for the evening and descriptive notices of the entertainment and of the work of the chapter. This programme contains the advertisements of some of the best known business firms of the country. The front cover is decorated with a reproduction of the famous painting of Priscilla, printed on silk paper. These programmes will be widely distributed.

It is a pleasure to report to THE SPIRIT OF '76 the successful increase and progress of the Knickerbocker Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution. Their annual election, held on March 25th, was an evidence of the harmonious and united interests of the chapter and a high and well merited compliment to Mrs. Richard H. Greene, who has so acceptably filled the office of regent, as she was re-elected by a large majority.

Considering the short existence of this chapter, it has a record to be proud of. In its earliest days it contributed one hundred dollars to the Continental Hall fund. One of its first celebrations was in memory of Lexington, and was observed by a very beautiful and appropriate entertainment on April 19, 1897, given by Mrs. Frederick Hasbrouck at her residence.

Other historical anniversaries have been remembered by suitable and fitting exercises during the past winter.

The last chapter meeting of the season will be held on April 15th, and on April 19th the battle of Lexington will be commemorated by giving a reception at the Waldorf-Astoria, when a patriotic programme will be the special feature of the evening.

At the time of beginning the preparations for this entertainment no war clouds darkened the horizon of our beloved country, but now that the mutterings of thunder are growing nearer, it seems peculiarly fitting that a patriotic celebration should be given at just this time, as it is but a further proof of the help and sympathy that our nation will have from its "Daughters." Women in whose hearts the fire of patriotism burns brightly enough to keep in mind and commemorate the heroic deeds of Concord and Lexington are the women to be relied upon to give all the aid it is in woman's power to give when her country has need of her services. The women of '98 will be worthy descendants of the women of '76.

The last regular meeting of the Quequecham Chapter, D. A. R., of Fall River, for the season was held with Mrs. George L. Richards, Prospect street, April 22.

It was a literary and social event.

Relics from the old Hancock House and Mount Vernon were presented to the Chapter by the Historian and Regent.

Patriotic work has been planned for the coming months.

The year has added interest and numbers to the Chapter.

There will be an entertainment, Friday evening, April 22d, for the Daughters and their friends. Miss Elizabeth Porter Gould will speak on the two Dorothy's.

Society of Colonial Dames.

The Society of Colonial Dames held their annual convention at Washington, D. C., April 22, and elected national officers for the next two years as follows: Mrs. Howard Townsend of New York, president; Mrs. E. D. Gillespie of Philadelphia, first vice-president; Mrs. W. W. Gordon of Savannah, second vice-president; Mrs. Beverly Kennon of Washington, honorary vice-president; Miss Elizabeth Byrd Nicholas of Washington, treasurer; Mrs. William Reid of Baltimore, secretary; Mrs. J. J. Jackson of Baltimore, assistant secretary; Mrs. Emil Richter of Portsmouth, N. H., registrar; Mrs. William Henry Browne and Miss Rosa Wrightsmith of Washington, press committee.

United States Daughters of 1812.

The Dolly Madison Chapter of United States Daughters of 1812 celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans on January 8th, 1898, by giving a luncheon for its members at the Hotel Lincoln, Pittsburg, Pa. Twenty-seven daughters re-

sponded to the call. The table was beautifully decorated with red and white carnations, while a picture of General Jackson draped with flags was hung in a conspicuous place. The place cards were appropriately decorated with a dainty bale of cotton, into which was fastened a tiny flag. The chapter sent its greeting to the General Society, which was then holding its annual meeting in New York. Greetings were also received from the General Society.

ORDER OF THE OLD GUARD.

At a special meeting of the "Order of the Old Guard," held on the 4th inst., the following resolutions were passed in relation to the decease of Edward Forman, the treasurer of the Order.

Compatriot Edward Forman was born in Nichols, New York, September 25, 1840, died in Chicago, April 15, 1898. He was one of the charter members of this Order. The greater part of his life was spent in Chicago. He was, for many years, connected with the Matson jewelry house, and on the death of Mr. Matson, Mr. Forman settled up the business affairs of that house.

As a comrade, he was genial and social; as a citizen, he was public spirited and patriotic; as a business man, he was of unswerving integrity; and a combination of all his personal qualities resulted in his being a Christian gentleman in all that the term implies. Therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Compatriot Edward Forman this Order has lost one of its most earnest and faithful members.

And further
Resolved, That we tender our most earnest and heartfelt sympathy to his be-

reaved wife. And further

Resolved, That this action be made a part of the record of this Order, and a copy of the resolutions be sent to his family.

JOHN H. LOOMIS,

WILLIAM PORTER ADAMS,

CHARLES S. FOLLETT,

} Committee.

The following resolutions relating to the war with Spain were also unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, Spain has always covertly or openly cherished a spirit of hostility toward the United States since the Revolution which established their independence, to wit:

1. The attempt to separate the territory between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River from the United States and establish a rival government unfriendly to the United States, to which government it would grant the freedom of the mouth of the Mississippi, a favor she had denied to the United States.

2. The Treaty of 1795, which gave the free passage of the Mississippi River, and New Orleans as a port of entry for the term of ten years, and then annulling that treaty before the expiration of the time limit, and the secret conveyance of the territory of Louisiana to the French to avoid the responsibility of her action.

3. The stirring up of the Southern Indians to commit depredations on the white settlers of the South, and receiving, sheltering and protecting such depredators.

4. The massacre of American citizens in Cuba in 1854 without trial, and without the form of law, and without permitting them to communicate with their home government.

5. The massacre of the crew of the Virginnes without trial.

6. The destruction of the United States Ship "Maine" and her crew of two hundred and sixty American seamen, either by connivance or by positive order. And

WHEREAS, The people of Cuba, after centuries of taxation, which amounted practically to confiscation, for the purpose of filling the depleted coffers of royal favorites, have dared to assert their "Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," have been treated as no people was ever before treated by a nation claiming to be civilized, viz: The barbarous and inhuman method of carrying on a war, in which the efforts of the military seem directed to the annihilation of the people by slaughtering or starving to death the women and children, rather than in defeating the military forces of the Revolutionists in open and honorable battle. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the "Order of the Old Guard" most heartily and earnestly endorse and commend the action of the President and Congress in their dealings with Spain. And be it further

Resolved, That the "Order" will endorse any move on the part of the President that has for its object the expulsion of Spanish power and influence from the Western Hemisphere.

JOHN H. LOOMIS,

WILLIAM PORTER ADAMS,

CHARLES L. FOLLETT,

} Committee.



Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to
Miss M. Winchester Adams, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City.

A Native of America.

IN early Spring a gentleman gave each of the two hundred and fifty scholars of a Sunday school six grains of Indian corn or maize. "Plant them," he said, "and see how much you will bring me at the end of the autumn when the corn shall be gathered." The boys and girls went home and made ready for the planting.

"They dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from the sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

"All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves were green and fair;
And waved in hot mid-summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair."

When the harvest was over the scholars came, bringing the corn which had been raised. How much do you suppose there was? Why, enough to fill five barrels. It sold for twenty dollars.

Indian corn is a native of America. It was cultivated by the Indians when Columbus reached our shores, hence the name. It grows quickly and produces a very bountiful crop. When thirty years old it will grow if planted. A single stalk is said to have yielded in one season two thousand grains.

"Heap high the farmer's wintry board;
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

"Still let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for the golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!"

E. S. C.

Rhoda's Birthday Spoons.

IT WAS ever and ever so many years ago, before the little "Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution" were even thought of as a society. Even the big "Sons and Daughters" were not known. But Rhoda truly was a little Daughter of the American Revolution, though she did not know it. One of these days she would find it out, and be glad of the birthday gift she received to-day. It was the nineteenth of March, and Rhoda was ten years old. She was to have a tea-party, and had invited her most intimate friends. There was Sarah Little, Mary Johnson, Katherine Winans, Lucy Rittenhouse and Phoebe Teller. And such a funny looking lot of little girls! Some were thin and some were plump, but all wore low-necked dresses that looked as though they would fall off their shoulders any minute. Their arms were bare, too, and their short skirts showed off the long white stockings, and bronze slippers with ribbons crossed and re-crossed over the instep. And would you believe it! each little girl wore—hoops! I am sure you could not manage a pair of hoops as well as these six little girls did, for it was quite an art to slightly lift the skirt in the back, as one sat down. If one made the mistake of smoothing the dress nicely down in the back as she took her seat, the skirt would fly straight up in front in a very embarrassing manner. But no such mistake occurred to-day, for all knew just how to do it.

But about the birthday present. It was not a doll, or a work-box, or a gold ring, or a gold chain and locket, as it had been at other birthdays. It was a half-dozen silver spoons, not as large as teaspoons, but much larger than the little after-dinner coffee spoons that we use nowadays. They looked bright and new, as though they never had been used. On the front they were marked with the letter B, while on the back was the name "Rhoda."

"Rhoda, there's your name!" exclaimed the girls, "but what does B stand for? That isn't for Seeley."

"No, that is for 'Bailey'—my grandfather's name," said Mrs. Seeley. "These spoons were made from,—you would never guess what! Why, from my grandfather's knee-buckles!" Then as the six little faces turned eagerly to her she continued:

"My mother had the knee-buckles which her father had worn. Then when I was born she had them made into these spoons, putting her father's initial and my name on them. They were to come to me, and from me to my eldest daughter, and now they go to Rhoda's eldest daughter. Rhoda has been the name of the two owners, so far, and I hope there will be another little Rhoda sometime."

Of course the little girls laughed at this, and wondered where they would be, and how old, when the spoons changed hands again.

Rhoda grew up to be a Daughter of the American Revolution, and one day not long ago she gave the spoons to another little Rhoda, who is a little Daughter of the American Revolution.

MABEL BALDWIN BEARDSLEY.

A NOBLE YOUTH.

MORE than a century ago, in one of the provinces of France, was born a frail child, whose delicate organism enshrined a vigorous intellect. The first eight years of his life were passed in his ancestral home. At an early age he developed a love of independence—Liberty in the loftiest conception of the term that of freedom controlled by law. Law and liberty became the dominant motives in his whole career.

At the age of sixteen he married the Countesse de Noailles. Three years later, at the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, La Fayette, a youth of nineteen, bought a vessel, and fitted it out at his own expense. Then in the face of a strong opposition at the French court, set sail for America, and offered his services to aid us in our attempt to free ourselves from British rule. His gallantry secured for him, the command of a division of the continental army. His bravery and loyalty endeared him to the troops. Injustice in any form he abhorred and refused to tolerate. When he found that he could help the cause more by returning to France, he asked for a leave of absence. Congress granted his request; voted him a sword, and resolutions of gratitude. To the king, he bore this letter. "We recommend this young nobleman to your majesty's notice, as one whom we know to be wise in council, gallant in the field, and patient under the hardships of war." So eager was La Fayette to forward our interests, that the French Minister said to him, "You would unfurnish Versailles to clothe the American army." "Yes," he replied, "I would."

March 22, 1784 while La Fayette was making a second visit to his native land, the peace treaty was received by congress. La Fayette, though he longed to be the bearer of this new, unselfishly delegated the task to another, and exerted his power to advance our commercial interests in France. During the following August, he came to us, and spent twelve happy days at Mt. Vernon, with his beloved Washington—He was welcomed everywhere with expressions of honor. Congress, then in session at Trenton, bade the nations guest farewell, La Fayette responded in these words, "May this temple of Freedom ever stand, a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind; and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor, and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government and for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of its founders." The Assembly at Maryland passed an act to naturalize Major-General La Fayette, and his heirs male forever. A similar law was passed by the Virginia legislature. After the fall of Yorktown, La Fayette saw that he could better aid us in the diplomacy of Europe, than in the American war. His own people gave him an enthusiastic welcome—Then began their hundred years struggle for liberty. At this trying time he proclaimed himself the *People's Friend*. Nothing could deter him from trying to establish in the old world, the principles learned in the new—La Fayette ours by adoption, died May 20, 1834. He was beloved by his countrymen, and idolized by ours. At his funeral; and old peasant, when rebuked by the guard for trying to force his way to the place reserved for the family, said, with tears streaming down his worn face, "We are all his children. He loved us all." They made way for him, and he walked behind the family to the tomb. M. F. BRACKEN.

JERSEY CITY, February 12, 1898.

Dear Annt Independence:

When I wrote in December I said I would tell you another story I read about David Laning. Well, a few days after he had escaped from the British, in the character of a wood-chopper, he went with Gen. Washington as one of the guides down the Scotch road, on the way to Trenton. As the General enjoined silence, scarcely a word was spoken, and the army moved with such stillness that they were not discovered until they came upon the outguard of the enemy, which was posted in the outskirts of the town, when one of the sentries called to Laning, who was a little in advance of the troops, and asked, "Who is there?" Laning replied, "A friend." "A friend to whom?" Laning said, "A friend to Gen. Washington." At this the guard fired and retreated. The American troops returned their fire, rushed upon them, and drove them into town. It is said that at the commencement of this engagement, when Washington with his sword raised, was giving his orders, a musket ball passed between his fingers, slightly grazing them. He only said, "That has passed by."

Your little friend,

DOLLY L.

Washington, or the Revolution.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*American Camp, near King's Mountain, North Carolina. Officers and troops, women and children in poverty, gathered into camp from British fury. Prisoners captured in the battle of King's Mountain guarded. Time: October 10, 1780. Morning. COL. WILLIAM CAMPBELL seated, and examining papers. Enter an AID.*

CAMPBELL—Will Marion come?

AID—Yes; and Sumter, too.
Both are eager to shake the hand
Of the victor of King's Mountain.

CAMPBELL—What are the footings?

AID—The British lost five hundred killed,
Besides, we have here in camp
Six hundred prisoners.
None of their command escaped.

CAMPBELL—And Ferguson, their leader, fell?

AID—He did; upon the field.

CAMPBELL—And on our side?

AID—The loss is not one hundred,
Out of our force of nine.

CAMPBELL—Col. James Williams of Ninety-six
Is here included. The death of such a man
Clouds any triumph. While Ferguson was
Driving MacDowell towards this mountain
shelter,
Williams,—like a mastiff upon the scent,—
Was after Ferguson; awaiting fair
Opportunity to grapple him. Thus
Pursuing, he learned—thrilling his heart
with

Its latest joy—that we are preparing
To extend the hand of succor from over
These rugged hills.

AID—He died as the brave wish to die.

[Enter a scout, hurriedly.]

CAMPBELL—(to the scout.) What news of Tarleton?

SCOUT—Two days ago,—
Learning the fatal end of Ferguson,
With the loss of his noble command,
He fled in retreat back to Cornwallis,
Who had sent him forth.

CAMPBELL—This is news,
Sailing to us on the wings of comfort;
For, burdened with our prisoners, we have
Endured anxiety. [To the AID.
Convey the order—till otherwise command—

To relax to restfulness the vigilance
Of the camp. [AID retires.
What more learned you of Tarleton?

SCOUT—I gained entrance within his lines,—
And this was told to me: Since our fatal
Day at Camden, Cornwallis has warmed his
Vengeance against Marion and Sumter.
In closing August he wrote to Clinton
That "Sumter was to him the greatest
plague."

CAMPBELL—A neat compliment to the accused;
To be thus ranked above Southern fivers!

SCOUT—He further wrote, that "Marion
Had aroused the whole populace in arms."

CAMPBELL—A greater compliment; then Marion
Does the work of patriotic inspiration!
Go on!

SCOUT—With orders to have a hangman's noose
For both these worthies, if he should chance
To meet them, Cornwallis sent Tarleton,
With infantry and artillery, from
His camp at Charlotte, to the support of
Ferguson. When MacDowell, coming to
The base still onward moved across this
Mountain range, Ferguson, of Williams—his
Bold pursuer—had fearful grown, and asked
This proffered aid.
It came too late to do him service.

CAMPBELL—"Too late" is seldom fruitful in
affairs;

But this "too late" is much to be com-
mended!

So Ferguson is dead; his army
Prisoners to us; and Tarleton in retreat
Back from this place of danger? A good
Rounding to an exciting chapter.

[Enter COL FRANCIS MARION and COL.
SUMTER.

CAMPBELL—(advancing and shaking hands
with both.)

It gives me joy to welcome to this camp,
The twin terrors of British soldiers.

MARION—And it is pleasing to meet him, who
most

Deserves that title from blows just given.

CAMPBELL—Over yon mountain range,
We all know Marion and Sumter.

SUMTER—And, in the lowlands, we shall
Hereafter know Campbell and his Mountain
men.

CAMPBELL—We did our best.

MARION—That best, is the doom of Lord Corn-
wallis!

SUMTER—The Carolinians begin to warm
From King's Mountain fire; and patriots
Already enlarge our flitting squadrons
Of avengers.

MARION—In the North—since this strife began—
Washington has compelled the Briton
To hug the ocean shore—there to attune
His music to its breaking billows.
Cornwallis must now go to the sea or starve.

CAMPBELL—The Tories have been his strength
Within this Southern land,
So cruelly torn by his invasion.

SUMTER—These malefactors
Will be his strength no more,
Transformed into fear-shriveled culprits by
your
Mountaineers. Tell us the story of your
Coming, so in the nick of time.

CAMPBELL—We heard the cry of grief in the
lowlands,—

For so we call the broad, expanding space
Between the mountains and the shore,—and
came

Forth in duty. I speak as a Highlander,
And as if one Beyond these peaky heights
Dwell an independent people, loving
Justice and hating oppression. We till
Our farms; gather the rewards of toil; and
Help the suffering. There is but little law
Among us;—but much obedience for
The common good. The Great Giver who
blesses

All,—in the only courts we know,—is
Chief interpreter.
We see His strength in the Mountains;
Feel His love in the waving grain; and
Hear His tenderness in the rivulets
We need no other law, nor court, nor judge.

MARION—To your catalogue, I will add
The unconquerable Scotch-Irish energy;—
For this dwells with you?

CAMPBELL—You are right.
Our lineage is Scotch-Irish.
When the mighty giant of the Isles,
Laid the causeway which bridged the chan-
nel, and,
With Erin's, mingled Scotia's blood, he began
A race who inherit his example—
To do what is impossible.

SUMTER—And this example, was
At King's Mountain followed; three days ago,
Independent peasantry hunted
Ferguson even to his guarded peak;
And captured him.

CAMPBELL—The flight of Gates from Camden,
In August last, was whispered to us while
Binding the golden sheaves of summer;
We listened and resolved. Then, flying be-
fore
Ferguson, came the summons of MacDowell,

A clansman known, that we were needed
here.

A blast upon his bugle gave to every
Aspiring hill a tongue; and before September
Had left the calendar, a thousand strong
We had gathered at Watauga. Good
Isaac Shelby was there, with Benjamin
Cleveland, John Sevier, and more; and of
them

All, there was not a man who was not as
Ready to follow as to lead.

MARION—You were made commander?

CAMPBELL—The choice fell to me.

The rest is quickly told. We marched over
The mountains, and junction made with
Colonel Williams on the Broad. This was
October sixth, at night—four days ago.
We now learned of the location of the
Enemy. Upon the summit of King's
Mountain he defied us. He little knew
The men he was to huddle with; that from
Infancy they had walked upon hilly
Slopes, and where the gazelle could find its
way.

They had sure footing. All was ready;
The game was in the tree;
Why not at once shake him to his fall?
The hunters were for speedy action; and,
On the day following were around the
Base, and at the way which opened to the
Mountain tiger at the top.
We climbed the steeps and slew him.

SUMTER—The tide of invasion,
Sweeping across the State, has dashed itself
To harmless spray; yes! here at the foot of
The Alleghanies. Thus checked, Morgan will
Help to turn stagnating waters back in
Ebbing tide.

MARION—I do not catch your meaning?

SUMTER—Know you not, that
Colonel Dan. Morgan, commissioned to
command,
Has reached Hillsborough?

MARION—No! His presence is a victory.
I am glad to know it now.

CAMPBELL—This famous rifleman, among
The mountaineers will stalk like a giant.
His Virginians at Saratoga set
The bounds of invasion there,
And may do so here.
They, too, have tracked the beasts of wood-
ed hills.

But, I cry for pardon! Men of merit,
Are silent of themselves while braggarts keep
The floor. I have done all the talking.
Let me listen now.

SUMTER—What would you know?

CAMPBELL—Know! Know all there is to tell,
of two

Such famed commanders; and when all is
told,
Then sigh because the thrilling tale is ended.
We hear of you in our cloud-capped homes,
And wonder at lowland audacity.

MARION—I have come to you from the Santee.
On the eastern side is my command.

SUMTER—And I from the west of this same
stream.

Other leaders—like ourselves, called "parti-
san,"

Because each is his own authority—
Are stationed here and there in both the
Carolinas

CAMPBELL—Forces, spontaneously
Uprising for defence, while the organized
Armies of these colonies are at the North?

MARION—And doing, we think, some service.
The enemy we worry, if we do not destroy.

CAMPBELL—In this he feels great damage done.
Fatigue may kill, as the bullet does
But, the foeman dead,—
No matter whether he surfeited or starved.

SUMTER—Fleet of foot, through
Flowing streams we dash as if aquatic.
These English are involved in our waste of

Waters. The rivers, which like lace-work thread
These lowlands, are, to the accounted
Assailants, obstacles formidable.

MARION—The enemy is in constant terror held.
We profit by harassing him. Where he
Does not expect us, there we surely are.
Where he thinks we are, there surely we are
not.

In front and rear, and upon his flanks we
Thrust our javelin, and then away—the
Scar his chief reminder. We spring like a
Lion upon his communications,
Destroy his trains, slay his foragers, and
Capture his outposts. We carry nothing
But our guns; sleep so as not to miss a
Shooting star; and feed from willing and
Patriotic hands.

CAMPBELL—The lowlands and the highlands
Meet on common ground. Both do what
seems to
Be requisite from different situations—
The end sought the same.

[Enter an Orderly.]

ORDERLY (to COL. CAMPBELL.) The hour has
come

For William Douglass to die.

CAMPBELL—Bring forth the culprit.

ORDERLY—He is here,
Already on the way to execution.

[Enter WILLIAM DOUGLASS, a private
American soldier, condemned to death,
loosely bound, and attended by a guard.]

CAMPBELL—(sternly.) William, you are just-
ly sentenced!

In the late fight you earned a better fate.
Harsh discipline marks you as its victim.
Ten English prisoners were last night mur-
dered.

And you are accused as one of the
Malefactors. Do you deny it.

DOUGLASS—I do not.

CAMPBELL—Then your doom is just.
What have you to say?

DOUGLASS—I have this,—with your permis-
sion.

I am a plain, blunt man, with none of the
Tricks of pretty speech to foreign-gloss my
deeds.

Each act of mine, from boyhood up, must
stand

Out alone, its own defender. In my
Very youth, I was tutored to horrid war.
I was with Braddock on the Monongahela.
Our Washington was then a colonel.

This scar upon my arm. [bares his arm.]
Is where a savage arrow plowed the flesh,
Even to the bone. No more of that!

I after came to Carolina; and
On the Congaree, out of the forests,—
With this wounded arm,—cut for myself a
home.

The English came! Loving Liberty,—
I joined freedom's legions to repel them.
With Lincoln I was made a prisoner
At Charleston.

CAMPBELL—A grand record! and pity weeps
that it

Be thus tarnished with a felon's death!

DOUGLASS—As I was saying—the English
came.

Across our state, they trailed the fires of
Consuming hell,—as blighted hopes here
Testify. Look upon yonder squalid
Group of women and affrighted children!

[Points to the stricken group.]

But yesterday, they heard the little lisping
Music of happy homes; where the dew-drop,
Which washed the roses of their flower-
embowered

Doorways, would have been for them too
harsh a

Visitation. To-day, they gladly huddle
Amid the horrors of a war-resounding camp.
I suffered with the rest. The spoiler came!

My home was made ashes; and all who called
Me there with prattling tenderness, which
plucked

The sting of weariness from tiresome day,
With one fell swoop, were gathered in the
grave.

All! All!

[Bows his head in grief. CAMPBELL,
MARION and SUMTER do the same.]

I am near the end.

Bear with me a little longer.

I learned the name of him who gave this sor-
row.

He was a Tory,—who grew to manhood
By my side, but joined the King. In every
Battle I have scanned with eager gaze
The face of prisoners to find this man.
Yesterday—I saw him! There he sat before
The cap ives' fire, warming the hands which
had

Wrought for me such ever-present grief!
Oh! then the pain that clutched at this poor
heart.

My brain blazed with fury;
This arm seemed to be a sledge of iron
I raised it—I struck him—and he was dead.
[With humility.]

It was natural; quite natural, you know.

[MARION and SUMTER bow their heads,
and CAMPBELL turns aside to conceal
his emotions.]

CAMPBELL—Proclaim it through the camp,
So that no ear shall fail to hear, that
William Campbell, empowered so to do,
Gives back his life to Douglass.
Release the prisoner!

[DOUGLASS is unbound; drums roll and
all cheer.]

Valiant hero! your grief was more than
Mortal could bear, and remain restrainful.
But to this I add—lest humanity
Refuses longer to dwell with us—
Prisoners are our wards, and violence must
cease.

MARION—The provocation is great;—yet
Neither Sumter nor I permit injury
To a captive.

[Enter an Aid, who hurriedly speaks
to CAMPBELL.]

CAMPBELL—The enemy is much too near for
comfort.

Always alert, and so prepared, we will
Move the camp.

[To SUMTER and MARION.]

You will remain my guests to-day.

[Both bow assent.]

Ready! [All prepare.]

Forward! March! [All retire.]

SCENE II—New Windsor. WASHINGTON'S
headquarters.

Time: November 20, 1780.

Enter GEN. GREENE and COL. (before
Capt.) MOULTRIE.

GREENE—Your promotion
Is a laurel plucked from King's Mountain?
It has a rounder roll upon the tongue
To say "Colonel" Moultrie.
"Captain" has a choppy sound.

MOULTRIE—The honor of it is.
My thanks are due to Washington.

GREENE—No man is more just
In the bestowal of rewards.

MOULTRIE—No man is more just in all things!
His far-reaching aims once more put his wis-
dom
To the test. The sun is the great hay-
maker!

We shall reap more than briers, now that
Washington—not Congress—takes control.
I will chance my life upon the
Successful issue of his plans.

GREENE—Just now his purpose is,
To sweep invasion from the Carolinas.

MOULTRIE—And he has selected you
To play the part of Southern Mars, to his
Character of All-Surveying Jove.
It is my abundant faith in the
Wisdom of this selection which would call
My life into the hazard,—as I have said.

GREENE—I hope my career against
Cornwallis, may hold this confidence.

MOULTRIE—It was a boon to me,
To bear to Washington in his quarters
Here, the happy story of King's Mountain.
It warmed me through and through to be
the first
To pour the details into his greedy ear.
Had there been a need, I would have ridden
on,—

And still on,—to zones of jeweled ice
To have heard his great thanksgiving.

GREENE—Of late he has listened
Only to sad tales.

MOULTRIE—I, too, had such to tell;
They were swallowed up, however,
By greater news of happy import.

GREENE—I knew your reference.
The dismal back-ground of your picture,
Would not out with all your skillful touch-
ing.

Truth,—at your elbow,—forced it into view.

MOULTRIE—It was the fate of Captain Carroll
To bring to the North the sorry tale of
Camden.

I should have stumbled on the road selected
To bear that burden. Carroll—as in duty
Forced to do—read to our great Chief the
horrid

Chapter of Southern persecutions.

There were some things which he could not
tell,

Because since occurring.

GREENE—The most savage of your recounting
Was that of Colonel Brown, besieged near
Augusta by our Colonel Clark; when the
Britain was relieved by Colonel Cruger,
Colonel Brown then pursued and captured the

Besiegers. Horrible to tell!

Captain Ashby and many surrendered
Prisoners were hanged—this cruel Brown
approving.

Others were surrendered to the Cherokees;
And given to the tomahawk or
Torturing fire.

MOULTRIE—There was much besides;
But why freeze the blood by recital?
We hope to read a cheerful change in
This book of many crimes. Morgan is
Gathering men as though he were a magnet.
Cornwallis is in retreat! His frothy
Boast that he would invade Virginia, leaving
Behind him a conquered South,—needs revisi-
on.

Forced from Charlotte by King's Mountain,
he rested

October twenty-ninth,—after a weary
March of fifteen days,—at Winnsborough,
Where he remains.

GREENE—It was to him a distressing journey,
Beset with angry rivers and forfeited
Good will. The British nearly starved. They
Only took a leaf from our experience,
To test the quality of their endurance.

MOULTRIE—Marion made for them,
Every step a curse by swift harassment.
His Lordship, wearied in spirit, yielded
To a fever;—and base Rawdon gave orders
To his army. Tarleton was selected
To capture Marion,—the "Swamp fox," as
He was called. It was to be the balm for
His Lordship's speedy cure. The jack-o-lan-
tern

That dances through bog and fen, were as
easily

Brought in! The march of Tarleton was
famous

Through his cruelties;
But not through Marion's captivity.

GREENE—Then Cornwallis took some other Medicine, from sheer necessity ?

MOULTRIE—Not till another hand,—
With fury also armed,—had made his case more

Desperate. Sumter pursued him even
To Winnsborough. With his avengers,—who
Had the hawk's ability to strike and then
Away,—he fell upon the supplies of
The anxious British camp; and with impu-
dence,

Now and then struck at the assembled army.
Cornwallis then got well, from sheer neces-
sity !

GREENE—Marvelous men,
These partisan commanders !

MOULTRIE—Major Wemyss was detailed
To do for Sumter what Tarleton was
To do for Marion. The agitated
Egg hatches no chicken. All the forces
Of the King were now agitated; and
Marion and Sumter were the agitators.
Wemyss was whipped at Fishdam, his troop
Captured, and he made a prisoner.
Now mark the difference between stern war-
riors !

Upon this captive was found a list of
Houses burned; and of untried men hanged
by

His direction. Yet our Sumter guarded
From harm this assassin and his fellows,
As if they were brother-heirs of his own
Great humanity.

GREENE—Tarleton bagged no game
In his hunt for the "Swamp Fox ?"
In English zoology our Marion
Stands thus docketed.

MOULTRIE—Before I left
He was from Marion recalled, and set
Upon the chase for Sumter, who now shook
His audacious lance at Ninety-six, an
Important British post in South Carolina.
The result is yet to be recorded.

[Enter GEN. WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON—(bowing to both.) Gen. Greene,
You are prompt in your attendance.

GREENE—It is a soldier's duty.

WASHINGTON—(to MOULTRIE.) Colonel Moul-
trie, I have
Some matters with General Greene
Which concern us alone

MOULTRIE—(bowing.) Having permission, I
will retire. [Exit MOULTRIE.

WASHINGTON—General Greene, I am sending
My staunchest props away. I must trust to
Fate that I do not undermine the house,
By cutting so deeply into its foundations.
I ordered General Morgan to Carolina
Two months ago; and he is there. Now you
Are to follow,—so I have decided,—
With Steuben and Kosciusko.

GREENE—You shall be repaid for this confi-
dence,
If I can do the work expected.

WASHINGTON—I expect you to drive the Brit-
ish
From Southern soil. A great task ! but, the
thews
Of giants stand out to admiring view
When greatest tasks require heaviest strain-
ing.

Morgan and you will each do a giant's work;
For nature has given the strength, uniting
Courage with good judgment.
Morgan was last month made a Brigadier—
A reward too long delayed. This news of
King's Mountain lifts the curtain upon better
Views; and the new actors in them should be
Worthy of the changed drama. From Mor-
gan

I am hopeful of great things. I send you
To the chief command of the Southern
Department, relieving Gates. You will set
Forth at once. . That you may feel an added

Power to your arm, I shall order in
Your train Harry Lee, our gallant
"Light-Horse Harry." Hamilton I cannot
Lose, though he burns with enthusiasm
To enroll beneath your flag.

GREENE—(bowing.) My arm, and heart and
head

Will all be fitter for the great work I
Have to do, if you will acquaint me with
That happy charm which makes our Chief
The supremest soldier.

WASHINGTON—Then listen !
Be watchful, courageous, prudent, and hu-
mane !

Write these four virtues upon your saddle
bow.

The soldier who is surprised, is traitor
To his trust ! He who is courageous,
Strikes when he should do so. He who is
prudent,

Will refuse a blow profitless if not
Disastrous. And chief of all, he who is
Humane, will protect his soldiers, as if
His better self, to gain the end which
Assembles all in arms. Beware of the
Temptation to win the name of genius !
It has strewn the earth with ruins like a
plague.

He is the true genius who is faithful
To his purpose,—and this may shine as
brightly

In retreat as in the rush of battle.
He who fills his daily meditations
With plots and plans to awaken the loud
trump

Of his own fame, dwarfs the patriot to the
Selfish man, and steals from the power of
The state for his own benefit. He, who,—
Thus meditating,—precipitates a conflict
Which the public weal would then postpone,
For every man who falls, must answer
Hereafter as his murderer.

A trust of human life is in your hands !
So use it that all mankind,—which from its
Ranks this life contributes,—shall be the
better

For your using. Then all the world will hail
You as a genius, whether you win or lose;—
For doing well is the highest stamp of genius.
But it must surely follow as that the
Fairest day to a foul succeeds, if your
Cause be just, you cannot lose; or at worst,
Be only stayed,
Until the right shall triumph over wrong.

GREENE—Your power here,
Will be dangerously impaired ?

WASHINGTON—No matter.
I have planned with Rochambeau, that
We demonstrate to the view of Clinton,
As if New York were the object of attack;
And so it may be. Or, by such delusive
Expectation we may restrain him, if
We engage in operations near the fields
Which you will enter. [All retire.

SCENE III.—Field of battle at the Cowpens,
South Carolina.

Time : January 17, 1781; forenoon.

Enter COL. TARLETON, CAPT. LOFTUS,
and British cavalry soldiers, dis-
mounted

TARLETON—In November last,—
Recalled from the chase of Marion,—
I was sent after the brigand, Sumter;
For with him rode our greatest danger.
At Blackstocks we met. I retreated, he
Holding the sharpest sword and the bloody
field.

This was mortification, intensified
From being beaten by such a tramp in arms.
And cursed be the luck, which now throws me
Against this semi-savage, Morgan !
His riflemen defy all rules of warfare.
I fear the day is lost.

LOFTUS—You are wounded ?

TARLETON—A sabre thrust from one of them,
Cut my hand in two—or nearly so.
It might have been much worse.

[The roar of battle heard in the dis-
tance.

LOFTUS—It is impossible to re-form our lines.
We must fly or surrender.

TARLETON—It shall not be surrender !
On Christmas Day we started this man on
His run before us, from his camp upon
The Pacolet. I supposed him to be
Flying, as the hare flies when the hunter
comes.

Cornwallis has my pledge—in response to
His order to drive this fierce rebel
Relentlessly—that I would destroy him;
Or across the Broad—like a lizard—he
Should skulk in the mountain crannies. It is
This unredeemed pledge which stings more
than this

Wound. Here on Carolina soil, which we
Claim to own as conquered territory.
He has turned upon us;—and he—

[Enter hurriedly an Aid, who speaks,
aside, to TARLETON.

TARLETON—To horse ! To horse ! And every
Man for himself, till better fortune comes !

[All retire.

[Enter, hurriedly, GEN. MORGAN, CAPT.
CARROLL, with Aids and cheering sol-
diers.

MORGAN—None but heroes
Were enlisted with us to-day.
Colonel Washington has branded the flying
Tarleton, so that we shall know him, if we
Meet again. Pickens, Howard, and you, too,
Carroll, have here all won your spurs as
Freedom's chief defenders.

What are the gains of conflict ?

[To an Aid.

See that they are gathered, and the army
Made ready for a quick advance.

[Aid retires.

CARROLL—We were in force eight hundred;
The enemy were twelve, with some artillery.
Their entire army are dead or prisoners,—
Less than two hundred who got off with Tar-
leton.

And these fugitives are hotly followed
By Colonel Washington and his dragoons.
We lost but seventy; and hold captured guns,
Standards, and much other spoils. These
guns were

Taken from us at Camden, and are now
Come home again.

MORGAN—It thrills me most,
That this is a glorious New Year's gift
To our great Commander upon the Hudson,
Whose ear is ever turned this way.

CARROLL—I bore to him the dismal story
Of Camden. Shall I silver line that cloud
With this report ?

MORGAN—You shall be the courier.
It is yet two hours short of noon,—our fight
From first to last was but two hours waged,—
and,

Before the sun goes down, he shall see you
Speeding to the North.

CARROLL—General Greene will,
In his cup of care mingle sweets of joy,
When he is told of this sequel of
King's Mountain.

MORGAN—He shall also have a messenger.
Cornwallis has been hit as sorely as
Was Burgoyne at Fort Stanwix and at
Bennington. Two months ago he ordered
Three thousand men from the Chesapeake to
Cape Fear, more surely to rivet the chains
Which he had thrown over Georgia and
Carolina.

Besides these, he drew from New York two
Thousand under Leslie, who joined him
lately.

To catch me was his plan.

CARROLL—That plan has gone awry ?

