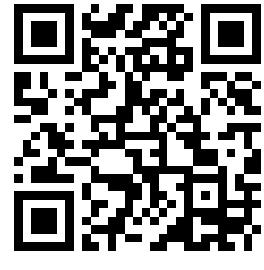
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

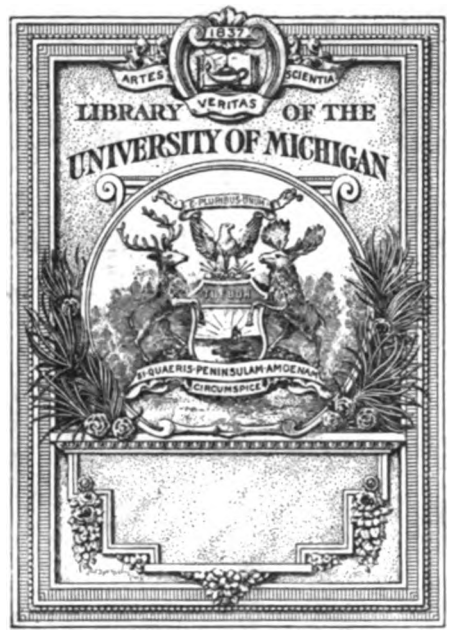
Google™ books

https://books.google.com



B 1,081,053

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

E
171
.M22

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII

JULY—DECEMBER, 1908

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK
1908

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOLUME VIII

JULY - DECEMBER, 1908

Adams, John, Birthday Ode on..... 225
Armorial Families of New England, The (G. W. Chamberlain)..22, 101, 168
Arnold, James N., Journal of the *Warren* and *Providence* Committee 249, 313
Bartlett, S. C. New Hampshire in the American Revolution 269, 330
Benjamin, Jacob 149
Blackwell, Jacob, Will of..... 48
Blockading Memories of the Gulf Squadron (Powell) 1
Blodgett, Henry W..... 72
Bondi, August 149
Book Reviews:
History of the University of North Carolina 173
Life and Works of Christopher Dock 123
Colonial Documents of New Jersey 62, 247
N. J. Revolutionary History..... 186
The Struggle for American Independence 247
Boston Seventy Years Ago (Editor)... 15
British Archives, Extracts from (E. F. McPike) 293, 348
Brown, John, The Execution of (F. B. Sanborn) 95
Bulloch, J. G. B., The Bulloch Family. 108
Camp on the Neshaminy,The (C. H. Jones) 63
Castner, Captain J. C..... 228
Centennial of "*America*"..... 374
Chamberlain, Geo. W., Armorial Families of New England..... 22
Chandler, General John..... 53
Charlottesville and its Historic Associations (Charles Burr Todd)..... 324
Chauncy, Rev. Charles..... 22
Chester, Leonard 23
Circassian, transport 10
Clinton Ceremonies in New York, The. 39
Conrad, D. B., Capture of the *Underwriter* 125
Continental Congress at York..... 44
Cooch's Bridge, Battle of, British Sergeant on 50
Cooke, George 24
Count Rumford (H. M. Baker)..... 186
Crane, R. C., The Republic of Texas Paper Money 12
Cunard Steamers 16
Daughters of the Am. Revolution, Historical Work of the (Buel)—In Connecticut 341
Delaware Pilots 64
Desolation Islands, The (Charles Lanman) 187
Drake, John 26
Dufrain, Indian trader..... 68
Dutchman's Fireside, The (Paulding) 58, 119, 177, 240, 301
Davenport, Rev. John..... 25
Dana, R. H., Jr..... 15
Davidson, Hunter, Mines and Torpedoes during the Rebellion..... 255
Davie, Humphrey 26
Dearborn, General H., letter..... 52
Dearborn, H. A. S..... 52
Editor, Articles by 15, 43
Errors of History in Connection with Robert Fulton (E. H. Hall)..... 88
Erskine, British Minister..... 53
Execution of John Brown (F. B. Sanborn) 95
Extracts from British Archives (E. F. McPike) 293, 348
Eustis, Dr. William..... 54
Fawkener, Faulkner, Edmond..... 27
Fenwick, Elizabeth 27
Florida County Names (George B. Utley) 77
Gayer, William 101
Granger, Gideon 54
Gridley, Gen. Richard (D. T. V. Huntoon) 29
Gridley, Scarborough 35
Griswold, Rufus Wilmot, letter..... 56
Halley, Haley, &c., families.....293, 348
Hall, Edward Hagaman, Errors of History in Connection with Robert Fulton 88

195329

Digitized by Google

Hamilton, Henry E. (Gurdon S. Hubbard) 68
Hanbury, William 101
Harlakenden, Mabel 102
Heard, ——, ... 188
Heard's Island 189
Herron, Lieutenant Joseph S..... 229
Hubbard, Gurdon S. (Hamilton)..... 68
Hühner, Leon, Some Jewish Associates of John Brown.....143, 205
Hunlock, John 103
Huntoon, D. T. V., Gen. Richard Gridley 29
ILLUSTRATION:
Republic of Texas Paper Money.....July
Indian Legends—IX—Starved Rock... 45
Jasper, William, Sergeant (C. C. Jones, Jr.) 262, 351
Jeffrey, William 103
John Brown, Some Jewish Associates of (Leon Hühner) 143, 205
Johnson, Col. R. M., letter..... 55
Jones, Charles C., Jr., Sergeant William Jasper 262, 351
Jones, Charles H., Camp on the Neshaminy, The 63
Jones, Fernando 76
Journal of the *Warren* and *Providence* Committee (J. N. Arnold).....249, 311
Kergvelen, Lieutenant 187
Knox, General 30
Lafayette on American Uniforms..... 66
Lanman, Charles, Desolation Islands... 187
Wakulla Fountain 82
Starved Rock 45
Latest from Mecklenburg, The (H. A. Scomp) 130
LeDuc, William G..... 233
Leete, William 104
LETTERS:
Abraham Clark 236
Abraham Lincoln 117
Benedict Arnold 238
Eliza Parke Law 297
Franklin 238
Gen. William Shepard..... 116
Jacob Abel 297
John Howard Payne..... 113
John Parke Custis..... 297
Martha Washington 237
Washington 112, 117
Lincoln, Daniel W..... 54
Lowell, Percival 105
McPike, Eugene F., Extracts from British Archives 293, 348
Maine Bank 52
Marietta, a City of Memories (C. B. Todd) 83
Martin, William 164
Mellen, Lieutenant Henry B..... 230
Mines and Torpedoes during the Rebellion (Hunter Davidson)..... 255
Minnesota County Names (Warren Upham) 152, 215, 285
MINOR TOPICS:
A Religious Journal's Centennial.... 360
Cooch's Bridge, A British Sergeant on 50
Bulloch Family, The..... 108
Fifty Years of the Submarine Cable.. 361
Grandmother's Remedies 365
Growing Tea at Home..... 232
Immigrant Ships Like Slavers..... 358
The Glacier National Park..... 357
Jacob Blackwell's Will..... 48
Molesworth, James, British emissary. 64
Murray, Rev. John..... 31

Neshaminy, Camp on the (Jones).... 63
New Hampshire in the American Revolution (S. C. Bartlett).....269, 330

NOTES AND QUERIES:
An Early Railway Station..... 300
Brave Army Nurse, A..... 300
Centennial of *America*..... 374
First Printing Press West of the Missouri 374
Florida County Names..... 300
Tablet to Queen Anne..... 300
University Funds in Pocketbooks.... 374

Ode for John Adams' Birthday (J. M. Sewall) 225
ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS....112, 236, 297, 371

Palmes, Edward 106
Paper Money, The Republic of Texas (Crane) 12
Paulding, James Kirke, The Dutchman's Fireside.....58, 119, 177, 240, 301
Pelham, Herbert 106
Penhallow, Samuel 168
Peticolas, Dr. A. E..... 98

Digitized by Google

Phippen, David 169
POEM:
Ode for John Adams' Birthday..... 225
Poole, William 170
Powell, S. W., Blockading Memories of the Gulf Squadron 1
Preble, Edward 55
Prime, Cornelia 94

Ray, Colonel P. H..... 228
Redd, John 162
Refrigerators, in 1838..... 19
Republic of Texas, Paper Money (R. C. Crane) 12
Richmond, man-of-war 1
Rising Sun, ship..... 109
Rogers, Captain E. Darwin..... 188
Rogers, Captain Henry..... 193
Royal Victoria, steamship..... 16

St. Martin, Alex. 72
Saltonstall, Richard 170
Sanborn, F. B., Execution of John Brown, The 95
Scomp, H. A., The Latest from Mecklenburg 130
Sergeant William Jasper (C. C. Jones, Jr.) 263, 351
Sewall, Jonathan M., Ode for John Adams' Birthday 225
Shippen, Captain William..... 43
Sirius, steamship 16
Smith, Captain Franklin F..... 188
Smith, Henry A. M., Gen. Thomas Sumter.....160, 219, 277, 336
Snelling, William 171
Soda Water in 1838..... 20
Sons of the Revolution, Practical Work of the: 1—In Pennsylvania..... 43
Soul of Soldiery..... 21
Starved Rock (Lanman)..... 45
Sumter, General Thomas (H. A. M. Smith) 160, 219, 277, 336
Symonds, Samuel 172

Tennessee, iron-clad 10
Thompson, Benjamin (H. M. Baker).136, 196
Thompson, Ruth.....99, 196
Thorndike, John 173
Todd, Charles Burr, Charlottesville and its Historic Associations..... 324

Underwriter, gunboat, Capture of the (D. B. Conrad)..... 125
Upham, Warren, Minnesota County Names 152, 215, 285
Utley, George B., Florida County Names 77

Warren and *Providence* Committee, Journal of the (J. N. Arnold)..249, 311
Wakulla Fountain, ... 81
Walbach, John D. E. B..... 52
Weather, where Soldiers fight the..... 227
Webster Vase 19
Wentworth, Governor John..... 197
Widgery, William 53
Wiener, Theodore 149
Wilkes, Captain C., *U. S. N.*..... 96
Willis, George 174
Wingate, Joshua 55
Winthrop, John 174
Wise, Henry A.....95 *et seq.*

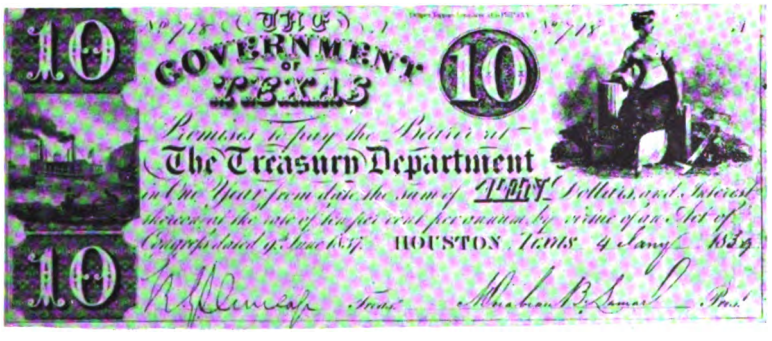
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google









Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII JULY, 1908 No. 1

BLOCKADING MEMORIES OF THE GULF SQUADRON.

IN the autumn of 1863 the steam sloop *Richmond* fitted out at the Brooklyn yard for duty in the Gulf—as it turned out, on the blockade off Mobile. A slow run—for we had to go in at Hilton Head for repairs to the engines—brought us to the mouth of the Mississippi. A little way above the mouth of the river we waited to communicate by telegraph with New Orleans. This involved anchoring all night, and gave us an opportunity to learn by experience what mosquitoes can do at their worst. I think I was the only one in the wardroom who had a net, and had been well laughed at for taking up any of the precious room in my lockers with such lumber as that when we were bound for the blockade. It really seemed cruel to lie there secure from the pests and hear the slapping and strong talk of my messmates far into the night. If that net had been for sale, it would have brought its weight in gold. The little fiends actually made a thick fog as far as we could see, and of course soon filled the ship, for we would have smothered had we tried to shut them out by closing hatches and air-ports.

At New Orleans the breaking up of the libraries of wealthy people had stocked the second-hand book-stores to overflowing with readable matter. The marine officer was a bookish man and got his guard of fifty to throw in a dollar each, and with this and a few dollars of his own he bought them all they could read for a year. There was not a dull book in the 150 or more volumes. Of course it would not do to let every one on the berth-deck have them, so they were put into the charge of the orderly sergeant, who made an ideal librarian. Tall, straight, white-headed, exact to a hair in reports, accounts, and detail of every sort, he was a typical English non-commissioned officer. All his life had been spent in the British and American navies, and he had for twenty years or more enjoyed the rank he then held, which was the goal of his ambition. No one could find a flaw in any of his work, and no one dreamed that he would tolerate any laxness in those under him. With such a

Digitized by Google

sergeant, and the books to relieve the awful monotony of the blockade, the guard of the *Richmond* soon became one of the best, if not the best, for discipline and drill in the Gulf Squadron. They had, of course, the after battery, and could always beat the forward divisions by a second or two at general quarters, and could equal any in accuracy at target practice. Jack has such a contempt for drill that he never will perfect himself in its *minutiæ*. So the despised "sojer," if thoroughly drilled, can always beat him in quickness—the very point on which he plumes himself.

While lying in the river below Fort Jackson, some of us tried our luck fishing over the stern. The strong current carried the lines, and apparently the sinker, far down stream; but on pulling up the hook I was astonished to find that the sinker was resting on the bottom considerably forward of the point where I stood. Here was a puzzle, and the fact which explained it proved a pretty serious matter for us two or three weeks later. The hook and sinker were carried up stream by the salt tide which was rushing up under the fresh surface current. At New Orleans we filled all the tanks from the river, as we supposed, and did not discover, till we arrived on our station off Mobile, that they contained a brackish nauseous mixture of sea and river water. The induction pipe had been a little too long and reached down to the upper edge of the incoming tide. We had a little water that was good, and by putting all hands on short allowance made it last till a condensing apparatus could be procured from New Orleans by the mail boat; but when the condenser did get at work, its product was anything but palatable.

The *Richmond* carried, besides eighteen nine-inch guns in broadside, one 100-pound rifle on the forecastle and two smaller rifles on the after (or poop) deck built over the cabin. With this battery she was the worst vessel for rolling in our navy and probably in the world. When gunboats would be lying half a cable length away, so quiet that their tables could be set with no peril to crockery, we would wallow day after day so that the most active man on board could not keep his feet. I saw Lieutenant-Commander Terry, our executive officer, a spare and very agile man, talking with the chief engineer on the spar deck just under the shelter made by a projection of the after-deck beyond the forward bulkhead of the cabin. Both clung to an iron rod overhead to steady themselves. Mr. Terry quit his hold a moment just as the ship gave a lurch. He came down and shot across the deck to starboard, bringing up under an ice-chest, and badly hurting his legs. Another day I was up at the

Digitized by Google

mizzen cross-trees, one hundred feet or more above the keel, when the old brute rolled over so that a boat hanging alongside eighteen feet above the water was filled and wrenched from the davits. During the week between Christmas and New Year I think we did not set the table once, and during that time it was often impossible to eat unless standing with the knees and one arm embracing a stanchion amidships, with the other hand holding a cup of coffee, which with hard tack made our bill of fare. When the vessel was still a moment we would catch a bite or sip. There was only one of the ward-room boys who could get a cup of coffee aft. He seemed half-monkey, but sometimes the ship was to quick even for him. One day I was standing at the stanchion waiting for him to bring me a cup. He had worked his way along, clinging to this and that, till he got opposite, and was watching a chance to run across to me. He thought he saw it and started, but a second after he quit his grip the vessel rolled over with uncommon viciousness. Down he came and darted across the cabin oilcloth, bringing up against the opposite ward-room bulkhead. I supposed he was seriously hurt, but up he jumped laughing and clinging to something before the return roll began. Incredible as it may sound, not over a third of that coffee was spilled!

Towards noon of the New Year Day that ended this memorable week the wind came round off shore so that the ship would lie in a way not to roll; and the mail-boat from New Orleans, via Lake Pontchartrain, hove in sight. We had sent a liberal order by her for fresh vegetables and other good things, and our steward rose to the occasion.

No one who has not spent months in such a beastly old churn can understand how we hailed a northerly wind that would give us a respite.

It would, of course, have been madness to cast loose any of the broadside guns during one of these rolling spasms. We dared not trust the ordinary security given by the chocking quoins under their wheels and the lashing of the chain and side-tackles to the ring-bolts in the bulwarks. In addition, a hawser of the largest size was passed fore and aft on each side in the breech of the guns and heavily lashed to massive irons in the bulwarks between each one. With all this precaution it was often really frightful to pass in rear of them as one thought of their vast weight (over 9,000 pounds apiece) and the momentum they got by sweeping in two or three seconds through an arc of 90° in a curve whose radius was—owing to the heaving and sidewise lurching of the entire hull—a good deal more than equal to the forty feet or more of distance above

Digitized by Google

the keel. When, after such a lunge, the guns on the starboard side were suddenly checked in their whirl to port, and started back with a jerk that made the whole ship quiver, it seemed as if neither hemp nor iron could hold them. If one had got loose, it would have been very hard to prevent its plunging through a hatchway and out through the bottom of the ship. The expedients would have been to tear off the covers of the hammock nettings, pile up the hammocks in the monster's way, and put the ship head to sea as soon as possible. The fires were kept banked, and by slipping cable, headway might have been got in a short time. But the wheel was on the spar deck, and one can think what nerve would have been required to stand there with such a demon careering around! We sometimes talked the matter over and had our course all decided upon. Fortunately our plans never had to be put to the test.

It was, of course, necessary to keep all standing rigging taut, for with the least play the ponderous top-hamper would have torn itself to pieces in short metre. If one's head could endure the dizzy rush aloft, and if every finger was a fish-hook, nothing can be imagined grander than the swing up there. Except that the curve was convex upwards instead of downwards, the swoop must have been as near like that of a bird as anything a man can get—unless possibly it may be at the end of a bowsprit when a ship is plunging at and lightly rising over a heavy head sea. I have often tried both by the hour at a time, and could never decide which gave the finer sense of levitation. But one could have too much of even so good a thing as that, and when standing on deck or sitting on a chair or sofa, quiet was, as a rule, a thing to covet.

Whenever the wind came off shore we got this repose, but with it came cold which affected one in a more distressing way than any other I have ever experienced. I have spent many winters in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa when the thermometer would hang at 20° and 30° below zero for days together, but I never suffered so much from cold in one winter as I did in that of 1863-4. The reason was that the navy regulations forbade fire on a man-of-war except in the furnace and galley. A few steam coils would have obviated all the trouble, and would have cost far less than the sickness from pneumonia among the crew. During these cold spells there were several expedients. One was active exercise, especially drill of all sorts. General quarters, cutlass practice with wooden swords, the manual of arms, all needed attention. Still, there would be a good many vacant hours for each individual, and then something else

Digitized by Google

must be done. One favorite device in the ward-room was to get a large, shallow box of sand in one's stateroom, have a nine-inch round shot heated in the furnace, and put in the box with the sand well banked around it, and then, sitting alongside in a chair, have a boy tuck a blanket around and over one so as to keep the heat in. This would enable one to write or read in comfort for two or three hours. It would be quite possible for two to play chess or backgammon with such a box between, and their feet on the edges.

Much of the time ours was the flagship, and generally we lay at anchor, expending little coal, and not needing to go into Pensacola for coal and repairs more than once while a gunboat would go three or four times. This was one of several substantial advantages they enjoyed in these small craft. The chief, of course, was that they did all the chasing and got nearly all the prize-money. The only prize in which I shared was a rosin schooner which was stopped by a marvellous shot from our 100-pound rifle. It was a very dark night; we were lying outside of everything, and she had already got well abreast of if not past us. A rocket thrown up by a boat inshore of us showed her for an instant. It took at least a minute to cast loose and train the great rifle. The commander of the forward division made an estimate of distance—about two miles—allowed for her change of position during the delay, adjusted fuse and elevation, and fired out into the thick darkness. That shell exploded right between the masts of the schooner, and scared her skipper so that he hove to at once and ran up a light in token of surrender. Had he gone on there would have been a good chance of his escape. Captures of vessels running in were very rare; of course, in that case, all in signal distance would have shared, and that would have included nearly all of us. But it was a very fat thing for a small gunboat to get after a rosin or cotton schooner running out, and capture her anywhere from ten to twenty miles outside signal distance. With so few to divide, the share of each was, of course, large, in proportion to the smallness of the divisor. Then there was more variety and excitement in gunboat duty, and altogether it was much preferred to that on board the larger vessels. Once or twice during the cold weather we went into Pensacola, and during the four or five days spent as much time ashore as we could. There were always cheerful open live-oak fires in the officers' quarters, and one could get a great deal of exercise in a short time tramping through the sand, "knee deep and three fleas to a sand," as Jack expressed it. These sand flies were most enterprising and tireless in their efforts to cheer us up and

Digitized by Google

make things brisk for us. Still, in spite of their assiduities, I managed to do a good deal of tramping in the rather limited area that was secure from the enemy. There were excavations in some places fifteen or twenty feet deep, where the Confederates had made earthworks before they were driven out. As far down as they went—and I was told that much further down it was the same—there seemed nothing but pure white sand. Yet magnificent pine and live oaks were growing out of it, a clear proof that trees get their food mainly from the air.*

A considerable part of the grand bay was safe for boating and fishing, always provided that one didn't fall overboard. The water swarmed with sharks, and these were at one time, it is said, made to do sentry duty for Uncle Sam. There was an old vessel fitted up as a prison-ship, and when anchored near shore a good many made their escape by swimming. After she was moved out into the bay a mile or so, this was effectually stopped, as every man knew the chances of capture by the ravenous prowlers were a thousand to one. In warm weather, when boats were passing back and forth a good deal between the vessels on the blockade, or going off to a fishing bank a short distance to the southeast of our usual station, it was very common to be followed by a shark, his head under the rudder, and just within reach of the iron spike at the end of a boat-hook. I have often punched them; they will dart off a few yards, but by the time you have your hook fairly out of the water, there is the creature back in the same spot, and apparently without any idea that his stupid head is in any more danger there than anywhere else.

Speaking of fishing in small boats, it was a common thing to go to our bank and lie by the hour at a kedge when the long swell made waves in the hollows between which a boat would be entirely out of sight from the lookouts of vessels a quarter of a mile away, and vice-versa we could, when in these hollows, see nothing of any of the vessels of the squadron. Getting into and out of a small boat in such a sea, especially from or into a vessel that rolls deeply, is a pretty serious matter for any one except an expert. You stand a few steps down with your heels on the cleets that are fastened on the outside of the ship, facing outwards, with the manropes in your hand. The boat is actually rising and falling with the waves fifteen or twenty feet, but with the roll of the ship this may be increased to an apparent rise and fall of twenty-five or thirty. As the boat rushes upwards you must be ready to let go and jump just the instant be-

[* The writer would have changed his mind if he had dug down to the roots.—Ed.]

Digitized by Google

fore it starts back, so that you will be standing or sitting securely at the instant its dizzy downward swoop begins. Then all is delightful. But if you are a little too previous, the boat comes up and meets you with an emphasis that may not be at all agreeable. On the other hand, if you delay a half-second, and do not jump till the boat has begun its descent into the Gulf, you will not go down much, if any, faster than she will, and may be met twenty feet below by a thwart or boat-bottom just started on the rise. This might mean serious damage to you or to the boat. In any case you are stamped with a most awful black mark—you are a lubber! Of course, line officers who have practised ever since they were middies can perform this really difficult feat as if it were the merest trifle—the only way to do it that will save one from discredit. But a man may be in other respects competent for a staff position, as I suppose I was, without having this special expertness. Well, he must add this little knack to his stock of accomplishments or he will rue the want of it. He often cannot go fishing, or visit another vessel or the shore, without getting into a boat with a very acrobatic way of behaving itself. In my case gymnastic training and the habit of attacking bugbears as soon as possible enabled me to conquer this one, that looked so full of dreadful possibilities, with very little delay. Watching others a few times till I saw just the thing to do, the next opportunity was taken of trying the awful thing, and very fortunately the first trial was a success. Before this cruise I had often left or boarded a ship in a moderate seaway, but never in such water as we often had off Mobile, nor from such a roller as the *Richmond*. As soon as I got the knack I left the ship as often as possible in rough weather, just for practice, as well as for the excitement of the thing, though of course keeping my own counsel as to why I did so.

During the winter two or three officers of our mess and a good many from the squadron had gone over by the mail-boat to New Orleans on short leaves of absence. All agreed in their accounts of the horrible profligacy of the city at that time. Among those who went was a young assistant surgeon belonging to one of the gunboats who had some $10,000 of prize-money burning in his pocket. Knowing that he had little or nothing besides this, and a mother dependent upon him, several of us tried to persuade him to leave the greater part with the paymaster, or else send it home for investment. But no, "he knew enough to take care of himself," and so it all went with him to New Orleans; and within two or three weeks he had to borrow money to get back to the squadron.

Along in the spring I took my outing, going to Baton Rouge, where

Digitized by Google

my old regiment, the Fourth Wisconsin, was stationed. The Adjutant, who was a tent-mate and dear friend when we were both enlisted men—he a sergeant and I a high private—was going down to New Orleans on regimental business, and I shortened my visit in order to go back with him. This was fortunate for me, as by the time we reached the city I was very ill, and needed some one to look after me. He found a large, airy, double-bedded room at the St. Charles, and for three days and nights had his hands full. I was in a raging fever that left few lucid moments. In one of them a curious thing happened. My friend was well educated, and enlisted from a college in a town that for years had had gas. But two and a half years in camp—where to stick a candle in the shank of a bayonet thrust into the ground was a common expedient when a light was wanted—had changed his habits in this respect. He had done everything for my comfort, and before lying down to get a little rest himself, what did he do but deliberately blow out that gas! As I said, it was in one of my few conscious moments, or we might neither of us have lived to laugh at this amazing performance by a man who had been used to gas all his life before the war.

This illness detained me a few days beyond my leave, and I hurried back before I was really fit to travel. We got stuck in Lake Pontchartrain on a mud-bank for several hours, and the mail-boat had nothing that I could eat. When we got along to the fleet of bomb schooners, in Mississippi Sound, the captain decided to anchor there for the night, as he could not reach the blockading squadron before dark, which was against the rules, and involved the risk of being fired on. At first this seemed hard luck for me, but proved very fortunate. Said he, " What you need is a good bed and some of these big Mississippi Sound oysters, raw, with real cider vinegar on them, and I'll get you all three." So he sent me over to the captain of one of the schooners who was a Yankee from Maine and had a warm heart, and some of the purest and keenest cider vinegar I ever saw. I am sure nothing has ever tasted so good as those enormous fine-flavored oysters—that would go far to fill a small saucer—with that vinegar. I was assured that they would do no harm, and told to call for them any time in the night, as his steward was proud of both the oysters and the vinegar, and wanted their fame spread far and wide. If I only could have stayed there a week I sometimes think I might have been a strong man to-day. For fourteen years, with scarcely any respite, that sickness, aggravated by the heat, the lifeless air, and the ill-adapted food on ship followed me, and has done so at intervals ever since.

Digitized by Google

The heat was not excessive at any time, but from perhaps the middle of May it was unintermitting. Never rising above 90° or 92° at highest, it did not sink at night below 86° or 87°. Life became a burden, even to the well, and every expedient was used to kill time. Many of the "acting" or volunteer officers were old "spouters"—*i. e.*, whalemen—and they used to go about from vessel to vessel, and gather in groups of ten or fifteen under the awnings, and spin spouting yarns. If Clark Russell could have been there to take notes, he could have laid in a stock of thrilling and, withal, thoroughly characteristic incidents that would have lasted him as long as he can wield a pen. Of course cards were a great resource for many. It was a surprise to me that so few of the Naval Academy men cared to read. My ailments did not cut me off from that resource, and everything available was devoured. Milton's Prose and the 'Amenities' and 'Curiosities' of Literature' were every word read, and, of course, much that was less voluminous. But the young men who had passed their examinations, and had no whaling experience to talk over, and had become tired of cards were in a hard case. One favorite device was to bet which of them would "raise the beef-boat"; that is, in whose watch the supply steamer would make her appearance, or who would get the most letters in the next mail. Anything was seized upon as matter for discussion—the policy pursued by the different generals (and especially Grant), emancipation, the abolition of the liquor ration in the navy, whether France or England would recognize the Confederacy, etc. All one interminable afternoon a discussion of the following question raged in our ward-room and in a smoking-room we had on the deck above: "Were there eight or nine desks in the office of the Navy Agent at New York when the ship sailed?" Every conceivable argument pro and con was worn threadbare, and the thing was concluded in the usual way, viz, by a bet, letters being sent by the next mail to get at the facts. As the season advanced and Farragut came, it became evident to the enemy, as well as to ourselves, that something besides blockading was in the wind. We began to hear rumors of a ram in the bay, or one in Havana, that might be expected any dark night, and of course were on the *qui vive* when there was no moon. Two rather ludicrous incidents came about through our scare about rams. One time when the flag was on the old *Colorado,* that was lying a mile outside of everything, and the *Richmond* next, a light was seen for an instant by the keen-eyed but not very quick-witted officer of the deck—an old "spouter." It bore, unless we had swung at our cable, in a direction different from that occupied by any of the fleet at dark. Without going to the binnacle to see if we were heading as

Digitized by Google

we were, he trained one of our broadside guns on the light, blazed away, and immediately sounded the thrilling rattle for quarters. The splendid discipline of the ship was shown by the incredibly short time—only a minute or two—it took before every division was reported. I had done some quick dressing in college days when I had overslept and my marks had climbed close to the danger line, but nothing to compare with that. As I remember, every officer except the one on watch was, like myself, in a sound sleep. In the meantime we heard other vessels far and near going to quarters. A short time spent in signalling cleared up the mystery. The light had been shown for a moment on the flagship by some boy who had thoughtlessly removed the thick duck cover from a lantern. Naturally both he and the officer, who had needlessly fired a nine-inch gun pointblank at the commanding officer's vessel—fortunately she was just a little beyond range—received a wigging.

Another dark night, when our Captain happened to be senior officer on the station, a vessel whose commander slightly outranked ours came blundering along after dark. Fire was opened on the new-comer, and continued after he made out his number, but by a code just superseded because there was reason to believe that the enemy was in possession of the one lately in use. Things were getting hot for him, when he made out his number by the Merchants' Code, with the order "Cease firing." He deserved to have his ship riddled for such disregard of one of the most essential rules, viz., never to come on a blockade in the dark.

The heat disabled me at last so that a surgeon's survey sent me North as the only means of saving life. Had I been in the glorious fight in Mobile Bay, it would have been a close call, for a shell from the ironclad *Tennessee,* out of which a number of our wooden vessels were pounding the life, came in at a port and exploded at the point I always occupied at general quarters, killing eight of my men. The transport *Circassian,* a captured blockade-runner, and then in use as a supply vessel, in which I was sent home, had been a little more liberal in dealing out eatables than she would have been had her Captain known that Key West, where ordinarily he could have replenished stock, would be closed to us, on account of yellow fever. Our passenger list was, besides, unusually large; and for several days the ward-room had nothing but salt horse and hardtack, and neither was of the first quality. Still the best was made of what there was, and day after day the waiter who served my part of the table would come around and ask, with the grandest air, "Would you

Digitized by Google

prefer some of the beef, sir?" when there was nothing in the world as an alternative. This, in my state of health, was not invigorating, so I left at Hampton Roads and took the steamer for Washington, where I rested with a friend till I could muster strength for the remainder of the journey. Just as I was beginning to think of leaving for the Charlestown yard, to which I was ordered, the Confederates slipped around and cut the connection between Baltimore and Wilmington, making it necessary to go from Baltimore to Havre de Grace by a hastily prepared steamer. Everything was in confusion, and there was a vast amount of hurry and worry to secure a place on that boat. As a last straw, the sick wife of a New Hampshire colonel was returning from the front with two young children and one or two trunks, which got lost before we reached Philadelphia. She had no one to do anything for her, and no man with a mother could help offering his services. I shall be glad always that I did, but when, after a sleepless night in crowded cars, all that could be done for them was done, and I tottered into a restaurant in New York to get the only thing I dared touch, and was told they hadn't it, I went so far as to wish that that railroad connection had been left unbroken a few hours longer.

SAMUEL W. POWELL.

Digitized by Google

THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS PAPER MONEY

TEXAS has the distinction, among other things, of being the only State in the Union that had a separate existence as an independent government before coming into the Union of States. No one can read the history of the early settlement of Texas and the manner in which she achieved her independence in 1836, without being thrilled with admiration for the Texans, who succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Mexican domination. To the casual student of Texas history, it may be known that when the first authorized Anglo-Saxon settlements were undertaken in 1821, Spain was supreme in Mexico, and that the settlement of Texas was undertaken by virtue of concessions granted by Spain in 1820, first to Moses Austin and at his death renewed to his son, Stephen F. Austin, and that in 1824, Mexico, having succeeded in throwing off the Spanish yoke, became supreme over the territory that now includes Texas.

Very similar in its beginning was the struggle of the Texans against the tyranny of the Mexican government to that of the original thirteen colonies against the misgovernment of George III. The beginning of the Texas struggle was not for complete independence from the Mexican government, but to have wrong righted, and while this struggle against wrong had been going on for something like two years before Texas independence was declared, March 2, 1836, yet within two months of the adoption of the Declaration of Texan Independence, the battle of San Jacinto had been fought and the independence of Texas secured.

The achievement of independence found Texas an independent republic modeled on the Constitution and government of the United States, as its citizenship had been drawn from nearly every State of the Union. There were not then in operation any Texas gold or silver mines, and it was necessary, for the running of the government, to issue and depend upon paper money almost exclusively. To finance the war against Mexico and to settle the debts growing out of that war, it had been necessary to issue what was termed Land Scrip, and Texas sent special agents to different parts of the United States vested with authority to sell this scrip. The purchaser of this scrip had the right to locate it on any unlocated public domain within the bounds of Texas, and millions of acres of land were thus disposed of.

Digitized by Google

But from 1836 until the State was admitted into the Union in 1845, the State government was run on the basis of paper money, and quite naturally the discount on it in circulation became very heavy. When Texas was admitted into the Union it claimed sovereignty over practically all of New Mexico, and by the terms of its admission it retained all of its public domain within its readjusted boundaries, and for the consideration of $10,000,000 paid by the United States, it waived all of its rights and claims to New Mexico. By the terms of Texas' admission, this $10,000,000 was to be used, as far as necessary, in taking up and paying off the paper money which had been issued by the Republic of Texas. It was not supposed that all of this $10,000,000 was necessary, but the United States government retained a large part of it for the purpose of paying off directly this Texas debt, and all of this Texas money that could be called in and thus cancelled and paid off was taken up before the Civil War began. However, about 1898 the late Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas discovered, after he had gone out of office, that in the final adjustment of accounts between the State and the United States there still remained in the United States treasury a balance to the credit of Texas of about $100,000. This sum was appropriated by Congress and paid over to the State, but it was subsequently discovered that there was an error in the accounting, to the extent of about $50,000. The Texas Legislature appropriated the money thus acquired from the United States government to the cancellation of the paper money against the Republic of Texas then outstanding, and the fund for that purpose was thus exhausted. The last Legislature passed a special appropriation to pay off a $100 bill issued by the Republic, and which was held by some near relative of a soldier of the Republic.

Several years since the writer inquired of one of the largest dealers in curios, paper money, etc., in the United States as to what was the probable market value of bills issued by the Republic of Texas. The reply came that none of these bills had ever been seen or handled and their value was unknown. The writer has a series of these bills running from $1 to $50, and issued in 1838 to 1841 under the administration of Gen. Sam Houston and President Mirabeau B. Lamar. The most of these bills were engraved in New York in the best style of the engraver's art at that time. All of them are signed by the then President of the Republic of Texas, and are payable one year or twelve months from their date. Those issued under the act of the Texas Congress of June 9, 1837, bear ten per cent. interest per annum. The writer has in his col-

Digitized by Google

lection of paper money in all ten of these bills, of which no two are alike, and some of which he could have cashed at their face value when there was money in the treasury of the State for their payment. He prizes these very highly and knows of no one in or out of Texas with a larger collection of this interesting money.

R. C. CRANE.

[For this interesting account of the early Texas currency, we are indebted to *Mehl's Numismatic Monthly*, of Fort Worth. It will be noticed that one of the bills is for three dollars—a very unusual value. The five-dollar bill bears the portrait of Houston or of "Deaf Smith," a noted character of the time—it is not certain which. The engraver of this bill was evidently a man of some historical taste, for the ruined tower in the distance, at which the contemplative Indian in the foreground gazes, is remarkably like that on Jamestown Isand. It is noticeable that this is the only bill—and the earliest in date—bearing the legend "Republic of Texas," although Texas was not admitted as a State until 1845. The engravings are about one-third the size of the originals.]

Digitized by Google

BOSTON SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

No one has ever been on distant voyages and after a long absence received newspapers from home, who cannot understand the delight that they give one. I read every part of them—the houses to let, things lost or stolen, auction sales and all. Nothing carries you so entirely to a place, and makes you feel so perfectly at home as a newspaper. The very name of *Boston Daily Advertiser* sounded hospitably upon the ear.

R. H. DANA, JR.,
Two Years Before the Mast.

THIS was less than two years before the date of our old paper, the Boston *Argus,* a four-page daily to whose editor Daniel Webster was a demi-god, the Democrats and "Locofocos" the essence of wickedness. No wonder Dana, on the other side of the Continent, read the paper down to the pettiest details; for in the yellowed pages before us the Boston of the period (April, 1838), is reflected as in a mirror. With no Atlantic cable to pour in the world's news, the editor had time to chronicle much small beer. Nor did he hesitate on one occasion to devote three of his four pages to a Webster speech.

The chief national topics were the United States Bank—a bill to prevent its notes from circulating had just been introduced at Washington—and the suspension of specie payments by the banks of New York and Philadelphia. The Boston banks had agreed to follow their example, and our paper prints notices that many bank bills, some even of Massachusetts institutions, would not be received by Boston banks.

A Congressional topic of much interest was the Committee's report of investigation on the duel between two Representatives—Graves of Kentucky, and Cilley of Maine (in which Cilley was killed). This duel caused almost as much excitement as had the Burr-Hamilton duel.

The financial situation in Boston was intensified by the indictment of Parker H. Pierce and Joseph Andrews, president and cashier of the Commercial Bank, and by their absconding.

Exchange on New York and Philadelphia was at a premium, and as much in demand as was currency in our own recent "panic." John Barney and Son were advertising for sale "$25,000 in checks on New

Digitized by Google

York at $5.50 premium," while checks on Philadelphia were wanted by E. Williams & Co., of Long Wharf. Lombard & Whitmore had for sale £500 on London. Joseph W. Clark, No. 6 City Hall, had " Patriot Doubloons " for sale. What were they? How State Street would smile at such notices to-day.

The traveling facilities of 1838 are not the least interesting of the *Atlas'* items. We find by the advertisement of the Boston and Providence railroad that there were but two trains a day between Boston and Providence, and only one to New York. Fares, too, were high. The rate to New York is not given, but to Albany it was $7, and to Haverhill $1.25.

Coastwise and ocean navigation occupied a more prominent place than railroads. The largest advertisement was of the British and American Steam Navigation Company, presumably the germ of the B. & N. A. Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., now concisely known as the Cunard Line. It reads:

BRITISH STEAM PACKET SHIP FOR LONDON.

To sail from New York on the 1st May.

The new and powerful Steam Ship SIRIUS, 700 tons burden, and 320 horse power, Lieutenant RICHARD ROBERTS, R. N., commander, is intended to sail from London on the 28th March, touching at Cork, and from thence on the 2nd April for New York returning from New York to London on the 1st May.

This vessel has superior accommodations, and is fitted with separate cabins for the accommodations of families, to whom every possible attention will be given.

FARES.

Cabin, $140, including provisions, wines, &c.

Second Cabin, $80, including provisions.

This superior Steam Ship having been chartered by the directors of the British and American Steam Navigation Company, of London, to meet the pressing demands of the public, in anticipation of the Steam Ship ROYAL VICTORIA, now building; is a new vessel, about 6 months old, and has proved herself superior to any steam vessel in the British waters in speed and seaworthy qualities.

Passengers will be landed at Portsmouth, and thus be enabled to take conveyances for the Continent.

Further information afforded on application, and for freight or passage, apply to

WADSWORTH & SMITH, 4 Jones' lane.

(Rear 103 Front street, New York).
Agents of Br. and Am. Steam Navigation Co.

Digitized by Google

A New York paper, the *Sunday News,* of the same week, comments on this advertisement:

STEAM NAVIGATION.

On the ad of April, according to advertisement, the steamship Sirius will leave Cork harbor for New York, and she may be expected to arrive in about eighteen days at the farthest. She is, by all accounts a splendid vessel, and is intended to be the forerunner of the large, 1800 ton steamers, which are to be completed in the course of the summer. The English have fairly gone ahead of us on this occasion, for while we have been talking, they have been acting. But this is not so much a matter of surprise, since our attention has been principally directed to the construction of steamers for river communication, while the English have all along had chiefly in view the navigation of the ocean; and we excel them in the former particular to as great a degree as they surpass us in the latter. We have consulted beauty of form, and disregarded strength; they have discarded the ornament, and have formed their steamers wholly with the view of withstanding the waves of the open sea.

The *Sirius* was the *Lusitania* of her day, but the giant of the present with her enormous size and horsepower, could almost carry the *Sirius* crosswise on her deck.

The cabin passage was high, too, but wine was included. All steamers at that time were paddle-wheels, the screw not being adopted until after 1859, and the passage from London to Boston took seventeen days, so passengers got a good deal for their money.

Some of the coast (sailing) vessels were almost as large as the *Sirius.* Those plying between Boston and New Orleans were ships—one of them the *Cherokee*—as large as six hundred tons. Sailing dates were "Every ten days." Two features of the New Orleans line's advertisement are characteristic—one, "Lime not taken by this line," lime corresponding then as a fire hazard to cotton now; the second, "Stores of the very best kind provided, and every attention will be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers." Though the vessels for Charleston, Norfolk and other points were much smaller, sometimes of only a hundred tons, their agents, not to be outdone by their bigger neighbors, advertized that "the masters pledge themselves to be attentive to their business, and to sail with promptness and despatch." Most of these smaller vessels were schooners, and among the shipping firms were Ammi C. Lombard & Co., Stephens, Fisher & Co., Stanley, Reed & Co., John Fairfield and William Lincoln.