MORGAN—This fight was forced upon him.
Greene, with an army—gathered at Hick's
Creek
Since he reached Charlotte in December—
was
On the East side near to the English camp
At Winnsborough; I was on the West, not
Fifty miles away. Thus flanked, Cornwallis
Marched into North Carolina—if he did so—
In peril of destruction. Also, from
My position was threatened Ninety-six.
And other important posts, which he dared
Not leave to our mercy. Either Greene or
I was to be destroyed, or his advance
Was checked.

CARBOLL—Then he must fight again;
And win his right to march as he designed.

MORGAN—This he will do, since he is provided.
Base Arnold,—the traitor fouls the tongue
which
Speaks his name,—on New Year's Day, with
an army
Of two thousand, entered the James; and on
The fifth burned Richmond. This was to
hold from
Us helping hand of the Governor of
Virginia, our noble Jefferson.
Steuben was there halted in his route
To Greene; and with twelve hundred troops
of the
State confronted the traitor. Near Richmond—
Or its ruins—these combatants stand
In double check at present.

[*Re-enter Aid.*]

AID—(to MORGAN.) The prisoners are in line,
And the camp awaits your orders.

MORGAN—Work most expeditious,
After battle's great confusion!
His Lordship—deserting Winnsborough, as
I know—is near at hand, and will seek
Revenge in the release of our prisoners.
We will elude him! and cross the Broad
to-day;
And then, by easy marches, the Catawba.
All ready! March! [*All retire.*]

SCENE IV.—Room of COUNT DE VERGENNES,
Minister of Louis XVI, Versailles,
France. Same as Scene 5, Act III.
Time: April, 1781.
Enter COUNT DE VERGENNES and FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Your Congress is slow of action.
In
Such stirring times, the sluggard in affairs
Is unwelcome wherever he appears.

FRANKLIN—Our Congress may order a jubilee!
And all the earth give thanks.

VERGENNES—Why so?

FRANKLIN—The news is just at hand,
That on March the first,—the month just
passed,—my
Country became a nation. Maryland
On that day—the last State of all—approved
The "Articles of Confederation and
Perpetual Union." And here comes
Adams, to brother me in this joy.

[*Enter JOHN ADAMS.*]

FRANKLIN—(to Adams.) You have heard,
The grandest of all the reports from home?
We are a nation!

ADAMS—I have heard.
Maryland has yielded, and we stand before
All the world, a united political
Power; to be dealt with as such, as long
As earthly governments shall endure.

FRANKLIN—And all honor to John Adams,—
Who was the better part of this creation.

ADAMS—On the fifteenth of November,—
Seventeen seventy-seven,—Congress voted
To propose this plan of union to the States,
I approving. Franklin! you were the
Honored parent of the scheme. Truth con-
cedes

This much to you. In Parliament we have
Ever been a "vagrant horde;"—and by
Facetious Lords have been so baptized.
We should now be re-christened!

VERGENNES—The "vagrants,"—upon this hint
combining,—
Now bid for political eminence.
United for business, the present almoners—
For so England boasts herself—may yet be
Their suppliants.
Such are the changes in this world.

ADAMS—It is a year or more since I came here,
Commissioned as agents of the "Colonies,"
To treat for peace and commerce with Great
Britain.

Henceforth, I represent a confederated
Power—"The United States of America."

FRANKLIN—Good Count,
This report comes to us, garlanded in
A golden setting—the victory of
King's Mountain and at the Cowpens!

VERGENNES—The representatives of America,
Have reason now, to carry heads so as
To see nothing lower than the stars.

[*All laugh.*]

FRANKLIN—How are other powers impressed?

VERGENNES—Spain is not at ease.
Like an old granny pinched with pains, she
whines

Continuously that France overreached her,
In procuring this engagement in arms
Between herself and England. Never
Interested in your quarrel,—neither
Principle nor humanity has governed
Her, while posing as your friend and Eng-
land's foe.

She enlisted in the fight,—spurred on by
Selfish hope,—that from the wreck of Britain
She might regain Gibraltar. Her hope
Comes tumbling down, and she cries for
peace,

Regardless of honorable obligations.
France will not engage to win for Spain this
Prize; and so defeats her; and the burglar,
Foiled in his attempt, will curse the chair
Which trips him. King Charles, though his
cannon were

Belching at England's flag in your behalf,
Would not receive Jay—your country's
Representative.

FRANKLIN—Last December,
England declared war against Holland?
Midwinter madness!

ADAMS—There was a purpose in it.
This was to forestall Holland's treaty
Of commerce with us.

VERGENNES—The Dutch love liberty;
And like the French, are by nature the
Allies of men contending for their freedom.
Your people can trust the Netherlands.

ADAMS—When I was named as an ambassador
Henry Laurens was sent as such to these
Same Netherlands. A British cruiser
Captured him, and compromising papers
Revealed the friendly footing of the Dutch
with us.

This war the sequel. Laurens has since
languished
In the Tower charged with treason; and the
Texel foams around gathering keels, its
waters
Covered with ready-shotted guns.

FRANKLIN—It is "John," the son of
This same Laurens—called the "Younger
Laurens"

For distinction—who is at this Court to-day,
As special agent of Congress; pleading
For more money from this, our already
Much over-taxed friend.

ADAMS—Our necessities compelled it.
Confession sometimes lightens burdens.
On New Year's Day the Pennsylvania line
Revolted. For a year they had served, and
It was a fearful moment. Happily,
Received in return not one shilling.

That State took up the burden of her
Complaining soldiers and restored order.

FRANKLIN—Clinton, to grasp
Advantage which grew from our distress,
sent

His agents to these troops. The mutineers
Hanged them as spies! Their hearts were
true, though with

Pockets and stomachs empty. The story
Finds ready credence here, that Greene is
marching

And countermarching in the South with
Two thousand men, whose only clothing is
The breech-cloth of the savage; who carry
Upon their naked shoulders tufts and padded
Grass to prevent galling wounds where their
Trusty rifles rest.

But how galling to us is this truth!

ADAMS—Lafayette has written
That no European army would suffer
One-tenth of what the soldiers of America
Have borne. 'Tis so!
But oh! how pitiful, because, 'tis so!

VERGENNES—The visit of Laurens has been
profitable.

It is fitting that you should know the King's
Decision. Washington, our Kochambeau,
Lafayette, and you, too, good Doctor
Franklin,

Appealed persuasively. Twenty millions
Is the loan His Majesty permits.
Washington foregoes the second armament
Of six thousand men, to which this Kingdom
stands committed. Our Admiral Count de
Grasse,

Now in the West Indies, has received orders
To hold his fleet—a large one, too—at the
Command of Washington. Rochambeau has
Long been the cheerful recipient of
His orders.

ADAMS—(In great excitement, to VERGENNES.)
Excuse me, dear Count,
If I withdraw to communicate this
Intelligence to anxious friends.

[*ADAMS retires.*]

VERGENNES—Before that man came in
I said your Congress was slow of action.

FRANKLIN—I know you did; and
Intended to refer to this again.

VERGENNES—I don't like your Adams;—
And in August last, with very explicit
Language gave your Congress to understand
That France would prefer some one else to
Negotiate a peace. Your law makers have
Done nothing.
Hence my charge of sluggishness.

FRANKLIN—Adams is strong in
The affections of our people. Impulsive
He may be; but his patriotism glows
As steadily as the radiant sun.
The honesty of John Adams no one
Will question in America, though faults
May through it shine.

VERGENNES—You are a marvel!
If not a saint, you have the making.
Since the day Adams came he has made war
On you; impugned your skill and industry.
He has forced himself upon the Ministers
Of this State, as if he, and not you, were
To it accredited. But for the depth
In which you are rooted in the affections
Of all here, you would have been—in the
whirling
Tempest by him invoked,—long since over-
blown.

Meddlesome and petulant! I ask to be
Relieved of his presence.

FRANKLIN—Dear Count,
Shall I take trouble because
The wig is crooked, if the heart be right?

VERGENNES—If a meddlesome fool,
For want of prudence scuttles the ship, what
Difference to the drowning, whether the
Act of ruin was by a pirate done,
Or by an honest man?

I wish this man away !
 FRANKLIN—In deference to you
 I will write to those at home.
 [All retire.]

SCENE V.—*Camp of CORNWALLIS on the James River near Elk Hill (Estate of JEFFERSON,) Virginia.*
Time : June 15, 1781.

Enter CORNWALLIS and COL. TARLETON, with aids and soldiers.

CORNWALLIS—(to TARLETON.) From Wilmington, I reached Petersburg on the twentieth Of May—and with me brought my full command.

Germain approves my march. So far, well ! Rawdon is left to hold Georgia and the Carolinas, which ———

TARLETON—Which has not been done !

CORNWALLIS—(astonished.) Say you so ? Later, we will consider this, not now ! Here, these men seem to be as fleet as hounds.

We have pursued Lafayette for days, and The chase is still against us. A week ago He united with Wayne; Steuben has been His mentor since he reached Richmand; here Upon the James they held in check our Phillips;—

Whose death in May was as a battle lost. His successor, Arnold,—detested traitor,—I sent back to Clinton, who begat him As an officer in our forces. The Dainty Lafayette, refused to know him Even in official correspondence.

TARLETON—You were fortunate To find large forces here awaiting you ?

CORNWALLIS—Foreseeing that the drift of battle Was this way turning, I asked them of Clinton in early March. He hesitated, But dared not refuse. Germain is friend to me;

And more important, so is the King. Poor man ! he dreads an assault upon New York, And each morning has the shaking fever, When he hears the name of Washington and Rochambeau. With twelve thousand veterans

Within a fortified city,—thus is He situated,—I, would laugh at siege As playful pastime. But Clinton—well—he Is General Clinton ! He should have gone home with Howe three years ago.

TARLETON—And yet, General, you are well provided.

CORNWALLIS—I have no fear. We Gather upon the James, and within Virginia, Seven thousand men. Can these malcontents Do more than play the game of tag with such A power—that is touch and run. Even such A game will end in time, the score in our Favor, as I am confident.

TARLETON—The heavy work this year Has fallen to us—whom you left under Rawdon—in the South. We have been busy ?

[Enter MAJ. MONCRIEF.]

CORNWALLIS—(to MONCRIEF.) We are in a Reminiscent mood this morning; and you Make a good third to our discussion ! But first, the purpose of this call ?

MONCRIEF—A prisoner has been brought in. Perhaps you will question him ?

CORNWALLIS—Not now. We are in retrospection occupied; And no prisoner shall compel us to Surrender the past to present themes. The prisoner is safely held ? Then here,—for the time,—we will hold you.

MONCRIEF—I rejoice in such captivity.

CORNWALLIS—At the Cowpens in January last We were severely hit. I cast no

Censure upon you, Tarleton, who as our Gladiator upon that field, did your best.
 [To MONCRIEF.]

You were there !

MONCRIEF—I was;—and a part of all that followed, Till you began your advance to Wilmington, After the affair at Guilford Court House;— Three months ago this day.

CORNWALLIS—But to go back. After the Cowpens we moved to the support Of Tarleton; this was with the hope to Intercept the victorious, but now Fleet-footed, Morgan,—so quickly joined on The Catawba by Greene himself. To effect this union, Greene left his camp At Hick's Creek, and became Morgan's partner

In escape. His abandoned army, by Huger And Williams led,—we were well informed,— Followed their commander, by another road. And all forces were united at Guilford, In the common scramble to be off. The Rascals sped on before us for many days. Could this army have been more expeditious ?

MONCRIEF—Not; and retain its power to breathe.

We marched with the wind, but they fled with the Hurricane. They were always just across The water when we got there. At Broad River;

At the Catawba; the Yadkin, and the Dan,— We reached one side while the fugitives were

Sending a farewell to us from the other. The chase began in January; and With unbroken pace continued until February fourteenth. Then, Greene entering

Virginia, you turned back from its border Line, the Dan—thus far we had played the huntsman—

To a former camp at Hillsborough.

TARLETON—It is an accursed territory !

And should be given over to aquatics. These men whom we followed are wed-footed Or back-finned like fish, so easily to skim This world of waters. Else, they had not escaped

Us ! Where over all the earth shall this land Be river-matched ? There is the Great Pedee,

And the Little Pedee; the Big Santee And the Small Santee; the Ennoree and Congaree; the Black, Broad and Edisto; The Catawba and Wateree, the Yadkin And the Dan. Why, this is not half of them !

And I would rather hang than tax my memory

With the accursed string of names. It is Enough to drive one mad to recall the Posts and marches in this liquid waste. 'Tis easier to figure an eclipse, without The aid of pencil. To curse were useless, For even curses would be drowned. Send our

Midshipmen to hold this State, and gave to Us landmen more solid footing.

[All laugh heartily.]

CORNWALLIS—I am much of your way of thinking.

Yet as soldiers we must take the land as God has made it. With much audacity— After resting but a week—Greene re-crossed The Dan, and in turn came after us. On The journey we paused at Guilford. There, on

The fifteenth of March, both armies locked horns— As mad bullocks do—in bloody battle.

MONCRIEF—And your Lordship, as Conqueror, Held the field when the day closed ?

CORNWALLIS—The victory was not one To excite us to vociferous applause. Cursed be that day of battle !

Our loss was greater than the enemy's.

TARLETON—Greene made an orderly retreat. Reforming his shattered ranks, he would have

Renewed the fight, had we consented.

It was then our turn to fly !

We made for Wilmington, with what speed we

Could, Greene stepping upon our heels, with his

Half-naked rascallions by his side.

Reaching our journey's end at the sea,—

April seventh,—all else of North Carolina

Was left to the enemy. Twenty days after,

This army left Wilmington for Virginia,

To begin these operations on the James.

MONCRIEF—(to TARLETON.) Then, Tarleton, you and I,

Joined Rawdon—to whom was left South Carolina. [To CORNWALLIS.]

Matters have not gone well there since your Lordship left ?

CORNWALLIS—Rawdon did the best he could.

The territory was much to large, to hold

With small commands scattered through it.

MONCRIEF—The moment you departed, Greene,—free from the fear of your chastisement,—

Planned to clutch South Carolina from us also.

Camden, Ninety-six and Augusta were Threatened. In April, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Lee and Williams,—the last two with

Cavalry commands,—were all activity.

Rawdon presented an unyielding front Greene prepared to measure strength with Rawdon

At Hobkirk's Hill, on South Carolina soil.

CORNWALLIS.—There Rawdon won a lifetime of renown.

Tarleton, you were a sharer in that glory ?

MONCRIEF.—The gage of battle was thrown And accepted April twentieth.

Greene had about twelve hundred men,

To a thousand of us opposed.

TARLETON.—We began the attack, And were received with stubbornness. Greene retreated : but when he left, we had No prisoners to count, nor spoils of war to Encumber us. The loss upon each side Was about the same ;—though we, as at Guilford, remained upon the field.

CORNWALLIS.—That was much, considering You were inferior in numbers.

MONCRIEF.—Following Hobkirk's Hill, The other stations long held by us, began To drop like ripe fruit from a shaken tree. Marion and Lee gained Wright's Bluff on the Santee; May the tenth Rawdon abandoned Camden : The next day Orangeburgh fell to Sumter; the day after that Fort Mott to Marion ; June the fifth Augusta with Its garrison dropped to Greene himself ; And Ninety-six was next abandoned. South Carolina was now nearly gathered To the enemy, Charleston excepted.

CORNWALLIS.—Our retrospection, might have been

More highly colored with our success :

But we must take fortune as it comes.

Major Moncrief, will you introduce Your prisoner ?

[MONCRIEF retires.]

I am still firmly fixed in the faith with Which I entered upon Southern territory,— That here is the spot to make successful war. With the British fleet upon the Chesapeake— If Clinton will so order—guarding our Army upon its banks, we can strike North Or South ; and so confuse the enemy.

[Re-enter MAJ. MONCRIEF with COL. CARROLL : a Sergeant and a file of soldiers as a guard.]

MONCRIEF.—This prisoner was taken By our scouts, as he was riding—so it

Is thought—from the camp of Lafayette to That of Wayne.
CORNWALLIS.—(to CARROLL). What is your name sir?

CARROLL.—I am Thomas Carroll : Colonel in the United States Army.

CORNWALLIS.—You mean the Colonial Army. There are no United States.

CARROLL.—(with much disdain). Therein, does a

Willing servant of a royal master
Show his ignorance of events.
These Colonies became a single and
United power on the first of March.

SERGEANT—(blustering.) Prisoner! Remember you

Are speaking to the Commanding General—
My Lord Cornwallis.

CARROLL.—(bowing humbly to the Sergeant.) I thank you for this.

I thought you were his Lordship.
[All laugh heartily.]

TARLETON.—I know this man.
Sir! we have met before.

CARROLL.—Yes!
You have a memory as well as I.
At Camden. I followed you—and at the
Point of my sword held your worthless life,
When troops divided us.

TARLETON.—Then you were "Captain?"

CARROLL.—I won the higher rank at the Cowpens.
Opportunity was there gladly seized
To send many—of your class—to heaven.
Carrying the news—which good fortune
fell to

Me—of our victory to Washington,
He extended this reward.

CORNWALLIS.—What was your mission
When taken by our scouts?

CARROLL.—(with contempt.) To gather blackberries.

CORNWALLIS.—You are facetious.
What is Lafayette doing?

CARROLL.—Attending to his own business.

CORNWALLIS.—And Steuben?

CARROLL.—Helping Lafayette.

CORNWALLIS.—I may have you hanged.

CARROLL.—Perhaps. You and your creatures
[looking fiercely at TARLETON.]

Are capable of doing the vilest things.

CORNWALLIS.—What is Wayne up to?

CARROLL.—He is weaving a rope,
For more hanging, when I am done for.

TARLETON.—This service you would,
Doubtless, gladly render to Arnold?

CARROLL.—Oh, no!
We would only hang him in parts,
If we had him.

TARLETON.—This is enigmatical.

CARROLL.—We would cut off the leg,
Wounded at Quebec and Saratoga,
And bury it with honors of war.
The rest we would hang upon a gibbet.
(Aside) If Champe had not failed,
This suggestion would have been long since
Answered by other voice than mine.
Where is that brave soul now, I wonder!

CORNWALLIS.—You have seen Washington
since the Cowpens?

With what new campaign does he propose
To stir the world to wonder?

CARROLL.—(Aside) It was our General's wish,
That report be noised abroad,
New York was to be assailed.

Here is opportunity. [Aloud.]
He will go gunning for Manhattan snipe.

CORNWALLIS.—You mean General Clinton?

CARROLL.—That is the other name for my bird.

CORNWALLIS.—(Aside to TARLETON). I believe
the truth, here

Escapes this man in the guise of fribaldry.
Washington will attack Clinton in New York!
Supported by the French, he may—Ah,
well!

I shall not weep whatever the end may be.
With Clinton a prisoner, the aureole
Of Chief General falls upon my brow; and
will

Find me here at the post of supreme advance.
[Aloud.]

Since the Cowpens you have been South
again?

CARROLL.—In each event of moment there,
I have had my part.

CORNWALLIS.—Greene is fleet of foot
When on the march?

CARROLL.—It was necessary;
To keep your backs in view;
You fled so rapidly before him.

CORNWALLIS.—(indignantly.) Fellow! We
pursued him

For days from the Cowpens to Virginia.

CARROLL.—(with mock humility.) That was to
test

Your strength and wind. This done, in his
own

Good time he turned;—and drove you across
The great North State to Wilmington.

CORNWALLIS.—But we halted at Guilford Court
House!

And gained a triumph there.

CARROLL.—And straightway from that triumph
fled, as

From the ghost of ruin. And still onward
fled,

Till you reached your ocean reinforcements.
That triumph, as you call it, drove you here
To Virginia, as there was no place else
To go; surrendering the land south of
This to our fast-advancing banners.

CORNWALLIS.—Since then we have had Hob-
kirk's Hill.

CARROLL.—You were not there.
And I congratulate you.

CORNWALLIS.—Why?

CARROLL.—You will live longer by keeping
As far as possible from General Greene.

CORNWALLIS.—Your insolence deserves the
lash!

We are informed that when the army of
The valiant Greene started from camp at
Hick's Creek on the run for the Dan, one
thousand

And more of this motley gathering had no
Other clothing than a cloth about the loins.

CARROLL.—(repressing his anger.) Very true!
Your Lordship! Very true! By army

Regulations this was the court dress; a
Uniform adopted in deference
To you, if the two armies joined.

There was fitness in it. If this style
Is savage, so is our enemy.

CORNWALLIS.—And we have further learned,
That half of the ragged herd was weaponless?

CARROLL.—Very true! Your Lordship! Very
true!

CORNWALLIS.—Why were such creatures,
Gathered into a military camp?

CARROLL.—(laughing greatly.) We are a so-
cial people.

They were there for company.

CORNWALLIS.—And shall such scum as this,
Recapture conquered states?

CARROLL.—It has! Your Lordship! It has!
And already enforced upon the British
Army of the South, a new and most
Pleasing occupation.

CORNWALLIS.—To do what?

CARROLL.—To gather sea shells.

CORNWALLIS.—You have much amused us,
In this character of clown.

CARROLL.—Charge, one shilling.

CORNWALLIS.—Why so small a sum
For so much amusement?

CARROLL.—I always gauge my fee
To the importance of my audience.

CORNWALLIS.—(in anger). Away with this
man!

I'll speak to him no more. And exchange
him

Quickly for one of equal rank. It will
Be agreeable to be well rid of him.

CARROLL.—(bowing meekly). A mutual
pleasure.

CORNWALLIS.—And yet we may meet again.

CARROLL.—Yes! When it shall be my duty
To call the roll of prisoners.

CORNWALLIS.—(in continued anger.) Away
with him!
No more. Away!

[The Sergeant and the guard retire
with Col. CARROLL.]

CORNWALLIS.—The unmannered knave
Has put me in a temper. However,
To learn that Washington will attack
Clinton is worth the interview. This is
Our last day here, so far from the protection
Of the fleet, already floating—though yet
Of vessels few in number—where this river
Swoons into the Chesapeake. We march at
Once to Portsmouth—and then to Yorktown.
[All retire.]

SCENE VI.—New York City. Battery Green.
Time: August 25, 1781; forenoon.
Enter GEN. CLINTON, MAJ. MONCRIEF,
aids and soldiers.

CLINTON.—It is now blazing noon, and
The last platoon has passed in grand review.
Moncrief, I am tired; tired in body and
mind!

For three hours I have stood and surveyed
the line,

Till twelve thousand men, panoplied and
Shining in their arms, tramped by.
Who thanks me for this labor?

MONCRIEF.—It was a grand army, and
Grandly enthusiastic, which we have seen.
I am just arrived from Lord Cornwallis,
Whose force with this compared,
Divides it equally, or nearly so.

CLINTON.—No better troops
Ever followed a commander.
They give me confidence for the bitter
Hour when it strikes; the hour when Wash-
ington
Opens his guns upon this town.

MONCRIEF.—I now recall the words of a pris-
oner

To Cornwallis, in camp upon the James;
That Washington would here engage his
powers.

CLINTON.—This is no news to me.
Faithful guardians have brought to me his
Dispatches—intercepted—which reveal
His intentions. I am not defenceless;
But no thanks for this to those who should be
Prop in such a danger. Rochambeau, with
The French contingent, crossed the Hudson
Yesterday, and joined the waiting columns
Of native rebels. I made no opposition;
Since all around prepared, I care not where
Begins the game.

MONCRIEF.—Who are those misusing you?
Your speech is loaded with resentment;
And your words bitter thoughts reveal.

CLINTON.—Where are my troops, who should
Be here to gird me with their willing arms?
Upon the Chesapeake! To feed the
Ambition of a subordinate. Sent there
By the order of Minister and King!
I commanded Cornwallis to return
To me three thousand. And ten days there-
after
Annulled this, because his Majesty regards
The South as the chief theatre of war.

MONCRIEF—This is authority, which makes
Obedience a deed of highest honor.

CLINTON—And I have been obedient. Yet,
when
I am directed to dethrone myself
To help a rival reap where I have sown,—
Bitter thoughts will from this bitter treat-
ment grow.

MONCRIEF—Of all the fates inimical to man,
Only ingratitude would dare to tarnish
Your renown.

CLINTON—My deeds are my orators !
And they must speak for me. Recounting
what

I have done, my conscience is not my
Punishment. I divided the angry
Seas from here to Charleston,—
And wrenched that jewel from disloyal
hands.

On the lurid field I have been the last
To leave. Since Howe went home, and I
became

His heir,—to fill the urn of royal expectations
Has been my willing labor. I have not
Tired, though sustained so miserly, as
Truth—

Time's eldest daughter—will witness for me.

MONCRIEF.—It would tax the State,
To equal your deserts.

CLINTON.—It taxes nothing !
For deserts alone go unrewarded.
I once reigned in the favor of the King.
What of it ? He who does the work of Prin-
ces,

At best, a glassy sceptre wins, which breaks
With touching. Cornwallis would have me
resign,

That he may prosper in my shoes. But I
Will not do it. From Virginia he sent
False Arnold here, to taunt me with his
presence.

MONCRIEF.—My Lord Cornwallis, is not so
Spread over the South as once he was. The
Colossus, which only a few months ago
Bestrode three States, from the mountains
to the
Sea, is shrunken to ship-engirded towns—
Charleston, Savannah and Yorktown.

CLINTON.—You were with him,
On his march back from Richmond ?

MONCRIEF.—By easy steps,
He moved down the James to Williams-
burgh ; then

To Portsmouth, and finally to Yorktown.
There I left him, to come hither : and there
He is. The time from June to August ;—
Lafayette, Steuben, and Wayne hung upon
Our rear, even to the end : and now beleaguer
Our high-thrown parapets. Our march was
marked

With ruin ; indeed, ruin, like a savage
Fury, lighted each step with flame.

CLINTON—And this is the man, who,
Within this very camp, lectured me upon
The horrors of predatory war.
His delicate nerves could never stand the
Strain of unnecessary suffering.
Indeed, there was a fear, lest he—in the
Fullness of his humanity—should exchange
The clang of arms for the sound of vesper
bells.

You stood by and heard him ?

MONCRIEF—I well remember.

CLINTON—And since, on the soil
To him submitting—among a helpless
People—graves and ashes are the symbols
Of his sway. Here, the wolf moralized upon
The sweets of mercy ; but in the sheep fold,
He is still a wolf.

To the rack and gibbet with hypocrisy !
Great Antony sold the world for love of
Cleopatra ; but I would not sell a
Shred of meanest garment,—from such a
humor,—

For this Lord Cornwallis.

[Enters a messenger, who hands a dis-
patch to CLINTON.

CLINTON—(opening and reading.) Another
capture

From the enemy. Directions from
Washington to Rochambeau !
“Have your lines arranged as planned, and
before

September ushers autumn in, Clinton
Shall sit at a captive's table.”
Will he ! Will he, indeed !
The plot thickens, but finds us undismayed.
We here shall win, though by all else be-
trayed. [All retire.

SCENE VII.—A wood near the battlefield of
Eutaw Springs, South Carolina.
Time : September 8, 1781.
Enter GEN. GREENE, MARION, COL.
CARROLL, aids and soldiers.

GREENE.—What place is this ?

MARION.—This is Eutaw Springs ?

GREENE.—(petulently.) And so, history will
name

The fight just lost ?

CARROLL.—Not lost, General !

The field is not ours ; but we have the
Prisoners, and the trophies which victors
carry.

GREENE.—Now I think of it,
You were but lately yourself a prisoner ?

CARROLL.—And was exchanged.

Cornwallis was rudely inhospitable,
And packed me off.

[Enter two men in sword combat, one
an American Captain and the other
an English Captain. GREENE steps be-
tween them, and, with his own, throws
up their swords.

GREENE.—(to English Captain). Carried by
your zeal

Far beyond your lines, and surrounded
By those who carry hostile arms,
Prudence compels submission.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN.—(to GREENE). I yield as
prisoner.

[Glaring savagely at his opponent.
Thank circumstances for your life.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN.—I am content

[Glaring back.
But for this interference, you had now
Become a good subject for medical

Dissection.

GREENE.—Put up your swords.

[Looking intently first at one and then
at the other.

Two men more closely matched never met
In opposition. Of the same rank ; in
Size and mould as if from the self-same die.

This is marvelous ! Hair so alike
In color, that if intermingled,—
A mother could not separate the two !
Eyes that are as much the same as twin
Goblets dipped into a crystal spring,
Then sparkling side by side.

[To the AMERICAN CAPTAIN.
Captain Jennings—

[The English Captain drops his
sword, staggers as if to fall, when
MARION supports him.

MARION—There is here a mystery ?

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—(reviving—to AMERICAN
CAPTAIN.)

Is your name—pardon me—

Is your name Edmund Jennings ?

Jennings of Old Kent in Maryland ?

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—(petrified with astonish-
ment.)

It is. And you ?

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—(staggering towards him
with emotion.)

I am your Cousin Harry !

[They fall into each other's arms.
GREENE and MARION and CARROLL turn
away to conceal emotion.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—(holding his cousin in
his arms.

Oh, cruel, cruel war ! that turns the swords
Of the best beloved against each other.
The father of this man is brother to
My father ; and from one grandsire are we
Both descended. We have been taught from
Infancy to know each other,—though an
Ocean rolled between ;—and the last letter
Between us was filled with the joy to flow
When we should meet. This is that meeting !
[Weeps.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—(recovering himself.) Oh,
happy chance !
That stayed my hand from injury.

GREENE—Of the same blood begotten ;—
This was a suicidal fray,
That happily has ended. Here is
Epitomized this conflict—most unnatural—
In which England is the common parent,
Whose children are in arms. Oh cursed spite!
Which,—hatred armed,—invokes this heart-
less fight.

[Picks up the fallen sword and hands
it to the ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

(To the AMERICAN CAPTAIN.) Captain Jen-
nings,
We give this prisoner into your care.
Do with him as you will.

[The cousins retire, locked in each
other's arms.

MARION --- To-day we have avenged Isaac
Hayne.

If foul Rawdon, whose hand did this and
Many other murders, were here, our revenge
Would be much sweetened by his discom-
fiture.

He has no stomach for further controversy,
And has sailed home to England.

CARROLL—The death of Hayne ! It was a
wilful

Sacrifice of a noble citizen.

The enemy is discomfited !

At daylight we opened the ball ; and the
Afternoon finds us, if not on it, still
Near the field. We are in line, and ready
To begin again. Colonel Stuart led
The English.

GREENE—The opening blows were rightly
placed,
And staggered them. They were routed !
When

Williams, like a cyclone, broke upon them
With the bayonet, they disappeared,
As the leaves do when the tempest rages.
Campbell, Pickens, Marion and Kirkwood
Were each an avalanche !
Colonel William Washington, Lee, and
Hampton kept them company. But oh ! the
Pity of it ! that this good fortune, by
Mischance, should be so suddenly snatched
from us.

CARROLL—We hold five hundred prisoners ;
And left five hundred of the enemy
Behind us, dead. Our loss not one-half.
It is misnamed, to call this mischance.

GREENE—(petulantly.) You console for half a
victory ;

Yet this report tinges retreat with honor.
We should have the whole opposing army !
But some of them got off ; we defeated
Of just deserts by gluttony. Our soldiers
Within the enemy's well-provided camp,
Paused to eat and drink. They changed the
patriot

To the gourmand, while still over them was
Hanging the sulphurous canopy of war.

MARION—Every commander
Struggled against this dissipation.

GREENE—I know ! I know !
I blame no man. The enemy,
Gathering hope from this circumstance,
Came rushing back and swept drunken rev-
elers
From their hard-earned ground.

CARROLL—The temptation
For our men was very great.

GREENE—I lament and do not condemn,
For that very reason. Hunger is the
Greatest of tyrants. A famished man,
Though a King,—no other means availing,—
Will sell his crown for porridge.
We still present a front unbroken,
And will redeem the error. Ho! for a
Courier; the swiftest, too; that the tidings
Of this great day shall go to Washington.
[An Aid retires.]

[Enter, hurriedly, a Courier, who
whispers to GREENE.]

GREENE—The English are in full retreat!
And make for Charleston. No lagging now—
Quick to saddle and after them! and the
Infantry shame the horses with easy foot.

MARION—The South is free! Georgia and
The Carolinas, emancipated
From the bonds of Lord Cornwallis (only
Charleston and Savannah remaining tied)
Will now shake their threatening spears at
him
In Yorktown.

[To GEN. GREENE.]

Marvelous result by you accomplished!
General, to an old soldier, impart the
Secret of this grand career?

GREENE—"Be watchful, courageous, prudent
and humane."

I wrote these four virtues upon my saddle
bow.
And now, Away! Away! [All retire.]

SCENE VIII.—Portico of Mount Vernon, Vir-
ginia.

Time: September 12, 17-1; Morning.
Enter WASHINGTON and GEN. ROCHAMBEAU.

WASHINGTON—Good morning, Rochambeau!
Is Chastellux still held a prisoner?

ROCHAMBEAU—A willing prisoner to the slug-
gard, *sle p.*
I have twice aroused him; and twice he has
turned himself; then sunk to deeper slum-
bers.

WASHINGTON—"Tis a morning of rare wine;
distilled
From stream and plain by nature's alchemy.

ROCHAMBEAU—This is a place which would
Excuse treason to the State, if it be
Treason to prefer its glowing beauties
To public cares.

WASHINGTON. I give you thanks, Count Roch-
ambeau.

Here my youth and manhood ran the
thoughtless
Round. And here I hope to bring the sor-
rows

Of maturer years, for its assuaging balm,
When present storms have passed.

ROCHAMBEAU. All signs portend,
Soon a gentle sky; or I'm no prophet.

WASHINGTON.—I am full of hope.
Our present enterprise is shod with the
Nails of care, proof against all slipping.
The sea of fortune,—like its ever-rolling
All-land embracing ma'e,—cannot always
ebb.
The flood will surely come with that which
now
We do.

ROCHAMBEAU.—Pardon me your Excellency,
If I engage this moment for enlargement
Upon another matter. Vergennes is
Persistent for supplanting Adams, and
Requests this appeal which here I make to
you.

WASHINGTON.—I understand your inquiry.
Franklin has been my correspondent.
The Count de Vergennes, long ago, asked
our
Congress to send some one more acceptable

Than Adams, as Commissioner to treat
For peace and commerce. Congress has
been slow
In action, while the Count has been alert
In forcing it. The Count has been too good
A friend to remain unrepaid.

ROCHAMBEAU.—But Adams, he writes,
Is the promoter of strife;—petulant
And ungovernable in temper. That,
From this infirmity, he embitters
Any conclave which admits him.

WASHINGTON.—The drug which embitters the
mass,
Is often its chiefest virtue. The
Integrity of Adams gives him a
Giant form; and, like a mountain towering
Above its mates he dominates those beneath.
Hence Congress would not willingly release
him

These wise men compromised: and lately
Revoked the commission to Adams
Given to treat for commerce; and with him
joined
Jay, Franklin, Laurens and Jefferson, to
Treat for peace, when our arms shall force
to the
Front this happy business.

ROCHAMBEAU—This will carry contentment
To our discontented Minister.

WASHINGTON.—We are beyond all fear from
Clinton?

ROCHAMBEAU.—Our troops, well on the march,
In a few days will invest the enemy
At Yorktown: there held, for our coming by
De Grasse, Stenben and Lafayette,—with
Native watchdogs aiding. If Clinton
Moves after us, we can whip him in the
Open field. He dare not leave New York.

WASHINGTON.—Our dispatches—
Captured by him through our own con-
nivance—
Have cost him this important game in the
Play of arms

ROCHAMBEAU.—It was fair strategy.
Your Excellency! from small changes this
Plot of battle might have been revised?
When we conferred at Weathersfield in May,
And laid our march, its Southern course—
as now

Pursued—was contingent upon De Grasse
Entering the Chesapeake. Had his ships
Come to New York Harbor—Clinton, not
Cornwallis, would have been the object of
Your solicitude. The French marched from
Newport

For the Hudson, with this thought control-
ing.

WASHINGTON.—You accurately divined my
purpose.
Through the summer, it has been but the
Drawing of the longer straw in chance,
which

Of these two Commanders should receive our
compliments. New York was to be the prize
Of our first engagement. The urgency
Of Lafayette inclined my heart, however,
To the South; and it is joy to me, that
He is triumphed in his desires.

ROCHAMBEAU.—The very pearl of noblest men,
His desires are always honest.

WASHINGTON.—Exhausting the superlative,
you
Defeat me in a higher compliment.
May I be endorser of your own?

ROCHAMBEAU.—Two weeks ago Count De
Grasse,
With his fleet, entered the Chesapeake; and
There landed three thousand men under
Marquis Saint Simon. This venerable
Soldier, of lofty rank, of noble scars
And much experience, gallantly placed
Himself under the orders of this boy,
The Marquis de Lafayette; and so
Completed the blockade. This compliment
Excels the first, for deeds convey it.

WASHINGTON. I grant you so. And I am dull
Not to have capped your first with this.

[Enter a Courier, who hands dis-
patches to WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON. (breaking the seal and read-
ing.) Why!

This is news, that—could we imitate the
Thunder—should cause the arched skies to
vibrate

With our approving cheers. Listen!

[WASHINGTON reads.]