The New Orleans traveller of to-day may not find so much comfort in a Pullman as his grandfather did aboard a good ship, but he does not have to take seven to ten days to reach his destination.

Digitized by Google

There was a steamer line to Stonington, of two vessels, the *Narragansett,* Captain Child, and the *Lexington,* Captain Cornelius Vanderbilt. The latter vessel was destined to a tragic end. On January 13, 1840, she was burned on Long Island Sound, with great loss of life. Vanderbilt was not then her captain

Steam had not yet driven out the sailing craft, in fact, steamers were in the minority, and "regular packet schooners" for many ports are advertised.

On land, the famous "one-horse shay" was holding its own, as it was destined to do for a number of years more. We find advertisements of "two prime blue-lined chaises," and one ("a first-rate article") is green-lined.

The drygoods centre of the period seems to have been in Kilby and Milk streets—and Almy, Patterson & Co., George Bond & Sons, George B. Blake & Co., Farnsworth, Baxter & Co., and J. C. Hicks & Co., were constant advertisers, as were also Amos Lawrence and A. & A. Laurence & Co. The names of many of the stuffs have a strange look—beaverteens, cambleteens, erminetts, lionskins, swanskins—who of the present day knows what they were? The change of fashions, too, are shown by an advertisement of Amos A. Lawrence—of "black satins for mantillas"—and someone's of straw bonnets "Tuscan and Palermo cottages." J. M. Allen & Co., of 34 Milk street, advertise "genteel (shade of Dr. Holmes!) "wearing apparel at auction." Someone else had "Powchong Tea" for sale—what was it?

Flour at the time was apparently almost altogether from Baltimore and Richmond—Minneapolis "was not"—and its site was still occupied by the red man.

Turning from the body's needs to the mind's, we find Boston's book-sellers were Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, "successors to Lincoln and Edmands"—at 59 Washington street, Weeks, Jordan & Co., G. W. Palmer & Co., B. B. Mussey, C. C. Little and James Brown—the only firm yet remaining under a similar name. They advertised Campbell's Poems "just received." Mussey, Knapp's life of "Lord" Timothy Dexter, Mrs. Sigourney's Girls' Reading Book and Parley's Arithmetic were also new; but the "six best sellers" were not due to arrive for sixty years.

Digitized by Google

Amusements were represented by the Musical Institution, where the oratorio of *Joseph and His Brethren* was to be heard—by the Masonic Temple, where Henry Russell, the English vocalist was announced to sing. The "celebrated tragedy" of George Barnwell was also performing, and "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London."

Graver subjects appear in an advertisement "To Let, one of the best pews in the Brattle Street Church, being No. 161, North Gallery, ready furnished."—Dr. S. K. Lothrop was then the pastor of Brattle Street Church, and he remained so until 1876.

A remarkable auction notice is: "To be sold, a Valuable Tomb at Mount Auburn, Situate on Beach avenue, No. 544."

An old-time phrase ends the advertisement of R. M. Barnard, 1 City Wharf—"if the Boston & Gorham gunpowder I sell does not prove Equal to representation, it may be returned, and account balanced."

The popularity of Webster at the time appears in an advertisement:

WEBSTER VASE.

DEALERS in Paper Hangings are requested to call and examine Specimens of Fire-boards, bearing a representation of the beautiful VASE presented by the Citizens of Boston to the Hon. Daniel Webster, elegantly executed on Velvet, Satin and Plain paper, some of them in Silver. Two or three hundred are daily expected, and orders will be taken for more. As three months will be required to supply orders, those wishing for them will do well to apply soon. Copyright secured.

HENDERSON INCHES, JR.
8 T Wharf.

While another announces an exhibition which would be attractive even in modern Boston:

A FULL GROWN LIVING MOOSE

WILL be exhibited for a few days, near the Shawmut House, in Hanover street. The exhibition will be attended by Anance, a native Indian Chief of the Abernakies Tribe, who will answer all questions in relation to the habits of the animal.

A third is a reminder of the comparatively recent invention of an article now as common as is ice itself:

A large and elegant assortment of REFRIGERATORS. This is a new and useful article of furniture, rapidly coming into use, in Northern as well as Southern latitudes.

It is designed to keep cool and sweet, such dishes in the culinary department as are necessary to be protected from the heat of the weather during the Summer season.

Digitized by Google

The subscriber is constantly receiving from the Manufacturer, Refrigerators of different sizes and prices.

The attention of Shippers and Dealers is solicited to the above useful article. They will be sold very low for cash, by SAMUEL HATCH, Agent for the Manufacturer, at the Long Room, 31 Washington st.

Ice-cream soda-water was unknown to the Boston of 1838, and even in the ordinary form it was not too common to do without advertising, as witness the announcement of Theodore Metcalf:

SODA WATER.

THE subscriber continues to draw Soda Water from STONE FOUNTAINS, which for purity and briskness cannot be excelled. It is manufactured entirely under his own inspection, by a superior apparatus, and being confined in STONE FOUNTAINS, is free from any metallic impregnation.

He has adopted the London mode of drawing, by which much more gas is retained than in the old way.

Also—CONGRESS WATER, drawn from the fountain, possessing the exact taste, and all the medicinal qualities of the well known Congress Spring, at Saratoga.

Fifty Tickets for a Dollar, as usual.

Soda and Congress Water, bottled by a new apparatus, and warranted to retain for months, as much fixed air as when drawn from the fountain, will be sent to any part of the city, or packed for sea voyages.

THEODORE METCALF, Apothecary,
No. 33 Tremont Row, 10 doors north of the Tremont House.

The *Atlas* quotes from the *U. S. Gazette* of Philadelphia an item which possesses a singular interest in connection with the utter disappearance of this valuable bird within thirty years:

Pigeons.—Wild pigeons (pretty well tamed with shot, however,) were as plentiful in our market yesterday, as cucumbers in July, and about as cheap. Every body will have pigeons for dinner to-day. We are told that thirty thousand of these birds were recently taken at a single haul, not many miles from the city.

An obituary notice of James Butters, aged 96, says: "he was at the battle of Lexington in 1775." As the last surviving Revolutionary soldier died in 1869, at about 109, it is evident that Butters must have been one of the oldest—though only 33—of those who fought at Lexington.

Another obituary is of a kind practically impossible to print to-day: "On board ship *William Baker* of Warren, in November, 1836, Mr.

Digitized by Google

Sidney B. Smith, second mate, of Wrentham, Mass., aged about 21. Killed by a whale."

Notice that though the death occurred in November of 1836, the news did not reach Boston until April, 1838. The whale fishery was then rapidly approaching its climax, which was in 1850.

Our last quotation from our old newspaper is an advertisement of a characteristic Boston organization:

SOUL OF SOLDIERY—*Attention.*

☞A meeting of the Soul of Soldiery will be held at their Armory THIS EVENING, at 7½ o'clock, on business of importance. The punctual attendance of every member is requested. Per order.

CALVIN S. RUSSELL, Clerk.

We append, from our predecessor, the *Magazine of American History*, 1886, the reply to a question which had appeared on the subject:

This was an association composed of non-commissioned officers of the Massachusetts militia. It was established in 1805, and disbanded about 1852. A copy of its Constitution is owned by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co.—A. A. Folsom, in *Mag. of Am. History*, Vol. 16, p. 403.

Digitized by Google

THE ARMORIAL FAMILIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

(*Second Paper.*)

CHAUNCY.

REV. Charles Chauncy came from Yardley, in Hertfordshire, before 1638. He was the fifth son of George Chauncy and his second wife Agnes (Welsh) Humberstone, of Newplace and Yardley-Bury, in Hertfordshire. He was baptized at Yardley-Bury November 5, 1592; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1613, where he remained as a student of divinity for nearly ten years; was vicar of Ware in 1627. He came to New England and settled over the First Church of Scituate in 1641; inaugurated second President of Harvard College, November 29, 1654, serving until his death at Cambridge, February 19, 1671-2, at the age of eighty years. He married March 17, 1630, Catherine, daughter of Robert Eyre, of Sarum, in Wiltshire. She died at Cambridge, Mass., January 24, 1667.

Judith Chauncy, of Yardley, made her will in 1657, in which she mentioned "my dear and loving brother, Mr. Charles Chauncy, minister of God's word, and now living in New England." The arms of this family are: "Gules, a cross patonce argent, on a chief azure, a lion passant or." See his pedigree in the *Visitation of Hertfordshire*. Issue:

1. Sarah, born in Ware, England, June 13, 1631; married October 26, 1659, Rev. Gershom Bulkley, son of Rev. Peter Bulkley, first minister of Concord, Mass.

2. Isaac, born in Ware, August 23, 1632; graduated at Harvard College in 1651; clergyman in Woodborough, Wiltshire, and London.

Attention is called to the following errata in the first paper:
P. 285, line 18th from bottom, after Aston insert "Clinton."
P. 285, line 12th from bottom, add "married Samuel Riggs."
P. 287, line 13th from top, for Jesse read "Josse."
P. 287, line 5th from bottom, for boars' read "boar's."
P. 288, line 26th from top, insert "5. Thomas, b. May 26, 1653; d. September 1, 1654."
P. 289, line 2d from top, after 1647 insert 1648.
P. 289, line 13th from bottom, for Burkley read "Bulkley."

Digitized by Google

3. Ichabod, born in Ware in 1635; graduated at Harvard College in 1651; became physician in Bristol, England, where he died July 25, 1691, age 56.

4. Barnabas, born in England in 1637; graduated at Harvard College in 1657; died unmarried.

5. Nathaniel, born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1639; settled in Hatfield, Mass.; married November 12, 1673, Abigail Strong.

6. Elnathan, twin to Nathaniel; settled in Boston; died without issue.

7. Israel, born at Scituate, Mass., in 1644; married (1) Mary Nichols and (2) Sarah Hudson; settled in Stratford, Conn.

8. Hannah, enumerated, but not named in Judith Chauncy's will December 2, 1657. (New England Historical and Genealogical Register. Vol. XXXIX, p. 166.)

CHESTER.

Leonard Chester came from Blaby, Leicestershire, to Cambridge, Mass., about 1633. With his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, he removed to Connecticut and settled at Wethersfield. He was the son of John and Dorothy (Hooker) Chester, of Blaby. He was baptized July 15, 1610, and died at Wethersfield December 11, 1648, aged 39. His gravestone tells us that he was "late of the town of Blaby." In his will, dated November 22, 1637, he mentioned "my son John," "my daughter Mary," "the children of my uncle, Thomas Hooker, now pastor at Hartford Conn.," "my mother, Dorothy Chester," and "my wife Mary," who was ordered to dispose of £300 "sent since we arrived in New England." His widow married (2) about 1653, Honorable Richard Russell, of Charlestown, Mass. She died at Charlestown, November 30, 1688, aged about 80 years. The family arms are: "Ermine on a chief sable, a griffin passant with wings endorsed argent." Issue:

1. John, born at Watertown, Mass., August 3, 1635; married 1653-4, Sarah, daughter of Governor Thomas Welles, of Wethersfield, Conn.

2. Dorcas, born November 5, 1637; married at Salem, Mass., November 12, 1656, Rev. Samuel Whiting, Jr., of Billerica, Mass.

Digitized by Google

3. Stephen, born March 3, 1639; died unmarried April 23, 1705.

4. Mary, born January 15, 1641; died unmarried September 15, 1669.

5. Prudence, born February 16, 1643; married December 30, 1669, Captain Thomas Russell, of Charlestown. She died October 21, 1678.

6. Eunice, born June 15, 1645; married February 25, 1673, Captain Richard Sprague, of Charlestown. She died May 27, 1676.

7. Mercy, born February 14, 1647; died unmarried in 1669.

The order of births of Dorcas and Mary may not be given correctly.

COOKE.

Colonel George Cooke, b. about 1610, came from Pebmarsh, Co. of Essex, England, to Cambridge, Mass. He was the son of Thomas Cooke of Great Yealdham in the County of Essex. Having arrived in the *Defense* July 4, 1635, he was made a freeman March 5, 1635-6. He was chosen Deputy to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1636 and from 1642 to 1645, in which latter year he was Speaker. Returning to England he took part on the Parliamentary side in the Revolution, but d. in Ireland. Administration was granted upon his estate in New England October 4, 1652.

Thomas Cooke of Pebmarsh made his will in 1679, in which he referred "to my brother Joseph" and again "to my brother and sister in New England."' He and his brother registered in the *Defense* as servants of Roger Harlakenden, which see. The armorial bearings are: "sable, three bendlets argent." Issue by his wife Alice, all born in Cambridge:

1. Elizabeth, born March 27, 1640; died in July, 1640.

2. Thomas, born June 19, 1642; died July 16, 1642.

3. Elizabeth, born August 21, 1644; married Rev. John Quick of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London.

4. Mary, born August 15, 1646; married Samuel Annesley, Esq., of Westminster; alive 1691.

Joseph Cooke, born about 1608, elder brother of Colonel George

Digitized by Google

Cooke, came with him as a servant of Roger Harlakenden. He was made a freeman March 3, 1635-6. He was Deputy to the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony from 1636 to 1640. He made his brother Thomas Cooke of Wormingfold his attorney, November 5, 1639. He was in charge of military affairs after his brother George returned to England and himself returned to Stannaway, County of Essex, whence he deeded property in Cambridge, Mass., but returned and was living here in 1679 Issue by his wife Elizabeth, born and baptized at Cambridge:

1. Joseph, born December 27, 1643; graduated at Harvard College in 1660; married December 4, 1665, Martha Stedman.
2. Elizabeth, born March 16, 1644-5; married Rev. Joseph Cawthorne of London.
3. Mary, born January 30, 1646-7.
4. Grace, born December 9, 1648; died soon.
5. Grace, born May 1, 1650.
6. Ruth, born ————————; perhaps a mistake for Grace 2nd.

DAVENPORT.

Rev. John Davenport came from Coventry, Warwickshire, to Boston in the ship *Hector,* arriving June 27, 1637. He was the son of Henry and Winifred (Barnabit) Davenport and was baptized at Holy Trinity, Coventry, April 9, 1597; graduated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1615 and was made curate of St. Stephen's in London, but went to Holland in 1633. Coming to New England he was settled in the m
turned t
Church,
and his s
evidence
beth —
insignia
sable."

1. John,
165

Digitized by Google

Branford, Conn. He removed to Boston in 1668 and died there March 21, 1677. His widow died at New Haven, Conn., July 18, 1718.

DAVIE.

Humphrey Davie came from London to Boston in 1662. He was the son of Sir John Davie, who had been created a baronet September 9, 1641, the family home being in Creed, Devonshire. He removed to Hartford, Conn., and died February 18, 1688. He was twice married, his second wife being Sarah, widow of James Richards of Hartford. She married (3) Hon. Jonathan Tyng. His arms were: "quarterly, 1 and 4, argent, a chevron between three mullets pierced gules; 2 and 3, azure, three cinquefoils, or, on a chief of the last, a lion passant gules."

Issue by first wife:

1. John, graduated at Harvard College in 1681.

Issue by wife Sarah:

2. Humphrey, lived in Hartford, Conn.; died 1718.
3. William, died February 18, 1689.

DRAKE.

John Drake came from Wiscomb, Devonshire, to Boston, Mass., in 1630. He removed to Windsor, Conn., about 1639. He was born at Wiscomb, County Devon, about 1600, and died at Windsor, August 17, 1659. He married Elizabeth Rogers, who "died at Windsor October 7, 1681, at 100th year of her age, having lived a widow 22 years." In 1634 Francis Drake of Esher, in Surrey, made his will, mentioning "John Drake, my cousin William's son * * * in New England." Arms: "argent, a wyvern, wings displayed and tail nowed, gules." Issue:

1. Job, married June 25, 1646, Mary, daughter of Henry Wolcott.
2. John, married November 30, 1648, Hannah, daughter of John Moore.
3. Jacob, married April 12, 1649, Mary, daughter of John Bissell.
4. Mary, married November 17, 1653, John Gaylord; she died June 12, 1683.

Digitized by Google

5. Elizabeth, married February 14, 1644, William Gaylord; she married (2) March 1, 1660, John Elderkin of Norwich, Conn.

FAWKENER.

Edmond Fawkener (Faulkner) came from King's Cleere, Hampshire, to Salem, Mass., where he married, February 4, 1647-8, Dorothy Robinson. He removed to Andover, Mass., in 1645; took the oath of allegiance at Andover February 11, 1678. He died January 18, 1687. His wife died December 27, 1668.

In 1662 Francis Fawkener of King's Cleere made his will, in which he referred to "my brother Edmond Fawconer that is living in New England." The family arms are: "Sable, three falcons argent, beaked, legged and belled or." Issue:

1. Francis, born May, 1651; married, October 12, 1675, Abigail, daughter of Rev. Francis Dane.
2. John, born May 16, 1654; married October 19, 1682, Sarah, daughter of George Abbot of Andover.
3. Mary, married May 30, 1671, Joseph Marble.
4. Hannah, born in May, 1658; married May 29, 1689, Pasco Chubb.

Probably a careful study of Andover records will show other children.

FENWICK.

Elizabeth Fenwick came from Brinckborne, Northumberland, to Boston in the *Defense* in July, 1635. She married, May 20, 1648, Captain John Cullick, who came from Felstead, County of Essex, and settled at Hartford, Conn., after living at Charlestown for several years from 1639. He removed to Boston, where he died January 23, 1662-3. His widow married (2), 1664, Richard Ely of Boston. Issue:

1. John, born May, 4, 1649; graduated at Harvard College in 1668; died before 1698.
2. Elizabeth, born July 15, 1652; married in October, 1671, Benjamin Batten of Boston.
3. Hannah, probably a daughter, but not in order; married in Boston, May 20, 1660, Pelatiah Glover.

Digitized by Google

4. Mary, was a minor when her father's will was probated in 1663.

Colonel George Fenwick (Fennick) came from London to Boston in 1636. He removed to Saybrook, Conn., but returned to England; was for a time at Gray's Inn, London, but died at Berwick, March 15, 1657. In 1648 he was governor of Tinmouth Castle. In his will, dated March 10, 1646, and probated April 27, 1658, he bequeathed to "my wife Katharine," "to my daughter Elizabeth" and "to my sister Cullick and her children my estate in New England." The armorial insignia are: "Argent, three martlets gules, on a chief of the last three martlets of the field." Probably the American descendants come through descent from his sister Elizabeth, who married Captain John Cullick (Collet). See the *Visitation of Northumberland*. Issue:

1. Elizabeth, alive March 10, 1646.

2. Dorothy, alive March 10, 1646.

GEO. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

MALDEN, MASS.

Digitized by Google

MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD GRIDLEY

(Third Paper)

THE last of June we find him at Cambridge, begging that the artillery may be supplied with blankets, as well as the others arms of the service, asserting that his men are sadly in want of them, and that his brave followers are falling sick daily in consequence thereof.[47] On July third he addressed a severe letter to the Provincial Congress, asserting that he had nominated field officers for the regiment of artillery that he deemed best for the interests of the country. But he says, "the Provincial Congress do not deem it necessary to consult with me;" and his letter closes in the following spirited manner:—"Be assured, gentlemen, if I must have no judgment, and am not to be consulted in these matters, and must have persons transferred on me, I am determined I will withdraw myself from the army, and will have nothing further to do with it."[48]

It is said that America commenced her Revolution with but ten pieces of cannon, and to the mechanical science and ingenuity of Gridley was she indebted for the first cannon and mortars ever cast in this country.[49] His furnace was for a long time employed by order of Congress under his direction casting cannon for the use of the army. In February, 1776, we find him at Mashapog Pond, with a number of men, proving some mortars, which were afterwards placed on Dorchester Heights. He was assisted at this time by Captain Curtis, who, like himself, was a veteran of the French War.[50] One year later (February 14, 1777), Congress empowered Robert Treat Paine, to contract with him for forty eight-inch howitzers to be sent to Ticonderoga.[51]

On the twentieth of September, 1775, Richard Gridley received from the Provincial Congress the rank of Major General, and was ordered to take command of the artillery with the rank of Colonel.[52] He had received the highest rank from the Provincial Congress, and had his commission been renewed in the Continental Army, Washington says:—"He would have outranked all the Brigadier and all the Major Generals."[53]

[47] Mass. Arch. Vol. 194, p. 20
[48] Mass. Arch. Vol. 146, p. 307.
[49] Swett, B. H. p. 54.
[50] N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg. Vol. xxii, p. 3.
[51] Jour. Congress, p. 581.
[52] Jour. Congress, 1775, p. 142.
[53] Sparks' Washington, Vol. iii, p. 50.

Digitized by Google

Nevertheless, he writes December 31, 1775:—"I believe Colonel Gridley expects to be continued as Chief Engineer in the army. It is very certain that we have no one better qualified."[54] Not only did Washington acknowledge his great value as an officer in his letters, but he urgently requested him to accompany the army to the South. But the infirmities of age were creeping upon him. He resigned his commission, and the council of officers coincided in the belief that on account of his advanced age it were better to place the command of the artillery in younger hands. On Friday, the seventeenth of November, 1775, Henry Knox,[55] whose skill as an artillerist had attracted the attention of Washington, and whose subsequent career was so brilliant that recently his statue has been presented to the nation by the State of Maine, succeeded Gridley in command of the artillery.

On the memorable night of the fourth of March, 1776, it was decided to fortify Dorchester Heights. And who so capable as Gridley? With his usual celerity and skill he marked out the plan of the breastworks, and a redoubt was soon erected which, perhaps was never exceeded except by that on Breed's Hill.[56] One historian compares it "to the works of Aladdin;" and another, in speaking of the fortifications, says:—"In history they were equalled only by the lines and forts raised by Julius Cæsar to surround the army of Pompey."[57] Certain it is that they were of such a nature that neither Lord Howe nor Earl Percy dared attack them, and deemed it best to evacuate Boston. "As absolute a flight," said Wilkes in the House of Commons, "as that of Mahomet from Mecca."

After the evacuation of Boston, Washington offered to Gridley his choice of a place of residence in that city, where he remained many months, and was entrusted by the commander-in-chief with the duty of demolishing the British intrenchments on the Neck,[58] and in order that the work might be well and quickly done, General Ward had orders to furnish him with as many men as he deemed necessary for the undertaking. The works were destroyed, and near their site Gridley laid out the famous "Roxbury Lines."[59] Castle William, down the harbor, the hills of Charlestown, Fort Hill in Boston, and all the prominent positions about the harbor were erected or strengthened under his direction.[60]

[54] Am. Arch. 4th Series.
[55] Sparks, Vol. iii, p. 197.
[56] Dawson's, U. S. Vol. i, p. 87. Everett's Oration, Vol. iii, p. 340.
[57] Silliman's Journal, Frothingham, p. 326.
[58] Sparks, Vol. iii, p. 328.
[59] Drake's "Ancint Landmarks," pp. 426, 427.
[60] Cent. Evacuation, p. 140. Frothingham, p. 313.

Digitized by Google

When Bunker's Hill again came into the possession of the Americans, after the departure of the royal troops, strict search was made for the body of Major General Joseph Warren, and when on the 8th of April, 1776, the body was reinterred, with all the honor and respect the embryo nation could furnish, among the distinguished gentlemen who acted as pall-bearers on that occasion appears the name of Richard Gridley.[61]

Twelve days after, Gridley was ordered by Washington to attend to the fortifications on Cape Ann and protect the harbor of Gloucester.[62] While performing his duties here, he attended the ministrations of the Rev. John Murray, and it was but a step for one who had been an admirer of Mayhew and Chauncy, to become a decided and enthusiastic Universalist. He adopted the belief of the "Promulgator," as Murray was then called, and there was established between them a friendship of no ordinary character, designated by Mrs. Murray in after years, as "an old and unbroken amity." In the deepest trouble of his life, when his beloved partner, whom he had married before he was of age, and with whom he had enjoyed nearly sixty years of connubial happiness, died,[63] it was to Murray, his friend and spiritual guide, that he looked for comfort and for strength. No better insight into Gridley's home life can be had than that given by Mrs. Murray in a letter addressed to her parents, under date of October 24, 1790:

"The weather on Monday morning proving remarkably fine, we commenced our journey to Stoughton. Much had we dwelt on the serene enjoyments which awaited us in the family of Colonel Gridley, and it was only in the paternal dwelling that we expected more unequivocal marks of friendship. Upon how many contingencies doth sublunary bliss depend; all felicity is indeed a work too bold for mortals, and we ought never assuredly to promise ourselves the possession of any good. With much rapidity we posted forward. For the convivial smiles of hospitality we were prepared; but alas for us, the venerable Mistress of Stoughton villa, had, the day before our arrival, breathed her last. Her family, her bereaved family, met us in tears, but her clay cold tenement, shrouded in its burial dress, unconscious of our approach, preserved with dignified

[61] Life and Times Jos. Warren, p. 524.

[62] Am. Arch., vol. vi, 4th ser. p. 439.

[63] Her maiden name was Hannah Deming, she was married Feb. 25, 1730, died Oct. 19, 1790, Æt. 80. Children:—Richard, born July 12, 1731. Hannah, b. Jan. 1, 1732. Samuel, b. June 14, 1734. Joseph, b. Nov. 5, 1736. Jane, b. July 7, 1738, m. Elijah Hunt, died 1818. Scarborough, b. Oct. 9, 1739, d. Feb. 16, 1742. Rebecca, b. Ap. 25, 1741. Mary married Enoch Leonard. Scarborough....d. Dec. 16, 1787.

Digitized by Google

tranquillity its sweet and expressive composure. Often had her arm with even maternal tenderness been extended to us, while the tumultuous joy of her bosom was described by every expression of her face! But now her heart had forgot to beat,—to the glad sensations of affection it is no longer awake; and for the arrival of the messenger of peace the sigh of her perturbed bosom will no more arise. Many years of pain she hath lingered out, and for weeks past her agonies have been exquisite. Ought we then to mourn her exit, when, moreover, she departed strong in faith, giving glory to God? Yet for me, I confess I am selfish, censurably selfish, and while I stood gazing on her breathless corse, the agonized breathings of my spirit to the Preserver of men were, that I might never be called to view my beloved parents thus stretched upon the bed of death. The life of Mrs. Gridley has been amiable; she has departed full of days, and her connections will retain of her the sweetest remembrance."

"We had intended to have reached town earlier in the week, but it was not in friendship to leave unburied so venerable a connection, to resist the importunities of her aged companion, and her earnestly imploring children. From Monday noon until Friday morning, we remained in Stoughton, yielding such alleviations as an old and unbroken amity had a right to expect. On Thursday afternoon, the sepulchral rites were performed. Her only surviving brother, a white-haired old gentleman, with his lady, and a number of other connections, arrived about noon from Boston, for the purpose of paying the last honors to the deceased by attending her obsequies. An affectionate exhortation and prayer was delivered by Mr. Murray previous to the commencement of the procession, and at the grave, also, some suitable observations were made by our friend, calculated to do justice to the departed, and administer improvement and consolation to survivors. Our company at Colonel Gridley's on Thursday evening, was large, and we passed it like those who entertain the sure and certain hope of meeting again the pleasing connection who had so recently taken her flight. The weather yesterday morning proved most propitious to our wishes, and after a night of refreshing slumbers, we departed from Stoughton, enriched with the warmest wishes of our friends."[64] "Stoughton Villa," the residence of General Gridley, was situated on almost the exact spot where the house of Miss Chloe Dunbar now stands.

To return to the military career of Gridley: In a letter dated

[64] Rev. E. Davis, Univ. Quar. 1876.

Digitized by Google

March, 1778, he writes to General Heath for more men to close the fortifications at Castle William and Governor's Island. He desired that the assistance be sent him that spring, as he feared a return of the enemy. In doing this, he says he is instigated by his love of country, and that should any accident happen through delay, the blame would fall on him. His receipts for payment and the commutation accounts for July, August and September, show that he was still Chief Engineer.

In 1780, he writes to General Heath,[65] that he has had no pay for thirteen months, and begs that the General will allow him something, and charge it to his department. He complains that the last pay he received, he was obliged to divide with his son, who assisted him. In this want of funds, it is probable there were at this time many officers of the army who could heartily sympathize with him. It is stated upon good authority that Gridley was connected in 1781 with the operations in Rhode Island, but we have no documentary proof of it.[66] On February 26, 1781, Congress resolved, that it be recommended to the State of Massachusetts to make up to Richard Gridley, the depreciation of his pay as engineer, at sixty dollars per month, from the time of his appointment to the first of January, 1781.[67]

It is the year 1783. Peace has spread her bright wings over this fair land, and the citizens of this ancient town have met together in the old church to celebrate, with befitting ceremonies, the dawning of that auspicious day. From the old church tower the bell rings forth a merry peal. Flags are flying, guns are booming. Men who have taken part in the dangers and trials of the war greet at the church door their companions in arms. Young men and maidens, brave in holiday attire, come from far and near to join in the festivities. In the pulpit sits the pastor who has ministered to this people for over half a century, and by his side the distinguished orator of the day. On that great day, when the thanks of the people were to be returned to the immortal veterans of the war, and when thanksgiving was to be offered to Almighty God for the success of our arms and the establishment of the Republic, Richard Gridley was left out in the cold, uninvited, forced to remain at home, and see, with feelings that can be better imagined than described, the great concourse of people pass his house to celebrate the return of peace—that

[65] MS. Papers Gen. Heath. [66] S. A. Drake.
[67] Congress. Jour. 1781, p. 581.

Digitized by Google

peace to which he had contributed more than any of them. The question will naturally be asked, why was a man, so distinguished in the art of war and with so noble a record, allowed to remain away from this celebration? When Pedaretus, the Spartan, missed the honor of being elected one of the three hundred who held a distinguished rank in the city, he went home well satisfied, saying he was glad to know there were three hundred men in Sparta more honorable than he. Gridley could hardly say this. Had he been guilty of some heinous crime, for which he must be ostracized from the society of his neighbors and townspeople? Far from it. Gridley could not understand this intentional neglect, and he inquired of an intimate friend of his why it was that he had received no invitation to the celebration. His friend reluctantly answered him in these words: "Because, General, you are not considered by those having that matter in charge a Christian." His friend alluded to the fact that Gridley had become a Universalist in religious belief. The old veteran paused a moment, dropped his head upon his breast, and then with solemn and impressive speech, uttered these words: "I love my God, my country, and my neighbor as myself. If they have any better religion, I should like to know what it is." [68]

General Gridley's last appearance in public was in 1795, when he assisted in laying the corner stone of the State House, as he had of the State in 1775. The same year we find his name attached to the petition which resulted in the Act of Incorporation of the town of Canton.

A few years after the introduction of Free Masonry into North America, Gridley was initiated into the mysteries of the craft. In "A General List of the Brethren, made in the First Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in Boston, New England, also those accepted members in it, with the time when made or admitted from the first foundation, A. L. 5733," under date of January 22, 5745, appears the name of Richard Gridley; but this only indicates when he was admitted a member. No record is known to exist showing in what Lodge he received the first degree; but the following record from the Master's Lodge will show when he was made a Master Mason. "April 4, 1746; the Lodge being open, Bro. Richard Gridley attending, was raised Master, and paid £3." [69]

May 13, 1756.—"The Right Worshipful Grand Master, Jeremy Gridley, authorized the Right Worshipful Richard Gridley, Esq., to

[68] Miss Abigail Crane. [69] Grand Lodge Rec.

Digitized by Google

congregate all Free and Accepted Masons in the present expedition against Crown Point, and form them into one or more Lodges, as he should think fit, and to appoint Wardens and other officers to a Lodge appertaining." In September, 1756, at a meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge, held in Boston, at which, without doubt, his Excellency, John, Earl of Loudoun, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in America, and Past Grand Master of Masons in England, was present, the " R. W. G. M. appointed Bro. Richard Gridley, then Master of the First Lodge, to make the above five gentlemen Masons, who were made Entered Apprentices and Passed Fellow Crafts."

In 1768, on the sixteenth of November, at a meeting of the Second Lodge, with a father's pride, he proposed the name of his well-beloved son, Scarborough, to be made a Mason, and by a dispensation from the Master, he was unanimously ballotted in and made a Mason in due form. John Rowe appointed Richard Gridley Deputy Grand Master of St. John's Grand Lodge, January 27, 1769, and he, in all probability, continued in that office until 1788. Certain it is that he was Deputy Grand Master in 1787, and no other name appears as holding the office in the interim.[70] He was beloved and respected by all the members of the fraternity of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. At the decease of his brother Jeremy, he was unanimously chosen Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge, an honorable distinction which he thought it expedient, amid the pressure of other duties, to decline.

In private life his character was unexceptionable and exemplary, and would stand the most scrutinizing examination. Correct morals, unimpeachable integrity, unsullied honesty, strict veracity, habits of temperance to a degree of abstemiousness, in an age when every one drank liquor, a perfect freedom from every vice, and the constant practice of those virtues that adorn and dignify human nature, were the distinguishing traits of his character. He possessed great equanimity of temper, and as a friend and companion was cheerful, agreeable and instructive. The Hon. William Eustis, Dr. Townsend, and many others having commenced their studies with General Warren, and being by his death deprived of their patron, looked with almost filial affection upon General Gridley, as their guide, companion and friend, and passed much of their time with him during his residence at the house of Governor Brooks, in Cambridge, with whom he has been often heard to say, he passed many happy hours.

[70] Const. Grand Lodge, 1857.

Digitized by Google

His urbanity, his uniform politeness, and graceful demeanor, rendered him a true gentleman. His elegance of deportment at his ever hospitable board was often noticed and admired. He was equally charitable to individuals and philanthropic to the public, in competition with which his self-interest was wholly disregarded.

In stature he was remarkably tall, of commanding presence, with a frame firm and vigorous. His consitution was like iron. He rarely suffered from illness, and his death was not in consequence of the general decay of nature, such as usually attends advanced age, but was caused by cutting some poisonous bushes,[71] which injured his blood, and which on the twenty-first of June, 1796, terminated his truly valuable life.[72] On Thursday, the 23d, he was buried in a small enclosure near his house. The Rev. John Murray preached the funeral sermon, and crowds from far and near came to Canton to pay their tribute of love and respect to his memory. In this neglected spot his body rested, until Saturday, October 28, 1876, when the Gridley Committee commenced the disinterment.[73] A few strokes of the pick revealed that an error of about a foot had been made in the location of the grave; a second attempt proved successful and at the depth of seven feet the sides of the coffin were reached; from this time the work was conducted with greater care, a trowel taking the place of a spade. A part of the skull of the old veteran was lifted from its bed of sand and gravel, and to it was attached a quantity of gray hair, ending in a braided queue, this sufficiently identified the body; portions of the bones of the arms and legs were soon after exhumed, and everything found in the grave, except the queue, was placed in a box, which the committee conveyed to the cemetery, where the remains were reinterred, each member of the committee and a delegation of the Canton Historical Society, assisting. On the 24th of October, the monument was brought from Milton, and placed in position upon the site previously selected by the committee, and freely given by the town, at its annual meeting, for that purpose. The base of the pedestal is of hammered Quincy granite, the dado is of Randolph granite with polished tablets, which bear the following inscriptions:

[71] Probably *Rhus toxicodendron*—one of the rare instances of its virulence when its principle is absorbed by the system.

[72] MS. letter of Gridley's daughters.

[73] The Committee on the Gridley Monument consisted of E. A. Morse, O. Chapman, E. R. Eager, W. E. Endicott, D. T. V. Huntoon.

Digitized by Google

"THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF CANTON TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD GRIDLEY, AS A TRIBUTE OF HONOR AND GRATITUDE TO ONE WHOSE LIFE WAS SPENT IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY. BORN JAN. 3, 1710. DIED JUNE 21, 1796. A VETERAN OF THREE WARS. HE COMMANDED THE ARTILLERY OF HIS MAJESTY'S ARMY AT THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG; HE STOOD BY THE SIDE OF WOLFE AT THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC, AND AS MAJOR GENERAL AND CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PATRIOT ARMY HE PLANNED THE FORTIFICATIONS ON BUNKER HILL, AND ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE FELL WOUNDED."

"I SHALL FIGHT FOR JUSTICE AND MY COUNTRY."

"I LOVE MY GOD, MY COUNTRY, AND MY NEIGHBOR AS MYSELF."

WASHINGTON WROTE:

"I KNOW OF NO MAN BETTER FITTED TO BE CHIEF ENGINEER THAN GENERAL GRIDLEY."

The tablet on the south-east side, facing Washington street, has the American shield with the Stars and Stripes, and the name "GRIDLEY" in large letters. The whole is surmounted by a cannon in exact imitation of the "Hancock" or "Adams," one of the guns Gridley served with his own hand at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Thus, life's duties well performed, passed from us one of the most distinguished military characters of New England; renowned for personal bravery in the face of the enemy, a skilled artillerist, a scientific engineer, a prominent actor in the great events of our country's history; the companion of Sir William Pepperrell, of Lord Amherst, of Earl St. Vincent, of Cook, the navigator, of Montgomery and Wolfe; in latter days, of Prescott, and Putnam and Knox, of Thomas, and Ruggles, and Frye, and Warren, and Washington.

A writer in the *Columbian Centinel,* issued a few days after his death, in speaking of General Gridley, says: "To sketch the usefulness of the deceased, to delineate his services as a citizen, a soldier and Mason, are unnecesary. They have repeatedly been acknowledged by his countrymen, and live in the memory of every one acquainted with the history of our country."

Digitized by Google

Such, soldiers and fellow-citizens, was the life of the man to whose memory you have erected a monument. As the successive generations of our townspeople contemplate its beauty, it will speak to them a varied language. The soldier who fought to preserve, will call to mind the hero who fought to establish, the Republic. Our old men, as they gaze on it, will " call to remembrance the former days; " and it shall teach our young men lessons of courage, duty and patriotism. To all of our citizens it shall be a source of pride that we have finally, in a suitable manner, commemorated the most distinguished of our townsmen

D. T. V. HUNTOON.

CANTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

THE CLINTON CEREMONIES IN NEW YORK.

THE body of Governor George Clinton, which was disinterred at Washington, where it was buried in 1812, and removed for permanent burial at Kingston, N. Y, was carried in state May 28 through New York's streets to the City Hall. The ceremonies were most impressive. We condense the account from the *Evening Post:*

If curiosity and the mere liking for the unusual were what gripped lower Broadway this morning, when public funeral honors were paid to a man who had been dead a century, and whose very name had been forgotten or never known by most of them, that fact was adequately disguised by the demeanor of the crowd itself.

For, when the body of George Clinton, New York's first Governor, was conveyed from the Battery to the City Hall, on a flag-draped caisson, escorted by soldiers, sailors, and civilians, the spirit of the military dirges, of the minute guns booming at the Battery, and the mournful bells tolling in the steeples of Trinity and St. Paul's seemed to pervade the thousands, who forgot for the moment that it was time to begin a day's work, and stopped to see and hear.

Let students of crowd-psychology get what material for speculation they can from the fact that men and women asked, "Who was George Clinton, anyway?" and then instinctively removed their hats or bowed their heads as the caisson itself went by. It was, in spite of that apparent incongruity, a moving spectacle, and the attitude of the crowd seemed for the moment almost reverential. Perhaps the guns, the bands, and the bells had more to do with it than anything else.

Everything contributed to make the occasion an impressive one. The sky was blue and a mild breeze blew from the river. Speaking generally, probably the entire downtown section of the city was just an hour late in getting to work. All along the line of procession the roofs and windows of the skyscrapers were black with heads. Men and boys hung on cornices, balconies, wherever they could find footing.

The funeral train arrived in Jersey City last night from Washington. All night a guard of honor, artillerymen of the Forty-fourth and Forty-

Digitized by Google

seventh companies, under command of Lieut. H. F. Spurgeon, guarded the coffin. This morning the casket was carried to a waiting truck, on which it was wheeled to the revenue cutter *Manhattan,* lying near by. Twelve artillerymen marched ahead of the truck and four on either side.

Aboard the revenue cutter, Captain Levis had his crew, together with detachments from the cutters *Mohawk* and *Calumet,* drawn up along the rail at attention. A committee appointed to supervise the arrangements for the ceremonies; and George Clinton Andrews of Tarrytown, George Clinton Genet of New York, Sutherland G. Taylor of Mount Vernon, and Louis F. Genet of New York, all descendants of Governor Clinton, were also aboard the cutter.

At nine o'clock the *Manhattan* backed out into the stream, and as she did so, the gunboat *Wasp,* lying off the Battery, began to fire a Vice-President's salute of nineteen guns.

As the *Manhattan* drew up to the dock at the Battery, the sides of the police boat *Patrol* were manned by the harbor police, and the long lines of bluejackets, marines, regulars, and militiamen facing the waterfront in Battery Park, presented arms. Scarcely had the salute from the *Wasp* ended when a section of field artillery began the firing of a second salute.

An artillery caisson was backed up to the landing, and to it eight non-commissioned officers of the artillery corps carried the oaken casket from its place at the bow of the *Manhattan.* As this was done the drums of the Fifth Artillery Band rolled and the military detachments presented arms. Precisely at 9:30 o'clock the bands broke into Chopin's Funeral March, and the head of the column debouched through Battery Place into Broadway.

Enormous crowds blocked Battery Park and stretched across town to Fraunces' Tavern and up through Nassau Street to Wall, and then again along Broadway and Park Row to the City Hall.

Simultaneously with the playing of the Funeral March, the *Wasp,* in the river, commenced the firing of minute guns. The reverberating boom of the cannon punctuated the wailing of the bands with an effect that was weird.

After Squadron A, marched a provisional battalion of five compa-

Digitized by Google

nies of Coast Artillery, commanded by Lieut.-Col. H. I. Ludlow. Ahead of the battalion was the Fifth Artillery Band. The men kept slow step, and the colors were draped in heavy folds of crape.

Behind the artillerymen came the Naval Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Commander C. L. Hussey, led by a band from the battleship *New Hampshire*. First were two companies of marines, one from the *New Hampshire* and one from the *Hancock*. They were followed by the sailors from the *New Hampshire* and the cruiser *Tacoma,* dressed in their white-duck uniforms, ensigns and midshipmen in command, with crape bands around arms and sword hilts.