"This fleet was engaged from four till sun-
down

On September fifth, with the British squad-
ron, which

Was vanquished at every point; crippled and
Hopeless, the defeated have sailed away.

Signed

De Grasse and Lafayette."

He also holds Lord Rawdon as his prisoner;
Captured by his fleet, while sailing thither
From the Indies.

ROCHAMBEAU. Huzza! Huzza!

I will be gay and frivolous in my joy.

It is a Frenchman's privilege.

The die is thrown, and we are the winners.

All that remains to do is to enroll

The prisoners, with Cornwallis at the head.

And the infamous Rawdon captured!

WASHINGTON. The thirsty traveller,
His strength in some great desert spent, who
Happens suddenly upon a bubbling spring,
Must feel as I do.

[Enter another Courier, who hands
dispatches to WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON. (in excitement, breaking the
seal and reading)

Why! Now our blessed angels are on the
wing,

To overwhelm us with glad tidings.

Again, good Rochambeau, listen!

This is from Greene. At Eutaw Springs in
South Carolina, four days ago, in a
General engagement, he routed the British,
Who are now pell-mell in flight to Charleston.

[Hands the dispatch to ROCHAMBEAU,
who glances over it.]

(With enthusiasm.) How poor is speech,
To interpret the heart so swelling
With new-born praise!

ROCHAMBEAU. (musing.) Here is a phrase
inexplicable.

My poor wits are not equal to the tax

Upon them. Thus the reading runs:

"The South is free, redeemed and undis-
mayed.

It is because I wrote,
'Be watchful, courageous, prudent and hu-
mane,'

These four virtues upon my saddle bow."
Indeed! These four virtues carried to the
end

Would surely in one man unite
A Washington and a Caesar.

WASHINGTON. (embarrassed.) No more of
this.

At some other time, perhaps.

Now for action with high ends to win.

Our friends are already up and with their
Armor on! They have struck where the
embattled

Lines are set, and call on us to join them.

Now for De Grasse! Now for Yorktown!

Now for the final charge! To horse! To
horse! [All retire.]

SCENE IX.—The quarter deck of the *Ville de
Paris*, Flagship of the French fleet in
Chesapeake Bay.

Time: September 14, 1781.

Enter ADMIRAL DE GRASSE, with a staff
of naval officers.

DE GRASSE. His Excellency, General Wash-
ington

Will soon be here. Let every gun speak his

Welcome ! and from each spar be re-echoed
The sulphurous acclaim. From ship-of-war
To transport, all will join;
For a greatman comes upon this deck to-day.
All are ready. See to it that no one fetters.

[Officers retire.]

[Enter GEN. WASHINGTON, KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU and CHASTELLUX, with military suites. Cannons boom and sailors cheer.]

DE GRASSE. (to WASHINGTON.) It is an honor
To welcome to the fleet of his Majesty
The much-renowned Washington.

WASHINGTON. (bowing.) Your kind words
awaken gratitude.

But your acts do words impoverish,
And for both I thank you. My countrymen,
Whose speech is figured upon my tongue,
would

Praise with enduring monument if they
could,

The gallant Admiral of France; who, nine
Days ago, upon these waters, lowered
England's standard in defeat. I thank you
For coming here; and being here, again
I thank you for that already done.

DE GRASSE. This approving sentence
Is compensation full for our part.
Permit me now to extend my
Salutations to your attendants.

[Shakes hands with KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU and CHASTELLUX.]

[To ROCHAMBEAU and CHASTELLUX.]
I greet you both, as a loyal Frenchman
Should ever greet his distinguished country-
men.

ROCHAMBEAU. We bear a sword,
To be drawn with yours in this great contest;
A link of closest brotherhood.

DE GRASSE. (to KNOX.) Upon the farthest
waves of ocean,
We have heard the roar of your artillery.

KNOX.---Long inured to varying fortunes,
I am knit into a stouter fibre
For future work, by the example
You have set us.

DE GRASSE.---You pleased me much,
So highly to commend for my poor service.

WASHINGTON.---Admiral de Grasse, in
Yonder town Lord Cornwallis holds his
force.

He is imprisoned till we bid him forth.
On the land our armies gird him with a
Wall of iron, firm set against his hand.
To you we assign the duty,---and the
Honor too,---of holding him in this grasp
Of death escapeless upon the waters;
Whether westward or towards the sea.
Do you accept from me these orders,
And this important charge ?

DE GRASSE.---Freely and willingly.
The watery paths, whichever way they run,
Shall be to his Lordship, closed.

WASHINGTON.---The signal given,
All will move together for quick surrender
Or his sure destruction. I am content;
And here end this interview. Brevity, which
Rules this visit, is the child of necessity;
Sometimes a hard driving parent.
And so, pardon it.

[WASHINGTON bows and retires with
KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU, CHASTELLUX, and
military suites, attended with salvo of
artillery and the cheers of seamen.]

DE GRASSE.---If ever a man was sincere in his
work,
And in deepest conscience rated it for
Highest human destiny---that man
Is Washington ! I know something of him.
The one, solitary, alone, Immortal !
Now for a visit through the fleet.

[All retire.]

SCENE X.---Yorktown, Virginia. Quarters of

LORD CORNWALLIS, within the British
lines.

Time : October 11, 1781.

Enter LORD CORNWALLIS, COL. TARLETON, aids and soldiers.

CORNWALLIS. So ends our vaunted proclama-
tions !

Surrender is inevitable.

Ruin and disgrace !

TARLETON. Clinton could help you, if he
would ?

CORNWALLIS. Bah ! The burly dolt
Has no such intention; or, if so,
He knows not how to act. He permitted
Washington to march around him for my
Environment, without the interposition
Of one poor protest. He wrote me,---to make
A diversion in my favor,---he sent
Arnold, five weeks ago, to New London.
This apostate to his earlier energy,
Was thus appointed, that he might injure
And slay the playmates of his youth.
He has done so. On September the sixth,
This Judas of the war, wrought such havoc
There, that the heart sickens at the recital.
Will this divert Washington ? Or turn from
Us a single gun ? Not one ! The militia
Will be trusted to resist the traitor.
Greatest of malefactors ! Hunted by
His former friends, and despised by his new,
Heaven and hell alike reject him.

TARLETON. Clinton could spare for us
Both ships and soldiers ?

CORNWALLIS. But I say he will not !
Nor will he suffer when we march out
As prisoners. A month ago I informed
Him of my danger. He promised aid.
After, withdrew his offer; his purpose,
To excite a hope before the fall, thus
Increasing the descent and injury.
Oh ! I could rush upon yonder belching
guns ;

Tear out my eyes; or play good Socrates
With the fatal drink;---if this would change
The end ! But it would not.

TARLETON.---Do you regard the fight as sure-
ly lost ?

CORNWALLIS.---Of course !
We will not be of those who deceive
Themselves, with logic at war with judge-
ment.

From all around, from yonder bellowing
ships,

And these approaching parallels, a fiery
Hail for many days has pelted us.
This is the eleventh of October.

Eight days ago,---full armed and confident,---
You tried to break this barrier. The
Duke de Lauzun easily trampled you
Beneath his haughty cavalry. Six days
Ago yonder blazing trench was opened
Six hundred yards away,---Heaven knew that
Was much too near,---and to-day, it is but
Half that distance. Can mortal live before
A storm of shot and shell, as fast and many
As the drops of a heavy rain ?
This Army is doomed !

And I, go the way of John Burgoyne,
Yorktown supplementing Saratoga.

TARLETON.---Will you capitulate to-day ?

CORNWALLIS.---Not to-day ! Some friendly
Bullet may yet shield me from this fate.
All to the ramparts !
While British hearts shall throb, the fight
continues. [All retire.]

SCENE XI.---Yorktown. Before the British
battlements.

Time : October 17, 1781.

In the distance are heard booming
cannon. Troops of soldiers, American
and French, from opposite directions,
vociferously cheering as they meet,
move across the stage, and retire.
Enter WASHINGTON, ROCHAMBEAU, and
aids.

WASHINGTON. Since this month opened
The enemy have endured a cyclone
Of ceaseless fury.

ROCHAMBEAU. They have borne it
Beyond my prophecy. I looked for
An earlier surrender.

WASHINGTON. The fleet
Has been one blazing fire for weeks !
This,---united with our own upon the land,---
Must be to the enemy, as if
Lucifer were King.

ROCHAMBEAU. Your Excellency,
We Frenchmen, I trust, are worthy of
This honorable alliance.

[Enter Courier, in haste.]

COURIER. (to WASHINGTON.) Report from Maj.
Fish,

That two guns are dismounted; and
The enemy appear in force upon their
Rampart, facing this mishap.

WASHINGTON. Quickly to General Knox with
My orders for a battery of artillery
To the Major. [The Courier retires.]
The best way to defeat assault is to
Prevent it.

(To ROCHAMBEAU). Pardon this interrup-
tion !

So gallantly do you Frenchmen bear your
Part, that we of native birth must rest in
Fear, lest we come last in this day's renown
I would have it, that, like a well-rounded
Apple cut in twain, the superior
Portion was undeterminable.

[Enter another Courier in haste.]

COURIER.---(to WASHINGTON). General Lafa-
yette

To General Washington ! That on the left,---
Where our lines are weak,---the English are
Gathering with dangerous activity.

WASHINGTON.---To General Wayne, with or-
ders,

To step into this breach with infantry.

Then quickly to Baron Steuben,
To renew his fire. [The Courier retires.]

ROCHAMBEAU.---This part of the line---
Whence comes the report from Lafayette---
is my
Special care. I know the situation ;
And hence am undisturbed.

WASHINGTON.---Three days ago,
We breached two of their main redoubts.
It was

A grand achievement ! Colonel Hamilton
As leader against one, rises to military
Fame; and linked with him in honor is
Lafayette, who led the assault upon
The other. Between the two assailing
Forces, the rivalry was great, but the
Laurels gained were equal.

ROCHAMBEAU.---Having forced their walls,
We may enter and compel submission.
It is a stubborn enemy.

WASHINGTON.---We will assail,
If his Lordship continues longer to
Contemn good judgement. It is folly to
Contend against the inevitable : the
Resultant loss of life is wanton murder.
Four years ago this day Burgoyne gave up
his sword.

On such an anniversary, Cornwallis
Should do something in commemoration.

[Enter COL. CARROLL hurriedly, with
an excited following of officers.]

CARROLL. (to WASHINGTON.) Your Excellency,
This way comes a white flag.

[Cries "A truce ! A truce ! A flag
of truce !"]

CARROLL. (aside.) I may yet call the roll of
prisoners,
With Cornwallis at the head.
A prophet after all.

WASHINGTON. At last ! At last !

[WASHINGTON and ROCHAMBEAU clasp
hands in silence.]

[Enter CAPT. LOFTUS, with four British officers.]

LOFTUS. A communication from
General Lord Cornwallis to
General Washington.

WASHINGTON. (*bowing to LOFTUS.*) I am prepared to hear you.

LOFTUS. The General commanding
His Majesty's forces, Lord Cornwallis,
To save the useless loss of human life,
Proposes capitulation.
What terms will be acceptable?

WASHINGTON. Unconditional surrender.

LOFTUS. When and where?

WASHINGTON. Within two hours.
I wish his Lordship's written word, that he
Submits, himself and army. The soldiers,
As prisoners, will then march forth and stack
their
Arms on Friday—the day after to-morrow—
Upon yonder green.

LOFTUS. I am authorized so to covenant;
And so it shall be, after Commissioners
Have arranged details. His Lordship names
Colonel Dundas and Major Ross to speak
For him in this consummation.

WASHINGTON. And I name Vicount de Noailles
And Colonel John Laurens to speak for me
In conference suggested.

[LOFTUS and the British Officers bow
and retire.]

CARROLL—With their work the struggle here
is ended.

WASHINGTON. (*To Aids.*) The signal to the
Highest peak! And there let it float, to tell
The fleet and all our forces that,
Their labors ended, they are now to rest.

[Aids retire.]

Descending Silence lays her finger upon
The iron lips of war,—and its noisy
Riot dies.

ROCHAMBEAU. (*taking off his hat and looking up.*)
The God of battles has been with us!

WASHINGTON. (*humbly bowing his head.*) The
God of Mercy!

The God of human rights! has heard the
Suppliant's cry. The power, which for
years,—

For so many weary years,—has rioted
In injury to his people, now in
Ruin falls, because it is His will.
The nation must recognize it so. For
This, throughout the land, every grateful
heart,—

As a high Cathedral set,—shall therein
Swell its own Te Deum. [All retire.]

SCENE XII.—Yorktown. An open green.

Time: October 19, 1781: afternoon.

Enter American forces, who range
themselves on one side; French forces
enter and take place upon the other.
Drums roll and flags of both nations
fly.

Enter WASHINGTON, ROCHAMBEAU, LA-
FAYETTE, DE GRASSE, DUPOITAIL, CHAS-
TELLUX, HAMILTON, KNOX, BARON
STREUBEN, WAYNE, LINCOLN, MOULTRIE,
CARROLL, and other officers of the allied
forces.

Enter, of the British CAPT. LOFTUS and
MAJ. GEN. O'HARA.

LOFTUS.—(*to WASHINGTON.*) General Corn-
wallis,

Being by illness prevented, appoints
General O'Hara to offer now his sword.

WASHINGTON.—I request and appoint
General Lincoln to receive it.

[GENERAL LINCOLN steps forward and
so does GEN. O'HARA, and the latter de-
livers the sword of LORD CORNWALLIS to
the former.]

[GEN. LINCOLN turns to WASHINGTON
and offers him the sword: upon a sign

from WASHINGTON, LINCOLN turns
and offers it back to GEN. O'HARA, who
bows and receives it.]

[British prisoners, in the rear, begin
to march across the stage, and stack
their arms as they pass by.]

[WASHINGTON and ROCHAMBEAU stand
side by side. Over them are waved the
flags of the United States and of
France. The soldiers cheer. The
drums roll. Outside the cannons
boom.]

CURTAIN.—END OF ACT IV.

Ethan Allen's Drama.

In this Fourth Act we reach the culmination
of arms. The British driven to the sea coast
in the North, turned their efforts to the South,
as being unprotected and giving better prom-
ise of victory. But the God of Battles still re-
mained with the patriots. The fight at King's
Mountains, the Cowpens and other places (all
covered by this Act), again pushed the English
to the ocean and to the protection of their
ships. The brilliant audacity of Sumter and
Marion in helping to this result reads like a
romance, when rendered in poetic verse, in
this Drama. Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the chosen
chief of Washington to command on South-
ern soil, rises easily to the position of the
second military hero in our Revolution. As
the cause of the invaders began to darken, the
British Commanders began to accuse each
other, to escape personal consequences. The
story as here recorded, through all time must
remain as the favorite recital of deeds, the
most momentous in human history. Corn-
wallis driven to Yorktown, gives up his
sword, never to be drawn again on American
soil, and thereafter the cannon's lips grew cold
in the peace which ushered in the freedom of
the United States of America.

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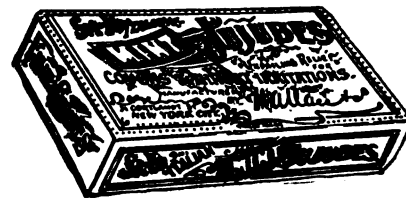
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Patriotic Books Reviewed.

Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors. By James Barnes. The Macmillan Company, New York. This volume of "Tales of 1812" tells something of the ships that fought the battles and incidents connected with the Yankee sailors who formed their crew. The stories will give the reader a good idea as to what kind of men these sailors were whose deeds form a part of the nation's record. The book is attractively bound and illustrated and will be welcomed by all who enjoy well-told tales. Price \$1.50.

Heirlooms in Miniature. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The revival in miniature painting makes this new book, so attractive in appearance, one of especial interest. The reproductions given here of the miniatures by John Trumbull, Charles Wilson Peale, Gilbert Stuart and others, will be studied with much attention by the art students of this day. Not less valuable and interesting are the anecdotes connected with the subjects of the paintings and the masters who made them. The most amusing, perhaps, is the one re-told of the peculiar Mrs. Wright, who brought terror into the hearts of some French officials by suddenly uncovering a wax head of a man, which she carried in a napkin. There are many more equally as good. It is very fitting that a book on this subject should be published in Philadelphia.

Washington versus Jefferson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. By Moses M. Granger. The causes of the controversy between State rights and a constitutional government are stated and followed out until the struggle culminated in the great civil strife. Judge Granger takes as his types of the two sides Washington, the constitutionalist, and Jefferson, the confederate. It is stated as an historic fact that Jefferson in the fall of 1798 wrote the secession theory of the Constitution in the Kentucky resolutions, but concealed his authorship. Washington, who held Union views, condemned this doctrine and in the last years of his life was greatly concerned for the future of the country. Many of the views the author holds concerning these men and their opinions are startling; and whether they be true or not, they at least compel thought on the part of the reader.

Southern Soldier Stories. By George Cary Eggleston. The Macmillan Co., Publishers. This series of short stories of the Confederate camp is full of camp life spirit, with its quick changes from grave to gay. The stories are very short, but the writer comes to the point at once, and wastes no time in drawing morals. The basis for these tales is the service of a Confederate soldier, in Stuart's cavalry at the beginning of the war, and then in the artillery. The veteran is supposed to be telling his tales as they occur to him, including his own experience and those of his comrades. The heroic devotion of mothers and maidens to the cause for which the boys were fighting is brought out with bits of sentiment and romance. The book is a very taking one to pick up at odd minutes. There is no question of the realism of the situations.

Three Heroines of New England Romance. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. This volume contains three sketches, told in such a delightful way that the reader forgets the present, and wandering back into the past, gathers May flowers with the maiden of Plymouth, walks the rocky streets of Marblehead with Agnes Surriage and sees quaint old Portsmouth with Martha Hilton. Three half hours pleasantly spent is the mental comment as one finishes the book.

Southern Side Lights. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York. By Edward Ingle, A.B. In this work there is embodied a comprehensive view of sociological conditions prevailing in the South previous to the war. In treating of the industries, education and traits of character of his subject the author is compelled to compare the times of which he writes with the earlier days, and the people of that section with the people of the whole country. To students of sociology and political economy the book will be welcomed as one of great value.

Earliest Days in America. Morse Co., New York. By Blanche E. Hazard. This book is one calculated to stimulate in the minds of youth a love of the early history of our country. It is absorbing in interest and accurate in the statement of facts.

The House in which Thomas Jefferson Wrote the Declaration of Independence. Avil Printing Co. By Thomas Donaldson. After devoting some fifty pages to a careful review of the life of Thomas Jefferson, the author takes up the subject in hand and identifies the house in which was penned these immortal words: "All men were created free and equal." The cuts in the book are unusually good and valuable for their historic interest. At the end of the book the Declaration is given, together with historical facts connected with it.

Stories of Pennsylvania. by Joseph S. Walton, Ph.D., and Martin G. Brumbaugh, A.M., Ph.D. American Book Company, Publishers. This little volume is a series of sketches from the unwritten history of Pennsylvania and typify almost every phase of its growth. The authors have made a special effort to present the less familiar but no less important incidents in the developments of the State. As a supplementary reader this book will prove interesting as well as instructive to the young people.

The Covenanter, the Cavalier, and the Puritan. The Robert Clark Co. By O. P. Temple. This book will be read with great profit by those who are interested in the study of the influences of the religious and political parties in the early history of America, the Puritans and the Cavaliers. Students have always recognized two great divisions among the people of the colonies, but this work calls their consideration to more influential if not more numerous class, the Covenanters. There is not a dull page in the book.

Weh Down Souf. Helman-Taylor Co. By Daniel W. Davis. The poetry of the negro race has a charm that can be felt but never described. The sunshine of the South seems to be concentrated into these poems, and as we turn the pages they seem to shine with its light. So attractive is the mechanical part that we feel we are going to enjoy the book before we have read a word.

Daniel Webster's Speeches (little masterpieces). Doubleday and McClure, New York. The reading public owe much to the publishers of this series for these neat little books at so reasonable price.

Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History. Marshall & Bruce Company, Nashville, Tenn. By John Alison. The object of this work, as the author states in his preface, is not to record the history of anything or any one, but to fill in the chinks of the history of Tennessee, which is known, with facts that have never before been stated or fully shown. A great many incidents of Andrew Jackson are given.

Lincoln Literary Collection. American Book Co. The best selections of oratory and poetry are here gathered together and dedicated to Lincoln.

Silver Chimes of Patriotism is a collection of songs, set to music, and recitations especially prepared for Decoration Day exercises and other patriotic occasions in the public schools. The "Chimes" are full of patriotism, and are arranged in sets of eight copies. Educational Publishing Company, Boston.

A History of the United States by Wilbur F. Gordy. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. This text-book deals with the nature of facts rather than their number. Its aim is to develop in the pupil an interest in history and a fondness for historical reading. The mechanical features of the book are excellent. It is replete with illustrations, maps, questions and suggestions as to what to read in connection with different periods of our history. The chapter to teachers will be appreciated. Price \$1 net.

The Complete Pocket Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman, contains much valuable information regardless of existing errors. The type is legible and maps good. So compact is this little volume, it is what its title implies, a guide that can be carried in a pocket. William R. Jenkins, Publisher, New York.

The Voyage of the Cabots, by Edward Dawson (Laval,) presents the latest phase of the controversy. This work will be found to be of value to those who are interested in the early discoveries of North America. The article is well written and bountifully supplied with fac-similes of early maps, some of which are very unique. Paper-bound. For sale by James Hope & Co., Ottawa, Canada.

Uncle Sam's Secrets, by Oscar Phelps Austin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. The purpose of this little story, as the author says in his preface, is to "furnish to the youth of the land some facts about the affairs of the nation, and to awaken in the mind of the reader an interest in kindred subjects." The information is given in conversational style so attractive to young people. A chapter with suggestions for further reading is an excellent feature, as is also the copious index. The book is prettily bound and illustrated.

The Boys of Fort Schuyler, by James Otis, is an exceedingly interesting historical story. It gives an account of the siege of Fort Schuyler in the Mohawk Valley, 1777, by the British troops and Indians. It is one of the best historical Indian stories ever written. The book is cloth-bound and handsomely illustrated. Price \$1.25. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston.

A Child-World, by James Whitcomb Riley. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Publishers, Indianapolis. This volume contains a continuous narrative of child life and old home tales in which young and old take part in the story telling. The scenes are genuine and the characters real. The story of the book opens with a description of a simple home in a country town, and those who know Mr. Riley can easily understand that it is his boyhood home at Greenfield, Ind. Through the narrative a number of lyrics are deftly introduced. Regarded purely from a literary point of view "A Child-World" is the most important book Mr. Riley has published—attractively bound. Price \$1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. Century Company, New York. Hugh Wynne has had a remarkable sale and well deserves it, for it is a good story, well told. Each one of the characters has a marked trait of personality, different from many of the others, all of which are strongly drawn by the author. The hardest one to analyze is Hugh himself. Much stress is laid on the names of prominent persons in Philadelphia. This mention of family has been a great factor in the sale of the book.

OPINIONS DIFFER.

Your January issue is pronounced a very poor and uninteresting number by Massachusetts people. The type is poor and the news meagre. Too much advertising and too little news of patriotic work. Bring it up to the lost estate. Don't be so pecunious. Wait till you get a good following. This is the verdict of the Daughters of the Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of the Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution.

BOSTON.

Boston, January 31, 1898

Mr. Louis H. Cornish :

Dear Sir—Allow me to write you to commend the January number of THE SPIRIT OF '76. It is decidedly the best yet. The communications which you print are good, and the first instance I have seen of any real "spirit of '76" since I became connected with the Sons of the American Revolution. Most members of the patriotic-historic societies like to prattle about the deeds of our ancestors, but when they see the same spirit exhibited by some one *now* and *here* they are very apt to think he is an anarchist or some other dreadful thing. They recognize a Tory of olden days, but not one of to-day. I hope the patriotic-historic societies will not be used as the basis of a *new aristocracy*.

I am anxiously awaiting further particulars in regard to the trip to Paris.
Very respectfully yours, A. W. RIDGOUT,
Member Massachusetts Branch Sons of the American Revolution.

NO DOLLAR WITH THIS.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 23, 1898.

Editor Spirit of '76 :

DEAR SIR—Your card inviting renewal of my subscription is at hand. If the "important service awakening patriotic sentiment in the United States" (for which I give you due credit,) has been so dulled as to admit into your columns such *unpatriotic sentiments* as the *treasonable accusations* against the *President of the United States*, as expressed in the letter of Parmenas Taylor Turnley, on p. 258, April, '98, SPIRIT OF '76, the "spirit" is deteriorating, and if such rot is to be admitted in the future I do not want the paper.

Such letters will only be considered a "blot on the escutcheon" of THE SPIRIT OF '76, and should be excluded, especially as they are of no historical value. The private expression of hot-heads may be tolerated in a daily paper, but should not be allowed space in a historical magazine that will be preserved in our libraries.

With the best wishes for the *true spirit of '76*, I am

Very respectfully, EDWARD A. CLAYPOOL, Genealogist.

House of Representatives U. S., Washington, D. C., }

March 12th, 1898. }

My Dear Sir—Enclosed find one dollar, and the best one I ever spent in my life, in continuing your SPIRIT OF '76 at this time. God bless you
Yours very truly, C. W. COOMBS.
Wish I could send you \$100.

Pilgrimage to Plattsburgh.

Leaving New York, 9 a. m., Tuesday, June 21, 1898.

Returning, Saturday Evening, June 25.

FIVE DAYS' TRIP, visiting the battle fields and old forts, stopping at West Point, dinner at Newburgh and a visit to Washington's Headquarters, reaching Saratoga in time for dinner, stopping at one of the large hotels, Wednesday morning trip to Schuylerville monument, tally-ho coaches to principal points of interest of the Saratoga battle fields, afternoon to Caldwell, Lake George, possibly stopping at Fort Edward, the scene of the massacre of Jane McCrea, over night at Lake George; Thursday at 9.30 boat via lake for Ticonderoga; Lake Champlain boat for Plattsburgh, passing Crown Point and the various historic spots with which these shores abound, arriving at Plattsburgh for dinner. Friday at Plattsburgh, visiting various points. Those who desire may go to Montreal and back to Plattsburgh at an additional cost of \$2.25. AuSable chasm is but 20 miles away, and a very interesting trip. Leaving Plattsburgh at 8.15 a. m. Saturday via train, a stop will be made at Crown Point and other places of interest, arriving at New York in the evening.

The total expense for five day trip is \$30, of this a registration fee of \$5.00 is payable before June 1st, to enable the projectors to issue a Souvenir badge and illustrated prospectus containing the names of those who are going.

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The Dominie's Pilgrimage.

FROM FORT AMSTERDAM TO FORT ORANGE.

BY EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

PART VI.

"Once more on Peg's back, I began a lonely ride over the famous thunder-mountain. The roads were as precipitous as a Dutch gabled roof, and so rough as to be unridable on a beast less sure of foot than my faithful Peg. For miles I saw neither human face nor human habitation, the only animate objects being the snakes that sunned themselves in the roadway and the wild rabbits that dashed across my pathway and disappeared into their native briar patches. My watch having stopped, and being apprised of the gathering gloom of the approach of night, I began really to be alarmed that I might have to pass the night unhoused in the wilderness. Anthony's Nose, which, for an hour, had become suggestively rubicund with the rays of the setting sun, had become sober and sombre under the shadows of the Bear Mountain which I was now threading. Guided by twinkling lights in the distance, I found my way across a deep ravine and down a winding road to a little settlement which proved to be Fort Montgomery hamlet, but as I could find nobody in that economical community who had food and provender enough ahead to feed an unexpected guest and his steed over night, I was forced to push on to Highland Falls, four miles farther, where I secured good accommodations.

"The next morning I counter-marched to Fort Montgomery hamlet, and with the aid of a guide, I found the ruins of the fort lying on the north side of Poplopen Kill, a hundred feet above and immediately overlooking the Hudson. These are buried in the midst of a gloomy jungle of dense trees, wild and poisonous vines, fallen trunks, and gigantic glacial boulders. The main fortification, of earth and living rock, for a segment of 125 paces, is clearly defined. Standing on the breastwork, one sees to the northeast the symmetrical Sugar Loaf Mountain on the east shore, and a promontory just south of West Point on the west shore. The view to the south-southeast takes in Anthony's Nose and Peekskill in the distance. Here the Creator has magnified His name by His great and wondrous works. Everything is impressive, everything magnificent. Grandeur characterizes the scene on every hand. Looking at Poplopen Kill on the southern side of the fort, it seems as if the Omnipotent, with a tremendous blow, had cloven the earth with the sword of His might to give a course for the little stream that sings merrily in the ravine below.

"By a circuit of a couple of miles we crossed the kill to Fort Clinton on the southern side. On a beautiful plateau, 123 feet above the river, I found substantial memorials of the surprise and capture of the two forts on the 6th of October, 1777. One was a six-pound shot, mounted on a little brown-stone pedestal, inscribed:—

October, 1777.
Thrown from a British frigate
upon this spot, where it lay buried XCII years.

"On a similar pedestal was a bar shot, 'fired from the British frigate *Tartar*.' Under a door mat at the foot of the veranda steps was a marble slab, engraved in script:—

Nous y voici, Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1777.

"This will be recognized as the opening clause of Clinton's message to Burgoyne after his capture of the fort.

FORT MONTGOMERY, October 8, 1777.

Nous y voici, and nothing now between us and Gates. I sincerely hope that this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th of September by C. C., I shall only say I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

Faithfully yours, H. CLINTON.

General Burgoyne.

"That message cost its unfortunate bearer his life. It was written on tissue paper, concealed in a silver bullet, and despatched by Daniel Taylor. Taylor mixed up the numerous Clintons, walked into an American camp, was captured, swallowed the bullet, was given an emetic, was 'condemned out of his own mouth,' and was hanged at Hurley.

"No remains of Fort Clinton were noticeable, the grounds having been graded. Emerging upon the highway, one sees through the trees the glistening surface of Bloody Pond, so-called because many Americans and British were slain on its margin and cast into its waters. It now goes by the more euphonious names of Lake Sinnipink, or Highland Lake, and yields a fine quality of ice for domestic use. From Bloody Pond I passed north again, through Fort Montgomery hamlet and Highland Falls to West Point. There, by courtesy of the Commandant, Col. O. H. Ernst, I had the freedom of the post and permission to make notes and drawings.

(As West Point is so familiar a subject, I will not repeat the Dominie's observations thereupon, which contained little that was new, except his quaint way of looking at it.)

"By telegraphing to Cold Spring, I secured a son of Neptune to take me to Constitution Island. There I gazed first at Chain Rock, to which the famous chain had been bolted; then scrambled up to the ruins of the old fort which was the earliest of the West Point defenses, and which was abandoned upon the fall of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. My ferryman landed me at Cold Spring, whence a ride of 11 miles carried me to Fishkill Landing. There, a regular ferry took me across to Newburgh.

"The next morning, Sunday, I attended divine service with Mr. William H. Kelly, a prominent citizen and ex-alderman of Newburgh, a zealous member of the Board of Managers of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a delightful cicerone. Under his guidance, I visited the most notable three places of historic interest in that vicinity, and happy is the traveller who visits them under as favorable auspices as were mine. First, we drove about three and a half miles southwest of Newburgh to Temple Hill, in the town of New Windsor. The prospect from this elevation is a noble one, especially to the southward, with the Storm King rearing his lofty head in the distance. Upon Temple Hill stands a rubble or cobble-stone monument, about 25 feet high, bearing an inscribed marble panel on each of its four sides. One recites that on this ground stood the 'Temple of Virtue' or meeting place of the army. Another records the birth at this place, May 10th, 1783, of the father of patriotic hereditary societies in the United States, the Society of the Cincinnati. And another states that this monument was dedicated by Masons, in memory of Washington's Masonry and of the rites performed in the Temple. As I gazed down upon the field of the last cantonment of the American Army, and recalled the scenes there enacted after the proclamation of the preliminary treaty of peace, April 19, 1783, my mind involuntarily reverted from this Omega to the Alpha of the Revolution at Lexington, April 19, 1775. There the heroes first assembled under arms. Here, their victory won, they departed, by companies and regiments, to hang up the musket and the sword and to take down the sickle and resume the plow. A drive of a mile and a half to the southeast, through roads radiant with purple asters, golden rod, and large and small white daisies, brought us to Knox's headquarters, conveniently located on a little creek called Silver Stream. It is now owned and occupied by the family of ——— (?) Simis, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Back to Newburgh over dusty roads, we reached the famous Washington Headquarters, which possesses so many romantic associations. It has for many years been the property of the State, and is carefully preserved."*

The reader will remember that I received the narrative of the Dominie's Pilgrimage from his own lips, while coming down on the day boat from Albany one day last fall. As we were now well down the river, he was obliged to omit many details of his story, in order to bring it to a conclusion before reaching our destination. Glancing at the shore and recognizing a familiar landmark, he said:

"I see we are nearing New York, and I must be brief; but I will endeavor to indicate the remainder of my route with sufficient clearness to guide you if you are ever moved by the same desire that led me to make one of the most interesting trips of my life.

"Taking the ferry across to Fishkill Landing again, a ride of 8-3-4 miles brought me to Wappingers Falls, where I was obliged to stop for the night at a miserable hotel. On Monday, in the midst of an intermittent drizzle, I explored the place enough to find a public park of four or five acres surrounding the old Mesier mansion—they pronounce it *Muh-seer* locally. The house was erected about 1740, and is now occupied by the offices of the village government. In spite of the rain, I compelled Peg to take me on to Poughkeepsie, and I was soon comfortably housed in a respectable hotel, and congenially surrounded by the atmosphere of intelligence and enterprise which characterizes the Queen City of the Hudson. The unmistakable air of a college city pervaded the place, and manifested itself in the disinterested zeal with which Albert Haskin, president of the Board of Education, City Librarian Sicklee, Postmaster Frank Hasbrouck, Prof. Warren S. Herman, and others afforded me local information. Poughkeepsie is a place of many modern attractions, but few antiquities. On Tuesday morning I searched for the old Baltus Van Kleeck house, but all that remains of it is a stone lintel which now forms the sill of a window of the house at Mill and Vassar streets, occupied by Mrs. Matthew Vassar. The sill is six inches below the line of the sidewalk, but the gardener cleared away the accumulated leaves and debris, and I made out the following enigmatical inscription:

1702 B VK etc.

"The house of which this lintel is a relic was a loop-holed, brick structure in which the Legislature met in 1777 and 1778 when

driven from Kingston. The state convention for the ratification of the Federal Constitution also met there in 1788. The only other connecting link with colonial days is a stone house, about a mile east of the centre of the city, which is popularly believed to be debased to the lowest uses. Not being actuated by the zeal of a certain eminent New York divine, I contented myself with an exterior view of the building, and coupled my regret at its fate with the hope that the Daughters of the American Revolution might soon be successful in their effort to purchase it and devote it to laudable objects.

"Thence, a three hours' ride, over roads yet frightfully muddy, carried me 20 miles to Rhinecliff; and crossing the regular ferry, I arrived at Rondout, the port of entry of Kingston. Rondout is what you New Yorkers would call a 'borough' of Greater Kingston, but the Rondouters seem to resent being a part of Kingston as vigorously as Brooklynites resent being a part of New York, and they speak of it as a separate place. The name Rondout is a corruption of Redoubt, and therein we find a memorial of the defense against the Indians erected by the Dutch in 1614. There being nothing of interest in Rondout to detain me, I pushed 2 1-2 miles inland to the heart of old Kingston, and during the next 24 hours experienced at the hands of Mr. Severyn Bruyn Forsyth and family that delightful hospitality which I have previously noted as a pre-eminent characteristic of the cultured families of Dutch descent. One of Mr. Forsyth's sisters, Miss Mary Isabella Forsyth, is the State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to whose patriotic and self-forgetful zeal the prosperity of the Society in New York State is largely due. Their old house, one of the most spacious of the ancient regime, is a treasury of old paintings, antique furniture and cabinet work, rare silver, parchments and manuscripts.

"As you doubtless know, Kingston was settled by my people"—the Dominie had the habit of referring to the Dutch as 'my people'—"soon after 1614, and was first called Wiltwyck, or Wild Indian Town, then Esopus, and then Kingston. There is probably no place in the State that is so quaint and contains so many visible remains of the old Dutch dynasty as Kingston and the adjacent town of Hurley. Names beginning with Van and Vanden are conspicuously numerous on the shop signs, and there is a large percentage of Dutch names in the membership of Wiltwyck Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I met people brought up on the Dutch Lullabies like 'Trip a trop a truntjes', and at the table I feasted on wholesome old Dutch dishes. At Mr. Forsyth's board I tasted pumpkin bread for the first time in many years. I had thought that the making of pumpkin bread was a lost art, and when I discovered that it still existed, I besought my hostess for a copy of the recipe, in order that this laudable institution might be preserved from utter oblivion."