Immediately behind the police was the caisson drawn by four horses, the near-horse of each pair ridden by a gunner in the red-trimmed uniform of the artillery service. A sergeant of artillery rode in command on the flank. On each side of the caisson marched four non-commissioned officers of the artillery corps, as pall-bearers. Outside of the pall-bearers marched members of the Order of the Cincinnati and the Veteran Corps of Artillery, in their quaint old-fashioned uniforms and tall shakos like those worn at Lundy's Lane and the Thames. The coffin was draped with the national colors, and on it were piled the three wreaths sent by the President, Governor Stewart of Pennsylvania, and Governor Fort of New Jersey. The crowds on the sidewalk uncovered as the coffin went by.

The remainder of the column was made up of city officials and members of various patriotic organizations, with the Old Guard and its band, playing hymns. Mayor McClellan was preceded by a policeman carrying his special flag, and a number of banners not often seen on the streets were included in the line. Much interest was manifested in the detachment of Clinton descendants. It included a number of boys, ranging in age from ten to eighteen, likely looking American youngsters, who marched in a soldierly file with eyes to the front. They invariably knew what to do and did it. There was, also, a detachment of boys from De Witt Clinton High School, formed in two companies, with instructors in command.

Traffic on Broadway for blocks was completely at a standstill. For a time the column was halted in Broadway, while the arrangements were made for the disposition of the troops in the plaza opposite the City Hall. Gen. Grant directed things in person, riding back and forth to give the orders.

Digitized by Google

The artillery and marines were drawn up in a long line, in company front, facing the steps. Opposite them, with their backs to the building, were the sailors, a serried white mass. The mounted staff and Squadron A were at the Broadway side of the steps, and the police escort was marshalled in single file in the rear of the marines and soldiers.

The eight non-commissioned officers took the casket from the caisson and lifted it upon their shoulders; a line of drummers behind the bugler sounded the long roll and the major-general's ruffle, and up and down the lines of the troops ran the order, " Present arms." Looking from the steps of the City Hall, one could see that the most of the crowds standing beyond the police lines had uncovered.

After the coffin had been carried to the Governor's room, Gen. Grant gave the order for the civic section of the procession to march past the hall in review, each delegation uncovering as it came opposite the windows of the Governor's room.

Then came the order for the dismissal of the troops. Still wailing the Dead March, the artillery band led the way out into Broadway. In a tossing torrent of blue and white the marines and sailors followed them.

All the rest of the day, long lines of people passed through the rotunda of the City Hall around the coffin that lay in state in the Governor's room.

This evening the body will be placed aboard the gunboat *Wasp*, and to-morrow, escorted by a fleet of five torpedo boats, will be taken to Kingston for burial, near the site of the old courthouse, in front of which George Clinton took the oath of office on July 30, 1777, for the first of his seven terms as Governor of New York.

Digitized by Google

THE PRACTICAL WORK OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

II—IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Society has identified many places and buildings of the Revotionary era, and placed monuments and bronze tablets thereon. One tablet was placed on a spot on the Swedes' Ford Road, near Centreville, Chester County, to mark the location (the building itself having been destroyed), of General Wayne's headquarters in 1778. A similar one was placed near what remains of an American redoubt called Fort Washington, and to mark the locality of Howe's threatened attack on Washington's lines, December 6, 1777.

At the Gulph Mill, in Upper Merion township, Montgomery County, a large natural boulder was placed, with a bronze tablet attached and suitably inscribed, to mark the site of Washington's camp, December 13-19, 1777, just before going into winter quarters at Valley Forge. At the intersection of Thirty-first Street and Queen Lane, Philadelphia, was placed a granite monument, inscribed to commemorate the American encampment just before and after the battle of Brandywine. In St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, a mural tablet to the memory of Captain William Shippen, who was killed at the battle of Princeton, has been placed, and a similar one on the front wall of the building at No. 528 Market Street.

This latter identifies the site as that of the house occupied by Washington as the Presidential mansion, 1790-97, while Philadelphia was the Capital. This house had a succession of notable tenants. It was erected before 1772, and was occupied successively by Richard Penn, General Sir William Howe, Benedict Arnold (after the British evacuated Philadelphia), and by John Holker, the French Consul-General until 1780, when it was partly burned. Then Robert Morris rebuilt and occupied it, and finally it became the " White House " of the day.

At Bethlehem the Society placed a tablet on the front wall of the Young Ladies' Seminary, to commemorate the fact that the building was used as a military hospital in 1776-78. A second and similar one was placed in 1905, on the west gable of Independence Hall, Philadelphia,

Digitized by Google

in memory of the patriots who suffered and died in the building when used as a hospital during the British occupancy of the city.

At the Northern Liberties School, Third and Green Streets, a tablet marks the location of the barracks occupied by troops, first during the French and Indian War, later by Washington's army.

Many years ago, the Schuylkill Canal boatmen erected a stone marker on the river bank, opposite Valley Forge, to mark the location of General Sullivan's bridge over the Schuylkill. This having become broken and disfigured the Society is considering the placing of a new one, on the Valley Forge side of the stream. Over this bridge marched Burgoyne's captive army, on the way to their Virginia encampment.

In conjunction with the York Chapter, D. A. R., the York members of the Society placed a tablet in 1906, in Centre Square, York, to commemorate the fact that the Continental Congress held its meetings in York during the period when the British occupied Philadelphia. The Society is accumulating a fund—now nearly $10,000—for the purpose of erecting a statue to Pennsylvania's great Revolutionary leader, General Wayne.

Digitized by Google

INDIAN LEGENDS: IX.

STARVED ROCK.

THIS is the grim name of a singular spot on the Illinois River, about eight miles south of Ottawa. It is a rocky bluff, rising from the water's edge to the height of more than a hundred feet, and is only separated from the mainland by a narrow chasm. Its length might probably measure two hundred and fifty feet. Its sides are perpendicular, and there is only one point where it can be ascended, and that is by a narrow, stair-like path. It is covered with many a cone-like evergreen, and in summer encircled by luxuriant grape vines and climbers and masses of richly-colored flowers. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous and beautiful pictorial feature of the lonely and sluggish Illinois, and is associated with the extinction of the Illinois tribe of Indians. The legend which I heard from a venerable Indian trader is as follows:

Many years ago, the whole region between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was the home and dominion of the Illinois Indians. For them alone did the buffalo and deer range over its prairies; for them did the finest of rivers flow and bear upon their waters the birch canoe as they sought to capture the wild waterfowl; and for them alone did the dense forests, crowding upon these streams, shelter their unnumbered denizens.

In every direction might be seen the smoke of Indian wigwams curling upward to mingle with the sunset clouds, which told them tales of the Spirit Land. Years passed, and they continued to be at ease in their possessions. But the white man from the far east, with the miseries which have ever accompanied him in his march of usurpation, began to wander into the wilderness, and trouble for the red man was the inevitable consequence. The baneful "fire-water," which was the gift of civilization, created dissension among the tribes, until in process of time, and on account of purely imaginary evils, the Pottowatomies from Michigan determined to make war upon the Indians of Illinois. Fortune, or rather destiny, favored the invaders and the rock in question was the spot that witnessed the extinction of an aboriginal race.

Digitized by Google

It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian Summer. The sun threw a mellow haze upon the prairies and tinged the multitudinous flowers with the deepest gold; while in the shadow of the forest islands the doe and her fawn reposed in quietness, lulled into a temporary slumber by the hum of the grasshopper and the wild bee. The wilderness world wore the aspect of a perfect Sabbath. But in the twinkling of an eye the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill war-whoop, and the dreadful struggle of bloody conflict upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country were seen the dead of the unfortunate Illinois, when it was ordered by fate that the concluding skirmish between the two tribes should take place near Starved Rock.

The Pottowatomies numbered nearly three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes—the more desperate fighters having already perished and the women and children having been massacred and consumed in their burning wigwams. The battle was most desperate between the unequal parties.

The Illinois were about to give up all for lost, when, in their frenzy, they gave a defying shout and retreated to the rocky bluff. From this it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies, but alas, from that moment they were to endure unthought-of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious enemies.

And now to describe in words the scene that followed and was prolonged for several days were utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress, by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping-knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner in which they did perish. Now and then, indeed, a desperate man would lower himself, hoping thereby to escape, but a tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the ground or water.

Day followed day, and those helpless captives sat in silence, gazing upon their broad, beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing into their vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars, and beyond to the home of the Great Spirit, but murmured not. If they slept in their dreams they once more played with their little children or

Digitized by Google

talked with their wives, or roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned, it was but the harbinger of another day of agony, but when evening came the poor, untutored mind through the eye of an obscure faith might catch a glimpse of the Spirit Land. Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possiby take place, for the human blood-hounds who watched their prey were utterly without mercy. The feeble, white-haired chief crept into a thicket and there breathed his last. The recently strong-bodied warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk upon some fiend below, and then yielded to the pains of his condition. The lithe form of the soft-eyed youth parted with its strength, tottered and fell upon the earth to die. Ten weary days passed, and the strongest man and the last of his race was numbered with the dead; and a glorious banquet was presented to the vulture and the raven.

CHARLES LANMAN.

Digitized by Google

MINOR TOPICS

JACOB BLACKWELL'S WILL.

In the records of the County of New York are many documents of great value and interest, including deeds of manumission of slaves, wills that carry animosities into the grave, and others that suggest both the bright and dark sides of human nature.

The will of Jacob Blackwell, owner of Blackwell's Island in the East River and of a farm at Ravenswood, afterward Long Island City, illustrates certain customs of the period in the gift of a special female slave to the testator's daughter, in the partial recognition of the right of primogeniture by devise of the lands to two of the male heirs, excluding the others and the females; and in giving to the wife her dower and the choice of a room in the homestead. Subsequent records show that she selected the best room, the one at the southwestern corner. (The old house still stands on the Island, quite overshadowed by the great penal and charitable institutions which compose *The* Island, as it is concretely termed by New Yorkers.) Here is the text of Blackwell's will:

"In the name of God, Amen: I, Jacob Blackwell of Queens County on Nassau or Long Island, being at this time in perfect health, sound in mind & memory (Blessed be God) do this 29th of August, 1779, make and publish this my last will and Testament in manner and form following, That is to say. First then I order, will and devise that all my just debts & funeral expenses be paid out of my estate. And as to such worldly Estate with which it has pleased God to bless me, I give, devise and dispose of the same in the manner hereinafter mentioned.

In primis—I give and bequeath to my sons James Blackwell & Jacob Blackwell my Island known by the name of Blackwell's Island to have and to hold the same to them, their heirs and assigns forever, Subject nevertheless to the payment of half the legacies hereafter mentioned. Item—I give and bequeath to my sons Samuel and Josiah Blackwell the farm on Nassau or Long Island whereon I now dwell, to have and to hold the same to them their heirs & assigns forever, Subject nevertheless to the payment of the other half of the Legacies hereafter mentioned. Item—

Digitized by Google

I will & devise that my loving wife Lydia Blackwell shall have her choice of any room in the house wherein I now dwell.

It is also my further will & desire that my said loving wife Lydia Blackwell shall have the use of one third of the farm and island before mentioned during her natural life and widowhood. Item—I give and bequeath to my said loving wife a negro wench named Belinda, also one-third part of my household furniture, to be hers and her heirs' forever. Item—I give to my two sons Joseph Blackwell the sum of Ten pounds and to Robert Blackwell the like sum of Ten pounds. Item—I give to my daughter Lydia Blackwell the sum of Three hundred pounds. I also give and bequeath to my said daughter Lydia a negro girl named Sylvia, as also one third of my household furniture. Item—I give to my daughter Mary Blackwell the sum of Three hundred pounds, I also give & bequeath to my said daughter Mary a negro girl named Isabel, together with the remaining third of my household furniture.

And it is my will and pleasure that the said sums of Three hundred pounds shall be paid to each of my said daughters respectively, in six months after my decease by my executors hereafter mentioned. Item—I order will & devise that a tract of land containing about 8 acres, situated on York Island near Haerlem together with my negroes, those already devised excepted, be sold and the proceeds thereof applied towards the payment of my debts or legacies. And it is likewise my will & desire that all the Stock and farming utensils that may be on the Farm at the time of my decease, shall remain thereon for the use of my family in general.

It is also my earnest desire and request that my Executors do, as soon as may be convenient, enclose a quarter of an acre of ground where the burying place now is. The same to be reserved forever for a family burying place. Whereas I have in the hands of Mr. Jacob Hallett of the Jerseys, about £200—now it is my will that the same when received be applied towards the payment of my debts or legacies as aforesaid.

Lastly—I nominate and appoint my sons Robert Blackwell and Josiah Blackwell to be executors of this my last Will and Testament, desiring that they will be particularly attentive to the fulfilling & performing the same according to the true intent and meaning thereof. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day & year first within written.

JACOB BLACKWELL (L. S.)

Digitized by Google

Signed, Sealed, published and declared by the said Testator for and as his last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who at his request and in the presence of each other, have signed our names as witnesses therto. Jacob Hallett, Junior, Richard Betts, Hendrick Suydam.

Probate Office of New York, Feby. 5, 1791.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original as recorded in this office in Liber 6 Wills, page 11 to 12.

(Signed) WILLIAM OGILVIE, Clerk.

A BRITISH SERGEANT ON THE BATTLE OF COOCH'S BRIDGE.

[The following extract from the journal of Sergeant Thomas Sullivan, of the 49th British regiment, has just appeared in the *Penna. Magazine of History and Biography*.
It should be read in connection with Mr. Conrad's article in our issue for October, 1907, as it refers to the Battle of Cooch's Bridge, as well as to an encounter on August 31 which Washington does not mention in his letter, quoted by Mr. Conrad]:

August 31, 1777. A troop of light dragoons, a company of their (them?) dismounted, fifty men of the 23d Battalion, together with the 49th Battalion, marched from our encampment to a small village about four miles to the northward of the Head of Elk, called the Iron Works, from the mills that are in it. Earl Cornwallis and Major-General Grant marched with this party. We destroyed some liquors and stores there, and the few families that remained in the village brought their effects to the Head of Eik. The detachment of the 23d Battalion took post two miles from the village, and were attacked by a party of the enemy that mustered from the woods, being informed by the inhabitants of their strength. A smart fire ensued, which being heard, the whole party marched immediately toward them; but the Rebels kept firing, and retreated, at last dispersed in the woods. The engaged party had one private killed, a sergeant, drummer, and four men wounded. Soon after, we returned to camp.

Sept. 3d. On the march . . . fell in with a chosen corps of 1000 men from the enemy's army, advantageously posted in the wood; and after a hot fire the enemy retreated towards their main body, by Iron Hill.

Digitized by Google

They made a stand at the bridge for some time, but the pursuing Corps made them quit that post also, and retire with loss.

In this skirmish we had three men killed, two officers and nineteen men wounded. The enemy had the commanding officer of the advanced picquet and other officers killed and wounded, besides fifty men killed, with many more wounded. We took up the ground the enemy left, and in the evening encamped there.

Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

LETTER FROM GENERAL HENRY DEARBORN TO HIS SON, HENRY A. S. DEARBORN.*

[General D. was then Secretary of War, and Dr. Eustis, of whom he speaks, was his successor in that office. General Dearborn's experience in the Revolution warranted the complacency with which he refers to the Vice-President's "practical" knowledge of military matters. The letter shows that Jefferson's administration was not above making political friends by depositing government funds in favored banks. For the elucidation of the various personal allusions in this letter we are indebted to Mr. Nathan Goold, Secretary of the Maine Historical Society.]

WASHINGTON, November 25th, 1807.

DEAR HENRY:

Your letter relating to your conversation with Captain Walbach [1] will be attended to as soon as circumstances will permit—your remarks, etc., in relation to the banks have been attended to, and I believe the Maine Bank [2] proprietors may be quite easy; you may intimate what I have said

* Henry Alexander Scammel Dearborn was the son of Gen. Henry Dearborn and Dorcas Osgood, and was born in Exeter, N. H., March 3, 1783. Graduated at William and Mary College, 1803, and studied law. He superintended the erection of forts in Portland harbor and succeeded his father as Collector of Boston (1813-29). He commanded the troops in Boston harbor in 1812, was Brig. Gen. of the Mass Militia in 1814, representative to Massachusetts Gen. Court from Roxbury in 1830, Member of the Executive Council 1831, Member of Congress 1831-33, Adjt.-Genl. of Mass. 1834-43, and Mayor of Roxbury 1847-51. He was an active public-spirited citizen, a voluminous writer and member of literary and scientific societies. He was the President of the General Society of the Cincinnati from 1848 to 1851. His wife was Hannah Swett Lee, married in 1807, by whom he had a daughter and two sons. He died in Portland July 29, 1851, aged 68 years.

[1] John DeBarth Walbach was born in Germany and entered the army from Pennsylvania. He became a lieutenant of light dragoons Jan. 8, 1799, and was honorably discharged Jan. 15, 1800. He entered the Corps of Artillerists and Engineers Feb. 16, 1801, as a lieutenant and became captain; was transferred to the Artillery Corps May 12, 1814, became major, and was transferred to the First Artillery June 1, 1821. He was made a lieutenant colonel May 30, 1832, and became colonel of the Fourth Artillery. He was brevetted major for gallant conduct in the battle of Chrystler's Field, Upper Canada, and lieutenant colonel May 1, 1815, for meritorious conduct, and colonel May 1, 1825, for faithful service for ten years in one grade. He was brevetted brigadier general Nov. 11, 1823, for meritorious service, and died June 10, 1857.

[2] The Maine Bank, the second in Portland, Me., was chartered June 23, 1802. Samuel Freeman, who was Secretary of the Massachusetts House of Representatives 1775-1780, was President, and David Hale was the Cashier. It closed, with a good record, when its charter expired, in 1813.

Digitized by Google

on that subject to Mr. Widgery [3], and tell him that I have not neglected the subject of his letter, altho' I have not written to him; it may not be prudent at present to say much on the subject in your neighborhood, but if a deposit is made in any bank in Portland I presume the Maine Bank will be preferred. Your last letter but two on politics, &c., was, I presume, a very good one, but I could not, for my life read one-half of it. We are still in a state of suspense in regard to the intentions of England; by the last arrival from England at Boston it is understood that the ultimatum of the British Court is to be sent to Mr. Erskine [4] at this place—if so, then there is reason to suspect that the answer was not such an one as Mr. Monroe [5] could consent to receive as satisfactory. I presume the answer will be calculated to divide the opinions of the people of this country, and probably those of the members of Congress—at all events I hope we shall soon know what we are to expect by way of satisfaction.

I find no appointment of County Attorney for Cumberland County has been made. In a letter lately received by General Chandler [6] from

[3] William Widgery came from England a poor, friendless, and uneducated boy, before the Revolutionary War, serving in that struggle as a lieutenant on a privateer. He lived in New Gloucester and Portland, Maine, and was twice married: first to Miss Randall and second to Elizabeth (Ingersoll) Deforne, the widow of John Deforne of Boston. Mr. Widgery was a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts several terms, a state senator, representative to Congress in 1810, and voted for the War of 1812 against the wishes of his constituents. In 1812 he was appointed a justice in the Court of Common Pleas, which he held until 1822 when the Court was abolished. He moved to Portland the latter part of the eighteenth century, where he afterwards lived. Mr. Widgery was an example of what may be done by perseverance, untiring energy, and self-confidence, without education except that acquired by experience. His manners were rough, his language unrefined and ungrammatical, and his expression confused, yet he made his way. He died in Portland July 31, 1822, aged 69 years, leaving a good estate. Hon. William Widgery Thomas, formerly U. S. Minister to Sweden, is a grandson.

[4] Baron David Montagu Erskine (1776-1855) was British Minister to the United States from 1806 to 1809, being then simply Mr. Erskine. In 1809 he officially announced that atonement would be made for the *Chesapeake* outrage, and that the British Orders in Council would be withdrawn provided the American embargo and non-intercourse acts ceased as to Great Britain. In consequence of this, President Madison proclaimed that on June 10, 1809, all interdicts against Great Britain would cease. The British Ministry repudiated the Erskine arrangements and declared them unauthorized. President Madison was therefore compeled to restore the suspension of intercourse on August 9.

[5] James Monroe was the fifth President of the United States, 1817-25. At the time this letter was written he was negotiating a treaty with Great Britain.

[6] Gen. John Chandler was born in Epping, N. H., in 1762. His father, Capt. Joseph Chandler, served four years in the French and Indian War, and against the advice of his friends, on account of his age, raised a company for the Revolutionary War, and died Sept. 17, 1776, of a disease incident to camp life. John was but fourteen when his father died, and was one of a family of ten children. He enlisted in the Revolutionary Army, and served out two enlistments, then joined the privateer ship *Arnold*, and was captured and confined

Digitized by Google

Doctor Eustis [7] it appears that there has been a division in the Council on the pretensions of the candidates, and that there had lately been recommendations from Portland in favour of Mr. Lincoln,[8] who, I presume, will ultimately have the appointment. I have, nor shall I, attempt to make any interest with any one in your favour, but shall leave the Governor and the members of the Council at their ease to act as they may think proper. There begins to be some stir in this quarter on the subject of the Presidential election, and I am induced to believe there will be a good deal of management and some intrigue. Mr. Granger [9] says that it depends on Massachusetts to decide whether we are to have a Southern or a Northern President—the candidates will be divided between New York and Virginia. I am determined to take no part in the business. I am very sorry that my name has been mentioned in any way, more especially in the newspapers, as a candidate for Vice-President. If we should have war, the Vice-President will probably have more votes than if we have peace; his military talents and *practical* knowledge will have great weight with many, and if the Feds should generally advocate Mr. Madison's [10] election, as it is said they will, it will have an unfavourable effect on many sound Republicans, and probably turn the fate of the election.

on a prison ship at Savannah, Ga., from which he escaped to the mainland. He walked back to New Hampshire, his two companions perishing on the way. He was a major general in the War of 1812, and saw active service in New York State. He served in both branches of the Legislature, and was the first U. S. Senator from Maine, serving nine years. His home was in Monmouth, Me. He was Collector at Portland, Maine, was the sheriff of his county in 1808, and was the Chief Justice of the Court of Sessions. He was a man of integrity and was very influential in his time. He died at Augusta, Me., Sept. 25, 1841, aged 79 years. He left two sons and two daughters.

[7] Dr. William Eustis, called "the fighting doctor," was born at Cambridge, Mass., June 10, 1753; graduated at Harvard College in 1772, and studied medicine with the famous Dr. Joseph Warren of Boston. He served as a surgeon through the Revolutionary War. He was a representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts, member of the Governor's Council, Representative to Congress in 1800, and re-elected twice. He was appointed Minister to the Netherlands in 1814, and served until 1818; Member of Congress 1820-3, Governor of Massachusetts, 1823, and died in office Feb. 6, 1825, aged 72 years.

[8] Daniel Waldo Lincoln was a son of Levi Lincoln, who was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts in 1807-8, and a brother to Enoch Lincoln, who was elected Governor of Maine in 1826. He became the attorney of Cumberland County as predicted in the letter.

[9] Gideon Granger became Postmaster General in 1801, and held the office thirteen years. He was born in Suffield, Conn., July 19, 1767, and died in Canandaigua, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1822. He graduated at Yale in 1787, became a lawyer and served in the Legislature of Connecticut. He established himself in Canandaigua in 1814, and served in the New York Senate, withdrawing from public life in 1821 on account of ill-health.

[10] James Madison was the fourth President of the United States 1809-1817.

Digitized by Google

I have hitherto enjoyed fine health—the fate of your late dear brother still hangs on my mind. General Chandler is a great relief to me. I do not know how I could get on without him. My best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Wingate,[11] and to all our Portland friends, and especially to Mrs. Preble,[12] and accept for yourself my most affectionate salutations.

H. DEARBORN

LETTER OF COLONEL RICHARD M. JOHNSON TO T. HARTLEY CRAWFORD.

[Johnson was Vice President in Van Buren's administration, and killed Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames. His correspondent was the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, from 1838 to 1842. The Choctaw Academy was situated in Scott County, Kentucky.]

CHOCTAW ACADEMY, Octbr. 26, 1841.

Dear Sir:

I informed you that Mr. Crawford, the agent, left us Saturday morning. Col. Pitchlynn left us Saturday evening—where he has gone I know not, he appears to have left the School and abandoned his duty. During his appointment he has not been present more than 3 months in all, the School is going on in good order under Mr. D. Vanderplace & some teachers & my particular attention to them all. It is a blessing that he has gone, as he is a perfect firebrand to instigate the Boys to be disobedient. Several gentlemen at the Sulphur well, a half mile (away) have informed me that he (*sic*) heard Pitchlynn say that he did not care how much they would drink. It is very certain that he has often

[11] Joshua Wingate was born in Amesbury, Mass., June 28, 1773; graduated at Harvard College in 1795, and married Julia Cascaline, the daughter of Gen. Henry Dearborn. She died Feb. 11, 1867, aged 85 years. Gen. Wingate was a secretary to Gen. Dearborn when he was Secretary of War. He was Postmaster of Portland and Collector of Bath Me., which he resigned in 1822. He removed to Portland and was candidate for Governor that year, and was twice defeated by Gov. Albion K. Paris. He had been a Brigadier General in the Militia, member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of Maine, member of the Legislature, and a Presidential elector. Gen. Wingate was President of the Portland Branch of the U. S. Bank and one of the original members of the Maine Historical Society. He had a daughter, Julia Octavia, who became the wife of Charles Q. Clapp of Portland, and a son who died young. Gen. Wingate was an elegant gentleman of the old school, tall, erect and stately, of easy manners and affable to all. He died Nov. 6, 1843, aged 70 years.

[12] Mrs. Preble was Mary Deering, the daughter of Nathaniel Deering of Portland, and was the widow of Commodore Edward Preble of the U. S. Navy, who first made the *Constitution* famous, at Tripoli in 1804, and was called the father of the U. S. Navy. Madame Preble lived in Portland, where she died in 1851, aged 81 years.

Digitized by Google

threatened what he could do with his Boys—that he could take the place, &c., but always connected with the idea of making them drunk.

A portion of the Boys will drink too much when they can get whiskey, and several lately in that condition would say that Pitchlynn told them he did not care, or that they might drink. I have no doubt of the truth of these things—or the substance. He ought to be superceded as soon as possible. I never knew what it was to deal with an artful, deep, intriguing & cultivated *savage* before & finding that I was prepared to put a stop to his disorderly movements, & finding you have checked him at the City, he is more reckless, & wanders about like an evil spirit, no doubt partially deranged. The students appear happy when he is gone, & begin loudly to blame him for his attempts to break up the School; & those who had a right to expect to return with outfits & money are blaming him for their detention—these things are not fit for recorded letters, but they are true, and written for your eye & those concerned.

Yours respectfully,

R. M. JOHNSON.

T. H. CRAWFORD, Esq.,
Washington.

LETTER OF RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON TIMES.

[Interesting memento, showing the "prevailing rate of wages" of Washington correspondents in 1839.]

MR. ROBERTS,

My dear Sir:—It may be that Mr. Purdy has informed you of my having taken up my residence in Washington for the winter, and of my wish to make an arrangement with you to correspond with the *Times*. Having been somewhat indisposed, I did not arrive in town until this evening, and I am therefore unable to give you anything more now than you may glean from the papers to be mailed to-night; but if you desire a regular correspondent, I give you below such terms as I will accept, for the session, or for a more brief period.

For a daily letter, containing a condensed, but complete report of the proceedings of the two Houses, $12 per week; or for three letters per week, each to comprise a closely-written foolscap sheet, with specula-

Digitized by Google

tion on the doings of Congress, gossip, fashionable news, scandal, etc., $9.

I board at Gadsby's, and shall have most excellent facilities of all kinds—and if you wish it, I will engage with the understanding that you may discontinue the contract at the close of any month. If you wish two sets of letters, one of the gossiping kind to embrace 3 per week, and a daily journal of proceedings, I will send you the nine letters for fifteen dollars—a sum that will just pay for board, &c.

I write this in great haste, just before the time for closing the mail; but I believe you will understand the propositions. Be so good as to write to me straightway, what you will do in the premises, and believe me

Very truly yours,

R. W. GRISWOLD.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY EVENING.

Digitized by Google

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

CHAPTER XLIV

AN ANTI-CHARITABLE CHAPTER

I COULD never yet, to this blessed hour, satisfy myself whether Catalina was most glad or most sorry at thus carrying her point. At any rate it was one of Pyrrhus's victories, and she never wished to gain such another. She was now free to indulge the luxury of grief; but grief, like all other luxuries, soon ceases to be a luxury. It is one of the most tiresome things in the world for a constancy. It does very well for a burst or a paroxysm; but for every day and all day long—for every night, and all the livelong night—human nature cannot stand it, and seeks refuge from the carking, gnawing fiend in the performance of its duties to itself and to others. Blessed necessity!

Catalina forced herself to enter upon the employments and duties of domestic life; and whoever seeks employment will soon take an interest in what they are doing. There are a thousand little acts of duty, of kindness, or attention which woman, and only woman, can perform, and which neither interfere with the delicacy of a lady, nor the acquirement and practice of elegant accomplishments. The union, I confess is not common; but I have seen women, and thank heaven for it, who united both the will and the power to be useful with the utmost polish of mind and manners, and the highest intellectual attainments becoming the sex. I wish I could meet a few more of them. But if they were common, they would no longer be a rarity; and if they were no longer a rarity nobody would prize them. Doubtless it is best as it is. Let us bow with humble resignation, and thank our stars, as menfolk, that there are so many of the sex who are not all angel; for if there were more of them quite perfect, where under the sun should we find men worthy of them?

Catalina was calculated to be both a blessing and an ornament to her home, a jewel in the bosom of a husband, or she would never have been chosen as our heroine from all the rest of her sex. Though not perfect, she was a perfect woman; and whoever is not satisfied with

Digitized by Google

that, let him die the death of a bachelor. There was a library too in the mansion of Colonel Vancour, which, though principally composed of majestic Latin tomes of the Dutch school, was here and there relieved by works of a lighter nature. There were but few novels, but being a rarity, they were the more seducing, and being right excellent they would bear to be read frequently. They did not depend altogether on the momentary excitement of the story, but possessed latent beauties which gradually opened themselves like rosebuds to the morning sun at every new perusal. Besides these Catalina had music and friends, and the liberality of her father allowed her the means of procuring every rational enjoyment.

What a shame to be unhappy with so many sources of happiness! Yet our heroine was not happy. There was one thing wanting, and that was a want of the heart. It was the companion of her childhood; the choice of her youth; the preserver of her life. She often visited the spot where the terrible conflict with Captain Pipe took place, and always returned with renewed regrets; she could not sit at her window and look into the garden without recalling to mind the perils she had encountered, and the life she owed to the watchful tenderness of her lover; nor could she walk in any direction without something or other presenting itself which brought him to her remembrance clothed with every claim to her tenderness and gratitude. But she had lost him, and that by her own weak vanity.

Yet she did not yield to the weakness of her heart. She tried every resource, and finally that of teaching children to read and write. During her absence in New-York, Madam Vancour had been seized with a passion for doing good on a great scale—a dangerous propensity in woman, because it is apt to degenerate into the weakness of indiscriminate charity. To relieve the distress of mankind without encouraging their vices, their idleness and extravagance is a nice and delicate task; it requires a knowledge of the dark side of the world and a self-denial which women happily seldom attain; and hence it is that the large share they have taken of late in the distribution of public and private charities has without doubt been one of the main causes of the vast increase of idleness, poverty and their consequent vices, which cannot but be evident to every observer.

With the best intentions in the world, mingled, as all our best intentions are, with a little alloy of vanity and self-applause, Madam

Digitized by Google

Vancour resolved to institute a school for the gratuitous education of the children of the neighboring poor. Not that there were any poor people in the neighbourhood that really required her charity in this respect; for riches and poverty were not at that early period so disproportionately distributed as they are at present. But still, though all were able by industry and economy to afford their children such instruction as was necessary to their modes of life (and all beyond is not only superflous, but pernicious), still this new-born desire to do good whispered Madam Vancour that it would be very charitable to relieve these people of the burden of educating their own offspring. Accordingly she set about it with enthusiasm; and her first step was to convince these worthy folks, who had hitherto managed to get on very well, that it was a great hardship for them to be obliged to deprive themselves of certain of the little luxuries of life to pay for the schooling of their children.

"Vat! mine own lawfully-pegotten shildren?" exclaimed old Van Bombeler, who got his living by making flag-bottomed chairs; "why, who den should pay for dere schooling, if not me? Ain't I dere fader?"

But Madam Vancour soon brought Van Bombeler to reason, by showing how he could buy six quarts of pure Jamaica rum, and as many pounds of sugar, besides a new gown for Mrs. Van Bomeler, with the money it cost him for the schooling of his three children. "Duyvel!" quoth Van Bombeler, "why, I never tought of dat before!" So he consented to madame's desirable proposal. In this manner the good lady—for good she certainly was in the abstract, though I fear not practically so in this instance—in this manner did persuade the good people her neighbours to relinquish the honest, nay, proud gratification of educating their own children by the sweat of their brows. There was one, and only one, sturdy Dutchman who rejected her benevolence, and insisted, nay, swore, that nobody should put their charity upon him. "I'll work my fingers to de bone; and den, if I can't send dem to school, what's de reason, I should like to know, if dey can't pay for dere own schooling when dey grow pig enough?" But madame had her revenge —she took away his trade of whisk-brooms by setting up another man in the business; who, as he lived in one of Colonel Vancour's small houses and paid no rent, ruined the other by underselling him. By this means the obstinate fool was brought to reason; and finally his poverty if not his will consented to have his children educated upon charity.

Digitized by Google

But these difficulties in procuring objects for the exercise of her new-born virtue soon vanished. Custom by degrees reconciled the good people to the degradation of depending on charity for what they could procure by their own labour; the numerous examples which in good time presented themselves; the countenance of madame, to whom they all looked up with respectful deference; and above all the means of self-gratification which this diversion of the fruits of their labours produced; all tended to consummate this salutary revolution of opinion. It was surprising to see, in the course of a little while, how anxious everybody was to get rid of the burden of educating their children; and with singular satisfaction Master Van Bombeler boasted that he could now afford to drink twice as much as he did before this blessed invention of charity. In a little time a great improvement was observed at the Flats; the children all looked up to Madam Vancour instead of their ignorant parents; and the parents began to wear clothes of a better fashion; to spend a little more time abroad and a little less at home; to take a great interest in all matters that did not concern them; and to elevate their noses much higher in the scale of creation—now that they began to see into the natural and indefeasible claim which everybody's children had to be educated by anybody, just as it pleased God. But the most salutary consequence was, that the parents began gradually to take less interest in their children, conceiving them to belong altogether to society; and, by in a great degree leaving them to the care of others, happily relieved them from the contagion of their bad example.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

BOOK REVIEW

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE COLONIAL HISTORY of the State of New Jersey. Edited by William Nelson. Vol. XXVI. Extracts from American Newspapers Relating to New Jersey. Vol. VII, 1768-1769. 8vo. VIII+649 pp. The Call Printing and Publishing Co., Paterson, N. J., 1907.

In this volume may be found a vast amount of information relating to the social, economical, religious and political conditions in New Jersey in the years 1768 and 1769. The work is a reproduction of public sentiment before the days of editors, and when editorials were unknown in journalism.

As an index to the questions which were agitating New Jersey in particular and the American Colonies in general prior to the American Revolution, the volumes of which this is seventh of the series are notable.

For what it has done to preserve and make accessible the early history of New Jersey, its Historical Society is justly deserving of great praise and to its Corresponding Secretary, for his indefatigable labors and for his scholarly annotations, historical students are indebted in no small degree for this excellent series based upon the New Jersey Archives.

A copious index renders every scrap of information instantly accessible.

Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII AUGUST, 1908 No. 2

THE CAMP ON THE NESHAMINY.

THIS venerated place is full of associations of the deepest interest because over these fields * the main body of Washington's army was twice encamped—first on July 31, and from August 10 to 23, 1777—longer than at any other place in Pennsylvania, save Whitemarsh and Valley Forge. It was not selected because it was a strong position. No entrenchments were thrown up; it was simply an encampment where the army, bewildered by the movements of General Howe, awaited events; a beautiful spot where the weary army was glad to rest. It was called Cross Roads, Neshaminy Bridge, and (by Washington) Neshaminy Camp; and the events here are made interesting only by the immortal names with which they are associated, and because they have a place among the greater events which precede and follow them in that epoch-making period of our history. This house was the temporary home of the man who, as first President, organized the government of the United States and started it on its long career of prosperity. With him was Alexander Hamilton; on this hillside was the tent of John Marshall, captain of infantry in Maxwell's brigade, and afterwards the great Chief Justice. At his burial sixty years later, the Liberty Bell was rung for the last time. Near the "Cross Roads" below were the quarters of a major on the staff of Lord Stirling, who was destined to become the fifth President of the United States and promulgate the great American doctrine that bears his name—James Monroe. The military movements of the year began at Princeton and ended at Valley Forge. It holds the cherished names of Princeton, Bennington, Brandywine, Paoli, Germantown, Saratoga, Whitemarsh and Valley Forge. There is not such another cluster of names found in any other year of the Revolution. It was a year of more bloodshed and perhaps of greater suffering. One historian speaks of it as "the most arduous and eventful year of Washington's military life; one of the most trying to his character and for-

* Address before the Pennsylvania Sons of the Revolution, at Washington's Headquarters on the Little Neshaminy, Bucks County, Pa.

Digitized by Google

tunes." The war had lasted two years. The British held only New York City, and the territory in its immediate vicinity. The Ministry's plan of campaign seems plain to us, though it perplexed our ancestors. Burgoyne was to come down from the North and separate New England from the rest of the colonies. Sir William Howe was to capture Philadelphia. The plan failed, and at the end of 1778 the situation was unchanged; Washington was back at his old camp at Morristown, and Clinton again confined to New York. In the spring of 1777 Washington was in the hills of Morristown, Howe at Brunswick and Amboy twenty mile below, Burgoyne in Canada. Washington had about three thousand men, composed of the thin ranks of six or seven Continental regiments, and small bodies of New Jersey and Pennsylvania militia, poorly officered and equipped. Many of the officers were absent. As late as June, Arnold, commanding at Philadelphia, reproached the great number of officers there, and ordered them to rejoin the army at once. After Washington's brilliant successes in New Jersey came a reaction of confidence, apathy and supineness, and the army felt its effects. Most of the militia went home after Princton; the Continental enlistments, which were only for a year, had expired and recruiting proceeded very slowly. The early enthusiasm of the war had subsided, and the people were confronted with its sober realities. Graydon, who visited camp at this time, says: "I had been extremely anxious to see our army. Here it was, but I could see nothing that deserved the name."[1] Naturally, Washington dreaded Howe's discovering his weakness, and wrote to Governor Trumbull, "Nothing but their ignorance of our numbers protects us at this very time." Admiral Howe sent one James Molesworth to Philadelphia in March, to procure him pilots familiar with the channels of the Delaware. (It was not then difficult to pass from New York to Philadelphia through the lines of the armies). Molesworth lodged at Mrs. Yarnall's, on Chestnut street, and negotiated with the pilots at the house of a Mrs. McKay, on Union street. The bargain was made and the money paid over; but the pilots, Eldridge, Higgins and Snyder, proved to be patriots, and the conference ended in Molesworth's arrest and in a few days he was convicted and hanged as a spy. This failure may have influenced Howe in his later selection of the Chesapeake-Head of Elk route to Philadelphia. Stedman records that Howe "was sensible of the impracticability of making an attack on Washington (at Middlebrook) and made use of every possible effort to induce him to quit his position and hazard an engagement, but he eluded them by his cool, collected and prudent conduct." On the tenth of August Washing-

Digitized by Google

ton's army reached the Neshaminy, and encamped on the ground thereafter known as the "camp at Neshaminy." Many Philadelphians left the city, apprehensive of a second British occupation. Active steps were taken to put the Delaware forts in good condition. Committees were appointed to drive all livestock into the interior of the State. Leaden spouts and window weights were taken from the houses to be melted into bullets; horses were collected for the artillery; committees were appointed to search for and take an account of all grain and flour in the neighborhood; farmers were busied in threshing the grain and millers in grinding it. Wool was scarce, all materials rose in value, wages were doubled, and all necessaries of life became so dear that Washington made a communication to Congress on the subject. All the unsettled conditions of war were severely felt, aggravated by serious internal dissensions. Blankets and clothing were collected for the army and militia. Where they could not be purchased they were impressed—taking one blanket for every bed in a house. Township constables were ordered to collect from the farmers and send to Philadelphia, hundreds of four-horse wagons, in consequence of which much land was left unplowed. The militia were very lukewarm and had to be called out again and again. Only a thousand had assembled (at Chester) by the middle of August, and many were substitutes, who had received fifty and sixty dollars each for a two-months' service. This was all very unlike Bennington and Saratoga, where, about the same time, the whole country rose and crushed Burgoyne. Had the same spirit prevailed here, had the Pennsylvania militia fought at Brandywine as they did at Princeton, Howe might have there met the fate of Burgoyne. It is worth while to pause and reflect upon the great disadvantages Washington labored under from this condition of affairs.*

The struggle for independence in Pennsylvania was not marked by that spirit of enthusiasm which comes only when men are all of one mind in the pursuit of some great purpose; that inspires only men moving in great masses. Its delegates in Congress had only voted in favor of independence by a tardy casting vote. The Pennsylvania patriot, instead of being stimulated by the earnestness of his neighbors and encouraged by their coöperation, was very often chilled by their indifference, restrained by their opposition or irritated by their want of patriotism. The whole community was unsettled by the most serious division of

* Graydon says: We saw to our great surprise no military parade on our journey, nor any indication of martial vigor on the part of the country.

Digitized by Google

sentiment. The Conservatives, among whom were many of the most cultured and refined inhabitants, had been willing to compromise upon a Legislature composed of two bodies with an Upper House so constituted that it would be a check upon the more democratic lower body, after the English system; and having failed to obtain even that they were disposed in their chagrin to find fault with pretty much everything and everybody. Even Washington and his generals were not spared. They denounced the new administration as a "mob government," and declared that "power had fallen into low hands"; that the Assembly had been elected by a lot of soldiers and apprentice boys.