While delivering this last sentence, the Dominie had been exploring the inner recesses of his garments and in a few moments produced his wonderful wallet, to which I have previously referred. After a protracted search among its heterogeneous contents, he produced what was once a dainty sheet of note-paper. Adjusting his spectacles with as much deliberation as if about to begin a sermon, he read impressively the following:—

PUMPKIN BREAD.—Two quarts stewed pumpkin. Mix in gradually two-thirds Indian meal and one-third wheat flour until about the thickness of kake. A little salt. One-half teaspoonful of soda. Sweeten to taste. Bake about one hour. After it becomes cold, you may toast, cut in thin slices, and butter while *hot*. Or fry the slices nicely brown in butter and lard.

"It sounds a little indefinite to me, but I suppose the women-folks can understand it."

Folding up this precious document with the utmost care, and carefully restoring it to the safe keeping of his wondrous wallet, he resumed his description of the town.

"Scores of the solid stone houses erected 200 or more years ago, remain standing, each one a veritable fortress. In some sections there are whole rows of them. On each of the four corners of John and Crown streets stands one of these remarkable buildings, one of which is a famous old academy. Near by is the old Senate house, a building about 75 feet long, bearing the following sign: 'Col. Wesel Ten Broeck, born at Westphalia, 1635, erected this stone house about 1676, wherein the Senate of the State of New York was held in the year of the adoption of the first Constitution, 1777. Continued here until the burning of Kingston, Oct. 16, 1777.'

"On Wall street, at the head of Franklin, is another of these miniature castles, the only house that was spared by the British torch on the occasion last alluded to. It has been occupied for 200 years by successive generations of the same family, the present representatives of which are the family of Abram Van Steenberg. Entering the great and impressively solemn Dutch church, I was delighted to meet Dominie Van Slyck. They call him 'Dominie' in the good old-fashioned way of our people. He opened the safe and showed me many of the treasures of the church—its original

charter, its records in Dutch and French, etc. I saw when, in 1708, pew-holders paid their pew rent with beaver, deer, wolf, and bear skins, indicating not only the peculiar source of revenue in those days, but the animals then inhabiting the vicinity. Not the least interesting was a queer old wooden chest, about 3 1-2 feet long and a foot wide and deep. On the front were carved the date 1676 and some initials which I forget. The chest was brought from Leyden by Laurentius Van Gaasbeek. For many years this was the only church between Fort Amsterdam and Fort Orange, and was resorted to by people from great distances for marriages and baptisms. Its records are therefore very valuable.

"At Hurley, whither the inhabitants of Kingston fled when the town was burned by the British, I saw, beside many quaint and enduring buildings, the field in which the spy Daniel Taylor, to whom I have previously referred, was hanged.

"It was with the greatest reluctance that I tore myself away from these interesting surroundings on Wednesday, recrossed the Hudson to Rhinecliff, and pushed on through Rhinebeck, Red Hook (8 1-10 miles,) Upper Red Hook (11,) Nevis, Clermont (16 1-10,) and Blue Store (17 1-2,) to Hudson (28 6-10 miles from Rhinecliff.)

"Thursday morning I jumped into the saddle and started for Albany. Passing through Stockport and Stuyvesant Falls, I came to Kinderhook, (13 4-10 miles from Hudson,) where I tarried a few hours with a well known and patriotic member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Mr. James Adger Reynolds. In the name of Kinderhook, derived from the Dutch 'kinder' and 'hoeck,' meaning children's point or corner, is perpetuated the memory of the numerous progeny of the prolific Swede who first settled the place. In the cemetery I found two interesting graves. One was marked by an obelisk, inscribed:—

MARTIN VAN BUREN,
VIIIth President
of the United States.
Born December 5, 1782.
Died July 24, 1862.

HANNAH VAN BUREN,
his wife.
Born March 8, 1783,
Died at Albany,
February 5, 1819.

"There are many local traditions of President Van Buren. Mrs. Bradley, Mr. Reynolds' mother-in-law—a tall, slender woman of 60 perhaps, with beautiful snowy hair peeping out from beneath her pure white cap, a picture of old-time grace and loveliness,—remembered Van Buren well. She related that he was bald-headed, and when he went to church, after removing his hat and sitting down, he invariably covered his pate with his gloves, to keep it warm in winter and to keep off the sportive flies in summer.

"Another notable tombstone was inscribed:—

JESSE MERWIN,
died
November 8, 1852,
aged 68 years.

JANE VAN DYKE,
his wife,
Died April 14, 1882,
aged 96 years.

"Jesse Merwin was the prototype of Irving's Ichabod Crane. Merwin was an old schoolmaster in Kinderhook, where he instructed the Dutch youth of the children's corner in the rule of three, and disciplined them with the pliant birch as occasion required. Irving used to visit him here, and doubtless found in him a rich fund of suggestion for some of his immortal characters. Early in 1851, Merwin wrote a letter to Irving concerning the death of Dominie Van Nest, which was found among Irving's papers, endorsed 'From Jesse Merwin, the original of Ichabod Crane.' Irving's answer, under date of February 12, 1851, is in possession of Mr. Harold Van Santvoord of Kinderhook, whom I had the pleasure of meeting.

"Leaving Kinderhook, a lonely ride of 14 1-2 miles brought me to the Boston and Albany turnpike at Schodack Center, and although it was then raining, I rode on five and a half miles farther and reached the site of Fort Orange Thursday night. I had ridden a total of 216 miles as the roads ran, since leaving the site of Fort Amsterdam twelve days before. This is not reckoning the local carriage drives while the guest of my kind friends along the route.

"Friday was still rainy, and unfavorable for exploration, but I passed several profitable hours in the State capitol, where I received courteous attention at the hands of State Archivist George Howell, Mr. Henry Harmon Noble, and others. I soon learned that there were few old buildings standing in Albany. On Clinton street, at the head of Schuyler street, I found the famous General

Philip Schuyler mansion, which was erected a few years before the Revolution. It is now owned by Roman Catholics and occupied as the St. Francis de Sales Asylum. For many years, almost every traveller of distinction passing from New York to Canada, public functionaries and eminent citizens, were entertained at this house. At one time it had a distinguished but involuntary guest in the person of Gen. Burgoyne, after his surrender at Saratoga.

"Passing down Schuyler street and turning north along Broadway, I came to the site of ancient Fort Orange, the terminus of my pilgrimage. It is located at the approach to the steamboat wharf where we took our passage this morning. It is marked by an inconspicuous slab set into the ground and surrounded by a little iron fence a few feet in circumference, hardly noticeable among the telegraph poles, hydrants, and vehicles that fill the square. The slab bears the following inscription:—

"Upon this spot, washed by the tide, stood the northeast bastion of Fort Orange. Erected about 1623 Here the powerful Iroquois met the deputies of this and other colonies to establish treaties. Here the first courts were held. Here in 1643, under the direction of Dominie Johannes Megapolensis, a learned and estimable minister, the earliest church was erected northwest of the fort, and to the south of it stood the Dominie's house."

As the Pilgrim read the inscription from a crumpled bit of paper, I noticed that he gave an impressive rendering to the reference to Dominie Magapolensis. He had begun his narrative at Fort Amsterdam with the allusion to Dominie Bogardus, and it seemed poetically fit to hear at its close an allusion to another Dominie. Carefully tucking the memorandum away in his plethoric wallet, and stowing that receptacle away in those mysterious arcana from which he had produced such a multiplicity of curious and interesting objects during our trip, he glanced at the shore, gave a sigh, as if pulling himself with an effort out of the reverie in which he had been indulging, and said:—

"Well, my young friend, here is Manhattan Island again, and I must leave you. I have not told you half of what I have seen. If you want to understand American history, and to know how much America owes to the Dutch, you should make this fascinating trip yourself. Good afternoon, sir, and God bless you."

And the Dominie disappeared.

*See SPIRIT OF '76 for June, 1896, for further particulars about the Headquarters.
[THE END.]

PATRIOTIC ENDEAVOR.

COL. ANDERSON'S REMARKS AT PENDLETON, OREGON.

"I N speaking to-night of patriotic endeavor, I assume that all present know as much of the subject as I do myself, and my excuse for addressing you on this well worn theme is that we have all an equal interest in the glory, preservation and prosperity of the country. There is, as you all know, an association called the Society of Christian Endeavor. In fact, there are many societies of Christian endeavor under divers names. For many good men and women have agreed to ignore religious differences, with the purpose of doing good outside of church lines. They feed the hungry; care for the sick; rescue the innocent, and reform the wicked without regard to the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, the Seven Sacraments or Papal Infallibility. Many philanthropic societies have been formed, which only require their members to act up to their professed belief in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. They take in:

'Mumbo, jumbo with his dusky hide,
If he is white, pure white inside.'

"In war, I myself have seen the hand raised to strike descend to help, upon a recognition of a fraternal obligation.

'It has occurred to many, that if Christians can unite in works of mercy without regard to dogmatic differences, that American men and women can unite to strengthen patriotic sentiment and do patriotic work. For want of a better name we may call this Patriotic Endeavor. As those who have longest enjoyed the benefit of our free institutions would seem most likely to hold fast to the traditions of the past, societies have been formed which we call Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution.

"There are a number of such organizations. Our particular society had its birth in the Centennial year (1876.) Its first object was to celebrate national holidays and honor the heroes of the Revolution.

"There have been men, who in certain critical periods of history, have awakened all that is best in human nature. And these heroes have always been lovers of Liberty. Themistocles and Aristides, Cato and Brutus, Cromwell and Chatham, Washington and Lincoln. Our American heroes bear favorable comparison.

"The Phillippics of Demosthenes lack the sincerity of those of Patrick Henry. Cicero has a poor record compared to that of Clay, whose eloquence aroused our people to resent the insults and injuries of England in 1812, who inaugurated our policy of public improvements which has contributed so largely to the development of our resources, who was the author of our tariff system, whose compromise measures twice saved the Union; for when the great pacificator's voice was silenced rebellion raised its horrid head and cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war. Bacon was called the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind; how ignoble his character compared to Marshall's, whose exposition of our constitution made our government a practical success. The eloquence of Mirebeau was that of passion; that of Webster that of thought and fervid patriotism. And of Washington, it may be said, a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

"If an American can be proud of anything, he may be proud of descending from men who fought the battles of Independence, or from the statesmen who pledged for the cause their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. No one is foolish enough to suppose that he is better for any descent. But in failing to honor those to whom honor is due, we dishonor ourselves.

But when we found that anarchists and communists were forming secret treasonable leagues, then we thought we should go further and counteract their designs. For when the wicked confederate, it is time the honest unite.

"The battle cry of the Chicago mob was, 'To hell with the government.' The last rallying cry of Tammany was, 'Reform be damned.' The order of the labor union is that no member shall serve in the National Guard.

We have in this country ten million of people of foreign birth and eleven million whose parents were foreigners. We have a hundred thousand convicts in confinement and forty thousand tramps at large. There have been forty thousand murders in ten years, and our road agents are now as bad as Italian banditti. In view of these facts, do you think that something should be done?

Yet we are told that with dollar wheat and Klondyke gold the country is all right. The country may be as good as wheat; I hope it is; and as for the Klondyke deal, it may be all right if it does not prove a game of freeze out. I once heard a statesman say that no government could stand three successive failures of the crops. The stability of our State should not depend on depression or prosperity—any more than suffrage should be founded on property qualification. Franklin illustrated this by the instance of a man down in the cranberry swamps of New Jersey who owned a jackass and had a vote. The jack died and the cranberry patriot lost his vote.

We have tried to effect certain purposes with the help of the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic. We have secured a law prohibiting the enlistment in the army of men who are not citizens by birth or naturalization. And in a quiet way we have tried to secure such a modification of the immigration laws as would exclude all foreigners mentally and morally unfit for citizenship. This was as far as we could go, for although some of us believed in a high protective tariff on men, we had to avoid political complications.

"But as ex-President Harrison, President McKinley, Secretary Sherman, Senator Lodge and a large number of senators and members are numbered among our compatriots we had quite a little pull on this question.

Believing that the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance, the organizers of our societies invited all who thought they belonged to the real old stock to join hands in reviving in the present the traditions of the past and in making known to the thirty million of strangers within our gates American principles. But before we undertake this we should agree among ourselves as to what are American principles.

Here you may ask why you may not hold, avow and practice these principles without joining a society? Certainly you may and I trust you do. So you can say your prayers without going to church, but if you do not go to church you may be tempted to go fishing. We can be patriotic without joining any party or society, but we are too apt to keep it all to ourselves. By co-operating in a good cause we do good both by precept and example. So step up to the Amen corner and make a confession of your faith. Our greatest danger is indifference. 'The lukewarm I will spew out of my mouth;' thus sayeth the Lord. If the enemies of public order were only indifferent and kept their theories to themselves, there would be no occasion to awaken public sentiment or to uphold the laws.

"You may ask what good it will do to join our Society? Pecuniarily none whatever. (Who do you holler for?) We have no money or promises to make.

"Patriotism is said to be the last refuge of a scoundrel. So it is; but it does him no good. He is sure to be found out. The

ass's ears will show through the lion's hide. The hands are the hands of Essau, but the voice is the voice of the politician.

"Saul went out to look for his father's asses and found a kingdom, and the subjects of sovereigns have been he-brayists ever since. As I said before, there are a number of patriotic societies. As any church is better than no church, so any patriotic society is better than none.

"A McDonald said to a McLoud, 'I dinna' mind seein' ainy of ye in the Ark.' 'Nae, nae,' said the McLoud, 'the McLouds always had boats of their ain.'

"If you have boats of your own stick to them if you like. But if we can agree upon a course let us row in the same direction. This brings us back to a definition of American principles.

"I think you will agree that they are to be found in the preambles of our Federal and State Constitutions, in the Bill of Rights, in the Declaration of Independence. In Washington's Farewell Address and in the decisions of our Supreme Courts. Then certain principles have been crystallized in speech.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. A government of the people, by the people and for the people. Justice to all, malice to none. The greatest good to the greatest number. To use your own so as not to interfere with the rights of others. A government of balanced powers. State rights and Federal direction. That the people should take care of the government and not the government of the people. That the people are the State. That the majorities rule, but that the rights of the minorities must be respected. That securing justice between men is the chief end of government. Freedom of conscience, free speech and free press. That Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, but that liberty is not license. That 'by the eternal the Union must and shall be preserved,' and if any man attempts to haul down the American flag he must be shot on the spot. If, fellow-citizens, we can agree on these fundamentals I think we can travel in the same boat.

"There is a large and growing class, who not only wish to better their condition in society, but to change the form and condition of society itself. Who wish not only to gain greater influence in the government, but to change the very purpose of government. They wish to make it paternal and directive. They are not only political hermaphrodites, but they wish to be both parent and child, that is paternal to themselves. They hold with the gentleman from Kilkenny, that not only is every man as good as another, but begorra, a mighty sight better.

"I have no quarrel with these theorists. Their theory was once carried out in Sparta. They had iron fiat money, an iron constitution, communism except for the slaves, and every citizen was a soldier, and ever soldier a citizen. I highly approve of military methods, but I fear Sparta would not have agreed with me. As I was rather a weak infant I would have been left to perish in a cave. Then their theories were tried in France in 1793 and 1870. Guilleline, Assignettes. Goddess of Reason. They had a delightful parrot and monkey time.

"Yet, after all, I prefer our old Constitution and our Anglo-American traditions. When I swore fidelity to the United States of America, I took the obligation as I did on another occasion that it should be for better for worse, for riches for poorer until death should us part. I propose to stick to that obligation despite all the alluring promises of socialistic paternalism.

"How do you feel about it?

"Nevertheless we can get along with our socialistic friends, if they will only agree to obey the laws while they are the laws. We will give them a fair fight for all their isms at the polls if they will only muzzle their anarchistic allies.

"This is a crazy old planet and a wicked old world. Its history is written in petrified chapters on the rock of ages. This handwriting on walls of granite shows that all animal creation, including man, has been passing through an evolution of warfare. His bones have disappeared but his weakness remains. Every stomach is a grave and every hand a claw. From the first protoplasm to the last Pope the relentless evolution has gone on. Some good-ey people say it is cruel.

"But, 'tis part we see and not the whole."

"So far it has worked pretty well in the physical and why not in the political system. Competition has been the life of trade and the soul of success. It has raised man from bestial beginning to his present high estate, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a God—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

"But now comes the new man and the new woman and tell us our fathers were fools and the Lord Almighty a tyrant because he does not run the universe on communistic principles.

"I have no fear that any considerable number of our people will take to communism. The acquisitive faculty is too strong in the Anglo-American.

"Just before the late unpleasantness some Southerners were discussing the situation, when one remarked, 'A Yankee won't fight; you may call him a liar and he will not fight.' Then some one who had been up North remarked, 'Yes; but if you take his grindstone he will take off his coat and whip you like hades.' This is not alone applicable to the Yank.

"Verily I say unto you: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.'

"There are certain things that should prevent us from becoming political pessimists. Our people won't stay whipped; they won't stay broke, and although long enduring under misrule, at pretty regular intervals, they rise in their wrath and 'turn the rascals out.'

"Back of all this there are certain saving qualities in human nature. Religion underlies all sects; learning all theories; patriotism all parties. And a nation without patriotism is as a body without a soul.

"But the saving salt of humanity is the virtue and conservatism of women. Whenever we are disposed to go off at a tangent our better halves remind us that we have given bonds to Fortune. Under an unwritten law of humanity, it has been defined that men and women have different spheres of action. Yet undoubtedly moral and educational questions effect one sect as much as the other. In the Eastern States these patriotic societies have a larger membership of women. It gives them an opportunity to discuss the vital problems of the day. They have a right to consider how marriage dissoluble at will will effect them. They have a right to consider how communism will effect them and their households. The men and women of '76 were their ancestors as well as ours, and this country is even more theirs than ours; for the glory of our country is that it is a country of homes.

"It is said our country has never produced a philosopher.

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"I have indulged in this little flight of oratory, because some of my civil friends seem to think an old soldier can only tell stories. Not to disappoint them I propose to close with one illustration, promising, however, in the words of Captain Bunsby, that the force of these observations lie in the application of them.

"A respectable saint, one Carlo Borromeo by name; I know he was a saint, for I have seen his halo; was once asked what he would do if he knew he had to die in half an hour. He said he would keep on doing just what he was doing no matter what it was. This shocked his Christian friends, who thought he ought to take several sacraments, including extreme unction. But the blessed Carlo knowing that a saintly life was one of extreme unction, said: 'No; a man should always be doing the right thing.'

"There is an advantage in having the right man to do the right thing, and in having the right man in the right place. Altgeld the right man, but we have not found the right place for him. Washington was the right man and the presidency was the right place. You are the right men and our society is the right place.

"The application of the case of Borromeo, although it may not be found in the Law Reports of Oregon, is that, we are not expected at all times to indulge in heroics, but to perform our civic duties faithfully and well from hour to hour and day to day. For instance, men should not shirk their jury duty and go to primaries although occasionally snowed under.

"To the ladies I would suggest that manners and morals are not taught to the best advantage in schools. These are in their province; under home rule. My experience as a disciplinarian in the army leads me to believe that an occasional bread and water diet has a most soothing effect on a rebellious disposition.

"I do not think that our mothers in Israel are as much inclined to shirk their responsibilities as, let us say, our city fathers. These minor matters must be attended to on the principle that if we take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves.

"As Miss Mowcher remarks, 'I find I am philandering and it is time to stop.' I will, therefore, close with the famous apophthegm of our ci-devant statesman, Grover Cleveland, that it is a condition and not a theory which confronts us. Having quoted his words I will follow his example and retire."

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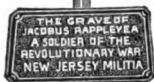
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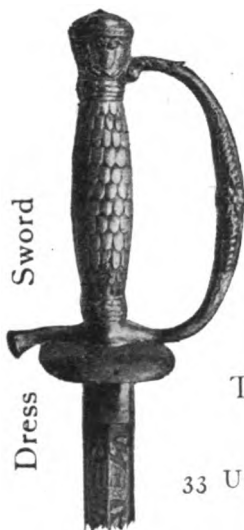
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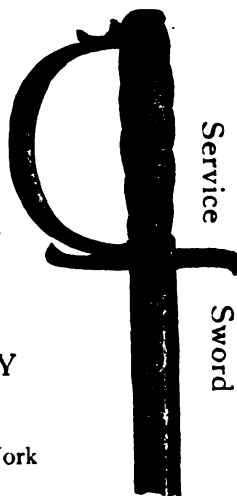
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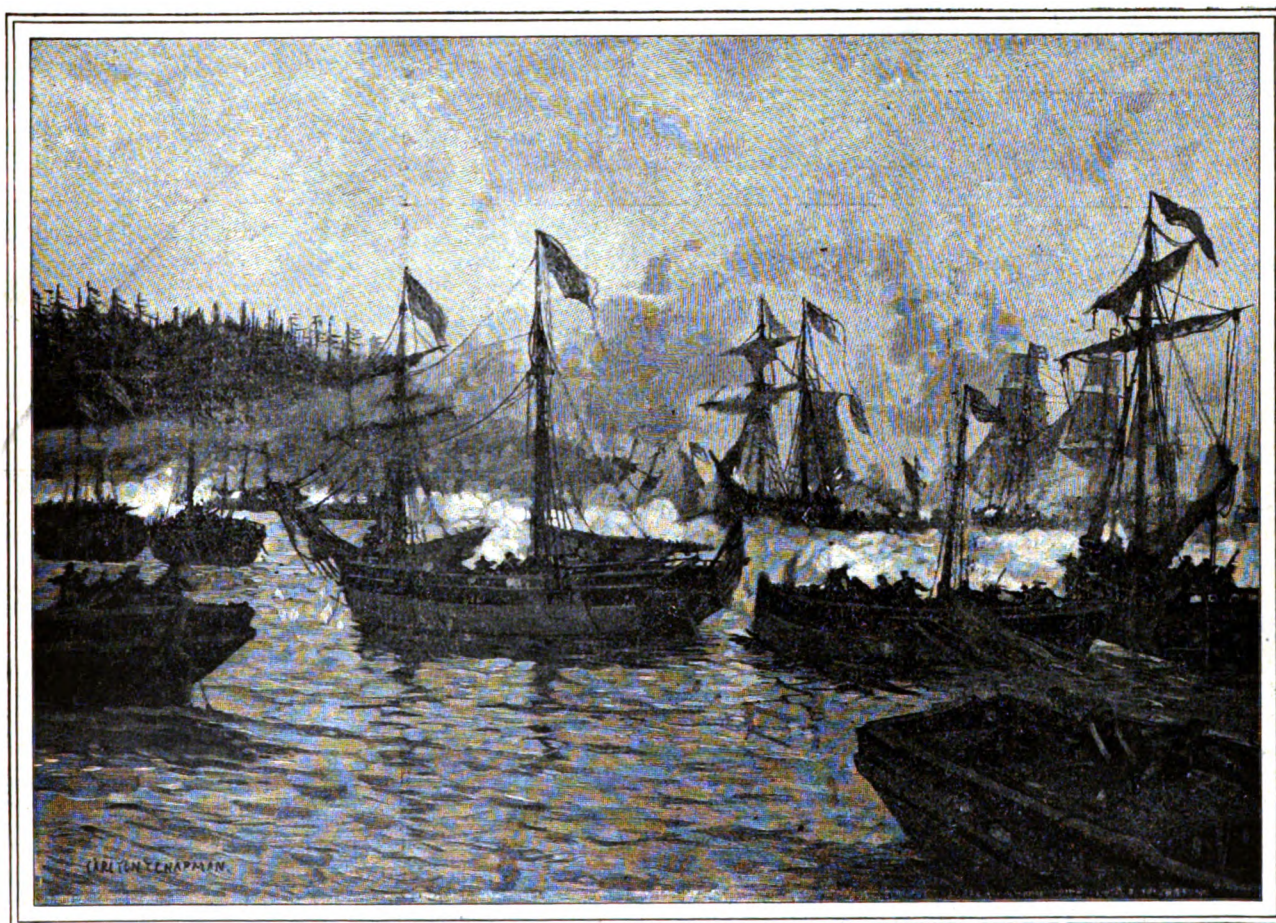
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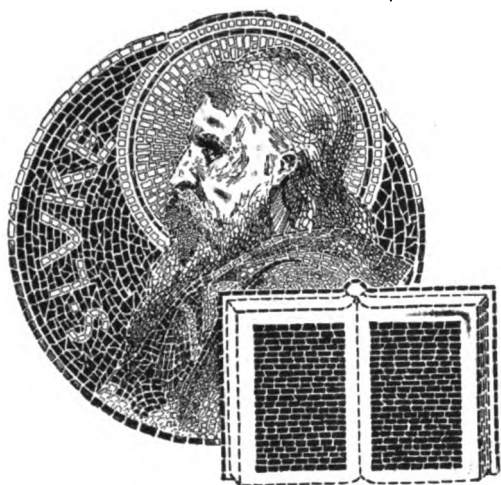
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No. 46

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That just as Howe was getting ready
To launch his troops against our men
Who stood on Bunker's calm and steady,
And while the Falcon and the Lively
And all the other ships as well,
Still poured on Gridley's raw entrenchments
Their compliments of shot and shell;



Amid the rattling and the roar,
The British General found occasion
To rail away most lustily
At half the feminine creation;
And all because of one fair maiden,
Whose brother had just now
brought down
Twelve-pounder ball for six-pound
cannon,
Across the Charles from Boston
Town.

"Where is that Lovell boy who
brought
These twelve-pound ball for six-
pound cannon?"
But even then the guilty wight
In scarlet, whom his tongue thus
ran on,
Was pulling back toward home and
kindred,
Elate with hope, sublime in soul,
While every timber in his dory
Shook with a glee beyond control.

One man alone of all who heard
That burst of Howe's against the
gender,
Knew what it meant, for he had
been
The most obsequious attender
Upon a certain Boston Beauty
Whose brother had brought down
just now,
Twelve-pounder ball for six-pound
cannon,
Exasperating General Howe;

The very Beauty who now bent
Her soulful gaze on that position,
As he believed, where his dear voice
Yet ordered up the ammunition;
And in the bliss of that conjecture,
Now seeming near and now remote,
He drowned the rancor of his feelings
Toward her young brother in the boat.

Ah me, how blind to think that she,
Belle Lovell, the schoolmaster's daughter,
Was gazing on one man alone,
When all the land and all the water
In sight of her enchanted dormer,
Flashed on the eyes of this fair belle,
More scenes historic than all history
Will ever find the tongue to tell.

Just as she heard the clock strike three—
Though faintly through the horrid pother
Which more than five-score cannon made,—
She spied the boat that held her brother;
And, maybe, fifteen minutes after
Saw Howe's red veterans glittering bright,
As gallant as erewhile at Minden,
Move briskly forward on the right.

Then straightway trained her telescope,—
As quick as you could say a distich,—
Full on the motley group of men
Who held the rail-fence by the Mystic;
And saw there, as I doubt not,—Pomeroy
And Putnam, Knowlton, Reed and Stark;
And thought no more of him who followed
His Majesty's artillery-park.

Methinks I hear the sigh she heaved
As now she made her spy-glass travel
Toward the brave men of Middlesex
In Prescott's fort of sand and gravel;
And through these many hundred seasons
Her gentle heart seems beating still
At sight of Pigot's Grand Division
Ascending that immortal hill.

Of her own blood those men of Stowe,
Of Pepperell, Woburn, Concord, Groton;
And her young footsteps had oft trod
Along the very height they fought on;
And when at last from Stark to Prescott,
And then from Warren back to Stark,
The fiery tongues of war ran flashing,
Fair Lovell felt the air grow dark.

And meantime though the fight rolled on,
She heard no more the cannon's roaring
Till just before that desperate charge
Of Clinton, Pigot, Howe, went pouring
Over the works which held no longer
Powder enough to send a ball;
And then she saw that Stark and Chester
Still kept the rail-fence and the wall.

And saw besides, the awful fires
Of Charlestown; and the cloud that floated
And rolled through heaven and bore afar
The story of that town devoted;
And now at length the mighty smoke-wreaths
Quite hid the field from Lovell's eyes,
While high above, her fancy pictured
Two giants battling in the skies.

But oh! what patriot can forget
How luminous behind the volumes
Of all that sacrificial smoke,
Stand out our proud, retreating columns!
Ah, read again the antique verses
Where now enshrined so many years,
Have lain the last sad words that Warren
Whispered to Chester through his tears!

Thanks be to thee, immortal youth,
Who in discharge of thy commission,
Brought down that day across the Charles,
Such uncongenial ammunition!
Nay, but for that pretended blunder
Who knows how many walk to-day,
That else had never seen the sunlight
Nor found upon the earth their way.

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

NOTE.—The British ships "Falcon," "Lively," "Somerset," "Glasgow," "Cerberus," and "Symmetry" are said to have carried more than one hundred and sixty cannon. There were also several floating batteries "within gun-shot" and a battery of six cannon on Copp's Hill.

THE FLAG AND THE USE OF THE FLAG.

BY REV. W. A. STANTON, D.D.,
Chaplain of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

IN May, 1777, Congress ordered £14 13s 3d to be paid to Betsey Ross of Philadelphia for flags that she had made for the fleet then in the Delaware river. In that same month, 113 years later, I was on Arch Street, Philadelphia. I saw a quaint, two-story brick building, with gabled roof and dormer window, nestled towering modern structures as a stunted oak might nestle within a group of lofty pines. At the first floor front were shop doors and a low, broad window in which were samples of tobacco, cigars, candy, stationery, and odds and ends that might be bought within. Two windows were at the front of the second story, each set with twenty-four diminutive panes of glass, each framed by wide open paneled shutters of wood. Lifting the eyes a little higher, I saw the long slope of a shingled roof, from the center of which, like a Cyclop's eye, twinkled at me a lonely dormer window with its much partitioned sash. The old house was a relic but its history had made it a shrine. It was the birthplace of the *Flag of the Union*.

Two centuries before bricks brought as ballast in the hold of the "Welcome" had been built into these very walls under the supervision of Quaker William Penn. Those heavy wooden shutters with their hand-made nails and screws, were hung a century before our Revolutionary sires ever hung a Tory in that neighborhood. George Washington and Robert Morris walked upon that oaken parlor floor one spring day in 1777; it had been worn smooth by the feet of a hundred years even then; another hundred years have only polished it a little more.

Those men came that day because there lived Betsey Ross, the deftest needle-worker in all the Colonies. Congress had appointed a committee "to design a suitable flag for the nation." Betsey Ross was to make the flag.

Crossing the historic threshold, I greeted the courteous young man to whom the building now belongs and who carries on the business done within. Telling him my errand, I was conducted through a small dark hall at the rear of the left side of the shop into a gloomy little back parlor. On my left was an unbroken stretch of wall. The wall on the right had a door and a window through which struggled such light as had escaped the shadow of the high buildings on either side. At the farther end of the room was the old fireplace, with its blue and white tiled border, a few tiles missing, but the remaining ones showing their English castle and pastoral scenes in colors as bright as when the tiles were set. A quaint old corner cupboard, the many little panes of glass within the heavy window sashes, the solid timbers showing here and there, were as Betsey Ross saw them when she was the dressmaker and upholsterer of the old Quaker city and this house was her home. That she was an attractive and winsome woman we cannot doubt. When her first husband died, a second and then a third one wooed and won her heart and hand. On the other side of the little dark hall, and also in the rear of the shop, was a bit of a room where she used to sit when her lovers came courting her during business hours. There she kept her ears open to their honeyed words and her eyes open to the entrance of the chance customer, her hand busy with her needle all the while.

It must have been a proud day when the General of the army and the lord of the treasury came to her humble home. They were not kept standing in the shop, but she led them back into the parlor with the blue tiles about the hearth. There Washington, by pencil drawing, showed her what the flag must be. A year before, Benjamin Franklin, with Messrs. Harrison and Lynch, had been appointed by Congress "a committee to create a National Flag." Their flag had thirteen stripes, but the union contained the "King's colors," the combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in red and white, upon a blue field.

The flag was first raised by Washington, January 3, 1776, over his headquarters at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and is known in history as the "Cambridge flag." It told the story of thirteen colonies united for defence against England but still acknowledging her sovereignty. That was the story of January, 1776, but July of 1776 told another story to the world and made necessary another flag.

When Washington and the committee had gone away, when Betsey Ross had done her work, when Congress had seen the results and were satisfied, then the act of June 14, 1777, was passed, and it read:—

"Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

It was first officially unfurled over Fort Schuyler, where is now the town of Rome, N. Y., on August 3, 1777. Paul Jones, Captain of the "Ranger," first used it in the navy, on the Schuylkill river. It was on his ship when in Quiberon Bay, France, that the new flag received its first salute from a foreign power. Admiral Labotto of the French navy was he who saluted it on February 14, 1779.

In 1794, after the admission to the Union of Vermont and Kentucky, Congress increased the stars and the stripes from thirteen to fifteen, and placed the stars in three lines of five stars each, instead of in a circle in the union as the flag of 1777. During the next thirty-four years there was no change in this. But Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana and Indiana had meanwhile been admitted and the flag had not told the story of their births. Again Congress had to act, and on April 4, 1818, there was passed "An act to establish the flag of the United States."

"Section 1.—Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field."

"Section 2.—And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new State into the union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next announcing such admission."

This fixed the flag forever. Great has the constellation grown!

The Symbolism of our Flag.—The thirteen stripes are a perpetual reminder of these thirteen colonies whose love of liberty, willingness to sacrifice, and courage to fight, made American independence possible. The galaxy of increasing stars reveals our wondrous growth from a little group of thirteen states to a great constellation of well nigh half a hundred.

Are these lessons in the colors? What say the red, white and blue to us? Red, when it is alone, tells of danger, anarchy and death. But temper it with blue and white, then hear it speak. "Celestial rosy red, lover's proper into," is what old John Milton wrote. In sacred love it spoke of love divine, sacrifice even unto blood for those whom God loves. Let this be the language of the red as it waves with the white and the blue. Love! Love of country! Love that will shed its red life's blood for the preservation of its country's life. Well may we stripe with red the flag that was born of blood, baptized in blood, and upheld by blood. But each alternate stripe is white, the color of peace and purity. The white says "Let us have peace;" the red says, "Even though the price be blood;" the red says, "Death to the tyrant and the traitor." The white says, "Give us liberty;" the red says, "Or give us death." Then, for loyalty and truth, we have the blue, the background of the stars. It is as though each State were to have a single glory all its own, and yet all States be one upon a common ground of loyalty and truth. Is not this the symbolism of our flag? May not he who runs read there such lessons of love and sacrifice in the red, of peace and purity in the white, of loyalty and

truth in the white, of glory for the State in the single star, of greater glory for the union of the States in the combination of stars?

Our fathers' flag, of thee,
Flag of our liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Flag of the colors three,
Flag of the stars, so free,
Out o'er the land and sea,
Thy folds we fling.

Sentiment and the Flag.—Opinion is the child of intellect. Sentiment is born in lawful wedlock of mind and heart. I do not mean by sentiment mere emotion, gush, rhapsody. Sentiment allows for intelligent convictions without excluding tender feelings.

Lives there a man with heart so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my country's flag?
Who hath not felt his pulse beat high
When all its glory filled his eye
From mast, or staff, or rugged crag?

Shakespeare has well said, "The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." So say I of him who has no sentiment. His character and conduct will exhibit an absence of those refined sensibilities essential to devoted patriotism and unswerving allegiance.

For him who has no sentiment
There's nothing sacred in our flag;
On advertising all intent,
He'll make of it a painted rag.

He'll mar its face, debauch its lines,
Despoil its grace, and at all times
Insult it, if he thus may tell
That he has soap or sox to sell.

Would that man o'er his mother's face,
Upon her painted portrait fair,
With sacrilegious brush, dare trace
Bold advertisement of his ware?

Then why, upon an emblem true,
Insignia of his motherland,
Should he besmirk the heavenly blue,
And mar the stripes with profane hand?

Let none defile the flag we love
With advertising schemes galore;
Just let it wave, below, above,
In sacred cleanness evermore.

Its face without a blot or mark,
Its colors bright, its stars ashine,
Telling no tale by business chart
Of merchandise, or drugs, or wine.

'Twas not for that our flag was made;
'Twas not for that men bled and died;
For nobler use its stripes were laid,
For patriot's joy, for nation's pride.

It incarnates our nation's claim;
It fortells what we are to be;
It cries for shame, if man defame
His country's flag, on land or sea.

Every patriot will be glad to know that, roused by improper use of the flag, several of the patriotic societies of the United States have appointed committees that have been charged with the duty of devising measures to protect it from desecration. Last December a joint meeting of such committees was held at the City Hall, New York. Steps were taken to draft bills for the National Legislature at Washington and for each State Legislature, prohibiting any advertising or other profane use of the national flag.

Profanity of speech is vulgar, repelling all right-minded people. So is profanity of patriotism. It belittles those who are guilty thereof. If done ignorantly it deserves contempt.

If done knowingly it merits punishment. That it may not be done in ignorance, American people should be educated to the vulgarity and, in some cases, the absolute profanity of improper uses of the flag.

The passage and enforcement of proper laws upon this subject will do much toward such education. Every veteran and child of a veteran, ever descendant of a Revolutionary sire, every son and daughter of the war of 1812, every member of the Senior and Junior Order of United American Mechanics, every teacher and pupil in our public schools, every government official, every parent, in brief every American in the United States should feel a personal interest in the protection of our flag. With religious veneration the ancient Romans guarded their standards in their temples, as sacred and holy things. Are our emblems less dear to us? I tell you, "No!" Not only must our Union be preserved, but also the sign of our Union.

It will not be long before we shall have in our city of Pittsburgh a conclave of Knights Templar who will come from near and far. In all decorations at that time let us hope that our citizens and our visitors will give the flag its proper place. Let it not be used as a background for any advertisement. Let no other flag or banner be placed above it. Let it be used in no clownish nor undignified way. Let it always and everywhere be the flag *par excellence*.

Permit another suggestion. Does it honor our flag to run it up to flag-staff top, or fling it out from window seats, and leave it there till the wind and the weather, the rain and the rot have transformed it into a torn, tattered, stained and faded flag? It is not a sufficient answer to say that a new one can then take its place. Many organizations, managers of public places, and proprietors of large buildings would prefer the expense of occasional replacement to the trouble of daily care. But it is not a question of expense. It is a question of honoring the flag. It would be an object lesson to thousands of people to see the flag carefully lowered and sheltered when weather required it, not because of economy, but because it is *our country's flag*.

Love it and care for it as you do the portrait of that mother whose face now shines with the glory of paradise; as you do that little lock of hair out from a head now pillowed in its last resting place. Honor your country by honoring its emblem. The emblem that tells you of our nation's birth and growth, struggles and sacrifices, valors and victories. The emblem through which speaks to us our heroic dead and around which our heroic living may yet be called to rally in defense of God and their native land.

The Veteran and the Flag.—The other day I sat behind my pulpit waiting for the bearers of the dead. Into the church they came; white-haired men, heavy-footed, with faces scarred and sorrowful; they bore the body of an old comrade in arms. He had fought his last fight. His body had been laid out, thanks be to God, his soul had won the victory. He had gone to meet the Captain of his Salvation.

For years he had been my friend; my own heart was sad, tears were in my eyes as I saw them bring him in. But those tears were not because the dead man was my friend. I will tell you why they came. In the days of his vigor he had been the color bearer of his regiment. Bravely had he borne the flag over many a battle field; patiently had he carried it on many a weary march; jealously had he guarded it in times of defeat; joyously had he waved it in times of victory. Through all the carnage and the conflict he and his flag had come, both had grown old together and the man had laid down and died.

Like an old friend, true to him as he had been to it, the flag lay with him as he lay there in his last long sleep. It wrapped him in a loving, close embrace, as though it could not let him go. It was battle-stained, so was he. It was time-worn, so was he. It was eloquent in its silence, so was

he. The veteran flag seemed to fondle its old friend and to whisper in his ear, "Get up, comrade! Get up! Do not lose heart! You and I have been in many a hard place before! You never let me touch the ground and I'll not let the ground touch you!" But the dead sergeant said not a word. He went to the grave. The flag went, too. It seemed trying to keep him warm, for he was cold. O so cold! There they unwrapped the flag. I thought it clung to the casket, as though it would fain lie where its old bearer was to lie, where they both could be forever at their rest. I wished that it might be so. It seemed to me that it would be a glorious mantle in which to stand on the resurrection morn. But they took it away and left him there. They loved the old flag too much to bury it. They buried the man but not his flag.

Compatriots, what say you? Was not that a glorious use to which to put the Stars and Stripes? Was not that honoring it and those who used it so? Is it not a flag to live for and a flag to die for? Pray God that it may live and wave long after you and I are dead. Bury its defenders, but not the flag.

God bless the Stars and Stripes.
Cursed be the hand that mars
One dear old thread.
When man's alarms sound,
When red blood stains the ground,
"OLD GLORY" will be found
Right overhead!

Pittsburg, Pa., February 23, 1898.

Stiff Drinkers, the Puritans.

OUR Puritan ancestors hardly imagined that water was either a healthful or a sufficient beverage, if we may judge from some paragraphs in their letters and diaries. Gov. Bradford b tterly complains of the hardship of having to drink water, as no beer or wine was to be had. In 1629 an appeal was sent to the Home Company for "ministers," a "patent under seal" that their legal status as colonists might be clear and stable; and also they want "vyne planters," wheat, rye, barley, and also "hop roots." When the answer to this appeal was sent by a ship that was provisioned for three months, it carried "forty-five tons of beere," "two casks of Malega and Canarie," "twenty gallons of *aqua vitæ* (brandy), and for cooking, drinking, and all only six tuns of water? The Rev. Mr. Higginson, the first minister, in writing back a glowing account of the attractions of the country, said his health had been benefited by the fine air; and he added:

Whereas, my stomach could only digest and did require such drinks as were both strong and stale, now I can and doe drink New England water verie well.

One Wood wrote in the *New England Prospect* that the country was well watered, and with a water unlike that to be found in England:

"Not so sharpe, of a fatty substance and of more jetty color. It is thought that there can be no better water in the world, yet dare I not prefer it to good Beere, as some have done. Those that drink be as healthful, fresh and lustie as they that drink beere."

Those hop roots must have flourished, for as early as 1631 the people of the colony had passed a law for putting drunkards in the stocks, and brewhouses multiplied, and an "ale quart of beere" could be bought for a penny. The manufacture of other drinks developed rapidly. Fifty years later, Judge Sewall names ale, beer, mead, metheglin, cider, wine, sillabub, claret, sack canary, punch, sackposset, and black cherry brandy. Everybody drank cider, which was produced on every farm in abundance. Besides there was "beveridge" and "swizzle" made from molasses and water, and many kinds of beer; but the grand and universal drink was rum. Ships took corn, pork and lumber to the West Indies and brought back raw sugar and molasses, which, once here, were speedily converted into rum. There was a distillery in every inland town, while those on the coast had scores of them. The significant name "killdevil" was universally given to it and it was shipped to the African coast in exchange for slaves. "Flip" and "punch" were made and drunk on all imaginable occasions. Laborers would not work at the harvest, nor builders at the trades, without a liberal allowance of rum.

Large quantities of liquor were consumed when a minister was to be ordained, as is witnessed in many of the parish records still

extant. The following record is that of the town of Beverly, Mass., at an ordination in 1785:

	£	s.	d.
30 Bowles Punch before they went to meeting,	8	0	0
80 people eating in the morning at 16d,	1	0	0
10 bottles of wine before they went to meeting,	1	10	0
88 dinners at 80d,	10	4	0
44 bowles of punch while at dinner,	4	8	0
26 bottles of wine,	2	14	0
8 bowles brandy,	1	3	0
Cherry rum,	1	10	0
and six people drink tea,	0	0	9

Even at a raising of a meeting house large stores of intoxicants must be laid in. When the meeting house in Medfield, Mass., was raised there was provided four barrels of beer, twenty-four gallons of West Indian rum, thirty gallons of New England rum, thirty-five pounds of loaf sugar, twenty-five pounds of brown sugar, and four hundred and sixty-five lemons. When, a century ago, Gen. Washington was engaging a gardener, it was explicitly stated in the contract that he should have:

"Four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter for the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk four days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon."

Every tavern displayed many decanters of liquor to be drunk with all meals, free, and the flip-iron was kept constantly heated in the tavern fire; the sideboard of every private family had a various assortment of liquors, and not to ask a caller to drink was a breach of hospitality; in short, temperance sentiment, as we now know it, did not exist.—*The Independent*.



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION OVER GRAVE OF SAMUEL ADAMS, BOSTON, MASS.

NO longer is the grave of Samuel Adams unmarked by stone and unrevealed to the patriotic pilgrims to Boston's historic burial places, for on April 19 the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the Revolution unveiled its memorial to the memory of the great leader, with brief and fitting ceremonies. In behalf of the Society Major Frank Harrison Briggs, vice-president made the gift of presentation, and Mayor Quincy's secretary, Thos. A. Mullen, received it for the municipality. The following committee had charge of the placing of the memorial: Walter Gilman Page, chairman; Francis Jackson Ward, Isaac P. Gregg.

JOHN HANCOCK.

DURING the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston, but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country require their being burned to ashes, issue the order for that purpose immediately."

All Averys, and Avery descendants, are requested to send their names and addresses to Dr. Elroy M. Avery, Cleveland, Ohio. He is writing a history of the Avery family.

REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

MEMORANDA OF SERVICES IN THE U. S. ARMY OF GENERAL THOMAS WILSON, U.S.A.

The following is taken from General Collum's Biographical Register of Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Thomas Wilson appointed at large.

1607 (Born D. C.)

Military History—Cadet at the U. S. Military Academy from July 1st, 1849, to July 1st, 1853, when he was graduated, and promoted in the army to Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry, July 1st, 1853.

Served on frontier duty at Fort Ridgely, Minn., 1853; Fort Snelling, Minn., 1853-4; in garrison at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 1854.

Second Lieutenant 5th Infantry, Oct. 26, 1854.

On frontier duty at Ringgold Barracks, Texas, 1854-5.

In Florida hostilities against the Seminole Indians, 1856-7.

On coast survey duty, May 25, 1857, to April 16, 1861.

First Lieut. 5th Infantry, April 1, 1857, to Oct. 25, 1861.

Served during the Rebellion of the Seceding States, 1861-66.

With headquarters guard to the General-in-Chief at Washington, D. C., April-July, 1861.

As acting assistant Adjutant General, defences of Washington, D. C., July 15.

Captain Staff Commissary of Subsistence, Oct. 25, 1861.

As Commissary of Subsistence at Annapolis, Md., in providing supplies for Gen. Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, October 26, 1861, May, 1862. In the Virginia peninsula campaign, May-August, 1862.

In the Maryland campaign, September-November, 1862, being present at the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862. On the Rappahannock, November, 1862-June, 1863. As chief commissariat of the Army of the Potomac in the Richmond campaign, December 25, 1863, to June 9, 1864.

Lieutenant Colonel Staff of Commissary of Subsistence U. S. Volunteers, December 25, 1863, to August 1, 1865, being present on the staff of the Commanding General of that army.

Brevet Colonel U. S. Volunteers, August 1, 1864, for faithful and meritorious services in the field during all its movements and engagements, till they capitulated at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9th, 1865.

Brevet Major, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Colonel, U. S. Army, and Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers, March 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious services during the Rebellion.

General Wilson served continuously in the field as captain, etc., with the Army of the Potomac from early in the war until promoted to the position of chief commissary of that army, Dec. 25, 1863, and from that date, under General Meade, until the close of the war, being present on the staff of the commanding general during all the movements and engagements of that army until the capitulation at Appomattox Court House. His services since the war and the manner in which he has performed them are a matter of record in the War Department, after forty-three years of active service, he was retired by operation of law on June 10th, 1896, with the full rank of colonel and brevet rank of brigadier general United States Army.

General Wilson is the son of the late Joseph S. Wilson, who was chief clerk and Commissioner of the General Land office in Washington, D. C., for over forty-two years. He is also a native born American, a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He has served continuously as a member of the Board of Managers of that Society for more than five years, and was a delegate to the National Congress of that Society at Cincinnati in October, 1897, and at Morristown, N. J., April 30, 1898.

He is a member of the Council of the New York Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, having been elected to that office at three successive elections of the Order.

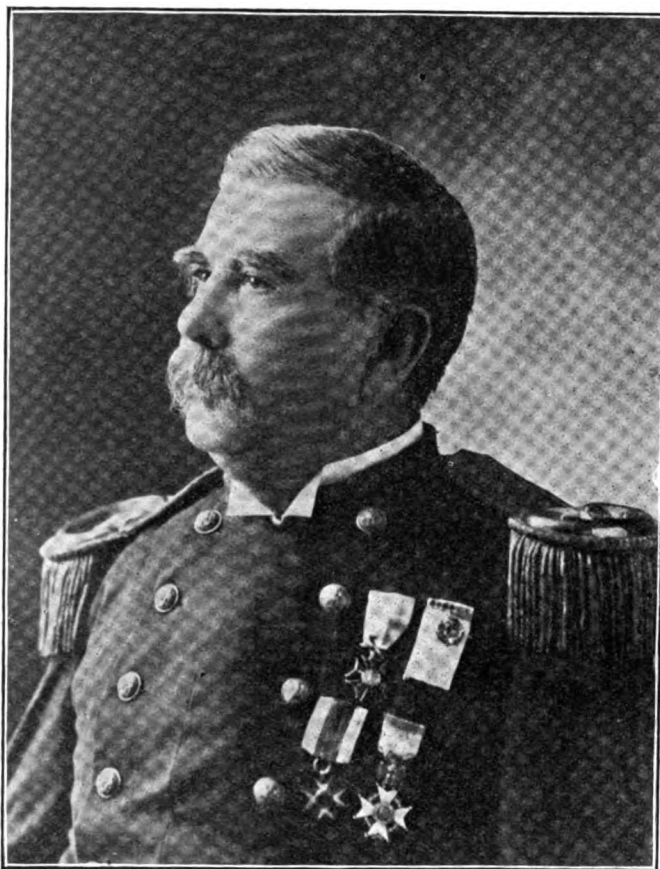
He is secretary of the American Flag Association; is vice-president of the Fourth Corps and of the General Staff, Society of the Army of the Potomac, and is a member of the Army and Navy Club of New York.

His brother, Major General John M. Wilson, is Chief of Engineers U. S. Army.

An Old Letter.

SHARON, August 23, 1765.

DEAR SIR—This comes in answer to your last most agreeable favor, or rather in continuation of that most desirable correspond-



GENERAL THOMAS WILSON, U. S. A.

ence has some time subsisted between us and which I hope will not be soon dissolved. As to the public state of the times, there is a general complaint and murmuring amongst us of the Court management at home relating to stamp duties, taxes, etc., and a spirit of jealousy prevails that oppressive and tyrannical measure are upon the carpet and many rumors spread amongst the populace that the king is a Papist and most of his counselors and that the ministry that now superintends the affairs of the State, but I hope they are no more than heated and groundless conjectures and not real truth.

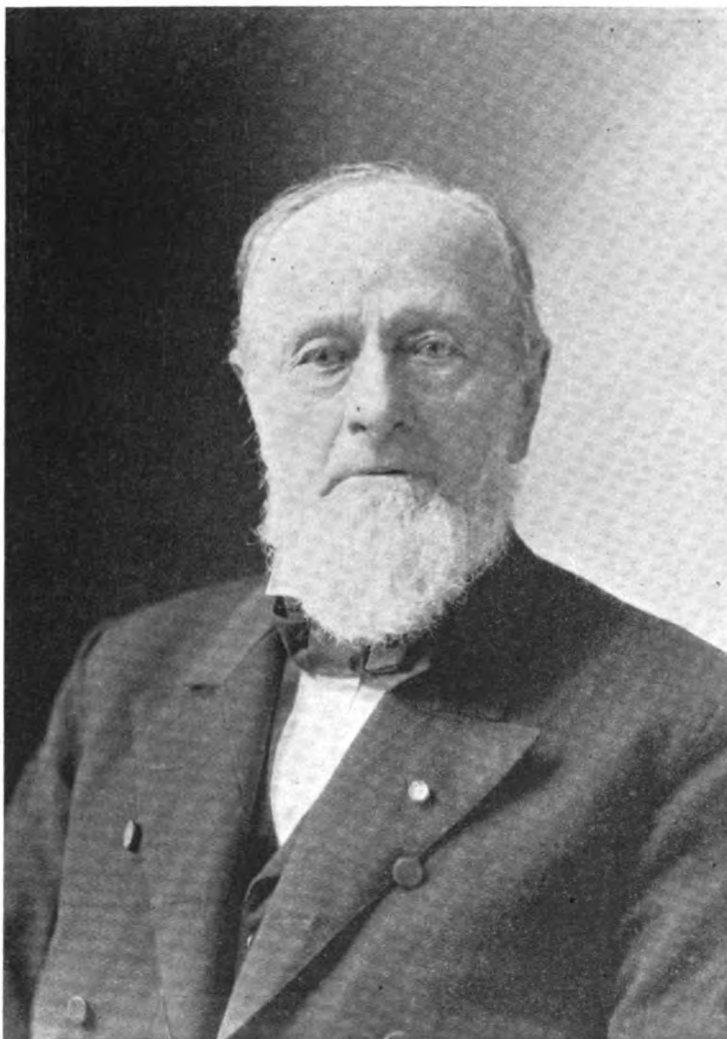
But we are seriously fearful that troublesome times are coming especially to America; what the issue will be God only knows. The Caldwells have obtained final judgment against Mr. Spencer of £100 damages and £25 cost for his defamatory report; they have another action now in suit of the same kind, or rather more heinous, against Mr. Havey.

It has been a fruitful summer, crops of all kinds turn out well; there is one man in particular in town who has a piece of grain the stoutest I ever saw, the reapers compute it by the shocks they made that it will turn out at the rate of 57 1-2 bushels to the acre. We hope the price of wheat this year will be such as to requite the labor of the husbandman; it is now 6s 6d per bushel at the river for new wheat. Mr. Ingersoll, who has been our agent at home (England) in years past, upon his late arrival here has met with a very cold reception, being treated with neglect by some and contempt by others for not making (as is thought) a sufficiently vigorous opposition to the stamp act. He is appointed collector thereof at a salary of £300 sterling.

The difficulty of the times amongst us has in a good measure awakened people's consideration so as to excite them to a more frugal way of living, and we are determined not to be so much beholden to our mother country or any other foreign country for a living. I must now close.

Your real friend and humble servant,
JEREMIAH DAY.

To Charles DeWitt, Esq.



JOHN ROGERS ROBINSON.

A Son of a Revolutionary Soldier.

JOHN ROBINSON was killed by Indians in Haverhill, Mass., in 1675; Jonathan Robinson, son of John Robinson, born and lived in Stratham, N. H. Married Mercy Chase. Children: Chase (d. in Meredith,) Jonathan, Bradbury, Thomas, Mercy (m. Piper, of Stratham,) Noah, David (d. in Meredith,) Winthrop. Noah Robinson, son of Jonathan Robinson and Mercy Chase. Born in Stratham, N. H., May 7, 1757. Married, first, Nancy Wiggin; second, Elizabeth Walker Osborne, in Portsmouth, N. H., May, 1805; third, Rosamond Taylor.

Noah Robinson enlisted as private about May, 1775, in the Second New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by Colonel Enoch Poor; promoted to corporal and sergeant in 1775; ensign and second lieutenant in 1776; first lieutenant in 1777; captain-lieutenant in 1779. He was in the battle of Trenton, New Jersey, December 26, 1776, where over nine hundred Hessians were made prisoners; in the battle of Princeton, New Jersey, January 3, 1777; in the first battle at Saratoga, New York, (no doubt intended for the first engagement at Stillwater, September 15, 1777,) where he was severely wounded and sent to the hospital. Being in the hospital several months, he sufficiently recovered so as to join his regiment. He was in the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, June 12, 1778, when he was so overcome by the prevailing excessive heat that his health was impaired to such a degree as to prevent labor without great pain. Upon the reorganization of the army in 1781 he became a supernumerary, and returned home. Soon after his return from the army, 1781, he married Nancy Wiggin, of Stratham, N. H. In 1782 he joined the privateer "Buccannier" as commander of marines, and made a cruise to the English channel, which was very successful. About 1794 he moved from Stratham to Epping. In 1789-90 he settled in New Hampton and built the homestead in the nineties. Died in New Hampton, N. H., in February, 1827.

Children, by first wife: Noah, born October 5, 1782, died February 15, 1858; Nancy, born October 4, 1784, died June 3, 1792; Enoch, born December 6, 1786, died September 3, 1807; Sally W., born August 16, 1788, married John Swasey, died October 11, 1852; Marquis de L., born March 31, 1790, died February 21, 1856; Simon W., born February 10, 1792, died October 16, 1858; Finley W., born February 18, 1794; Thomas S., born Dec. 12, 1796, died October 19, 1880; Thaddeus, born May 14, 1799, died May 23, 1833.

Children by second wife: Nancy E., born June 8, 1806, died January 23, 1827; George W., born Feb. 23, 1808, died December 16, 1893; Mary C., born August 9, 1810, married, first, Dr. Isaac C. Straw, second, Thomas S. Straw, died November 10, 1856; John Rogers, born July 23, 1814.

Nancy Wiggin, daughter of Simon Wiggin and Hannah Marble. Born in Stratham, N. H., April 15, 1760. Married Noah Robinson. Died in New Hampton, N. H., August 18, 1808.

Elizabeth Walker Osborn, daughter of George Jerry Osborn and Elizabeth Walker. Born December 19, 1771. Married, first, Joseph Brown, April, 1791; second, Noah Robinson, May, 1805. Died in New Hampton, N. H., April 17, 1824.

John Rogers Robinson, of San Francisco, Cal., son of Noah Robinson and Elizabeth Walker Osborn. Born in New Hampton, N. H., July 23, 1814. Married, first, Abby Frothingham Green; second, Laura Ann Chandler, October 29, 1864. A resident of California forty-six years. Subject to the vicissitudes of an early California life, but pretty lively for an octogenarian. Genealogist. Manager of American Genealogical Record Publishing Co.

Children: Mary Abby, died in infancy; Annie Mary, died in infancy; Clara Elizabeth, born June 15, 1843.

ETHAN ALLEN.

By JOHN BAKER, for THE SPIRIT OF '76.

IT is manifestly proper that, with the closing Act of the "Drama of the Revolution," we should give our readers some account of the Author. Colonel Allen was born about sixty years ago at Manasquan, Monmouth Co., New Jersey; but since he was fourteen years of age New York City has been his home. He is of New England ancestry and from good Revolutionary stock. His grandfather, Capt. Sam Allen, with a history for dashing exploits equal to that of the Vermont Hero of the same period, was a minute man, guarding the Jersey shore against British invasion from 1776 till the end of the war; and his father, Capt. Samuel Fleming Allen, did the same in the conflict of 1812. The subject of this sketch graduated at Brown University in 1860, and was "Class Orator" on graduation day; and afterwards was valedictorian of a class of Law students who received their diplomas from the New York City University. Soon after this, he entered the legal profession and was appointed under the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, Deputy U. S. District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, from which place he resigned in 1869. During the Civil strife he sought to enter the army, but was ordered by the Secretary of War to remain as the Aid to the District Attorney. Resolved to do something in support of the military arm of the Government, he volunteered to raise a brigade of soldiers, and received from Gov. Edwin D. Morgan an authorization as "Colonel" to do this work. Devoting such time to recruiting as he could spare from engrossing civil duties, he succeeded in sending a large force to the front. From 1869 to 1884 he was engaged actively in his profession and with phenomenal success. His clientage became large, and out of hundreds of jury trials, he never lost a verdict. His health becoming impaired, he went to Europe in 1880, and thus practically ended his professional career which lingered on for only a few years more. He again went to Europe in 1887 and threaded the Continent from the South of Italy to the North Cape, from Moscow to Bordeaux.

During his whole life, as a good citizen, he has been active in politics, but not with expectation of personal preferment, for he could never learn to follow in blind obedience as a "Boss" might dictate. Firm in his own ideas of right and wrong, he would ever proclaim his convictions, even from the house-tops, and stand by them, too, though it meant the sacrifice, to him, of highest political promise. No man has ever been too high in power for his assault if he felt that public duty commanded it. Honesty in public men



MRS. ETHAN ALLEN.

has always secured for them his most enthusiastic aid. He was Chairman of the National Committee of Liberal Republicans, which sought to make *honest* Horace Greeley President of the United States.

The key to Col. Allen's character is his intense and radical Americanism. His theory is, that the United States is the only Nation on the earth, and all the others are secondary. In early life, he proclaimed in public utterance that with the birth of our nation began an irrepressible conflict between Republicanism and Monarchy, and that in the end the latter must pass into oblivion. His rule is, that every people struggling to be free like ourselves should at all times command our moral sympathy; and according to the circumstances of each case, our material support. In early life he was enlisted, by this rule, for the cause of free Cuba as represented by Lopez and Crittenden. In the Cuban struggle of 1868, he organized the "Cuban League of the U. S.," and became its Chairman; and again in 1896 he revived the same League, and as its President has done a marvellous work in arousing throughout our nation that fiery spirit, which in its fury, swept Congress to declare for Cuban intervention and for war with Spain. Out from this devotion to the cause of the people as against the chicanery and arrogance of Kings and their retainers, came the invocation to write the "Drama of the Revolution," just finished in this Magazine. It was the culmination of a desire that this story of the greatest of human achievements by our fathers should be so condensed, that all might know it at a single reading, and be so impressed that gratitude should keep the laurels of Washington and his Compatriots not only green in memory but untarnished by unworthy deeds, private and national.

Col. Allen married in 1861, Eliza Brice Clagett of the City of Washington. She is a member of the Colonial Dames of Maryland. She is, perhaps, of the bluest blood in the United States, and so represents the exact opposite of her husband, who is proud of his Puritan and Cromwellian origin. Mrs. Allen is of descent from the

Clagetts, Brices, Dorseys, Lloyds, Pachas, Maccubbins and Tighmans of Maryland, and of the Schuylers, Vanderhuydens and Randolphs. One of her grandmothers was a Carroll and a collateral progenitress of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who, as is well known, came down in direct line from Edward III, the great war King of England; and through the Maccubbins of Maryland, her line reaches to Kenneth, a King of Scotland in the sixth century. Col. Allen was one of the founders, and for two years a Trustee, of the "Sons of the Revolution," and afterwards and for the same period of time a Trustee of the "Sons of the American Revolution."

AWAKE TO FREEDOM'S CALL.

WORDS BY ALBERT JUDSON FISHER.

AIR: "John Brown's Body."

O'er the bosom of the waters, from the islands of the sea
There is borne upon the troubled air a cry for liberty;
Lo, a nation, stretching forth her hands, is praying to be free,
Awake to Freedom's call!

CHORUS—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Awake to Freedom's call!

There is weeping in her palm-groves, there are watch-fires on her hills,
While Death's angels, War and Famine, all the land with horror fills;
In her struggle with the tyrant every heart of patriot thrills;
Awake to Freedom's call!

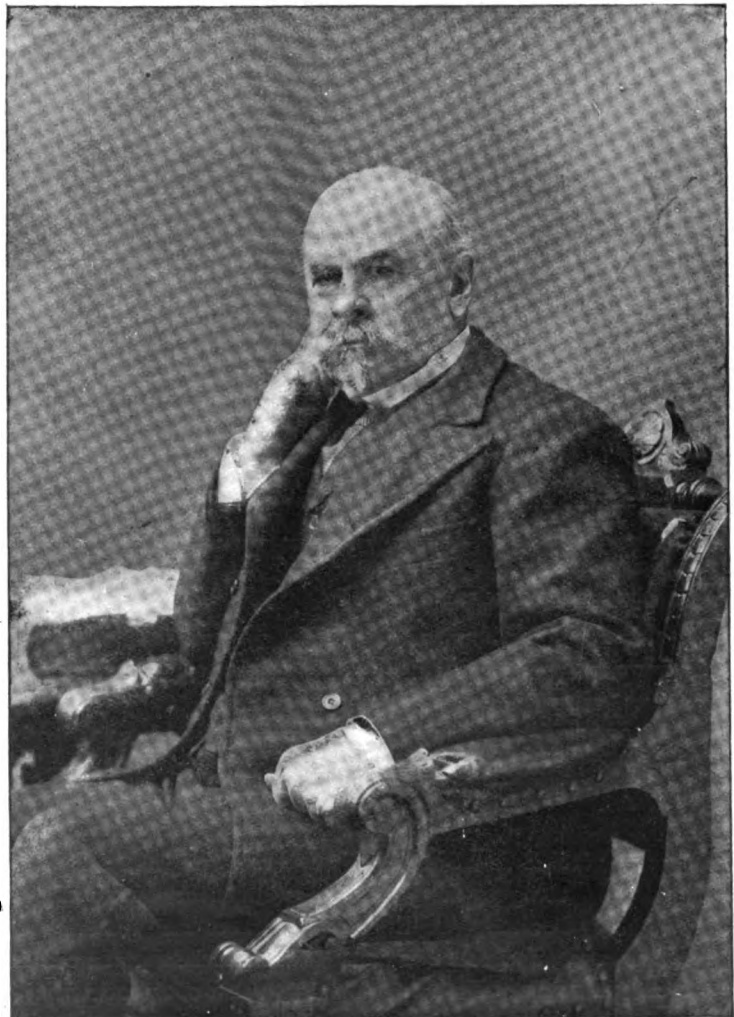
CHORUS—

Then how long, O God of Battles, shall Thy sons in terror wake?
It is written that the weak and bruised reed Thou wilt not break;
To Columbia Thou art calling now, My sword of vengeance take!
Awake to Freedom's call!

CHORUS—

By the memory of our fathers, who to us sweet Freedom gave;
By the memory of our brothers gone, who died our land to save;
By the memory of our sailors lying dead beneath the wave;
Awake to Freedom's call!

CHORUS—



ETHAN ALLEN.

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 LOUIS H. CORNISH EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

DECORATION DAY in Paris was observed by the Americans in their annual service at the tomb of Lafayette. Ambassador Horace Porter, Past President-General Sons of the American Revolution, delivered a speech, in which he dwelt upon the sympathy of France with the United States.

He referred to the abiding ties that united the republics of France and the United States, and declared that the treaty of commerce signed at the beginning of the Revolution and, later, the treaty of friendship and alliance were bonds that could not be broken.

He was instructed, he said, to lay on the tomb of the hero of two worlds a magnificent wreath presented by the Department of State at Washington in the name of the Government of the United States and in memory of the Franco-American alliance.

Gen. Porter made the point that the United States was helping Cuba as France helped the United States in the latter's struggle for independence. "The lesson of French and American history," he said, "teaches us that France ought to be and is loth to find fault with her sister republic because she is encouraging neighboring people to achieve liberty."

M. BARTHOLDI said he was grieved to see that the war with Spain had revealed a change in the American spirit toward France. A large population had arisen in the United States, he added, that was no longer animated by the traditions of the original Americans.

Addressing Gen. Porter, M. Bartholdi said: "You have preserved the tradition intact. It is Americans such as you who inspire our trust that the United States will follow us along the path of the old States of Europe, and will remain loyal to the great principles of liberty and justice which presided at your nation's birth."

The military band that was present played the "Marseillaise" and the American national anthem.

"Lord of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget."

WHILE an alliance with England might be a good thing for the peace of the world, we must remember that the Englishman wants the greater part of the earth, and that our particular forefathers gathered in a certain portion of it for their use and that of their descendants, and that these same descendants keep it.

THE City of Detroit will be the next meeting place of the Convention of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

The Mayor and various other notables sent urgent messages to the society while in session at Morristown to accept their hospitality, and it is hoped that the Sons will give the citizens a chance to make it pleasant for them.

The Convention should last at least two days, the first given up to being entertained and banqueted. This would give the delegates a chance to become acquainted, and learn each others desires for the good of the Society, and give the entertainers a chance to see that we appreciated their efforts.

AS it was at Morristown, there was no time for anything but the election of officers. The managers got together the night before and made up a slate to suit themselves. This was sprung on the Convention and went through.

The delegates from Washington, D. C., and those from New York did not want certain persons to represent their States, but their protests were of no avail.

Business that was laid on the table at the Cleveland Convention was not acted upon at Morristown, and new business for the good of the order could not be presented.

THE Plattsburgh Pilgrimage will be an enjoyable one, visiting as it does in easy stages—West Point in the midst of the beautiful Highlands, now at their best. A dinner at one of the large hotels at Newburgh, and ample time to visit Washington's Headquarters with its relics and mementoes of the Revolution.

Then a night spent in Saratoga, the Spa of the Western Hemisphere. A drive in coaches to the battleground, and the monument at Schuylerville. A night passed at Caldwell, on the shores of Lake George, with a ride by steamer—its entire length by daylight. Historic Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Plattsburgh. Two nights will be passed at this Point, and the day may be spent by visiting Au Sable Chasm, Montreal, or a tour through the Adirondacks to Lake Saranac, at a small additional expense. Photographs of the party will be taken at some historical spot, and a plate made from it for publication in THE SPIRIT OF '76, along with a descriptive article of the trip.

On account of numerous requests the pilgrimage is postponed until September 6 to 11.

THE residents of Orange, N. J., presented Mrs. Sampson, the wife of the Admiral, with a handsome United States silk flag, the work of Messrs. Annin & Co. They are official flag makers to the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, and have made for the Sons of the Revolution, New York State Society, stands of colors for each of the following, 1st, 2nd, 3d, 12th, 14th, 47th, 65th, 69th, 9th Regiments N. Y. Vol., and complete sets of colors for the New York Naval Reserve aboard the steamers Nahant, Yankee and Jason. For fine work in banners of original designs they excel, and a visit to their show rooms is worth the while.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter of Medford, Mass., was organized December 17, 1896, and on December 6, 1897, held its first annual business meeting at the rooms of the Historical Society at 4 p. m., with a large number present. Reports were read by the regent, secretary and historian. Several new members were elected. One charter member of the Bunker Hill chapter has transferred her membership to this chapter. At the close of the business session the members had a social hour over their lunch baskets, with which they had come provided, and the generous supply of hot coffee contributed by one of the officers. The same officers with a slight change are to serve the chapter the coming year. The former treasurer, Miss A. B. Gill, changes office with Miss S. L. Clark in the board of management. The Historical Society has generously given the use of its rooms for any meetings the chapter may desire to hold, and in the first issue of the first volume of the



Historical Register kindly gave space for an article on the formation of the local chapter.

Tea Party Day having become by mutual consent the fete day of the chapter, was appropriately celebrated December 16 with Mrs. E. M. S. Street. More than forty were present, including several guests from other chapters. The programme arranged by the historian was interesting and well carried out.

January 24 the Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter held a very delightful social affair at the house of Mrs. Hannah E. E. Myers, one of its members. One hundred and fifty guests were present at the opening hour, and after having been received by the ladies in charge of the entertainment, the regent, Mrs. M. S. Goodale, presented to the company the speaker of the evening, Mr. Edward S. Crandon, secretary of the Old Suffolk Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, who gave an admirable paper on "The Pilgrims and the Puritans." During the evening light refreshments were served in the dining room.

February 7 the chapter held its monthly meeting at 4 p. m. in the rooms of the Historical Society. A mock session was held for the practice of parliamentary drill, arrangements were made for a public celebration February 22. Miss Clara W. Goodwin read a very interesting paper on "Washington's Ancestry and Boyhood." The chief feature of the afternoon was the reception given to Mrs. Lucy Ann Reid, the "real daughter," who was present for the first time. The National Society's gift, the gold spoon given to every "real daughter," has given her a great deal of pleasure. Later 5 o'clock tea was served in honor of Mrs. Reid, and the day was a red-letter one for the venerable woman.



In March the Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter of Medford, Mass., placed a tablet on a building on Main street a few rods south of Oradock bridge. It bears this inscription:

On this site lived,
1772--1785,
Sarah Bradlee-Fulton,
A heroine of the Revolution.
This tablet is erected in her honor
by the
Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter D. A. R.
1893.

Main street was the highway to Boston, and all the travel from the north passed along this road. In a field just across the street from her house Mrs. Fulton nursed the sick and wounded soldiers brought to this open hospital after the battle of Bunker Hill. This was but one of her deeds that made her worthy to be thus remembered and honored.

The chapter has made a large number of "comfort bags," and these are to be filled and presented to the members of Company E of this city, belonging to the Fifth Regiment M. V. M., whenever the "boys" are called to the front.

The historian, in behalf of the chapter, presented the regent, Mrs. M. S. Goodale, with the national insignia. The badge has the attachment bar pin and two ancestral bars.

Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, after the presentation, made a fine address, eloquent with the true war spirit, and deeply stirred her hearers. The meeting closed with the singing of "America."



PUTNAM WOLF DEN.

The Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized at Putnam, Conn., in May, 1897, with fifty charter members, Mrs. Mary B. Medbury, regent. Being named in honor of the mother of General Israel Putnam and located within a few miles of the famous "Wolf Den," it seemed to be the natural work of this newly-born chapter to raise money to buy the "Den" and the surrounding tract of eighty acres of magnificent forest trees, and permanently preserve it in its wild and primitive beauty. Twelve hundred dollars of the necessary twenty-five hundred have already been raised. Mrs. A. C. Luke, treasurer, Putnam, Conn., will gladly receive any contribution to the fund, however small, or will cheerfully answer any inquiries concerning the same. The "Putnam Wolf Den Corporation" are heartily in sympathy with this movement, also Mrs. Sarah T. Kinney, State Registrar, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Jonathan Trumbull of the Sons of the American Revolution, have expressed their approval.

Louise St. Claire Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Detroit, held its closing meeting for the summer season May 19th at the residence of the regent, Mrs. William J. Chittenden. Action was taken on the death of Mrs. H. T. Thurber, a valued member, and a committee appointed to draft a set of resolutions. A request from the National Society at Washington for an unlimited number of housewives and comfort bags for the use of the soldiers and sailors in war, was favorably acted upon, and Mrs. Alfred Russell appointed chairman of the work. It was also decided to send a generous sum from the treasury to the National Daughters of the American Revolution hospital service. Mrs. Bertram C. Whitney was named to represent the chapter with a talk upon the organization and growth of the society at a patriotic meeting of the Women's Society of the Church of Our Father, Friday, June 3. A paper on "Michigan," replete with interesting history, was read by Miss Sylvia Allen and the meeting closed with the singing of "America."