This, in brief, was the state of affairs which Washington found when his army encamped on the Neshaminy, on both sides of the old York Road—eleven thousand men, chiefly recruits gotten together during the spring and summer. Lafayette has left this description of them: "Eleven thousand men, but tolerably armed and still worse clad, presented a singular spectacle in their parti-colored and often naked state. The best dresses were hunting shirts of brown linen. Their tactics were equally irregular. They were arranged without regard to size, excepting that the smallest men were in the front rank. With all this, they were good-looking soldiers, conducted by zealous officers." Another says: "Our soldiers have not yet quite the air of soldiers. They don't step exactly in time; they don't hold up their heads quite erect, nor turn out their toes so exactly as they ought." This is a candid description of the Continental Army as it appeared at this camp upon the eve of the battle of Brandywine. Efforts were made here to improve the time by getting the army into as good condition as possible, but some idea may be formed of its discipline before it was got into better form by Steuben at Valley Forge. As is always the case, one does not hear of the conduct of the great body of this patriot army, who never failed in even the smallest details of their duty. It was during this campaign that the Stars and Stripes were first carried by the army. It was here that Washington received the news of Oriskany, when he detached Morgan's riflemen to reinforce the Northern army. It was here that the army was encouraged by the news of Bennington, and that Lafayette first appeared; here that DuCoudray and DeKalb and Pulaski first joined the army; De Fleury, and Witherspoon, son of the "Signer" and soon to die at Germantown, as also the gallant men of the Pennsylvania Line doomed to die at Paoli. Here those heroes of the rank and file whose names have been forgotten, but who were to give their lives for their country

Digitized by Google

upon the hard-fought fields of Brandywine and Germantown. The time would fail if we undertook to call the roll of all of those upon this field, whose names are written in the temple of Fame.

The army remained here so long that forage was scarce, and the camp became unhealthy under the August sun. A council of war on the 21st resolved that the army should move towards the Hudson—a conclusion utterly at fault—and it was only when news of Howe's eighteen thousand, then landing at the Head of Elk, arrived (22d) that Washington changed the route to "towards Philadelphia." The next day the old York Road was lined for miles with the marching columns. Many changes have taken place along this road, but there are still standing many houses, silent witnesses of the long, impressive procession; first, Greene's division, then Stephen's, Lincoln's (under Wayne) and finally, Lord Stirling's.

On the 24th they entered Philadelphia. There is something sublime in the spectacle as we see it in our fancy, of this tattered, poorly-armed, poorly disciplined, yet defiant army, on its way to resist an aggressive and confident foe, superior in everything except the men of which it was composed. Victory was hardly to be expected, yet they withstood this enemy upon the bloody fields of Brandywine and Germantown, never faltering until overwhelmed, and then leaving the enemy so exhausted that no attempt was made to pursue them. And so they stayed the hands of those who sought their subjugation.

And towering above them all is the grand figure of Washington, the embodiment of a great cause, whose fame has become universal, and whose character is more fondly revered as the years go by, and will be as long as time shall last.

CHARLES H. JONES

PHILADELPHIA.

Digitized by Google

GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD: A PIONEER

(Second Paper)

IT was determined that Dufrain and the two voyagers, with an assortment of goods should go in search of the Indians, while young Hubbard should remain in care of the remaining stock of goods.

With a stock of provisions consisting only of corn and a small quantity of flour, and such game as he might be able to procure, he felt in no fear of hunger. For a week or more he procured rabbits and squirrels in abundance; but then came a heavy fall of snow, after which, he could find no game and so concluded to remain in the cabin, keep up a warm fire, and content himself with corn soup. Later, he was enabled to supply himself with fish, that he procured by cutting a hole in the ice, and with an artificial bait, luring the fish within reach of his spear.

> Mr. Hubbard says, "Every night a wolf came and devoured the remnants of the fish, that I had thrown out. I could see him through the cracks in the house, and could easily have shot him, but he was my only companion, and I laid awake nights, awaiting his coming. Thus I lived for thirty long, dreary, winter days, solitary and alone. Never once during that time seeing a human being, and devoured with anxiety as to the fate of Dufrain and his men, whom I feared had met with some serious mishap, if indeed they had not been murdered."

Can one imagine anything more pathetic than this seventeen-year-old boy, waiting, night after night, for the return of a wolf, that his eyes might be rejoiced by the sight of some living thing?

Another expedition was deemed necessary and upon this Mr. Hubbard determined to go. On the following day, the party started, leaving one man in charge of the cabin. Mr. Hubbard for the first time walked on snow-shoes and carried a pack upon his back. This expedition was

Digitized by Google

one of many hardships and much suffering. The party was divided and Mr. Hubbard and Dufrain proceeded together.

For many days they were lost in the wilderness. A heavy snow storm was encountered, provisions were exhausted, and they were compelled to abandon their packs in an effort to save their lives. Thorn-apples, dug up from under the snow, afforded their only food, and finally reaching the Muskegon River, they were compelled to ford it at the rapids, where the water was waist deep, and full of floating ice.

Dufrain being overcome by hunger and fatigue, finally sank to the ground and refused to make another effort to save his life. Young Hubbard was compelled to leave him.

> In speaking of this trip, he says, "Finding it to be impossible to arouse Dufrain, I dug away the snow, wrapped him in his blanket, with mine over him and left him. I started forward, conscious that I myself might soon be in the same condition. I felt no hunger, but was very weak; the perspiration ran from every pore and at times everything seemed to waver before me with momentary darkness. New tracks and the barking of a dog, told me that I was nearing a lodge and gave me new strength to advance. Soon I was gladdened by the sight of the lodge and in a few minutes more, was seated on a bearskin within. I told the squaw that I was hungry and had not eaten for four days and nights; she threw a handful of pounded corn into a kettle of hot water and gave me a small quantity to drink, and this, she repeated at intervals, allowing me to sleep between times."

He says that he rested until the moon rose at midnight when, in company with an Indian boy, he returned for Dufrain. They reached him in the course of an hour and found him apparently lifeless, though still warm.

After much effort, they aroused him and succeeded in getting him to the lodge, just as the sun rose. For ten days, they remained in the Indian lodge, and then, upon a sled of his own construction, with the assistance of the Indian boy, he dragged Dufrain through the forest to the cabin on Muskegon Lake, arriving there, after three days of most severe toil.

Digitized by Google

Dufrain did not again leave the cabin until spring; he was then carried to a canoe to start for Mackinac and died before the close of the day.

Mr. Hubbard's power of endurance is further illustrated by the following incidents. In the month of March, 1823, he started in the morning from the Big Woods, located on Fox River in Du Page County, west of Chicago, and walked to his trading-house near Hennepin. He swam across the Illinois River and reached the house about dark.

The distance walked that day was seventy-five miles, in a direct line, according to the present survey. He says, "Some have doubted that I could have walked so great a distance, but I was then young and in my prime, and had long had the reputation among Indians of being a very rapid traveler, and had in consequence been named by them, Pa-pa-ma-ta-be—The Swift Walker."

> Two years later, he accompanied a party of Indians to the Kankakee River, he being on horseback, and they on foot. He says, "We progressed very pleasantly until we reached a small stream on the prairie that had overflowed its banks and upon which a new covering of ice had formed during the night, leaving running water between the two coverings of ice. The upper ice was not strong enough for a man to walk on, but the Indians laid down and slid themselves across with little difficulty. I rode my horse to the stream, and reaching forward with my tomahawk broke the ice ahead of him, he walking on the under ice until he reached the middle of the stream, when his hind feet broke through, the girth gave away, and the saddle slipped off behind carrying me with it.
>
> "I fell into the water and was carried by the current rapidly down the stream between the upper and lower coverings of ice. I made two attempts to regain my feet, but the current was so swift and the space so narrow, I could not break through the ice.
>
> "I had almost given up hope, when my hand struck a willow bush near the bank and arrested my rapid progress. At the same time, I stood up and bumping the ice with my head broke through. I recovered my horse and saddle and returned

Digitized by Google

to my trading-house, with no worse results than wet clothing and a slightly bruised head."

Let us now turn from the experiences of the boy, to the achievements of the man.

Mr. Hubbard was twenty-one years of age when his contract with the Fur Company expired. He reëngaged for a term of two years at a salary of thirteen hundred dollars a year, and was assigned to the command of the Illinois brigade, this position old age had compelled Mr. Deschamps to relinquish.

He now put into operation a plan that he had frequently urged upon Mr. Deschamps, that of unloading the boats on their arrival at Chicago and sinking them in the slough to prevent their loss by prairie-fires. The goods and furs, he proposed to transport on pack-horses to and from the Indians, and thus avoid the long and tedious passage by boats through Mud Lake and the Des Plaines River, as well as the more serious work of transporting the goods, on the backs of men, to the Indian hunting-grounds.

He had already established a direct path or trail from his Iroquois trading-post to Danville, and he now extended it, south from Danville, and north to Chicago, thus fully opening Hubbard's Trail from Chicago to a point about one hundred and fifty miles south of Danville, and along the trail he established trading-posts.

This trail became the regularly traveled route between Chicago and Danville and points beyond, and was designated on the old maps as Hubbard's Trail. In the winter of 1833-4, the Illinois general assembly ordered that a state-road be located from Vincennes to Chicago, and that mile-stones be placed thereon. From Danville to Chicago, Hubbard's Trail was selected as the most direct and favorable route.

At the expiration of his two years' contract with the Fur Company, he became a special partner, and at a later period, he purchased the entire interest of the Fur Company in the Illinois country.

In 1828, he built a store at Danville and established his headquarters there. This year, he went on horseback, and alone to Detroit, without

Digitized by Google

seeing a white settlement until he reached Ypsilanti, where there were a few log houses.

He had now become an extensive trader in farm products and had contracts for furnishing beef and pork to the troops at Fort Dearborn. He continued his annual visits to Mackinac and during his life as a trader, made twenty-six trips to and from that island, coasting Lake Michigan in an open boat.

He was present when Alexis St. Martin was shot and " extended to him first aid." St. Martin was accidently wounded while in the Fur Company's retail store at Mackinac; the entire charge of shot entering his body. Mr. Hubbard cared for him until the arrival of the fort-surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, who thought the wound fatal. On the following day, finding his patient still alive, the doctor decided upon a course of treatment that would leave the wound open, and enable him to watch the action of the food in the man's stomach. In this he was successful. St. Martin's case was one of the most celebrated ones in surgical annals, and as late as the year 1860, he was exhibited at the hospitals throughout the country.

In the winter of 1829, Mr. Hubbard killed a large number of hogs, but not having received the barrels in which to pack them, he piled the pork upon the river bank, near where Kirk's factory now stands, and preserved it in that manner, until the barrels arrived in the spring. Thus was founded the immense packing interests for which the Chicago of to-day is distinguished, the world over.

In the summer of 1830, he, for the first time, returned to the east, to visit his family and on his return brought with him two sisters, who resided with him until their marriage.

On the breaking out of the Blackhawk War in 1832, he furnished provisions, ammunition, and transportation-wagons for Colonel Isaac S. Moore's Vermilion County Regiment, in which he served as captain and led the advance. He, afterward, organized a company of scouts, with which he served until it was disbanded.

> In a paper read before the Pioneers of Chicago, the Hon. Henry W. Blodgett thus describes Mr. Hubbard as he saw him at that time. " The picture of him, as he led his Ver-

Digitized by Google

milion rangers up before the old fort, will ever remain in my memory. I think without exception, he was the nearest to my ideal of a frontier soldier, of anyone I have ever seen. Splendid in physique, six feet and something more in height, he rode a splendid horse, and dressed in just enough of the frontier costume, to make his figure a picturesque one. He wore buckskin leggings, fringed with red and blue, and a jaunty sort of hunting-cap. In a red sash about his waist was stuck, on one side a silver-handled hunting-knife, on the other, a richly-mounted tomahawk. His saddle and horse-accoutrements were elegant, I might say, fantastic, and altogether he made a figure ever to be remembered."

Mr. Blodgett further says, " I may be allowed to mention a debt, which the State of Illinois owes to Mr. Hubbard, which, I think, has never been duly accredited to him. Mr. Hubbard was in the Legislature of this State when the question of locating the terminus of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was before it. The governor of the State, had sent some commissioners to examine the territory through which it was proposed to construct the canal, and some of them seemed strongly inclined to recommend the mouth of the Calumet River as its northern terminus, as it was thought it would be cheaper to follow up the Calumet, to what is known as the Sag, and thence down the valley of the Des Plaines River, than to cut through the hard ground between the south branch of the Chicago River and the Des Plaines.

" After hearing the arguments upon this point, Mr. Hubbard took a map, and called the attention of the members to the fact that the mouth of the Calumet River, is within a few hundred yards of the Indiana state-line, and suggested that it was expected that wherever the canal terminated, a great city would grow up, and pertinently asked, whether it was desirable that the coming city, at the terminus of the canal, should be as much of it in the State of Indiana as in Illinois, when the entire expense of constructing the canal would devolve upon our State. This practical business view of the question, settled it, and the mouth of the Chicago River was made the terminus instead of the mouth of the Calumet.

Digitized by Google

> "So you will see that the State of Illinois is indebted to the sagacity of Gurdon S. Hubbard, for locating this great city, where Illinois gets the principal benefit of it."

Mr. Hubbard represented Vermilion County in the Eighth General Assembly during the winter of 1832-3. At this session, he introduced a bill for the construction of the Illinois-and-Michigan Canal, which passed the house, but was defeated in the senate. He then substituted a bill for a railroad which was defeated by the casting-vote of the presiding officer.

He attended every session of the legislature thereafter and urged the passage of the canal-bill, until it was finally accomplished. He, in company with William F. Thornton and William B. Archer, were appointed the first board of canal commissioners, and in 1836, at a celebration of the beginning of work, he dug the first spadeful of dirt.

At this celebration, my father, the late Richard J. Hamilton, one of the orators of the occasion, made the prediction that there were persons then living who would live to see Chicago a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, for which prediction he was interrupted by shouts of laughter and ridicule, and was told that he was crazy.

In 1834, Mr. Hubbard moved from Danville to Chicago, and erected at the southwest corner of LaSalle and South Water streets, the first large brick building. Because of its size and permanent construction, the building was called Hubbard's Folly.

By act of the legislature in 1835, the town of Chicago was incorporated with Gurdon S. Hubbard, John H. Kinzie, Ebenezer Goodrich, John K. Boyer and John S. C. Hogan as trustees.

In later years, in connection with A. T. Spencer he established a line of steamers to Lake Superior, conspicuous among them being the *Superior* and *Lady Elgin,* both of which were lost. After the destruction of his packing-house, he organized a company for the direct importation of tea from China. The great fire of 1871 destroyed this enterprise and crippled him financially, and from that time he retired from active business.

Politically, he was a Whig and in the Log-Cabin Hard-Cider cam-

Digitized by Google

paign of 1840, he with John H. Kinzie, George W. Dole, and others, was selected as a delegate to the Whig convention, which was held at Springfield. They took with them a full-rigged ship, which was mounted on wheels, emblematical, not only of the Ship of State, but of the great commercial capital of this State, which they then believed Chicago was destined to become.

After the formation of the Republican party, Mr. Hubbard transferred his allegiance to that party, and with all his energy advocated its principles and worked for its success. He had long been a personal friend and admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and by his efforts contributed largely to his nomination. He was one of the committee that erected the Wigwam, at the southeast corner of Lake and Market streets, the building in which Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, in May, 1860. Associated with Mr. Hubbard on that committee were Charles N. Holden, Peter Page, Edward Ransom, and Sylvester Lind.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, he gave freely of his time, and contributed largely of his means in raising and equipping the troops and was foremost in every enterprise organized by the citizens to aid the government and preserve the Union.

Such is a brief sketch of the career of one of Chicago's earliest and greatest pioneers.

For almost seventy years, he was a resident of our State and city and during all that time he so lived that he was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and when on September 14, 1886, at the age of eighty-four years, he sank peacefully to rest, he left behind him the honorable record of a well-spent life.

I conclude by again quoting Judge Goodrich, who says, " There are few of the numerous veins of commerce and wealth-producing industries, that draw to this pulsating heart of the Great West, that boundless agricultural and mineral wealth, which through iron arteries and water-craft is distributed to half a world, that have not felt the inspiration of his genius and been quickened by his enterprise and energy."

" Those who believe that in the world's coming history, its crowned heroes and benefactors are to be those who win the bloodless victories of peace, and by acts of self-sacrifice and beneficence, scatter widest the

Digitized by Google

blessings of Christian civilization, will hold these men, and Gurdon S. Hubbard as a prince among them, in highest honor and esteem."

HENRY E. HAMILTON.

CHICAGO.

(At the close of Mr. Hamilton's address, Fernando Jones arose in the audience and said: Perhaps it may not be deemed out of place for one who knew Mr. Hubbard, intimately, for over three score years, to speak a few words upon this occasion.

I join with Mr. Hamilton in his appreciation of the character of Mr. Hubbard as a thorough business man as well as a brave one under the most trying circumstances; but his most distinguishing characteristic was not mentioned. In early times, it was not deemed disreputable to impose upon the savages. The government did it constantly and the practice was followed by the officials and traders, generally.

Among all the men who were connected with the fur-trade, I recall but one other than Mr. Hubbard who never cheated or imposed upon the Indians. In buying their furs or selling them such goods as they required, he was as scrupulously honest as with his neighbor or intimate friends.

I am proud to remember him and glad to offer this tribute to his memory.)

Digitized by Google

ORIGIN OF THE COUNTY NAMES OF FLORIDA.

THE following article indicates briefly the origin of the names given to the various counties of the State of Florida. So far as possible the reason for the name is given, as well as its origin. In instances where counties were named for men of national prominence there is often no apparent significance except the desire to honor the memory of a national hero. Such is the case in the naming of the counties of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Clay, Polk, Calhoun, De Soto, Hernando and Leon. No attempt has been made to supply data relating to persons of eminent national reputation whose careers are familiar to all.

The number preceding the name of the county indicates the chronological order of its establishment, and the date following is that of its establishment. The total number of counties in Florida (in 1908) is forty-six.

6. ALACHUA. December 29, 1824. From a Creek Indian word meaning " grassy " or "marshy."

38. BAKER. February 8, 1861. Named for James McNair Baker (1822-1892), judge fourth judicial district of Florida, and Confederate States senator, 1862-65.

35. BRADFORD. December 21, 1858. Named for Captain Richard Bradford, the first Florida officer killed in the Civil War, who fell in the battle on Santa Rosa Island, western Florida, October 9, 1861. This county was originally named New County, the name being changed to Bradford December 6, 1861.

25. BREVARD. March 14, 1844. Named for Theodore Washington Brevard (1804-1877). Native of North Carolina, and one of the distinguished family of that name there; removed to Florida, 1847; comptroller of the state 1853 to 1861. The county was originally named St. Lucie, the name being changed to Brevard, January 6, 1855.

20. CALHOUN. January 26, 1838. Named for John Caldwell Calhoun, United States senator from South Carolina at the time the county was established. Then at the height of his popularity as the champion of the doctrine of states' rights.

Digitized by Google

44. CITRUS. June 2, 1887. Named as an indication of the abundance of citrus fruit groves in the county.

36. CLAY. December 31, 1858. Named for Henry Clay.

16. COLUMBIA. February 4, 1832. From the poetical name for the United States.

19. DADE. February 4, 1836. Named for Francis Langhorn Dade, Major United States Army, soldier in the second Seminole Indian war. Killed near Fort King, Florida, December 28, 1835. All visitors to West Point, N. Y., will remember the beautiful Dade Monument there, on which are inscribed the names of the fallen officers, and the simple yet eloquent line: "All of the detachment save three fell without an attempt to retreat."

40. DE SOTO. May 9, 1887. Named for Hernando de Soto, the Spanish explorer of Florida. Hernando County is named after the same man. A unique instance of the kind.

4. DUVAL. August 12, 1822. Named for William Pope Duval (1784-1854), territorial governor of Florida, 1822-34.

1. ESCAMBIA. July 21, 1821. Named from Escambia River, which probably derived its name from the Spanish *cambiar,* "to barter."

17. FRANKLIN. February 8, 1832. Named for Benjamin Franklin.

5. GADSDEN. June 24, 1823. Named for James Gadsden (1788-1858), American diplomatist. Native of Charleston, S. C. In 1818, as aide-de-camp to General Jackson, he took part in the campaign against the Seminole Indians, later becoming prominent in this war. His career as a diplomatist was subsequent to the naming of this county.

14. HAMILTON. December 26, 1827. Named for Alexander Hamilton.

22. HERNANDO. February 24, 1843. Named for Hernando de Soto, after whom De Soto County was also named.

18. HILLSBORO. January 25, 1834. Named for Wills Hill, second Viscount Hillsborough (1718-1793). The Earl of Hillsborough, during the English occupation of Florida (1763-1783), received a large grant of land in Florida and was much interested in the development of the province.

Digitized by Google

27. HOLMES. January 8, 1848. Named for Holmes Creek, the eastern boundary of the county, which in turn was named from Holmes Valley, which received its name either from an Indian chieftain who had been given the English name of Holmes, or else from one Thomas J. Holmes, who settled in that vicinity from North Carolina about 1830 or '34.