The last meeting for the season of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Lexington, Mass., was held on Tuesday, April 27th. The report of the work accomplished during the year was quite satisfactory. The regent, Mrs. Sarah Bowman Van Ness, by individual effort secured during the year \$954 for the preservation of the Hancock-Clark house, the home of the ancestors of John Hancock, and in which he and Samuel Adams were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere the night before the battle of Lexington. During the year the chapter gave prizes for the best essays on historical subjects by pupils of the

Lexington high and grammar schools. The chapter supplied each of the schools in the town with a copy of the coats of arms of the thirteen original states. In compliance with the request of the chapter members, Miss Julia Goddard, one of the honorary members, presented to the town a life-size oil portrait of her grandfather, Major William Dawes, of Brookline, who carried the news of the approach of the British from Boston to Lexington by way of Boston Neck, Brookline and Brighton, while Paul Revere was making his ride through Charlestown and Medford. Although the distance covered by Major Dawes was greater, his name was nearly lost to posterity because he arrived at his destination but a few minutes later than Revere. October 19th was observed by a reception held in the old Hancock-Clark house. Mrs. Roger Wolcott, wife of the present governor of the State of Massachusetts; Mrs. Samuel Eliot, honorary vice-president-general and regent of the oldest chapter in the state, and Mrs. Van Ness, Lexington regent, received chapter members and friends who had contributed to the fund raised by the regent for the preservation of the Hancock-Clark house. The reception was followed by patriotic exercises during which the portrait of Major Dawes was unveiled. Addresses were made by Rev. C. A. Staples and Rev. Edward G. Porter, both of whom have contributed much regarding the early history of Lexington, and by Rev. Christopher Eliot of Boston and others. An original poem, a tribute to Revere and Dawes, written by Miss Julia Goddard, was read for the first time by Miss Mary Watson, a descendant of Major Dawes. A patriotic hymn, written especially for the Daughters of the American Revolution by Mrs. John Bell Boulton of Cambridge, was sung at the close of these exercises. At the recent Congress of the National Society the chapter contributed photographs of the Lexington Green, the scene of the battle, the belfry and the battle monument framed in wood from the original timbers of the old belfry to the collection of Revolutionary relics at Washington.

On April 7th the regent of the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, issued a circular to that chapter, appointing each individual member a war committee, in case war should be declared; the committee to take such action as should be indicated by the national government as most proper and helpful. A copy of this circular was forwarded to the President of the United States and was immediately acknowledged by him. War being declared on the 21st of April, the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in meeting assembled on the 30th, resolved to give under its auspices, a war benefit, and accepted the proffered services of Carl V. Lachmund, director of the Women's String Orchestra, volunteering to play for such purpose. Later Sousa, the famous "March King," volunteered for the same purpose.

The Governor of the State was appealed to by the regent for the use of the armory in which to hold such a concert, the regent feeling that no building could be so eminently fitted for this purpose as a regimental armory. The governor referred the matter to Adjutant General Tillinghast, who telegraphed the regent of the chapter on the night of May 14th, granting the request for the use of the Ninth Regiment Armory on West 14th Street. A few days preceding this date there was held a meeting of the war committee (as has been stated every member of chapter constituting a member of such committee,) the interest stimulated and details arranged so far as was possible without positive knowledge of the place where the benefit would be held. Therefore when such knowledge was required, all arrangements were in train and but needed a spark to light that which proved a burning success.

On the night of May 24th the armory, which is an enormous structure, holding several thousand, was filled to its capacity by a brilliant assemblage. The evening had been so arranged that between the orchestral concert and the Sousa concert should be an intermission for promenading, partaking of light refreshments, etc. During the first part of the programme Mr. Tor Van Pyk, the Swedish tenor, and Fraulein Gaertner, the violin-cellist, rendered fine solos. The Women's String Orchestra, Carl V. Lachmund, director, is a noted organization, numbering forty professional members, the only one of like size and dignity in the country, and the same which played so successfully at the concert given in Washington under the auspices of members of the Cabinet of the United States for the benefit of the families of the Maine martyrs. Sousa's band needs no introduction. Its stirring, vibrant tones are known the nation over. When the whole evening was concluded by its ringing rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" the thousands under the roof of the armory rose and cheered.

The decorations of the immense auditorium were gorgeous in coloring and elaborate in quantity. Hundreds of flags of our beloved Stars and Stripes were used in what is known as the spread eagle draping. These were supplemented by 1200 yards of red, white and blue ribbon floating from the numberless electric light chandeliers. Our flag, almost perfectly complete,

never seemed so beautiful as now, in the glamour and glory of the victory of Manila—a victory for the liberty of others. Grouped and draped everywhere by artist hands, it seemed the symbol of the noblest conception of human liberty. It is now the symbol not only of a national but of a world-freedom—a spirit born with the Stars and Stripes and living in every fibre of the red white and blue. At evening when all was illumined by the electric lights and the great throng gathered that spirit thrilled every heart present.

In the northwest corner was arranged a "camp," stacks of arms, etc., the interior of the tent being devoted to the pacific purpose of the serving of ices and cakes to those who desired to partake for their country's sake.

On the southeast side of the armory stood a gaily decorated flag booth, from which could be bought souvenirs of the first war benefit given by a patriotic body in this, the war between the United States and Spain. Although nearly a thousand of these souvenirs were on sale, the stock was utterly exhausted before the evening was over. Of course each patriotic trifle will bear, as the years go on, historic interest. In addition to the tiny flags, buttons, pins and so on there were knapsacks two inches square, embroidered in the national colors, holding coarse needles and heavy silks for the mending of uniforms. There were satin pocket pin-cushions in the shape and coloring of the national shield and bon-bon boxes of like device; there were black satin card cases with the flag emblazoned on them, of a fitting size for the pockets of uniforms, and a hundred other trifles fitted for gifts for the boys at the front.

Near a booth on a table was the "Veteran Brick," an attractive feature of the great "Sanitary Fair," held upon this same spot and for the same noble purpose in 1861. By paying ten cents one could look through the solid brick and see a substance beyond. This was a scientific trick which created much wonder.

The souvenir programmes which were sold bore upon their cover a beautiful sketch drawn especially for the programmes by Irving R. Wiles, the well-known artist.

The tickets for this benefit were placed at the popular price of fifty cents apiece in order that an opportunity might be afforded to every man, woman and child desirous of contributing to the comforts or necessities of the soldiers and sailors now offering their lives for the country and the flag. In this connection it is interesting and touching to know that not only did the citizens of this great metropolis from its ex-mayor to little children contribute to this fund, but the regent of the chapter received a voluntary contribution from Maine and at the same time a contribution from Virginia. Thus do North and South embrace each other in the mutual desire to uphold the heroes of our common cause.

The returns to the fund are not yet complete, but the thousand-dollar mark is so far over-stepped that it is already seen that the sum realized will be a large one.

The chapter feels gratified that while for the sake of awakening patriotic enthusiasm it was willing to place its tickets at so popular a price, the response has been so heartily generous that in money as well as in that higher possession, noble sentiment, the chapter's war fund as well as the chapter's heart is enriched.

This fund will be devoted to such purposes as the chapter shall direct under advices from the national government. A meeting of the chapter will be held when the returns are in.

On the anniversary of the taking of Ticonderoga, at the suggestion of the Ethan Allen Chapter of Middlebury, Vt., the state regent, with forty members from Vermont Chapters, Daughters of the American Revolution, visited the old fort. They were met by members of the Ticonderoga Historical Society, who by their courteous attention made the day both profitable and delightful. Eight descendants of men who were with Ethan Allen on the memorable May 10th, 1775, were with the party who visited the scene of his victory on May 10th, 1898.

The Washington Heights Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, propose to mark the following sites: Fort Howe, Fort George, Fort Tryon and the redoubt at Jeffrey's Hook. They also propose to assist the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in marking Fort Washington.

The Washinton Heights Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. F. P. Earle, regent, propose to have an entertainment and flag-raising at Fort Washington for the War Relief Fund.

MRS. T. H. BOWMAN,
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

HOLYOKE, MASS., April 26, 1898.

Editor of *The Spirit of '76*, New York:—

DEAR SIR—Permit me to say that I like your magazine very much, and wish the patriotic societies were more generally animated by the spirit it shows; they would then cease to be exclusive social clubs and become patriotic societies in truth.

The ancestors whose records confer eligibility to these societies on many a member of aristocratic and exclusive tendencies were men who toiled with their hands at rough but useful and honest labor; but descendants of early patriots who in these days follow similar occupations are in most cases frowned upon and practically shut out from such societies, in spite of the fact that the patriotism of the so-called "masses" when tested, as it has been lately, always stands out in splendid contrast to the cool and calculating indifference of the "classes."

If the aims of the Revolutionary societies are what they profess to be, why this exclusiveness? Why should not a laundress who desires to become a "Daughter" be welcomed as readily as a society woman? Churches and purely political organizations do not make these distinctions. Why should societies whose chief usefulness is the inculcation of patriotism?

I have long wished to see protests against this tendency. If a reaction does not set in, the smallest fraction of usefulness possible to these societies will never be realized, and I predict they will eventually degenerate into the sort of thing which their critics and detractors now declare them to be.

Sincere'y, LORA C. LITTEE.
(Member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.)

[Written for the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution by the Founder and President, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP.]

OUR FLAG OF LIBERTY.

OUR Country's flag—to thee we give
Our hearts' devotion while we live;
Symbol of all that makes us free,
To thee we render loyalty.

In every crimson waving stripe
We see devotion's prototype;
With all our hearts' blood we'll defend
Our dear old flag unto the end.

And white as yonder fluttering bar
We'll keep our souls in peace or war;
That we may ever worthy be,
Oh flag! to live or die for thee.

True as the field of blue, we'll be
And serve our Country faithfully;
Devotion,—purity,—and truth,
Shall form the vanguard of our youth.

Then stars like thine, with radiant light,
Shall make this land of promise bright;
When all her youth shall loyal be
To thee, O Flag of Liberty!

Adopted by a vote of the National Board of the Society, to be used by every Local Society as the final feature of the "Salute to the Flag," to be rendered at each meeting.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The annual banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California, February 22, 1898, a distinguished representative gathering. Presiding was the recent Adjutant General of the State, J. C. Currier, (now also commander of the California Commandry of the Loyal Legion,) and he had for his supporting vice-presidents Hon. Horace Davis (ex-Congressman and son of Old Honest John Davis, of Massachusetts,) and William M. Bunker, editor and proprietor of one of the principal dailies of the city, the *Evening Report*. Both of the Universities—State and Stanford—were represented by professors, who spoke at length. The Episcopal, Unitarian and Israelite denominations of the vicinity were represented by leading divines, and the mayor of the city made the most extended remarks. The French Consul General was present and spoke; and the governors of the original thirteen colonies or states and the governor of California sent letters of congratulation and cheer, as did the senior senator of California in Washington. Significant, indeed, of the dignity and importance of the society was such an assemblage of officers and speakers at this gathering of three hundred compatriots of California.

The twenty-second meeting of the Boston Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, was held at the Parker House on Saturday evening, May 7th, at 8 o'clock. The president, George Francis Pierce, presided over the members present.

Judge D. L. V. Moffitt was a special guest on this occasion, which was the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie and Charleston, S. C., May 7, 1780, an excellent account of which was given by Edward Webster McGlenen, the historian of the chapter.

Some account of the recent convention of the General Society, Sons of the American Revolution, at Morristown, N. J., was given by Willis Cheney Hardy, Benjamin Read Wales and Chas. Bradley Holman. Judge Moffitt spoke in an enthusiastic way upon patriotic societies in general and their objects.

The chapter voted to limit its membership to one hundred. Charles Sumner Parsons, the secretary--treasurer of the chapter, exhibited two gun flints and two bullets which had played a part in the siege of Louisburg, Cape Breton, 1745.

With great enthusiasm while all were standing toasts were proposed to President McKinley, the U. S. Army and the U. S. Navy, and also to Commodore (now Admiral) Dewey.

Society Colonial Wars.

The first Annual Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Michigan was held at the Detroit Club on the evening of May 7th, commemorating the defeat of the Indian Chief Pontiac. Mr. Theodore Horatio Eaton, the deputy governor, presided. Reports were read by the secretary, treasurer and



historian, which showed the society to be in an excellent condition. Election of officers resulted as follows: Governor, Frederick Trowbridge Sibley; deputy governor, Theodore Horatio Eaton; secretary, Chas. Albert Ducharme; treasurer, John Newbury Bagley; registrar and historian, Henry Whipple Skinner; chaplain, William Prall, D.D., Ph.D.; gentlemen of the council, Rufus Woodward Gillett, Henry Hawes Meday, Truman Handy Newberry, Edward Lowry Woodruff, Sidney Trowbridge Miller, Benjamin Hand Scranton. Mr. Chas. Albert Ducharme, the secretary, presented the society with a ballot box and gavel, the inscription being: "This ballot box is made from wood of the Pontiac tree, which stood upon the banks of Parent's Creek (better known as Bloody Run,) near Jefferson avenue. On the morning of July 31st, 1763, this spot was the scene of a bloody encounter between a detachment from the garrison of Detroit under Captain Dalzell, and the Indians under Pontiac. Presented to the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of Michigan, May 7th, 1898, by Charles Albert Ducharme."

"The head of this gavel is made from wood taken from the stockade of Fort Lernault, built May 7th, 1780. The handle from wood of the Pontiac tree. Presented to the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Michigan, May 7th, 1898, by Charles Albert Ducharme."

After the regular business of the court had been completed, all adjourned to the large private dining room of the club, where was served an elegant lunch, during which the deputy governor presented the society with an exquisite banner, the Cross of St. George, the emblem of the society; in the center of the banner is embroidered the seal of the State Society, description of which is as follows:—

In adopting a design for a seal special efforts have been taken to mark the epoch in Colonial history in which peace is declared between England and France when Pontiac comes out in the full light of history. England is represented by a soldier in the left of a concave disk in full uniform, bearing a musket. He is grasping the hand of a wounded French soldier, who is represented as agreeing to peace, but only from compulsory circumstances. The Indians are represented by Pontiac, who is depicted below, enraged at the turn things have taken and is about to take up arms against the English. Each soldier is standing on a shield which represents the nation to which he belongs. For England, the lion rampant; for France, the Gaulish cock. In the center of the disk is the seal of Michigan; above the disk is seen the tops of pine trees, in the center of which is depicted the English crown, which signifies that Michigan was under her rule.

The banner is made of white and red silk and was pronounced by all present a magnificent piece of workmanship, which reflects credit on the makers, Messrs. Annin & Co., New York. The Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D.D., responded to the speech of the donor, accepting the banner in behalf of the society. Dr. Clark said the Cross of St. George was the forerunner of the Stars and Stripes, to-day and each day, we are making history of the nation as a world power, the early military training of the Colonists of America in the Wars of William and Mary, St. Anne and George III, and the French and Indian wars; those who were to fight for liberty were trained under the flag of St. George.



By Permission of F. H. GRIMES, Photographer.

View of Fort Ticonderoga and surrounding country, to be visited

The Trip to Plattsburg.

Sept. 6 to 10, Round trip, Including all Expenses, \$30.00.

Editor of 'Spirit of '76':

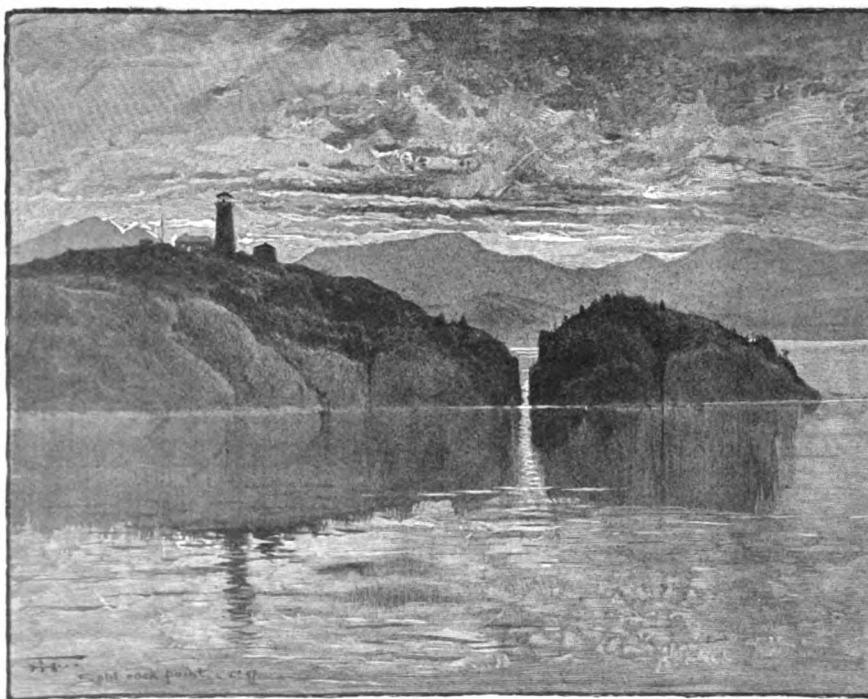
SIR.—The reply to your letter asking if I would give you some suggestions in regard to your proposed visit to Plattsburg, I would say that the admirable letter of Mr. Robert O. Bascom in your May number leaves scarcely anything further to be desired; since his account, in all respects, is in every way generally complete.

Still, regarding the Battlefields of Saratoga and the "Surrender Ground," perhaps a more detailed description may be acceptable to your tourists.

I would, therefore, suggest this, viz: On arriving at Saratoga Springs, have your Tally-Ho take your party to the "Quaker Meeting House," on the Quaker Springs road, which overlooks the ground of the two engagements on the 19th of September and on the 8th of October, as both were virtually fought on the same ground; and, by the way, your party will have by this route a lovely view of Saratoga Lake. Then having arrived at this meeting house, have your driver take you down to "Wilbur's Basin." This name is the same as obtained during the battles, and is important as being the extreme southern limit which Burgoyne's army reached.

You have then looking over the plain from the "Quaker Meeting House," the site of the two battles. The enclosed diagram will help to illustrate the situation. Now, going down to Wilbur's Basin, you have after reaching it, on your right looking north and on the river bank, the site of Burgoyne's Camp before and after the battle of the 8th of October. On a knoll, on the top of which stand three tall pines (looking like grim sentinels), you have the spot where General Frazer was buried. (See my "Burgoyne's Campaign" and Mrs. Walworth's account.) Now, going backward, i. e., towards Saratoga (near Schuylerville) and in other words pursuing the British army on their retreat, you will about three miles from Wilbur's Basin come to the site of Dovegats' House, now, by vandalism torn down some three years since—from which house Lady Acland, under a flag of truce, went to Gates' Camp, to minister to her husband, then a captive and wounded.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



SPLIT ROCK POINT, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Passing the ruins of Dovegats' house, about three miles further, the visitor comes to the head quarters of Gates, who had followed up the retreating British army. This is on the left of the Hudson, looking north, and a plain board nailed on to a tree, designates the spot.

Thence, one and one-half miles further and you arrive at the Surrender Ground, which is on the river's bank, and on the ruins of old Fort Hardy, erected by Governor Hardy in the old French war. On the left towers the Saratoga monument, which stands not on the surrender ground, but on the site of Burgoyne's camp. All of these places, by the way, thanks to the patriotism of Mrs. E. H. Walworth, have been marked by granite tablets.

Beyond the monument, a mile perhaps, you will come to the

"Marshall House," in the cellar of which Mrs. Riedesel hid herself and children during the cannonade from Fellow's batteries on the opposite side of the Hudson, where the Batten-Kill falls into that river. Burgoyne, in fact, was thus caught like a mouse in a trap. The whole scene was, so to speak, a vast amphitheatre. On the surrounding benches was Gates' Army, while in the arena was the British army. On the north and west were Morgan's rangers; on the south, Gate's army; while on the east Fellows, with his cannon, hemmed the English in. So nothing was left to Burgoyne save to surrender.

But why dilate on this further? Only let me say that the members of your contemplated trip should post themselves by Mrs. Walworth's book or my own—either of which

may be found in any of the public libraries. Then, they can go over these grounds understandingly.

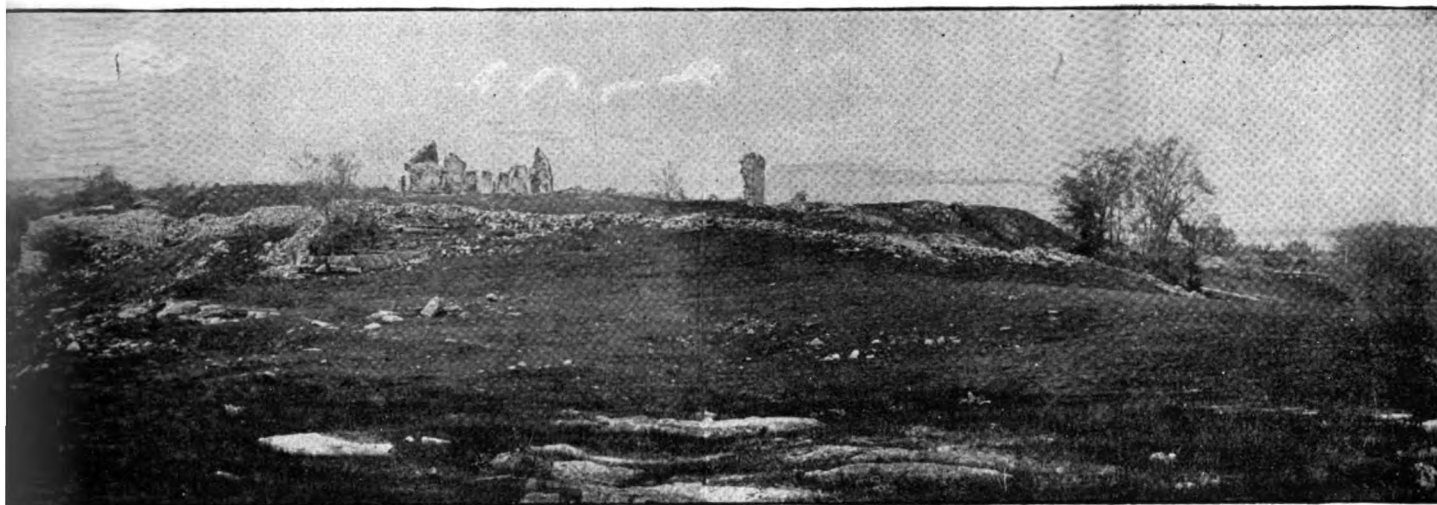
WILLIAM L. STONE,

Secretary of the Saratoga Monument Association.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., May 23d, 1898.

Editor of The Spirit of '76:—

In accordance with my promise made you sometime since to write a letter about the sights to be seen in your June trip from New York to Crown Point, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that from Saratoga you will of course visit the Saratoga monument and the battle field at Bemis Heights, Stillwater and Schuylerville. Most of the important localities are marked by monuments or tablets, and the beautiful

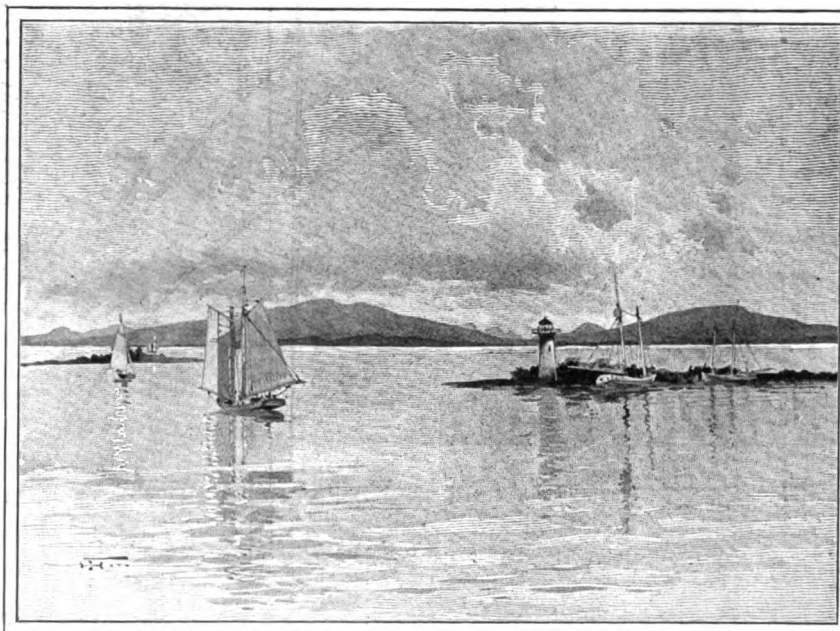


pilgrimage, which has been postponed until September 6 to 11, 1898.

monument at Schuylerville itself is well worth the trip from New York. The view from the top of the monument is magnificent and most of the important localities can here readily be seen if you have the services of an experienced guide, as you no doubt will have. If not, ask Mr. Ostrander, who has charge of the monument, to point them out. You can hardly visit all the localities in one day. From Saratoga I observe that you go to Lake George, passing through Fort Edward on the way. If you were to stop at Fort Edward you should visit the site of old Fort Edward, the Jane McCrea house and spring, the spot where she was killed, and her grave in the Union Cemetery. Near by is the tomb of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, who was killed at Ticonderoga, 1758. These places could all be visited in a couple of hours, and between Glens Falls and Lake George

is the monument erected where Col. Williams was killed by the Indians, 1755; he was the founder of Williams College, and was killed near the spot where the monument stands, together with King Hendrick, the celebrated Indian chieftain, and a little way further on is Bloody Pond, so called from the tinge given to its waters by the burial therein of the English soldiers at the termination of the "bloody morning scout." Near Lake George on the grounds of the Fort William Henry Hotel, is the site of old Fort William Henry, memorable for the massacre of the English by the Indians under Montcalm in 1757. A little way from Lake George, still in an intolerable condition of preservation are the ruins of Fort Gag and Fort George, both well worth visiting, and two or three hours' time, or even less, at Lake George will suffice for this purpose. Lake George itself is not only classic but it is also historic, and to enumerate all the points of interest you will see in the passage through this lake would perhaps require more space than can conveniently be given to this article. The captains upon the steamers upon Lake George are usually very kind in pointing out places of interest to passengers. Sabbathday Point, where Abercrombie camped; Rogers' Slide, near the Roger Rock Hotel, and Howe's Landing, near the eastern end of the lake, are all places that may be seen along the route, but every mountain, almost every island, every bay and every defile, have been the scenes of scouting expeditions, hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures during the French, Indian and Revolutionary Wars. Unless you stop a day at Ticonderoga it will be impossi-

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GREEN MOUNTAINS OF VERMONT FROM PLATTSBURGH HARBOR.

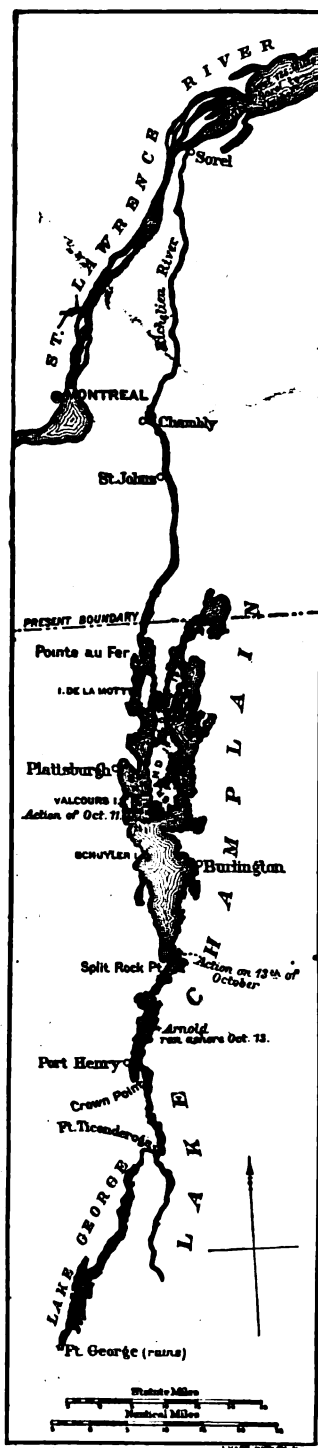
ble to visit the points of interest there with any degree of satisfaction. At Ticonderoga is a monument which marks the spot where Lord Howe was killed, and there also may be seen the celebrated Lord Howe Stone, so called, which was dug up a few years since in the village of Ticonderoga, but the fort ground itself is the place of great interest. The old French lines where Abercrombie was defeated may yet be plainly traced through the woods. The crumbling walls of the old fortress, with the numerous earthworks and batteries well deserve a visit. On the fort ground do not fail to see the underground room or "oven," as it is called. The site of the old well is still plainly visible, and a plainly marked depression in the ground still exists where the underground passage from the fort to "Ti Creek" once was. Above you is Mount

Defiance, where the British planted their cannon, and compelled the evacuation of the fort. Go up the mountain if possible. A bridge once extended across the lake to Mount Independence on the Vermont side. A row boat will take you across in five minutes, and here are the water batteries and the "horseshoe" battery further up the hill, still in an excellent state of preservation. And between the two is a long line of graves, marked only by the green mounds that cover the unknown and unnamed patriotic dead. As you stand on the fort ground at Ticonderoga you can see the location at Hand's Cove, just north of Larabee's Point, where Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys embarked at the time when Ticonderoga was captured in the "Name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The "covert way" by which Allen

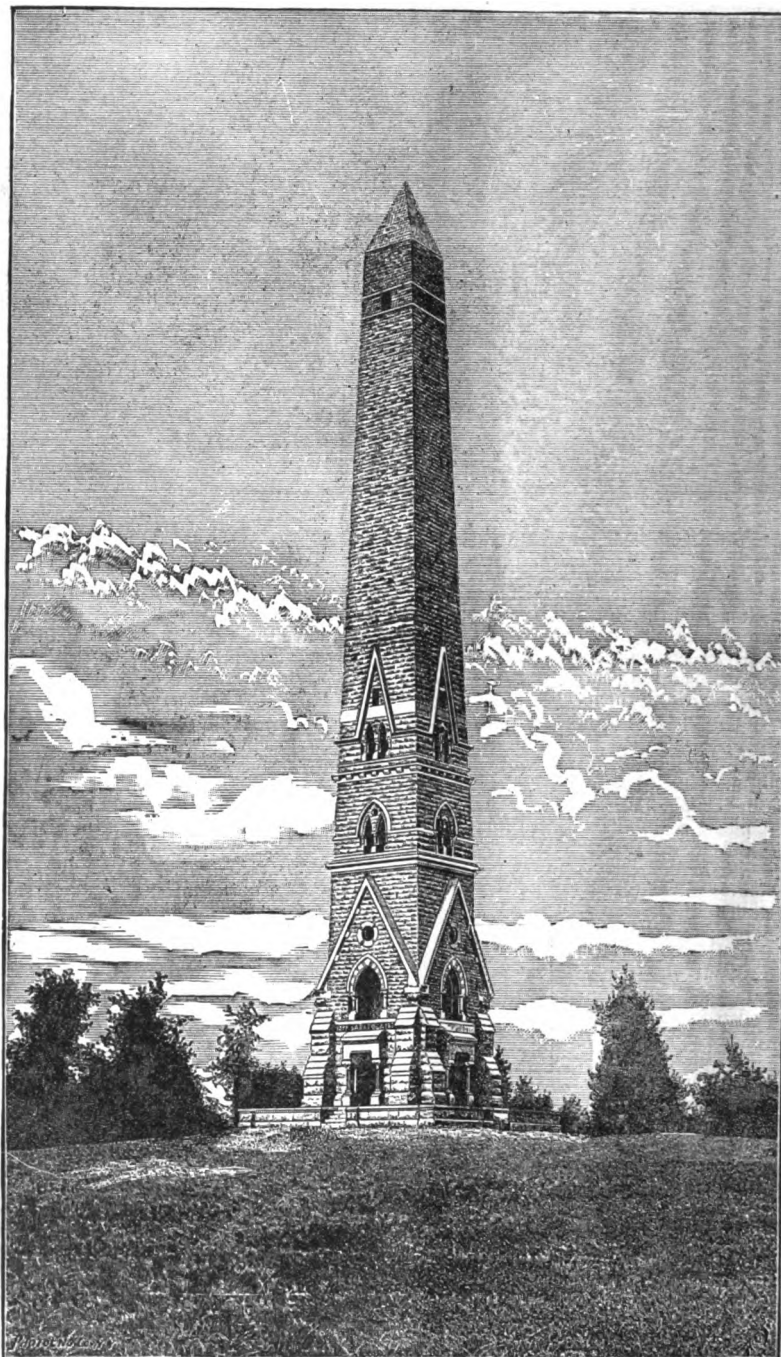
entered the fort is on the lake side and may yet be discovered by those familiar with the construction of the fortress. In the angle of the walls which are yet best preserved and where remains of windows and doors may still be seen, was the room of De La Place, and there he surrendered the fort to Allen. The fort at Crown Point is much better preserved than that at Ticonderoga, but the traces of old Fort St. Frederick are well nigh obliterated. While the ruins at Crown Point richly repay the visitor for the time spent in examining them, the fortress itself does not compare in historic interest with that at Ticonderoga. The details of history which have been enacted at the latter place are too voluminous to be here enumerated.

Fort Edward, N. Y., April 26, 1898.

ROBERT O. BASCOM.



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Scribner's Magazine.



MONUMENT OF THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA

Out loaned by WM. L. STONE, Secretary of S. M. Association.

Pilgrimage to Plattsburgh Postponed.

Will Leave New York, 9 a. m., Tuesday, September 6, 1898,
Returning, Saturday Evening, Sep. 11.

The total expense for five day trip is \$30.

Send \$5.00 registration fee to "The Spirit of '76," 18 and 20
Rose Street, New York City, or to Thomas H. Hendrickson, Tour-
ist Agent, 339 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATRIOTS ATTENTION!

The Soldier's Handkerchief. The greatest novelty
of the nineteenth century. Handkerchief, Flag, and
words and music of stirring new battle song—"The Flag
that will make Cuba Free," all in one. 50 cents each.
\$3.00 per dozen, postpaid.

EDW. W. ROBINSON,

378 Willis Avenue, New York.

Daughters of the Revolution.

Monday, April 25th, 1898, the General Society Daughters of the Revolution convened in Paul Revere Hall, Boston, Mass., for their annual meeting. It was the first time in the history of the society that a meeting had been held away from New York, and the Massachusetts State Society felt itself highly honored in



being given this opportunity to play the hostess. The meeting opened at 11 o'clock with 103 delegates, representing nine States, and a large number of members present. Rev. Edward Everett Hale offered prayer, and after the singing of "America," the greeting from the president-general, Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, was listened to with interest, followed by the reports of officers. These reports showed a most satisfactory condition in all departments, with a good increase in members, and prospects bright for the coming year. After a recess for lunch the election of officers took place. The following ladies will hold offices for the ensuing two years: President-General, Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Long Island; first vice-president-general, Miss Adaline W. Sterling, New Jersey; second vice-president-general, Miss Sarah E. Hunt, Massachusetts; recording secretary-general, Mrs. Louis D. Gallison, New Jersey; corresponding secretary-general, Miss Virginia Sterling, New York; treasurer-general, Miss Viola D. Waring, New York; registrar-general, Mrs. Mary C. Martin Casey, New York; historian-general, Mrs. Leslie C. Wead, Massachusetts; librarian-general, Mrs. H. C. Manning, New York. Managers: Mrs. W. S. Cogswell, Long Island; Mrs. F. H. Daniels, New York; Mrs. Anna D. West, Massachusetts; Mrs. N. S. Keay, Pennsylvania; Mrs. A. W. Bray, New Jersey; Mrs. A. M. Ferris, Massachusetts; Mrs. T. P. Gerou, Long Island.

After acting on amendments to the constitution the meeting adjourned to meet by the kind invitation of the Pennsylvania Society in Philadelphia next year.

Tuesday, April 26th, was devoted to the enjoyment of hospitalities offered by the Massachusetts Society. In the morning a private breakfast was given to the officers and board of managers at the Algonquin Club, where in the afternoon a reception was tendered the General Society by the Massachusetts State Society. In the evening an address by Rev. Edward T. Porter on Boston's part in the Revolution, with music, brought the annual meeting of 1898 to a close. Excursions to Concord and Lexington, Salem, Plymouth and other places of interest had been planned for the remainder of the week, and many of the delegates stayed for these.

At the opening meeting a gavel was presented the society by little Charlotte M. Reed, the seventh in descent from Judge Reed, who 123 years ago reported to the Provincial Congress at Watertown of the Battle of Lexington.

About forty members of the Long Island Society of the Daughters of the Revolution responded to a "hurry call" by meeting in the armory of the Twenty-third regiment on Wednesday afternoon, April 20th, with thread, needles, thimbles and scissors. At a previous meeting of the executive board it had been voted to offer the services of the society to this regiment should the occasion require. Sewing machines supplemented the move of fingers and a good amount of needed sewing was done. On the evening of the same day a lecture was given by Major W. H. Ooughlin on "Old Brooklyn in Story and Picture" under the auspices of the Long Island Society for the benefit of the Prison Martyrship fund.

The Adams Chapter, Massachusetts Daughters of the Revolution, of Quincy, held an interesting meeting on April 4th at the old John Adams birthplace. The regent, Mrs. Titus, read a paper on "Why we Celebrate Evacuation Day," after which tea was served and a social hour enjoyed.

The Mercy Savory Chapter, Massachusetts Daughters of the Revolution, of Groveland, held its April meeting at the house of its regent, Mrs. Caroline N. Boynton, every member being present. Though a small chapter it has done much good work in the line of historical study and its meetings have been marked by a rather notable degree of enthusiasm. Light refreshments are usually served, but no colonial housewife ever drew from the depths of her teeming brick oven a more rich and dainty Indian pudding than whereon the ladies of the chapter were regaled at their recent meeting, the table being furnished with many a quaint device in glass and china.

The annual meeting of the West Virginia Daughters of the Revolution was held April 5th, 1898, at the house of the regent, Mrs. C. W. Brockheimer, the roll call showing a large attendance. The regent reported the work of the past year to have been chiefly organization, though the material for the year book

has been collected and put in form ready for publication. Much interest has been aroused in Clarksburg, Parkersburg, Lewisburg and Morgantown, which if cultivated will add largely to the membership. The chapter mourns the loss of their two oldest members, Miss Mary Ann Davis, an "own daughter," and Mrs. M. E. S. C. Brady, a granddaughter. During the meeting a committee from the Sons of the Revolution waited on the ladies, offering warmest congratulations and best wishes, and a vote of thanks was returned. The following officers were elected: Regent, Mrs. C. W. Brockheimer; secretary, Mrs. Mary L. A. Delaplaine; treasurer, Mrs. Nellie Wiestling; registrar and historian, Miss Laura B. Caldwell.

The Indianapolis Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, of Indiana, through its regent, has offered the governor of that State a handsome silk flag from the Chapter's Junior Auxiliary, to be presented to the first regiment which may be formed in Indiana.

By the invitation of the regent of the Phoebe Foxcroft Phillips Chapter, Massachusetts Daughters of the Revolution, of Andover, representatives of the charitable and patriotic societies of the town met to organize a Ladies' Aid Society to assist soldiers and sailors and their families when such assistance becomes necessary.

Through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Louis Gallison, the new-elected recording secretary-general of the Daughters of the Revolution, a beautiful wreath was placed on the monument just erected by the Sons of the Revolution over the grave of Samuel Adams in the Old Granary Burying Ground, Boston, by the visiting delegates.

The State Society New York Daughters of the Revolution held a special meeting at the house of its regent, Mrs. Charles Francis Roe to make plans for assisting the government in its campaign against Spain. Seventy-five dollars was immediately contributed and by night a box containing reading matter, stamped envelopes, writing paper, pencils, pipes and tobacco, was on its way to Chickamauga. Boxes were also sent to Hempstead and Peekskill.

The annual State convention of the New Jersey Society Daughters of the Revolution was held April 5th in Orange, N. J. Reports of the officers showed the society to be in a flourishing condition with prospects for a bright future. The election of officers resulted in the following: State regent, Mrs. Andrew W. Bray, Newark; vice-regent, Mrs. George W. Hodges, South Orange; recording secretary, Mrs. A. M. Burtis, East Orange; corresponding secretary, Mrs. James M. Trimble, Montclair; treasurer, Mrs. E. F. Church, South Orange; registrar, Miss Florence O. Rand, Montclair; historian, Mrs. E. W. Rockwood, Englewood.

Sons of the Revolution.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution the following was unanimously adopted:—



WHEREAS, War is now being waged by the Republic of the United States against the Kingdom of Spain in order to extend to a neighboring and oppressed people the benefit of those free institutions which our fathers in the last century secured for ourselves; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution, mindful of the sacrifices of the past and hopeful for the welfare of the future based upon just and patriotic efforts, offer to the Government of the United States our unbending loyalty and pledge to it our most earnest aid and support.

Resolved, That until the declaration of peace, the Stars and Stripes, and the flag of this Society, be hung daily from our headquarters.

J. EDWARD CARPENTER, Chairman.

ETHAN A. WEAVER, Secretary.

The several societies and their chapters, Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution and Daughters of the American Revolution, are co-operating for the purpose of placing pictures and casts in a handsome new schoolhouse at the old North End of Boston, named after the patriot, Paul Revere. The idea was started by the Sons of the Revolution, and as the objects placed on the walls of the school are to be mainly illustrative of the Revolutionary period, the building and its contents will be a worthy monument to the name of Paul Revere.

Boys and Girls.

All letters for this department should be addressed to
Miss M. Winchester Adams, 18 and 20 Rose Street, New York City.

OUR FLAG,

Float our bright banner free to the breeze,
Always proclaiming lessons like these:
Freedom and unity, courage and strength,
Devotion to right, throughout the whole length
Of our glorious land.

What heart is not proud of our beautiful flag!
Who can see the broad stripes of the red and the white
Without thought of the patriots, brave men and true,
Who fought for our country, that right and not might
In the new world should stand
As our aim.

We who for this principle also shall fight
Their kinship may claim;
Who notes the white stars on the field of deep blue
Without inspiration, to be loyal and true
To all that shall keep our fair land the best,
From ocean to ocean, united and blest,
Then unfurl our loved Red, White and Blue
Brave battles have under these colors been fought
And the Stars and the Stripes grand lessons have taught
And will teach them anew.

M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.

JUNE 17, 1775.

THE Battle of Bunker-hill so called was mainly on a lower eminence called Breed's-hill. It was nearer Boston—and upon its highest part stands the Bunker-hill monument of granite with a pyramidal top—piercing up—up, two hundred and twenty one feet high—a suitable monument to those first unconquerable patriots of the great American Revolution that guaranteed the American Independence and the American government the grandest on the face of the earth. The battle commemorated by this monument occurred on the afternoon of June 17, 1775. The chief commanders of the fight were General William Prescott, General John Stark from New Hampshire, General Israel Putnam, and General Joseph Warren, M.D. in chief of all the Massachusetts forces, only thirty four years ago. A Harvard graduate. He was in this very June made Major-General of the Massachusetts Military forces. In the afternoon of June 17, he came on to the summit of Breed's-hill as a volunteer aide in the coming battle. To this he seems to have been forced by his intense patriotic ardor.

There were only about fifteen hundred soldiers on the side of the New Englanders, many of them minute-men who had never fought in battle and one of these was Annis Merrill a young man of twenty four from Newburyport, Mass., who rushed to the defence of his native state. He was but a private, yet he was posted within a rod of the east corner of the present monument south, behind the frail breast-work thrown up on the night of the 16th of June. There was a small supply of ammunition and the utmost discretion was necessary in its use. The British regulars crossed over from Boston early in the afternoon to Charlestown. They began their horrid work by setting torch to the homes of the people in Charlestown and striking down all who opposed their march. About two o'clock they had marched up the southwestern side of Breed's Hill nearly to the top, blazing away with frightful fury until they came so near to the breastwork that their eyes could be seen; then the Yankees let go a well-aimed blast that filled the van with such terrible carnage that they reeled and rushed down the hill in terror. They soon rallied and made another furious attack, but were a second time whirled down the hill, matted with gore and dying. Then the sun was dipping toward the horizon and their scattered and broken ranks being reinforced and brought to order they advanced the third time and took the dregs of the spent ammunitions of the patriots when Prescott ordered a retreat conducted by the imperturbable Putnam.

Reluctantly the patriots retreated over the Charlestown neck into their Cambridge headquarters, whither the red-coats chose not to follow, so Howe and Pigott ordered their return to Boston. They left on the field their dead—sadly the Americans yielded and also left their dead. One or two incidents of this I must note, only about a hundred feet from the east side of the monument down the decline early in the action the lamented and beloved General and Doctor Joseph Warren had fallen—a greater loss to the American patriots than General Howe and all his force in Boston could be to the British. Another incident to Annis Merrill may come in here. While in the heat of the action his next man was shot dead and fell

at his side. Merrill stooped and took the spent ball from the sod close by that had killed his companion in arms and placed it in his pocket. When all their ammunition was gone the patriots sadly retreated as ordered over the Charlestown Neck to Headquarters. Howe had warily ordered one or two British frigates to sweep the neck with grape and thus prevent the escape of the patriots. Tired and scattered some feared to pass through the storm of leaden hail, but Gen. Putnam, it is said, rode on and back before the retreating forces, shouting: "Come on they cannot hit you." A few were hit and some had fallen helpless to the ground. As Annis Merrill was retreating and excessively worn out, seeing a stack of chimneys standing near his course, he determined to ensconce for a rest behind one of them, when he came within a few rods of it a chain-shot from the frigate cut the chimney in two and obliged him to push on with the remnants of the wearied and limping patriots. He had gone but little further when he met a young soldier so wounded that he could neither go nor stand. He shouldered the youth and bore him safely into camp. The little notices in this sketch of Annis Merrill are true incidents in the life of one of the patriots who was a useful factor in some six engagements in our Revolutionary struggle after the battle of Bunker Hill. He lived to the great age of a little more than ninety-six years. His son, Rev. Joseph A. Merrill, was a chaplain in Col. Amos Binney's Regiment, Boston Brigade, in the War of 1812, commanded by Governor Caleb Strong.

J. W. MERRILL, D.D.

A Little Girl's Letter.

In New Jersey, during the Revolution (about 1780) when her courageous mothers and daughters were ready and constant in rendering the most effectual service to the cause in which our patriot ancestors had risked everything that America might be free, even the girls were endowed with the all absorbing spirit of patriotism. It is recorded that at one time, when a raid was about to be made upon a certain hamlet near Orange Mountain, and the people were flying to the stockade on the hills, a little girl, more thoughtful than the rest, lingered behind the others, and left upon the kitchen table of her home, the following letter:

DEAR BRITISHER: Would you please not burn up my poor old grandfather's house. Maybe you have a little girl at home, and think how dreadful it would be if she should have no house to cover her head.

Yours truly, LETITIA WRIGHT.

Her own possessions were some fine geese. These she drove to the woods, and then joined her people on their way to the mountain. The Colonel of the British force occupied the child's home that night, he read the letter left on the table, his heart was touched, and he ordered that no property should be destroyed except what was needed to satisfy hunger. All the geese had wandered back to their pen at nightfall, and all of these were dispatched except the old gander which they felt might be the special pet of the writer of the letter. Not a house was burned, and in the morning the refugees returned to find matters very much as they had left them, and Letitia, as she neared her home, was met by her pet gander, and about his neck, strange enough, there hung a funny little tobacco pouch full of silver, and a little note with these lines:

"Though redcoats we be, you plainly will see

We know how to grant a petition.

With rough soldier care, we've endeavored to spare
Your homes in a decent condition.

Sweet Mistress Wright, we bid you good-night,

It's time for us soldiers to wander;

We've paid for your geese, a shilling apiece,
And left the change with the gander."

This little girl did her *duty*, and the doing of one's duty, as we all know, embodies the *highest ideal of life* and character. Upon a square shaped badge worn by the members of a certain Order here in New York, are inscribed the following words: On the top *Home*, on the right *School*, on the left *Flag* and on the bottom *Bible*. Surely this symbol with its talismanic words tells its own story and I leave it with this incident of the Revolution for you all to take it into your hearts to remind you of those duties and those privileges which make for you and all of us, both young and old, the very essence of a true, a useful, and happy life.

JOSIAH C. PUMPELLY.

1. When did Congress adopt the "Stars and Stripes"?
2. When and where did the Americans proudly unfurl their new flag?
3. When did Washington begin to use an American flag?
4. What was this flag like?
5. Who is believed to have been the first to hoist the flag at sea?

Washington, or the Revolution.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Royal Apartments at Versailles, France.**Time: November 19, 1781.*

KING LOUIS XVI seated and reading.

KING—Now France

Mounts highest among the contending powers.

Fleet Mercury, from across the seas, has just whispered in our ears the fall of Yorktown.

England must yield to destiny and division! Shorn of so much strength as that which falls away,—

Sequel to this report,—her weakness and Distress, are to us, the tidings of a Dangerous rival, doomed. This should warm my

Heart with satisfaction! And yet it does not. Beyond the waters—what new ideas of Duty are we helping to plant in the Minds of men? Will this seed, which we are Scattering,—teaching political independence,—Produce a crop to plague us of royal birth? Or, do we open wide the door where monsters Wait to tear our prerogative? Throughout the earth, Kings are a brotherhood;

By divine appointment, set over all Remaining. He who wears a crown and dents That upon another's brow does his own An injury. The future holds the answer, Whether at Britain's humiliation, I should laugh or cry.

[*Enter a Physician.*]KING—Good-morning, Doctor!
How is your patient?

PHYSICIAN—The Queen is quickly rallying. Her nervousness is past, and nature is Advancing to the goal of happy health.

KING—For this, good Doctor, I am your debtor. Aye! to you herein Beholden, for much more than simple thanks Repay. And the child?

PHYSICIAN—A rugged boy!
Who grows and cries,
As if he already knew his birthright.

KING—More than all these sounding cymbals Of victorious war does your report Give comfort; that all goes well with this Suffering mother and our boy. May you speak

As soothingly when next you have occasion.

[*The Physician retires.*]

(Musing.) Our boy! The Dauphin! The heir of France! and so the partner in The pleasures of this hour, born of the news Just come. A happiness which touches all The orders of our state, and leaves them in The glow of thankfulness. Shall he live to Know his heritage in this joy! and coming To it, will he too applaud, as now all Others do? The future! The future! Pavilioned within the shade of chance,—how Like a thick and voiceless cloud it conceals What is behind.

[*Enter VERGENNES and FRANKLIN.*]KING—(bowing to both.) Welcome to you, Count;
And to Doctor Franklin also.
You are early to-day; and abroad in time To have full share in this gaudy hour.

VERGENNES—He is no friend of France, Who remains unmoved. How is her Majesty?

KING—All danger is passed; and The Queen and Dauphin both speed on to health;
So the Physician said just now.

FRANKLIN—Then your Majesty Enjoys a brimming cup?

KING—Thanks I give you, That you should say so. What word from Maurepas?

VERGENNES—His sands of life are nearly run. He knew the Duke de Lauzun, and heard from Him—as we had done—the story of Yorktown.

It threw a halo around the bed of death; Soothing the moments which—now too few—Preceded the end. The physician says he Will cease to live before the day is closed.

KING—So passes into history A wise and loyal Minister.

FRANKLIN—I shall ever regard it As a pleasant memory, that he lived To know of America's success.

KING—My people are wild with delight To hear of it. Washington towers higher Than ever over the best of men.

FRANKLIN—I have already written to him, That "All the world agrees"—I hold Europe To be politically all the world—"No commander ever better planned or Executed than he has done." The blessings Flowing from the campaign just ended will be

A growing gain to humanity, even To remotest time. In the shapeless marble Is the figure hidden, till artistic Touches show it. So free America Shall advance from chaos to the grandest Of empires. Such is my faith! In the name Of my countrymen, once more I thank The King of France for his intervention.

KING—What was the strength at Yorktown? DeGrasse was there with nearly thirty ships; And Rochambeau with five thousand soldiers. That much I know.

FRANKLIN—DeGrasse added three thousand To the five of Rochambeau; and to these Washington six thousand more. Lord Cornwallis confronted with seven Thousand,—who all marched out as prisoners.

KING—I sigh for peace. So do Spain and Holland, joined with us and You in common quarrel against the Briton. In fact, the Continent, as well as England, Is worn with this strife. Once engaged, we could Not recede before independence fell To you. I trust we all draw near our hopes.

VERGENNES—England is more weary than the rest. All around her is a hostile fire! While In the air above, rejoicing furies—Those friends of evil—flap their demon wings, Acclaiming her huge injustice. She cannot Again recruit an army matching that surrendered.

This was possible after Saratoga; But it is now impossible. Her people clamor and the King must yield. The end is here. America free and Independent! The rival of France prostrate in defeat! Peace is come, and our arms have helped her hither.

KING—It is now the time For my visit to the Queen.

[*The King bows and retires.*]

FRANKLIN—The King is not hilarious, Like the rest of us.

VERGENNES—Louis is a King. In your affairs he has always carried A divided heart—and you had only half. We will now seek further confirmation From Lauzun of this glorious budget.

[*All retire.*]SCENE II.—*London. Royal audience chamber, Buckingham Palace, (same as Scene VII, Act I.)**Time: March 21, 1782.**Enter KING GEORGE III, LORD NORTH, GERMAIN, and GEN. SIR WILLIAM HOWE.*

KING—The deed is done! And George, the King of England, is humiliated. Think of it, my Lord! That I,—a sovereign, And from a famous line descended,—should Be forced, against my will, to make this Rockingham my Minister. What is it To be a King, if varlets thus flout you As they please? I despise this Rockingham! And all who gather with him; and yet, to-day, By my signature, he is made Chief Minister Of England. Fox and Pitt are my aversion! Still this royal hand,—which would rather write

The epitaph of each,—has just now advanced Them, as though shining stars, to the zenith Of the English firmament.

NORTH—My heart beats as heavily, your Majesty.

KING—I know it North.

And so does the heart of each admitted To this audience. Faithful friends! your Sympathy is all that is left in England Of comfort to him who wears her crown. Countersfeit that it is, it symbolizes Power; but a worthless button on a Beggar's breast, to the owner, stands for Strength as great.

GERMAIN—You were spared A direct appeal to Rockingham?

KING—Shelburne saved so much of royal pride. He was voluntary messenger to this man, While I, the King, meekly followed Shelburne

In his selection. And,—as if to add A further smart to the irritation,— This bumptious Rockingham would not become

The adviser of the crown, until the Promise was in writing made, that England's Ruler would not veto the Independence Of America. I gave such a promise— And the new Ministry is installed. My Lords! is this the realm from Great William

Handed down, whose heir is so abased?

HOWE—Circumstances, your Majesty, Stronger than the props of royalty, have Driven you to this pass. Since the news from Yorktown, your subjects have clamored with an

Alarming tongue; and, behind them, is all Europe leagued against us. Seven years ago We took up the challenge by our Colonies Extended,—and from Lexington till now It has been a sorry business. Our money, Arms, and patience are exhausted; and the Commons,—where the meanest pauper has a Voice,—now issues orders, which even a King

Dare not disobey.

KING—(with fierce vehemence.) I will be King! And not a shadow. The King is a ruler Of his people! and since Great Rameses, The scepter has been the badge of headship In the State. The scepter is here! and this Hand holds it. Who then, shall balk this ancient law?

If I insist upon a continuance Of the war against the rebels, who Dares resist the King?

HOWE—The united decision of the Electors—who make and unmake Kings. The day ended long ago when the Sovereign's will was law. Assert your prerogative to rule alone, And another Cromwell will thunder at These royal gates.

[*The King sinks into a chair, and buries his face in his hands in grief.*]

NORTH—From the Commons
We have already had our admonition,
And I have yielded. So must we all, who
Have fallen with this ill-starred enterprise
To subdue America. Yesterday
I resigned as Prime Minister;
And my rule then ended.

GERMAIN—Three months ago,
I laid down the badge of my authority.
A lost cause, confers no laurels upon
The losers. I have been the Minister
Who went the furthest, for unconditional
Subjugation; and hence fell further than
My colleagues. It was a trying hour, in
Parliament, when I stood abuse most fierce,
Upon the offer of my resignation.

KING—(rising.) Pardon me, my Lord!
Selfishly, I assume to be the only
Sufferer. All here have had a share; and
To endure with you is a regal duty.
The inevitable I must accept.
The new Ministry, is revealed already
In its purposes. Clinton recalled—Carleton
Will him succeed, to perfect peace, and
To conduct our defeated armies home.
Howe, you had your part for years upon this
stage!

Wherein, did we miss our purpose?

Howe—In not understanding the men,
Whom you were leagued to ruin. They were
From our own stubborn fibre bred; and,
Like an oak storm-pressed, gained increase
of strength
From each recurring gale. When I came
home—
Four years ago—my opinion was recorded,
That, with the forces used, America
Could not be subdued.

KING—Until driven to do so,
Have I yielded aught?

NORTH—Not a tittle!
But, step by step, has England's King been
forced

Back from his first line of battle. History
Will say so much. When first this news of
Yorktown

Stunned our affrighted ears, in November
last,—
The Christmas bells had not ceased to ring,
before

Your Majesty made known to all, that you
Would refuse a peace at the cost of
Separation. Then,—in February,—
Followed the address of our Commons; with
An order therein written, to stop the war.
Even then, our sovereign was obdurate!
On March the fourth came the final address,
Proclaiming that all were enemies of the
King and country, who still advised hostili-
ties.

To resist this—meant the Tower, and perhaps
The headman's axe.

KING—To hear this
From the lips of tried and faithful followers,
Blunts the spear which hatred turns against
me.

Oh, it is so hard to yield! To consent
To the dismemberment of this awe-inspiring
Realm! Since the glorious day of Hastings,
Till this time, not an acre of territory
Gained, has been lost. France, in Henry's
time,

Fell away—by the law of heritage
Reclaimed, not wrenched from us, unwilling.
Hard is the fate which makes me the martyr
To this new but inglorious rule

NORTH—To this course we are condemned!
The spirit of England, wounded and
Inflamed, upon us so gives her sentence.

KING—It must be so!
America shall be free, and with our consent;—
Since so she will, whether we consent or not.
It was in this very room—seven years ago—
That Franklin,—then agent of the Colonies,—
Declared that America would never, never,
Never be ruled as a subordinate.

NORTH—I well remember the audience, your
Majesty.

KING—It seemed to us all
But the frothy threatening of a rebellious
Heart, warmed with treason. This same man,
from Paris,
Now dictates the terms of peace, as though a
Monarch! We stand before him, a suppliant;
With hat in hand, and beg for this and that.
Will you give here, your august approval?
Please, good sir, look kindly upon this appeal,
And let us go! Great God! Can such abase-
ment

Be for the monarch of England? England!
The grandest of earthly Empires—to whose
King, as humble subject, this same Franklin,
Once bent the willing knee Because we are
Human, we feel the sting so keenly. But,
Philosophy is now our shrewd physician.
This trouble past, we will think of it no more;
What we can't prevent, that must we endure.
[All retire.]

SCENE III.—*Newburgh. Portico of the head-
quarters of WASHINGTON.*

Time: June 1, 1782.

Enter KNOX, STEUBEN and MOULTRIE.

KNOX—A Lovely morning!
A Saturday this to be remembered.

STEUBEN—The beauty here,—
Proclaims the lavishness of nature.

KNOX—(to STEUBEN.) She has done no better,
Upon your famous Rhine?

STEUBEN—The Hudson is her sister.

MOULTRIE—The rising mist, gradually
Reveals, the marvels, which it hides;
As if a sudden revelation were too much.

KNOX—And nestling echo,
Awaits the early call.

MOULTRIE—It is surely the dwelling place
Of all the muses; who daily start from
Here, to touch their votaries with inspiration.

KNOX—I was summoned,
By our General, to be here.

STEUBEN—And I.

MOULTRIE—And I.

KNOX—This is a period of expectation;
And, doubtless, Washington would make
known

To us, the advancing steps of peace.

MOULTRIE—The wounds of war,
Still open their bloody mouths; and will do so
Till conciliation is proclaimed.

Since Yorktown, our squadrons have not
been marshaled

In the field; nor will they be again as we
Believe. Still, our sorrows are not ended.
The British are cooped up in New York,
Charleston and Savannah—and on no other

Spot claim footing. From these centers,
marauding

Bands daily issue forth,—the Tories aiding,—
Both in the North and South.
The air is still befouled with many terrors.

STEUBEN—It is the closing agony
Of protracted conflict. The worst pains,
Sometimes come in the healing process.

MOULTRIE—Not if the injury is death.
Accursed Cunningham! Through all the war
This British Provost Marshal of New York,
Has there been the fiend promised at his
beginning.

To-day, thousands of his prisoners cry to
Us in anguish, as loudly as when the
War was undetermined. The brutal Fanning,
Through the Carolinas—in March last—ex-
celled

The horrors of active operations
Between the armies. In the North the same
Story holds. The Jerseys are the hunting
Grounds of vindictive Tories.

KNOX—These base villains,—knowing they have
lost,—

While all are awaiting peace,
Glut their savage hate.

MOULTRIE—In Monmouth, they tramp
With special step, stealthy and murderous.
From there came so many of the minute
men,

Who for years have guarded the extended
coast;

These are now the victims of revenges.
Nightly, lurid skies proclaim some patriot
Home to ashes turned. The war is ended!
But suffering has not ceased.

KNOX—There, Huddy was hanged?
And Captain Asgill of the British prisoners,
By lot, since selected as reprisal?

MOULTRIE—General, you state correctly;
And so, unite with truth a story of
Basest inhumanity. I was present.
Washington had sent me into this County,
To report upon these coast defenders.
Joshua Huddy,—a Captain in our service,
And a venerable man,—marked every year
With some good deed, which makes some
lives a blessing.

Captured, in April last, on the Jersey
Shore, he was carried to New York. A few
Days after Clinton gave him up to the
Tory Lippincott,—as vile a brute as
Ever walked in human form,—and, without
A trial or excuse,—except the tiger's
Thirst for blood,—he was executed. He died
Where the Neversink rears its shaggy brow,
and
Beckons to its safe retreat from the stormy
sea.

KNOX—(grasping his sword.) How much
longer,
Can we endure?

MOULTRIE—Release your sword.
It cannot help poor Huddy now. I was
Unarmed and in disguise—or indignation
Would have given strength to slay a regi-
ment.

Mounted upon a barrel, and with the noose
Around his neck, he called for paper, and
There wrote his will. Had he been dressed
for some

Pleasant game, he could not have held the
pen
With a firmer hand.

STEUBEN—Our Washington was stirred
To retaliation. From Clinton,
Lippincott was demanded; and by him
Refused. Then came the drawing among the
Prisoners at Lancaster; and Asgill
Receiving the fatal mark, is now a
Special prisoner. Our Chief is resolved in
This! and, unless punishment falls upon
Huddy's murderers, this young scion of
A noble house will surely die.

MOULTRIE—It is the law of war;
And a righteous law, when it leads to mercy.
This is the motive of our Chief; to prevent
Such cruel wrongs, by this law's enforcement.
What is the latest news from Europe?

KNOX—Yesterday, his Excellency
Gave me to read his last dispatches.
The King—though reluctantly—yields to his
Subjects and moves for peace. Rockingham,
our

Friend, is chief of the Cabinet; and Shel-
burne,—

Officially joined with him—is even more
Pronounced than he, that this cruel war
shall end.

General Sir Guy Carleton—ordered to New
York,

Is already there, superseding Clinton;
Who, displaced, is now sailing home.

STEUBEN—Carleton has not arrived too soon.
He is a man of large humanity,
Which good judgment rules.

Knox—I echo you, Steuben!

Carleton is charged with conducting away from us the English army. So the Advices run. One Oswald—the British Commissioner for peace—meets our Franklin in daily conference at Paris. Various questions, involving much to both,—The boundaries, the fisheries, with others,—Keep the argument alive. But on one Question, all are agreed: That is the Independence of these United States.

MOULTRIE—And that issue Enwraps all the others; And shrivels their importance, In my diplomacy.

Knox—All will be well.

But from Adams comes rare news, and you shall know it. Henry Laurens,—our Minister To the Netherlands,—gripped by English cruisers, Was carried to London. In the Tower, He has perhaps, meditated upon Raleigh and his end. However, no such end Has come to him,—and Yorktown gave a reprieve

Forever. Adams was made the Minister Succeeding. Now marks you what waits upon

The enthusiasm of sincerity. After Yorktown, Adams quickly—and at the Opening of this year—presented himself To the ruling authority of the Netherlands, and demanded instant Recognition. It was no beggar's plea Which he put forth, but as his right insisted,

That then and there, his credentials should be Received as the representative of a Sister State. This meant, the recognition Of American Independence. It was Audacity born of self-conviction, That he was right, when he so boldly made This just claim. He won! He won!

STEUBEN—(in great excitement.) So the Netherlands Has acknowledged us?

MOULTRIE—(in great excitement.) I know not, Whether to cry or dance for joy.

Knox—Then, on the nineteenth of April, Just seven years after Lexington, And the next nation following France, the Hollanders recognized the United States As an independent power.

MOULTRIE—This conclusion gained,—John Adams, herewith, has plucked a laurel In the field of fame, worthy to lie with The many which Washington has gathered Steuben! Are'n't you sorry you were not born

A Dutchman?

STEUBEN—I am first cousin; And even that, is a comfort. It required the fierce egotism of John Adams, to do so great a work.

MOULTRIE—It was the egotism of the patriot! And one with lofty purposes. I like Bluff John Adams! Many there are who do not.

He may fail in suavity,—but not In the brain and muscle of a man. With honesty, he is just; and for Justice, he is fearless! When fixed in faith, he's stubborn for the right;

Then strips in noble eagerness to fight.

STEUBEN—This news—since April—Has come to us upon swiftest wings.

Knox—Our cruisers—with favoring winds—And now monthly messengers. We have done Much to lessen the time of an ocean Journey, since this war began.

MOULTRIE—The history of our navy Is worthy of an epic! Would you like To hear it, while waiting for his Excellency? I have given it some study.

STEUBEN—Yes, indeed; it will be a pleasure.

Knox—And I will be all attention.

MOULTRIE—Then to proceed.

That was a good beginning, when in May, Seventy-five, our daring water-dogs Of Maine, seized from the English the armed Margareta at Machias. In October Following, Washington sent forth six Privateers from Boston. Then Congress did A noble work, standing forth like a Towering shaft of honor. In December, Seventy-five, it ordered thirteen sloops Of war, one for each of the Colonies. I speak from memory;—but years of danger Have whetted it to accuracy. Over This fleet Ezeke Hopkins was made the Commodore. In this same December, upon The quarterdeck of his flagship—the Man-of-war Alfred—in the Delaware, He saluted the first American ensign, Raised by the hands of his Lieutenant, John Paul Jones.

STEUBEN—How the name of this Lieutenant Stirs the blood!

MOULTRIE—And many others

Have since been trumpeted. There is Nicholson,

And Barry, Biddle, Barney, Williams, Talbot, Dale—the list with length throttles Repetition—who are all famous Captains. In France, Franklin made almost as many Commanders as Congress did. This privilege To him, was authority to safe hands Entrusted. And our inland seas have not Been neglected. In October, seventy-six, Arnold—on Lake Champlain—fought Carleton back

Till crushed by greater numbers. And so, upon

Both land and water, he won his charter To immortality, before he fell. Since our alliance Louis has kept us Company with many cruisers. But more Than stateliest crafts of either power Our privateers have damaged England.

Knox—They were the hornets of the ocean; And their sting was most uncomfortable.

MOULTRIE—When our war began,

There were seven thousand British keels afloat;

Before it closed, these hornets destroyed One third of this vast fleet. Now for the Thrilling tales of each of our men-of-war, Which—

Knox—Which—you will postpone; For here comes the General.

Enter WASHINGTON, holding a letter in his hand, followed by military attendants.

WASHINGTON—(bowing to all.) Gentlemen, I have summoned you here upon a matter Personal to myself. [To an aid. Say to Colonel Nicola, that I await him.

[Aid retires.] (Turning to Knox and his fellow officers.)

I think I can call you all to witness For me, that since I have commanded the Armies of America, selfishness Has not been the spirit of my conduct.

Knox—(with indignation.) Who otherwise Would intimate, is with the truth no friend.

[Enter COL NICOLA, who bows to WASHINGTON. WASHINGTON does so in return.

WASHINGTON—Colonel Nicola! You have borne

A good part with our soldiers, and it grieves Me much to be your accuser of Impropriety. Stern duty drives me To this act, since I know not how far

Among your comrades a poison has Extended from your distilling. This is Your letter; in secrecy sent to me. To it you have my answer. Yet for Public reasons, I prefer a more public Judgment. With a hardihood—born I hope From no inviting act of mine—you have Dared to offer me a crown. With subtle Argument have herein set forth, "how smoother

Would be the paths of peace," if upon my Head should rest the title of a King; And the further information added—To me as abhorrent as insulting—That such ideas exist throughout our army. I now command you, and all with you Confederated, never to communicate To me again, a sentiment so ignoble. I served to little purpose, if my Associates in arms do thus regard me. Have our people pressed onward these weary Years—repelling the elements, the savage, And famine's lawless rage—that at last The gain should centre upon me? Or, have they

Done so, that all the world should permitted Be, to drink a happiness from our flowing Spring of freedom? He is false to me who Favors, what I now in bitterness condemn. If I have won from my countrymen, the Right to choose my own reward, let me beg From them and history, a higher honor Than your title of a King;—the honor, Of having lived and died an honest man.

[Sternly to NICOLA.

[NICOLA retires.

Go!

WASHINGTON—(bowing to the others) You will pardon me for the warmth Of this occasion; but from that just passed, You know, how great was the provocation I thank you for your attendance.

[WASHINGTON retires.

[Knox, STEUBEN and MOULTRIE look at each other in astonishment.

Knox—Thrice, the crown was offered to Great Caesar!

And thrice did he refuse.

STEUBEN—And after that accepted.

MOULTRIE—Once, the crown was offered to English Richard!

And he did once refuse.

STEUBEN—And then took it!

As the hypocrite all the while intended.

Knox—In the whirl of time, Nature Has given but a single Washington!

[All retire.

SCENE IV.—Room of COUNT DE VERGENNES Versailles, France, (same as Scene V., Act III.)

Time: November 30, 1782.

Enter VERGENNES and FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Let him who can, Refuse to prick this day as one of honor, On the calendar of time. This is Saturday, November thirtieth. The last Day of the week; the last day of the month; and The last of your labors for independence. I congratulate you!

FRANKLIN—(much affected.) How easy has it been, For the lame to walk, with such a prop as you! Your name, must ever remain associated With this glorious consummation.

VERGENNES—Of whatever worth my aid has been,—

It was a tribute to your greater worth, Which has made you the Colossus of this Great enterprise, since you came to France.

FRANKLIN—To the charter of our independence, The signature and seal in preliminaries, Were set to-day! Nationality and peace are here! In a sort of daze,—I wonder if I dream?

VERGENNES—Nothing is more real, than the Solid structure of political power, Which, helping Washington, your hands up-reared.

FRANKLIN—It has been upon this land, A six-years' engagement. What weary years!

VERGENNES—And the last, as tiresome To you as any that went before.

FRANKLIN—Peace-making with the pen, Has been as slow, as peace-winning with the sword.

VERGENNES—You have borne needless burdens, Through the intervention of others, Jay, would

Not have peace—unless one contracting party, Was styled the "United States," and not the "Colonies." And then he would have Independence first; and the treaty afterwards.

The shadow, and not the substance, of the Controversy engrossed his thoughts.

FRANKLIN—I know! I know! It endangered all.

Yet, he was a commissioner; though it was August, before he took part in the negotiations.

VERGENNES—And Adams, Came still later in the scene.

FRANKLIN—Adams in the Netherlands, Did a grand work, and thence came here. He was the Chief of us Commissioners; And as such head, we all acknowledged him.

VERGENNES—It is only a month ago, When you so received him. Since Yorktown, you

Have been active, though alone. And the first Thing Adams did on coming, was to join with Jay, against you, in proposing to recognize, By treaty, ancient financial obligations,— Which, the new government could not enforce,

Being no party to them. This was a grave Danger, and you averted it; but it Was burdensome to correct the many Follies of colleagues, ill-advised.

FRANKLIN—Laurens—released from imprisonment—

Came not to us till to-day; and Jefferson, Not at all. The results are so glorious, I will not quarrel with the journey to Obtain them.

VERGENNES—But I have been a party To these proceedings,—since peace with France is

With your own involved,—and am entitled To a hearing. Your generous Jay, wanted To concede to England the free navigation Of the Mississippi. That empire had Not the hardihood to ask, for what was So freely pushed upon her. She might as well Have equal control in your growing cities, As to sail unquestioned into the very heart Of your possessions. Spain, scenting her Advantage, sought the same; and over the heads

Of all, appealed to Sheburne, in London. Sheburne—your friend, as he surely is— Doubtless bewildered at so much diplomatic Kindness, hesitated; but not till on The verge of full compliance. This was a Moment of appalling danger. Again, Your great influence, with your wisdom joined,—

In weight more than all the field opposed,— Leaped this chasm to the bank of safety. Thanks to Franklin;—the Mississippi is The boundary of the United States; and Its waters here.

FRANKLIN—We are out of all peril now, I am too much rejoiced, to look behind And count the hills which I have surmounted. Rockingham was our friend?

VERGENNES—Your friend! Aye, indeed! Your friend when they were few. Your friend,

Before he became Prime Minister in March. Your friend, when, last July, he died. It was He, who forced the King of England to grant You independence.

FRANKLIN—And, following the Lamented Rockingham,—Shelbourne equalled

Him in kindness to America. Oswald, Was never alien to his direction, Which was toward peace and independence.

VERGENNES—It will be relief from great anxiety,

To know that young Asgill survives this day, In which the savage law of retaliation dies. His mother has pleaded successfully To their Majesties and to me In the Name of all, I have appealed for mercy To your Washington.

FRANKLIN—An appeal never made in vain, If justice stays not his hand. Here come my colleagues.

[Enter ADAMS, JAY and HENRY LAURENS.]

VERGENNES—(bowing to all.) Gentlemen! Congratulations, which I have given To Doctor Franklin, I now extend to you. To-day you have sunk into the ocean,— Fathoms deep,—this bloody head of war. The world everywhere rejoices.

ADAMS—Can all the oceans Wash out the stains upon this horrid head?

JAY—Say, rather, all the horrid heads. For, hydra-like, in many empires, They have blasted peace.

LAURENS—Though having as many heads As the sands of the sea, all are now severed, And in perdition lost. In turn we Congratulate France,—through her great Minister,—

The Count de Vergennes. She, too, is weary Of the roll of martial drums.

VERGENNES—I acknowledge it. France, Spain, the Netherlands, and England, too,—

Fling the white banner out, folding up the red. You raise your song of harmony; and All sing with you this pleasing melody.

FRANKLIN—The order has gone forth from England, Calling her legions home. In July last, Savannah was given up, and Charleston Received her retiring guard. Soon,— Charleston And New York following,—the last British Soldier turns his back in leaving.

VERGENNES—When Congress and Parliament Have ratified your labors of to-day,— A formality,—you will begin your Career, as a sovereign power new-born Into the world. May your future glory Be worthy of your illustrious past, And present promise! 'Tis now the hour, by their Majesties Appointed, for your reception.

[VERGENNES offers his arm to FRANKLIN.]

[All retire.]

SCENE V.—Newburgh. Assembly Hall in the New Building.

Time: March 15, 1783; noon.

One chair in the room.

Enter GENS. GREENE, KNOX, WAYNE, and COLS. MOULTRIE and CARROLL; and following, GENS. GATES, LINCOLN, PUTNAM, KOSCIUSKO, and many officers of the army of all grades.

WAYNE—(to GEN. GREENE.) Is the war ended Or is it not?

GREENE—It ought to be. Last November, the Commissioners of The powers, signed peaceful treaties in Paris. It is now a month since we shouted ourselves

Hoarse over the report—just then at hand— That the King, in December, said to his Opening Parliament, that,—the treaties Ratifying,—he had granted Independence; Further, he had given official proclamation Of the signing; and later had directed That hostilities cease from January Twentieth—when treaties became effective. What further assurance can there be That the war is ended?

WAYNE—It is a year and a half since Yorktown;

This lazy inactivity is bad for Our army; more, it is dangerous! Strong men will seek engagement; and the Devil

Will furnish it, if the Saints do not.

KNOX—Wayne, you closed the strife. The Maryland line of your command, in September,—six months ago,—assaulted John's Island. Here Captain Wilmot fell, Expiring in the gallant Kosciusko's arms. In regular combat, he the dismal Record ended. On the soil of Massachusetts, The first sacrifice to liberty, and On that of South Carolina, the last, Found heroic graves. Charleston was abandoned

To us in December. Only New York City, Hold, to-day an English soldier.

WAYNE—The record is as you have stated. It is likely now to remain unchanged, Until New York is free.

GREENE—Has Asgill suffered? In the South I heard of this affair.

KNOX—The King and Queen of France Pleased for him; and Vergennes was also Advocate them him. Washington thus beset, Asked Congress to decide; by their decree, In November last, Asgill was released, And lives. But for peace and its healing, Ere this he were chambered with the worms.

MOULTRIE—It is not reconciliation, And future amity with former enemies, Which engross us now. Are we at peace at home?

CARROLL—This gathering answers you, that we are not.

MOULTRIE—And why not?

CARROLL—The army is clamoring for payment. The soldiers expected it, with the Final decrees. It has not come! But this meeting has.

WAYNE—The soldier is entitled To what he now demands. If he has not earned his hire, Was there ever man who did?

KNOX—No one will dispute your allegation But if Congress has not the means, then the Impossible cannot be done; and so, The warrior must wait like others.

GREENE—One complaint is, That Congress is dumb to appeals. Months Ago, it was petitioned from the army; Nothing has been done thereon.

KNOX—And shall that justify our mutiny?

GREENE—Never!

The army may not now, Saturn-like, Destroy its offspring. Still, this assembly Gives token of deep feeling. The best are here!

Yonder is Kosciusko. Illustrious engineer! His embankments were our shield at Saratoga,

And on every field in the Carolinas. To me his ready spade, was often worth More than batteries. There is Lincoln the Conservative, yet now excited with The rest; and Putnam, and Gates, who—

MOULTRIE—I have observed That when any deviltry was brewing Gates was in it. At Valley Forge, as I Remember, there was once great outcry made

Against our Washington. The voice of Gates
Was heard. Now, again Washington
Is secretly assailed!

GREENE—Not so! By Heavens, I say not so!
Who dares attack our General?

MOULTRIE—Look at your circular,—
This anonymous address to the army,
Which is foundation for this conclave.

[Takes from his pocket a printed circular address. So do the other officers. Many of the assembled group have them in their hands, and are reading them and discussing them (in pantomime) among themselves.]

I observe you all have the document.
So have the others. See!

[Sweeps his hand toward the group of officers, who are reading and debating in secret.]

This paper has been well distributed,
And become the fashion of the time.
What is it, but a secret bid for mutiny?
During many weeks, discontent has been
Encouraged, even to the verge of madness;
And boldly has the threat been made, that we
Who are here in arms, would not sheathe the
sword,

Till we were paid.

WAYNE—A good resolve,
If payment is a possibility;
Infamous, if it is not.

MOULTRIE—There spoke a wise man and a
patriot!

But to resume. While the blood of all is
Flowing at red-heat, comes this address,
which

In your hands you hold. We are therein told,
That "we must appeal to the fears of Congress;

Force the agents of the people to do
This thing demanded." What call you this?
I pause for an answer.

KNOX and WAYNE—*(in unison.)* It is treason!
Treason against the State!

MOULTRIE—You have spoken well. We have
given

Birth to a grand political power.
It may be the grandest of the earth.
We are now advised to throttle it.
Refusing to disband and go quietly
To our homes, we are urged to tramp the
country

As armed bands, and to take at will.

CARROLL—Our defeat by England, would have
been

A blessing against this consummation.

MOULTRIE—*(reading from the circular address.)*

This precious document recites:
"Is the country willing to reward your
Services, or rather to insult your cries?
If you have sense enough, while still you
wear
Your swords, to oppose tyranny,
Awake to the situation!"

GREENE—This is damnable! I have not
Earlier grasped this controversy.

[Loud mutterings are heard from the group of officers. A voice: "We will be compensated or be avenged!" Many cry, "We will! We will!"]

MOULTRIE—*(pointing to the group.)*

Listen to that, you leaders!
Tremble for your country, though crowned
with

Victory. Your ears tell you, how closely this
Subtle poison creeps to the hearts of patri-
ots.

Let me further read! Precious paper! who
Loaded you with thought I know not; but
this

I know,—he was at heart a villain.

(Continues his reading.)

"Appeal"—lose not this, I beg! "Appeal
from

The justice, to the fears of the Government;
And suspect the man who would advise,
Forbearance."

Who is this man to be suspected?

Again I pause.

KNOX, CARROLL and GREENE—*(in unison.)*
Washington! Washington!

MOULTRIE—*(looking up.)* Oh, God of Justice!
Has it come to this? That he, who, from
the

First until the end has stood foremost,
Ready, if demanded, to make his body
The bulwark of the State, should, as his re-
ward,

Reach the goal of foul suspicion. He is
To be suspected, if he favors not revolt?

GREENE—You have made good your words.
Washington herein is secretly assailed.

CARROLL—Fear not. This meeting
Was to assemble on Tuesday last. Our
Chief apprised, and ready for any danger
When apprised, forbade the meeting then,
And called it for to-day, at noon. This is
Saturday, the fifteenth of March; and I
Will never more prediction make, if he
Scatters not this infamy.

WAYNE—Will Washington attend?

CARROLL—He will. He is due already.

[The assembled officers arrange themselves, as if to be in order for business, and GEN. GATES assumes the chair as President of the meeting.]

CARROLL—*(looking towards the entrance.)*
His Excellency General Washington!

[GATES winces with surprise, and all are startled.]

[Enter WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—*(looking around the room and laying off his cloak, which MOULTRIE receives.)*

Gentlemen! If any apology
Is needed for my presence, it is, that
While a great calamity is impending,
I may not be silent. This anonymous
Address, which with others calls us into
Meeting here, is fit to proceed from no
One but a British emissary.
It has stirred your hearts profoundly, for the
For the author is skilled in rhetoric. A word
Upon your grievances. I know, they are
Many and are just. But would you do a
Greater wrong because a lesser one prevails?
I was among the first to embark in
The cause of our Country! I have never
Left your side. I cannot be indifferent
To your distresses. Compulsion now, will
Further remove the attainment of your
Ends. In all legal ways, you may command
My services. But let me conjure you,
As you value your honor, to put away
With horror, the man who attempts to open
The flood-gates of civil discord, and to
Deluge our rising Empire in blood.
Congress is well disposed towards the army;
And the proof is in my hand, from a
Member of that body, which I will read.

[Takes a letter from his pocket, attempts to read it, and fails. Then draws from his pocket a pair of spectacles.]

(To the audience.) You will pardon me,
I know, that I am compelled to pause,
To put these glasses on.

[Puts on the glasses.]

I have grown gray in your service,
And now find myself growing blind.

[Reads.]

"I will say that Congress is powerless,
To do as the army demands; but it
Is the firm resolve, that so far as
Possible, the soldiers shall be justly

Dealt with." *[Looking over the audience. I have no more to say. There can be no need of more.]*

[WASHINGTON retires.]

[Many of the officers are in tears. Some cry, "WASHINGTON! WASHINGTON!"]

KNOX—I offer this resolution:

"The officers of the American Army,
View with abhorrence, and reject with dis-
dain,
The infamous propositions, contained
In the late anonymous address to them."

[Loud cheering and cries of "Yes! Yes!"]

KNOX—Clearly, the resolution
Prevails, and this meeting ends.

[All retire.]

SCENE VI.—New York City. Reception room
in Fraunce's tavern (same as Scene
IV, Act II.)

Time: December 4, 1783.

Enter GEN. WAYNE, STEUBEN, and
CARROLL.

WAYNE—We are in advance of our comrades.
Surely, it is not because we would
Hasten this sad hour.

STEUBEN—To me the heaviest, of years.

CARROLL—It gives no buoyancy to the heart,
To part—perhaps forever—from our
Washington. How well I remember, his
Last meeting with the officers in March.
It was after the Newburgh addresses
Had been circulated, advising mutiny.
Washington said—like his only
Greater Prototype—"Peace, be still," and
Youthful treason slunk away.

WAYNE—He has since done a work as grand!

STEUBEN—Great deeds fall from him,
Like seeds from a farmer's palm. Still, I
know

Not, to what you specially refer.

WAYNE—In April last, Congress
Gave forth the official proclamation,
That war was ended. On the nineteenth
Was this announcement made; the Anniver-
sary

Of Lexington, and the eighth year thereafter.

STEUBEN—I well remember that.

WAYNE—Hardly had the ink
Released the absorbing sands upon this
Document, when Washington issued his
Circular letters to the Governors.
It was in June that his ever-watchful soul,—
Through the eyes of care,—saw the dangers,
now
Quickly gathering over the infant republic.
He spoke for a stronger union. This has
Long been his text. Unless he is heeded,
We may all yet be charged with being fools;
For years engaged in making a fool's
Great holiday.

CARROLL—I do regard this,
As a step of supreme moment. His appeal
Was to the Governor of every State. I
Now regard the pith: "It is indispensable,
That there should be lodged somewhere a
supreme

Power to govern the republic; without which
The Union cannot long endure, and all
Things tend to anarchy." The statesman,
here

Rises to the zenith; the soldier, having
Gone with the brightest laurels that the
sword

Had ever won.

STEUBEN—This is Thursday,
And the fourth of December. Nine days ago,
The Briton gave us his parting blessings,
And sailed away. Then our triumphant
Washington came in. This was a day, as
Bright with sunshine as this is dark. For the
Day is dark to me, that brings the command,
And so this is charged, to say farewell to

Washington. Now he says, "Good-by" to us;
And then to Congress in Annapolis,
He will forthwith yield up his commission.
Such is his intention.

[Enter KNOX, GREENE, LINCOLN, KOSCIUSKO, MOULTRIE, GATES, LEE, PUTNAM, STARK, GEO. CLINTON, HAMILTON, and thirty more. All stand in silence.
[Enter WASHINGTON, who takes his place beside a table with a decanter of wine and glasses upon it.

WASHINGTON—(in silence pouring out a glass of wine and raising it.)

With this pledge of enduring affection,
I greet you for the last time.

[Drains the glass and sets it down.

With a heart full of love and gratitude,
I now take leave of you. May your
Latter days be as prosperous and happy
As your former ones have been glorious!
I shall be obliged if each of you,
Will come and take me by the hand.

[Knox (tears rolling down his cheeks) steps forward and they embrace and kiss each other. Then so with all.

WASHINGTON in silence withdraws.
Two by two in linked arms, all retire.

SCENE VII.—Drawing Room, Mount Vernon.
Time: March 28, 1785; afternoon.
A center table and chairs in the room.
Enter two Commissioners of the State of Virginia, and three of Maryland.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Here, in the home
Of Washington, must we seek for the
Prescription to heal the disorders of
The State.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—We shall not seek
Unadvisedly. Washington has long
Been committed to the only remedy;—
A strong Union of States, with power to
Enforce its laws. This "Confederation,"
Born in eighty-one, has run its course to
Failure. It did well as the first step;
But not for the second.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—The first step
Was one of sentiment; the sentiment
Of Brotherhood! that we would stand to-
gether
In union for the war. The war is over;
And this sentiment is now a worthless sham;
Since it extends to this confederation,
No authority for self-protection.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—The "Confederation,"
Under which we exist, cannot raise a
Dollar, nor force the enlistment of a
Single soldier. That nation is the sport
Of the winds, that carries not the purse in
One hand, and the sword in the other.
The one to pay its way—and the other
To clear the road.

[Enters MARTHA WASHINGTON.

[MRS. WASHINGTON bows to the Commissioners, who bow in return.

MRS. WASHINGTON—You have business
With the General?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—We have.
Business of great moment.

MRS. WASHINGTON—When you were announced,
I supposed as much; and straightway dis-
patched

A servant to summon him from the fields.
To-day he is riding over the estates.
It is the spring season, when thrifty planters
Set things in order, to win autumn's bounty.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—We thank you, Madam,
For so much consideration.

MRS. WASHINGTON—I was tutored to it,
Through the war. I am a veteran in arms;
And though I did not bear them, I had my
Share of tribulation.
Will all be seated?

[MRS. WASHINGTON and the Commis-
sioners sit.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—We all regret it,
If we have disturbed your plans.

MRS. WASHINGTON—You have disturbed noth-
ing.

I am always delighted to meet
Compatriots. You were in the army?

SECOND COMMISSIONER—Some of us played our
parts,

In battles which now are famous.

MRS. WASHINGTON—And so did I.
Not in your way, perhaps, but in my own.
I was with the General in camp at Cam-
bridge.

That was ten years ago. It seems an age

In time, because the few years following,
Were a century in suffering.

Then was the green-leaf season,—when the
soldiers

Were inexperienced. The army was
Without discipline,—I think that is what
They called it,—and nothing aggressive could
Be done. Yet, we frightened Howe away from
Boston.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—A pitched battle,
Could have done no more.

MRS. WASHINGTON—I remember,
The General said as much. The next year
came

That awful march across New Jersey, and
That fight at Trenton in the storm. I was
Not with my husband then; but felt these

trials,
As if in the din. I have never forgiven
General Lee—I mean Charles Lee—for his

conduct
At that time; and I never shall! I hope

I am telling no forbidden secrets,
In the absence of the General?

[Laughing.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It is history now.

MRS. WASHINGTON—And Valley Forge!
The horrors of that winter! Through nearly
All, I was in camp. We occupied the
House of Isaac Potts; a good Quaker
soul.

I can now shut my eyes, and see the
Panorama painted with the brush of
Tragedy. In our woe, Congress was active
With complaints, and sluggish with needed
aid.

It was then, that cruel men added
Conspiracy, to our many burdens.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It was a base conspiracy,
To supersede Washington.

MRS. WASHINGTON—And through it all,
He was so uncomplaining! I lost my
Patience, if he did not his. Oh, how
Differently, I would have reckoned with
those men!

SECOND COMMISSIONER—The world knows his
sufferings;

And time will not outrun its memory.
He knew his course, and kept it undismayed.
So some tall ship sails on a glassy sea,
And still straight onward goes, regardless of
The ice cakes which gather round her prow.

MRS. WASHINGTON—In every happy thought
Violets bloom. I thank you for your senti-
ment.

Morristown gave me shelter, in that awful
Winter! Then Mrs. Ford's mansion was our
home.

I cannot tell you, of all my visits
To the army,—nor do you care to know.
I supped my full cup of horrors. At
New Windsor and at Newburgh, I was the
Season through. The fright that came to me,
When mutiny was in the air! I tremble,
Even now, referring to it. The trouble
It brought the General, was surpassed by no
Other trial. Not even Arnold's treason
Weighed more heavily; and that is much to
say.

I may whisper to you, in confidence,
That at Tappan—the night before poor
Andre

Died—my husband walked the portico,
All that night long, in agony.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Indeed, madam.
We now comprehend that you are in truth
A veteran in arms, and have had your share
Of tribulations.

MRS. WASHINGTON—The war is over now;
Let us hope, never to be revived upon
This stricken land. More than a year has
passed,
Since my husband, to Congress, at Annapolis,
Gave his commission back. How thankful I
Was for that! In this retreat, we since have
Found that pleasant peace, which puts grati-
tude

Ill at ease, when for repayment, it is
Limited to words. I am jealous lest
This peace may be again invaded.
I hope you come with no such intention.
Excuse me, if I ask, what is your
Business with the General?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Your fears are pardon-
able; and

So we all do pardon them. Be not dis-
turbed!

In substance, we seek to take, from here,
nothing

More weighty than his advice. You will be
No poorer from this loss, though the nation
Will be much richer from granting it.

MRS. WASHINGTON—This is a relief to know.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—Other sorrows, than
Andre's execution often forbade
Sleep to Washington?

MRS. WASHINGTON—The world will never know,
How many nor how heavy those sorrows
were.

The suffering of the army, was his own.
The dangers of the State, were his personal
Misfortunes. Do what I could, he always
Made them so. How many hundred times,
Like some dark sentinel within our room,
He has kept his weary tread till break of
day,—

Heaven and I alone, have the record!
This rest disturbing grief, came at periods
Of disaster; as woe invades the
Helpless flocks in seasons of great storms.
I suppose it was to be,—and for the
Best ordained. Indeed, I hope so! I often
Wonder if posterity will appreciate
Our labors, or be worthy of them.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—If a just God rules,—
And Holy Writ so teaches,—great must be
The punishment, if it does not.

[Enter GEN WASHINGTON. All rise to
receive him.

WASHINGTON—(bowing to all.) Gentlemen, if
I have kept you waiting, you have not failed
Of entertainment, as I see.

[Bows with deference to
MRS. WASHINGTON.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—And so agreeable, that
to end
It, is a pleasure suddenly cut off.

[MRS. WASHINGTON bows and retires.

WASHINGTON—Again be seated.

[All sit down.

You have traveled far, good friends,—for I
know
Where stand the homes you came from,—to
visit me.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—We are Commissioners,
From the States of Virginia and Maryland
Accredited, to quiet matters upon
The Chesapeake. These waters wash two
States;
And conflicting interests, bring forth the
ugly
Fact, that these two States are, to each other,
Foreign territory.

WASHINGTON—I comprehend your mission.

Trade

Demands laws, fixed and safe, for her enlargement.

The thirteen colonies, each jealous of
The other's jurisdiction, still confine
Commerce within bonds which it strains, to
bursting.

In the end, this must surely terminate
The Confederation of these States,—useless
As this has now become,—and then the signal
Fly, for standing armies in each petty
Province, with clashing systems of foreign
Politics. Since peace was proclaimed, we
have

Drifted like a huge hulk at sea, without
Sails or rudder. Congress, with its bureaux,
Has governed, and poorly, as we all know.
This cannot long continue.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER.—He, who conducted
Us safely through the ways of war, is best
Equipped to open the paths of peace.
This equipment, is the confidence of
His countrymen. We ask from Washington,
The remedy for our confederated ills.
What shall it be?

WASHINGTON.—Upon one platform I have ever
stood:—

For a strong and central government, which
Can legislate for all, and with the power
To enforce its legislation. This, and
This alone, will make us a nation.
For this, I pleaded while the war was on;
And ever since have urged it. We are
A united people or we are not!
If the former, in matters of general
Importance let us act as a nation.
If the States, separately attempt to
Regulate affairs—common to each—then,
A many-headed monster will devour us.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER.—These views,—
To which all here assent,—if enforced,
Will give a shield of safety.
But how to give them action?

WASHINGTON.—By a general
Convention of the States; which shall arrange
A written compact acceptable;
And under which, all unite as one.
Virginia, may be induced to take this
First step—the invitation that others
Join her, in this consultation.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER.—May it be heralded,
That Washington so advises.

WASHINGTON.—It may.
And to this, upon proper occasions,
I will further endorsement give.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER.—At best, two years
Shall come and go before accomplishment.
The States, aroused to duty, must through
their
Legislatures speak; and so a year will run.
The convention—if assembled—will tax
Another year, in work and ratification.

WASHINGTON.—It may be so!
But if that is the best, then do it.
We dare not wait for some better time to
come!

Yesterday we were not; to-morrow we
Will not be; only to-day is ours. Then,
To-day press the work demanded from our
hands.

Thus acting, we are loyal to ourselves,
And duty.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER.—(looking inquiring-
ly at his associates.)
We are all contented,
Here to take our cue, and push this matter
As to-day instructed.

[All bow in acquiescence.

[Enter three servants, bearing cake,
wine, and fruits, which they place
upon the center table. They hand
filled glasses of wine, and cake and
fruits to all the guests (who accept) and
last to WASHINGTON, who accepts a
glass of wine.

WASHINGTON—This wine, gentlemen,
Was imported, and must speak for itself;
The fruits are my own raising; and for them
I will speak in pride and praise.

FIRST COMMISSIONER.—(raising his glass.)

I ask you, (looking towards his colleagues.
To join me, in the wish for a long and happy
Years to General and Mrs. Washington.

[They all drain their glasses, which
the waiter receives.

WASHINGTON.—You are very kind to us.

Before you go, I must show you over
My many acres. Nature, I think, has
Endowed me with my share of boasting, and
Here I lavish it. I will take you to
Bubbling springs of sweetest waters; to
plants,

Which exude the juices of the tropics;
To bowers of rarest flowers, breathing
Odors forth that make the air ambrosial.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER.—We shall regard it,
As a day to be marked with a white stone,—
Ever suggestive of sweetest memories,—
To be thus indulged. We have all heard
much,
Of the rural excellence of Mount Vernon;
Its stock incomparable, and many
Other things.

WASHINGTON.—You shall see them for your-
selves.

I am proud of my horses, my cattle,
And my flocks; which though few,—as be-
comes a

Virginia planter,—are the source of daily
Pleasure. My broad tobacco fields lie close
To the heart, for in importance their yield
Crowns all the rest. He who loves agricul-
ture,

Loves the grandest of occupations.
The first shovel-maker leads all benefactors.
You shall go with me to my favorite oak!
Which, born about my time, has with my
years

Kept friendly pace: under its shade, Lafa-
yette

And Rochambeau, have given company.
But, too much like the world, it now requires
My care, with haughty head and proud up-
standing,

While I creep, bending, to its side.
Please to follow me! [All retire.

SCENE VIII. Philadelphia. Vestibule in
Independence Hall.

Time: September 14, 1788.

Enter WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, THOMAS
MIFFLIN, JOHN ADAMS, and JAY.

FRANKLIN.—We have passed three years
Of great anxiety, and come forth the victors.
In peace or war, this people find
Equal favor.

MIFFLIN.—Strong men have opposed our la-
bors.

ADAMS.—And being narrow-minded
And short of vision, have been floored,—as
was

The proper thing. In eighty-five, the King
Of England received me, as the Minister
Of a nation tied with a rotten string.
Now—should I return to him again—he
Would receive me, as an agent of a
Power, firm-bound in iron.

JAY.—I was early for the constitution.

WASHINGTON.—Yesterday, Congress in New
York,

Completed the civic arch of power,
By fixing upon the seventh of January
Next, for the general election; and the
Fourth of March as the day, when—by
Inauguration of the Executive-elect—
Our new compact shall become a living
force.

MIFFLIN.—It took Congress two months after
the

Constitution was born, to do this little.
Thankful we should be, that a new body
Of representatives,—with duties well de-
fined,—

Gives promise of more activity.

FRANKLIN.—The steps, though slow, have been
Deliberate and sure, to our present
Station. In September, eighty-six, the
Commissioners at Annapolis, whom
Washington pushed forward to feel the way,
Gave their advice for a general convention.
It was the first great step; and this is
Always the step that counts. Congress gave
its
Sanction; and the general convention of
All the people met here in Philadelphia—
In May, eighty-seven.

JAY.—These dates are correct.

ADAMS.—And deliberations here, extended
From May until September of that year!
When the constitution came forth, a grand
Achievement. Not of the convention,—
I am permitted to praise it.

JAY.—Nor was I a member.
But great men were there! It is enough to
say

That Washington (bows to WASHINGTON)
guided it as helmsman,
And that Franklin (bows to FRANKLIN) laid
the course.

Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, and other
Giants were there, of a younger generation.

WASHINGTON.—Monroe was with me at Trenton;
Madison and Hamilton bore arms.
Their years are proving their youth.

FRANKLIN.—Approved by Congress
And submitted to the States,—then came the
Surprising struggle for the year ensuing.
Surprising, that so many opposed, who
Should have given hearty commendation.
Patrick Henry and Harry Lee assailed it.
Hamilton and Madison offset them
In this year of combat. So the contest
Was divided, between men of all degrees.
The hand of Washington was raised for
Approval; and this hand beat all the others
down!

[WASHINGTON bows.

Nine States were required to ratify;—and
June twenty-first, eighty-eight, New Hamp-
shire

Completed this number. Happy day and
Happy State, to set the magic wheels in
Motion, which should now roll onward,
While time shall run!

WASHINGTON.—Anxiety, drops like a mantle
From shoulders weary of their burden.
Nothing but suicidal hands,—self-nurtured
For self-slaughter, can shake the nation now,
From its broad foundations.
My labors of this life are done!

JAY.—Labors, that sap life with exciting fears,
Are doubtless done. May they be so! for of
Such, you have borne a part colossal,—
Like that of Hercules. But other labors,
More agreeable, which run in the paths of
peace,—

I doubt if they are done!

FRANKLIN.—And so I doubt.

MIFFLIN.—And I.

ADAMS.—And I. [All retire.

SCENE IX. New York City. Balcony of
City Hall, on Wall Street, facing
Broad.

Time: April 30, 1789.

[A table with a crimson cover stands
within the balcony. Upon the table an
open Bible. The street in front is
lined with soldiers, and back of them
filled with cheering people.

Enter (upon the balcony) ROBERT R.
LIVINGSTON, Chancellor of the State of
New York, dressed in his robes of
office, and GEN. KNOX.

KNOX.—The people spoke at the late election,
As was foreseen. Washington had no
Competitor for President.
A wise and just selection.

LIVINGSTON.—A smaller vote fell to Adams,
For second place; but it was enough.
Already he has taken the oath, and is
Vice President, before the
Chief Executive has sworn.

KNOX.—Washington, had a
Longer road to travel;—and was delayed?

LIVINGSTON.—Delayed by flowers,
With which affection clogged his way!
That was a reception at Trenton,
Which shall become memorable.

KNOX.—The fourth of March, is fixed by the
Constitution for inauguration?

LIVINGSTON.—But not till April sixth,
Was the Senate in assembled quorum,
Ready to count the votes, in the presence of
The nation's representatives. Behold
In this delay,—upon a matter of such
Weight,—the vastness of our domain!
There is a full month of after-time, because
Of the many miles from circumference to
This spot:—to-day the all-important center.

[Great cheering is heard, and drums
roll along the military lines.

KNOX.—That is the signal.
The President-elect is here!

[LIVINGSTON takes his position beside the
table upon which lies the Bible. The cheer-
ing continues.

[Enter (upon the balcony) WASHINGTON, es-
corted by JOHN ADAMS, and followed by
Generals, Senators and Representatives.

[ADAMS conducts WASHINGTON to the table,
on the opposite side of which stands LIVING-
STON. ADAMS takes position on the right of

WASHINGTON. KNOX stands behind him,
with STEUBEN and many others. Vociferous
cheering from the street below. LIVINGSTON
raises his hands to the people, and all are still.

LIVINGSTON.—(to WASHINGTON) The time has
come,

For you to take the oath of office, as
President of the United States.

WASHINGTON.—I am ready.

LIVINGSTON.—Will you lay your hand upon the
Bible? [WASHINGTON does so.
And repeat the oath prescribed by the Con-
stitution?

WASHINGTON (repeats the oath as follows:)

"I do solemnly swear, that I will faithfully
execute the office of President of the
United States, and will, to the best of
my ability, preserve, protect, and de-
fend the Constitution of the United
States."

[WASHINGTON adding to the oath,
So help me God!

[WASHINGTON bows reverently and
kisses the open Bible.

LIVINGSTON.—(stepping forward and facing
the multitude in the streets.

Long live George Washington,
President of the United States!

[Vociferous cheering; flags wave;
drums roll; bells ring and can-
nons boom.

CURTAIN FALLS. END OF ACT V. PART II.

[FINIS.]

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and while peace was being arranged, equal to
the fiercest conflicts between the armies, are
artistically portrayed for the grasp of every
understanding. Martha Washington tells her
story of her partnership in her husband's
trials with captivating words of womanly sim-
plicity. The history of the proposed meeting
of the army and the suppression of the
same at the mere word of its Great Com-
mander is unparalleled evidence of his su-
preme control over the troops who had follow-
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The Scene of the offer of a Crown and its re-
jection is a lesson in patriotism and fidelity,
which the world never gave, but this once.
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greater and grander than ever came to human-
ity, excepting only the annunciation of the
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Revolution has been given in "Dramatic
verse" to those who can read and think and
take to themselves strength for the future
from the experience of the past. We have only
one word at the close, and that is,—never for-
get, dear reader, that you have been studying
the real, solid, actual realities of history un-
alloyed with romance or with the frivolities
of the imagination. Our grand ancestry of the
Revolution actually did all things as here set
down, and we enjoy to the full the harvest
they watered with so many tears when we ap-
preciate their trials and gratefully and rever-
ently hope that Heaven has rewarded their
noble and unselfish offerings here.

Patriotic Books Reviewed.

Priscilla's Love Story by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Publishers, Chicago. This little story first made its appearance through Harper and Bros. The love of Priscilla for her deformed twin brother, whose heart is bound up in a model he is designing, is strongly portrayed. Through the brother's shrewdness the romantic lover is quickly shown in his true light and Priscilla marries the man who can best aid this passionate brother, and in time loves him. This later love is Priscilla's Love Story.

The Gospel of Freedom by Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co., Publishers, New York. This story is not what its title would imply—patriotic. The principal characters are artists; the scenes Chicago and Paris. If the author's idea is to disgust his readers with freedom which breaks the codes of good society he has succeeded admirably. Cloth bound; uncut edges. Price, \$1.50.

Across the Everglades: A Canoe Journey of Exploration by Hugh L. Willoughby. J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. This volume contains an account of an experimental trip made by Lieut. Willoughby across a tract 130 miles long and 70 miles wide, which until recently was almost unknown to civilized man. The popular opinion has been that the Everglades are a vast tract of swamp, abounding in malaria, and that the higher ground, reached by paths known only to the Seminoles contained rich plantations, groves of orange trees and cattle belonging to them. This the author shows us is erroneous. Of the Seminoles he speaks with admiration and respect. They are patient, hardworking, pride themselves on their truthfulness and wish only to be left alone. The book has numerous illustrations and is an addition to our geographic literature.

How? Can I Speak with You? Published by The Arkell Publishing Co., New York, is a little book that would be of service in every household. It is intended to be helpful, useful and instructive and gives information on more than 150 subjects. Price, paper-bound, 25 cents.

A Satchel Guide, for the Vacation Tourist in Europe, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston. This little book is the revised edition for the season, 1898. It commends itself to the tourist on account of its convenient size. A continuous route is described giving the greatest number of places worth seeing, with the least amount of travel. There are, however, many digressions so that one is not restricted to a single line of march. The pedestrian is told where it will and will not pay him to walk. Full information is given for those who wish to travel as cheaply as possible. The book is well supplied with maps and blank pages for memoranda. Flexible cover. Price, \$1.50 net.

John Hanson, President of the United States in Congress assembled 1781-1782, by Douglas H. Thomas. This is a brief sketch of John Hanson, the great Revolutionary patriot of Charles Co., Maryland, whose name is written on nearly every page of Maryland's history during the struggle for independence. Mr. Hanson is one of the two distinguished Marylanders, whose names by reason of their eminent service have been selected by the Legislature of Maryland as subjects for statues to be placed in Statuary Hall at the Capitol. Extracts from letters from John Hanson to his son-in-law, Dr. Thomas, are of special interest. The book is illustrated, attractive and of historical interest. Cushing & Company, Publishers, Baltimore.

Captain Ischabod Norton's Orderly Book. Press of Keating & Barnard, Fort Edward, N. Y. The printing of the Orderly Book of Connecticut Troops destined for the Northern Campaign in 1776 at Skeensborough (now Whitehall), Fort Ann and Ticonderoga, N. Y., and at Mount Independence, Vt., puts into permanent form for public libraries and individual use records which might otherwise be lost. The book contains a fac simile of Captain Norton's map of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence. The introduction by Robert O. Bascom, of Ft. Edward, N. Y., is well written and will be of special interest to those who are anticipating a pilgrimage to Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga.

A History of Our Country by Edward S. Ellis, A. M., Lee and Sheppard, Publishers, Boston. This work will commend itself to all for its accuracy of statement, clearness of expression and originality of treatment. It is a complete record of every noteworthy event from the earliest visits of the Norsemen to the present time. That our country is the home of the loftiest civilization and offers unlimited possibilities unknown elsewhere cannot be impressed too strongly upon the youth of America. The lessons are given in a pleasant manner and the book will prove of value to all whether used for instruction or private reading. One of the striking features of this work is the patriotism which pervades it. Recent events have thrilled the public with such a love of country as has not been felt within a generation, and it is a fitting time to make true patriotism permanent in the minds of future citizens. Mr. Ellis knows how to do this. Cloth bound, 200 illustrations. Price, \$1.00 net.

Stories of New Jersey by Frank R. Stockton. The American Book Company, New York. This volume of stories is composed of historical incidents of New Jersey. That Stockton tells them insures to the reader a pleasant hour. The stories are chronologically arranged and extend from the earliest times of Indian tradition down to our own day. They present in panoramic form the discovery and settlement of the State, its people and progress. An excellent book for schools to be used as a supplementary reader. Cloth bound, illustrated. Price, 60c.

To Perfect the Family Tree.

Throop.—Are any facts known concerning the life and ancestry of Rev. Benjamin Throop, of Bozrah, Ct., Yale College, 1784? He is said to have been descended from William Throop, of Bristol, R. I., and from Col. Adrian Scrope, the Regicide Judge of King Charles 1. Gov. Throop, of New York, was a member of the same family.
W. F.

White.—What is known of William or John White. Treasurer of Harvard College, and a Harvard graduate? What was the ancestry of Frances White, born about 1679, who married Henry Winchester, of Brookline, Mass., October 5th, 1705, and died November 21, 1765. Was she the sister of Sarah White, the sister of Treasurer White, of Harvard, who married Henry Winchester's brother, Capt. John Winchester, born, 1670; died, January, 31st, 1715?

Lowe.—What was the ancestry of Susannah, wife of Trueworthy Gilman, and daughter of Deacon Daniel Lowe, of Ipswich? Was she descended from Capt. John Lowe, of the Ambrose, or Deacon Thomas Law, 1682-1712, referred to page 153, THE SPIRIT OF '76, January, 1898?

Who were the ancestors of Ralph Wilson, and from whence came they? He was a resident of Bucks County, Pa., in 1742. Address, R. M. Wilson, Rome, N. Y.

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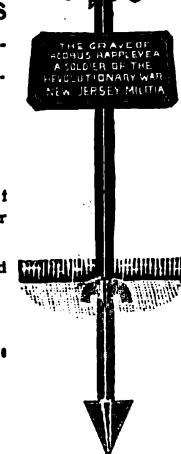
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