3. JACKSON. August 12, 1822. Named for Andrew Jackson, governor of the territory of Florida, 1821-22, and previous to that time active in the Seminole Indian wars in the territory. This county was named after Jackson before he became president, as the date of its establishment shows.

13. JEFFERSON. January 20, 1827. Named for Thomas Jefferson, president, who died July 4th of the year preceding the establishment of the county.

33. LAFAYETTE. December 23, 1856. Named for the Marquis de Lafayette. Congress granted him a township of land in Florida, lying just east of Tallahassee, in token of gratitude for his services, and though he never visited Florida, he took an interest in the territory and sent thither many French emigrants.

43. LAKE. May 27, 1887. Named for the large number of its beautiful lakes.

42. LEE. May 13, 1887. Named for Gen. Robert E. Lee.

7. LEON. December 29, 1824. Named for Juan Ponce de Leon, discoverer of Florida.

26. LEVY. March 10, 1845. Named for David Levy Yulee (1811-1886), territorial delegate to U. S. Congress from Florida, 1841-45, the latter date being that on which Florida was admitted to statehood. U. S. Senator from Florida, 1845-51, and 1855-61, when he retired to join the Southern Confederacy. His name was originally David Levy, but in 1845 he added the name of his grandfather, Yulee.

32. LIBERTY. December 15, 1855. Named to voice the sentiment of the American people.

15. MADISON. December 26, 1827. Named for James Madison, president, the county being largely settled by Virginia colonists.

31. MANATEE. January 9, 1855. Named from the manatee, or

Digitized by Google

sea-cow, found in the waters of its coast, and nowhere in the United States, except in Florida.

24. MARION. March 14, 1844. Named for General Francis Marion. The country was largely settled by emigrants from South Carolina.

8. MONROE. December 29, 1824. Named for James Monroe, president of the United States at the time the county was established.

10. NASSAU. December 29, 1824. Probably named from Nassau, the principal town of the Bahama Islands, as many emigrants came from the Bahamas to this section during the English occupation of Florida. An unique instance of an English name given American territory after the War of 1812.

9. ORANGE. December 24, 1824. Named from the abundant orange groves in the county. Originally named Mosquito County. Changed to Orange, January 30, 1845.*

41. OSCEOLA. May 12, 1887. Named from the famous chief of the Seminole Indians, who was kidnapped by General Jesup, near St. Augustine, in October, 1837, and died in confinement at Fort Moultrie, S. C., January, 1838.

45. PASCO. June 2, 1887. Named for Samuel Pasco (born 1834), U. S. Senator from Florida, who was speaker of the Florida House of Representatives when the county was established, and who had also just been elected U. S. Senator.

39. POLK. February 8, 1861. Name for James K. Polk, president.

28. PUTNAM. January 13, 1849. Named for Benjamin A. Putnam, a resident of St. Augustine, prominent lawyer, officer in the second Seminole Indian War.

2. ST. JOHN. July 21, 1821. Named from the St. John's River, called by the Spanish discoverers San Juan Bautista, from the saint's day upon which it was discovered.

46. ST. LUCIE. July 1, 1905. Named for St. Lucy, of Syracuse,

* Most happy change! Who would settle in a region where mosquitos controlled politics?—ED.

Digitized by Google

saint of the Roman Catholic Church. Name first given to a fort built by the Spanish near Cape Canaveral, 1565.

21. SANTA ROSA. February 18, 1842. Named for St. Rosa, of Viterbo, saint of the Roman Catholic Church. Name was probably first given to Santa Rosa Island

29. SUMTER. January 8, 1853. Named for Gen. Thomas Sumter (1736-1832), patriot officer in the Revolutionary army, prominent in the southern campaigns. He was a native of South Carolina, and the last surviving general officer of the Revolutionary army. This county was largely settled by emigrants from South Carolina.

37. SUWANEE. December 21, 1858. From an Indian word, *sawani,* meaning "echo river." One of the few counties in the United States whose name has been immortalized in song.

34. TAYLOR. December 23, 1856. Named for Zachary Taylor, president, prominent in the second Seminole Indian war, defeating the Indians in the decisive battle of Okechobee, for which he received the brevet of brigadier-general, and in 1838 the chief command in Florida.

30. VOLUSIA. December 29, 1854. Named from a settlement within its limits supposed to have been named from one Volus, an English settler.

23. WAKULLA. March 11, 1843. Named from an Indian word meaning "mystery," applied to the famous spring within its limits.*

11. WALTON. December 29, 1824. Named for Colonel George Walton, secretary of West Florida during the territorial governorship of Andrew Jackson, 1821-22, and secretary of the entire territory, 1822-26. Son of George Walton, governor of Georgia and Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Tallahassee (meaning beautiful land) was so named by Walton's daughter, Octavia.

12. WASHINGTON. December 29, 1824. Named for George Washington.

GEO. B. UTLEY.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

* The springs of Forida are indeed among its most peculiar and attractive features. Wakulla Fountain surpasses the others in every particular, and will hereafter live in my memory with the Saguenay River, Niagara Falls, the Mammoth Cave, and Tallulah Chasm.

Digitized by Google

An adequate idea of it cannot be given by pen or pencil; but when once seen, on a bright, calm day, it must ever after be a thing to dream about and love. It is the fountain-head of a river, and wells up in the very heart of a dense sypress swamp, is nearly round, measures some four hundred feet in diameter and about a hundred and fifty feet in depth, having at its bottom an immense horizontal chasm, with a dark portal, from one side of which looms up a limestone cliff, the summit of which is itself nearly fifty feet beneath the spectator in a boat. The water is so astonishingly clear that even a pin can be seen on the bottom in the deepest places, and as you look perpendicularly into it it is as colorless as air, and the sensation of floating upon it is that of being suspended in a balloon. That the ancient Seminoles should have attached a legend to this, the brightest spot in their domain, was quite natural. At night, said they, may be seen around the shores and on the bottom of the fountain tiny fairy creatures, sporting and bathing in noiseless glee; but at midnight, when the moon is at its full there appears upon the water a gigantic warrior, sitting in a stone canoe, with a copper paddle in his hand, from whose presence the affrighted fairies flee away, leaving, as the last object seen in the darkness of a cloud, the spectre warrior alone in his canoe, which seems anchored and immovable.

CHARLES LANMAN.

—*Adventures in the Wilds of America* (1856), Vol. II.

Digitized by Google

MARIETTA, A CITY OF MEMORIES

MARIETTA is unusual in her beauty, her origin, her natural features, her antiquity, the public spirit, and the reverence of her inhabitants. As to situation, nothing could be finer than the broad, fertile plateau in the triangle formed by the noble Ohio and its sturdy affluent, the Muskingum, itself navigable for steamboats seventy-five miles to the northward, and flowing through a valley of almost unexampled fertility. Along the banks of this stream extends a wide common, with green sward, flowers, and shrubbery, such as only this soil can produce, the whole shaded by noble elms, oaks, and maples.

A little farther inland is "Campus Martius Square," site of the "stockade" once occupied by the first Governor of the Northwest Territory, and to which the settlers fled for safety during the frequent Indian wars. Farther back, on higher ground, is a large square, called by the projectors when first laid out "the Capitolium," and still farther back and on still higher ground is a large park called the Quadranon. Rufus Putnam and his colleagues seem to have been steeped in classic lore, for the wide, silent street which led up to the Quadranon from the Muskingum, and which had embankments on either side to protect the passers from Indian attack, so high as to give rise to the tradition that it was covered, they called Via Sacra, while the Common along the river front, on which was built the first blockhouse, they called Campus Martius. These parks all faced the Muskingum; over on the Ohio is another beautiful park, called Bellevue. The main streets were laid out a mile and 120 rods long, of a royal width, ninety feet, and are distinguished by numbers; the side streets were laid out seventy feet wide, and were given the names of distinguished persons, as Washington, Franklin, Putnam, etc. In fact, Marietta is a city laid out by competent surveyors and landscape architects, not one that sprang up haphazard in the wilderness.

One is not long here before he discovers that the citizens had ancestors whose memory they revere, and which they are determined shall be perpetuated—that they dwell in a city with a history, in fact, the chief

Digitized by Google

cornerstone of a great commonwealth, and he discovers it not by any self-assertion in word or manner on their part, but by the monuments and memorial stones they have raised to mark historic places, by the historical societies and museums or historical relics they maintain, the famous old buildings held in trust for preservation, the old letters, diaries, and manuscripts preserved in the libraries, and by the old families. Strolling through the Campus Martius soon after our arrival, our attention was attracted by a stone set in the earth, bearing this inscription:

S. W. Corner
Campus Martius
The " Stockade "
Occupied by the
First Governor of the N. W. Territory
and by
Pioneers of Ohio
during the Indian War,
1791-95.
Erected by the New Century Historical Society,
January, 1891.

Shortly after, in the City Park (the Commons), we came upon another of granite bearing a bronze tablet, on which was inscribed:

Near this spot, July 15, 1788, Gen. Arthur St. Clair of the Revolutionary Army and President of Congress, 1787, was inaugurated first Governor of the Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio.

On this ground stood Centennial Hall of the Celebration, July, 15, 1888.

The next day, on the banks of the Muskingum, where Monroe Street comes down to it, we saw another reading: " To record the names of the forty-eight Pioneers who landed near this spot April 7, 1788," and on the other three sides the names of the forty-eight; another day, in an open space fronting Washington Street, and near the Muskingum, a fourth monument: " Erected by the New Century Historical

Digitized by Google

Society to record the names and commemorate the landing near this spot of the Pioneer families of the Ohio Company, August Nineteenth, 1788. Their homes were established in Campus Martius." Then follow the names of six husbands and six wives.

Another day, in pretty Bellevue Park, on the Ohio, we found another: "Southern boundary Picketed Point. This stone is placed to keep in remembrance the historic Point where dwelt during four years of Indian war, 1791-1795, early settlers of Ohio, erected by the Woman's Centennial Association, 1903."

In the pretty village of Harmar on the opposite bank of the river we came upon the fifth, reading: "Site of the United States Fort Harmar, Built 1785. Garrisoned by United States troops, 1785-1790. Headquarters, 1786-1788, Gen. Josiah Harmar of Pennsylvania, General-in-Chief of the United States Army."

In the ornate Washington County Court House, near the center of the city, is the largest tablet of all with an inscription so illuminating that though long we cannot refrain from copying it: "Marietta, Ohio. The Portal of the Territory of the United States, northwest of the River Ohio, July 13, 1787. Passage by the United States Congress of the Ordinance of 1787, erecting the Territory with an organic law, based upon religion, morality, and knowledge, the equal rights of men, the exclusion forever of slavery, and the abrogation of primogeniture, as limiting the descent of property. Events at Marietta, Ohio, 1788; April 7—Landing and permanent settlement of the forty-eight pioneers of the Ohio company. July 15—Inauguration of the first territorial Governor, under the ordinances, followed the same year by the enactment of the first Territorial laws and the opening of the first court of justice. August 19—The first arrival of families. From these beginnings arose Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin."

Visitors to the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893 may have seen this tablet on the walls of the Ohio Building.

The stranger whose curiosity is by this time sufficiently whetted to look up his local history, will find that Marietta was founded by Revolutionary officers and soldiers (mostly the former) from Massachusetts and Connecticut, who, after the war of Independence, formed an association, called the Ohio Company, purchased of Congress a million and a half of

Digitized by Google

acres on the banks of the Ohio and Muskingum, enlisted settlers, and came in wagons and on foot across New York and Pennsylvania, under command of Gen. Rufus Putnam; crossed the Alleghanies in the dead of winter to Sumrill's Ferry, on the Youghiogeny, thirty miles above Pittsburg, where they built a great boat, the *Mayflower,* and floated in her down the rivers to the Muskingum, where they founded their settlement, which at once became the capital of the Northwest Territory.

In Library Hall, the Woman's Centennial Association has a museum of historical relics, comprising over 700 pieces, some of them of very great value and interest. Among these is an autograph letter of Gen. Washington, written at Valley Forge, one of the Marquis de Lafayette, Gov. Meigs' china, tablespoons made from coin, in Marietta, in 1820, two original Franklin Almanacs, an old musket, owned by one of the jurors in the Aaron Burr trial, a blanket woven from wool of the first sheep in the Northwest Territory; piece of the dress worn by Mrs. Miles Standish; piece of Gen. Washington's saddle skirt, a model of the boat that brought the forty-eight down the Ohio; stump of a tree felled by woodpeckers; Gov. Meigs's desk; Gen. Benjamin Tupper's cane, and several articles from the Blennerhassett mansion—Mrs. Blennerhassett's fan, a fruit dish, teakettle, chair, bed curtains, etc.

On the southeast side of Washington Street, between Front and Second Streets, a few rods back from the Muskingum, stands a quaint old one-story building, probably the oldest in Ohio, the land offices of the Ohio Company, built in 1786 for the sale of its lands, purchased and restored in 1896 by the National Society of Colonial Dames of America, in the State of Ohio, and still held and maintained by the Society. Here are more interesting relics, among them the drafting table, on which the maps and plans of the city and the company's lands were drawn.

Walking eastward from the office, one comes in half a mile to the beautiful campus of Marietta College, one of the oldest institutions of learning west of the Alleghanies, having been founded in 1800 as Muskingum Academy, and thus continuing until 1830, when it became a collegiate school, and in 1835 was chartered as Marietta College. In its library is a large collection of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., relating to the early history of Ohio.

Ten minutes' walk beyond brings one to the outskirts of the city, and

Digitized by Google

to the Mound Cemetery. Rising in its centre is one of the most perfect specimens extant of the art of the Mound Builders, that mysterious race which reared its monuments, then faded away, leaving no trace of whence it came nor whither it went. There are many of these mounds in Ohio, or were; for many have been levelled. Fortunately, the founders of Marietta were men of intelligence ,who could see the value of this relic of a dead race. Consequently they laid out their cemetery with it in the centre, thus preserving it for all time. It is a perfect cone, perhaps thirty feet high, and sixty feet thick at the base, with a fosse, perfectly defined, encircling it, and was originally one of a series of similar works which, however, have not been preserved.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

N. Y. *Evening Post.*

Digitized by Google

ERRORS OF HISTORY IN CONNECTION WITH ROBERT FULTON.

IT has been said that a physician buries his mistakes and a lawyer hangs his; but the mistakes of a historian live forever. An original error in a history is multiplied indefinitely by those who refer to it as an authority, and breeds no end of confusion. The saying that an untruth travels leagues while Truth is putting on her shoes is notably illustrated in the erroneous statements concerning the date of the first voyage of Robert Fulton's steamboat, the *Clermont,* and the date and place of Fulton's death in New York City.

The statements made concerning the date of the *Clermont's* first trip are so many and various, that there is not space in this article to recapitulate them. The authentic date is Monday, August 17, 1807. This is established by the following extracts from the *American Citizen,* published in New York on Monday, August 17, 1807, and on Saturday, August 22, 1807, respectively:

[*American Citizen,* August 17.]

Mr. Fulton's ingenious Steam Boat, invented with a view to the navigation of the Mississippi from New Orleans upwards, sails today from the North River, near the State Prison, to Albany. The velosity of the Steam Boat is calculated at four miles an hour; it is said that it will make a progress of two against the current of the Mississippi; and if so it will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the commerce of the Western States.

[*American Citizen,* August 22.]

NEW YORK, August 20.*

*The date of this letter should have been August 21st, instead of August 20th, as Friday, the day of his return, was August 21st.

To the Editor of the American Citizen.

Sir,

I arrived this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the steamboat from Albany.

Digitized by Google

As the success of my experiment gives me great hope that such boats may be rendered of much importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:

I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday, time 24 hours, distance 110 miles; on Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon, distance 40 miles, time 8 hours; the sum of this is 150 miles in 32 hours, equal near 5 miles an hour.

On Thursday, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at 6 in the evening; I started from thence at 7, and arrived at New York on Friday at 4 in the afternoon, time 30 hours, space run through 150 miles, equal 5 miles an hour. Throughout the whole way my going and returning the wind was ahead; no advantage could be drawn from my sails—the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam engine.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

ROBERT FULTON.

At the bottom of the foregoing letter the editor appended the following comment:

We congratulate Mr. Fulton and the country on his success in the Steam Boat, which cannot fail of being very advantageous. We understand that not the smallest inconvenience is felt in the boat either from heat or smoke.

CADWALLADER COLDEN'S ERRORS.

The errors in the date and place of Fulton's death are due, the writer believes, to original errors made by Fulton's own intimate friend, Cadwallader Colden, who, in his "Life of Fulton," published in 1817, referring to Fulton's end, says:

"His disorder increased, and on the 24th day of February, 1815, terminated his valuable life. . . . His corpse was attended from his last residence (No. 1 State street) by all the officers of the National and State governments," etc.

Digitized by Google

Reigart, in his "Life of Fulton" (1856), makes the same statement, but he carries no weight as independent authority, for his words are identical with Colden's and are unmistakably copied from the latter. Reigart says:

"His disorder increased, and on the 24th of February, 1815, terminated his valuable life. . . . His corpse was attended from his last residence, No. 1 State street, by all the officers of the National and State governments," etc.

As Reigart followed Colden, so others have followed either the same author or Reigart himself, and thus the statement that Fulton died on the 24th at No. 1 State street has been indefinitely multiplied.

THE DATE OF FULTON'S DEATH.

The writer will now go back of Colden and give first his reasons for stating that Fulton died on February 23d, instead of February 24th, and then his reasons for stating that he died in Marketfield street, now Battery Place, west of Broadway, instead of at No. 1 State Street.

The New York *Evening Post* of February 23, 1815, says: "The public has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Robert Fulton, Esq. He breathed his last early this morning."

The *Evening Post* of February 24th says: "Died on the 23rd instant, Robert Fulton."

The *Commercial Advertiser* of February 24th says: "Died, on the 23rd instant, Robert Fulton."

The *Gazette and General Advertiser* of February 24th says: "Died, yesterday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, after a very few days' illness, Robert Fulton, Esq."

The following death announcement appeared in the *Courier and Mercantile Directory* of Saturday, February 25th, 1815: "Died, on Thursday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, after a very few days' illness, Robert Fulton, Esq."

The foregoing quotations are sufficient to fix the 23d as the date of death, but it will be interesting to quote in confirmation the letter of Dr. David Hosack, which appears in the appendix to Colden's *Life of Fulton,* in which Dr. Hosack says:

Digitized by Google

"I did not visit Mr. Fulton until the night preceding his dissolution. . . . Between 11 and 12 o'clock of the night of the 22nd of February, I was requested to visit him in consultation. . . . The morning of the succeeding day closed his important life."

PLACE OF FULTON'S DEATH.

As to the place of Fulton's residence at the time of his death, three independent authorities may be cited. In order that the references to "Marketfield street," "opposite Battery" and "near the steamboat wharf," may be understood, it should be explained that in 1815, the street now called Battery Place was known as Marketfield street. At and north of Marketfield street, the Hudson River then came up to Washington street. On the south side of Marketfield street, Battery Park had been filled in only as far as Greenwich street. The water, therefore, came up to what is now the middle of Battery place along its length between Greenwich and Washington streets. Extending southward from Marketfield street in a line with Washington street was a steamboat wharf, the Brunswick Line of steamers starting from the inside of that wharf. The West Battery, later called Castle Garden and now the Aquarium, stood where it now stands, of course, but as Battery Park was not then filled out to its present frontier, the Battery was a little island, connected with the land by a foot-bridge. It is opposite the block between Greenwich and Washington streets.

Now for the authorities as to the place of Fulton's residence when he died:

Fulton's residence in the year 1807, in which he made his first trip in the *Clermont,* is indicated by a little memorandum book kept by him and now in possession of his grandson, Robert Fulton Ludlow, of Claverack, N. Y., which contains the following entry: "1807. March the 10th. Took lodgings at Mrs. Loring's, New York." Longworth's City Directory for 1807 contains the following entry: "Loring, Mrs., 13 Broadway." Fulton's name first appears in the City Directory in 1809. Following are quotations from the Directories for the seven years, 1809-1815. In addition to the year, the month of publication is given when indicated on the title page:

Longworth's Directory, 1809: "Fulton, Robert, 100 Reed st."

Longworth's, July 4, 1810: "Fulton, Robert, 100 Reed st."

Digitized by Google

Longworth's July 4, 1811: "Fulton, Robert, 133 Chambers."

Longworth's July 4, 1812: "Fulton, Robert, Marketfield, opp. Battery."

Elliott's Directory, 1812: "Fulton, R., civil and mil. engin., 2 Marketfield."

Longworth's, July 5, 1813: "Fulton, Robert, Marketfield opposite Battery."

Longworth's, June 9, 1814: "Fulton, Robert, Marketfield opposite Battery."

Longworth's, 1815: "Fulton,—widow of Robert, 353 Broadway."

It may be observed in passing that No. 2 Marketfield street may not be identical with No. 2 Battery place. Where houses were not officially numbered, they were given numbers in the order in which they were located. Elliott's Double Directory of 1812 shows that there were only two residences in Marketfield street at that time, and Fulton's was the second.

The directories not only indicate that Fulton lived in Marketfield street, but they also positively indicate that he did *not* live at No. 1 State street, for that building was occupied in 1815, and had been for a few years previously, by William Neilson and William Neilson, Jr.

The next evidence is afforded by contemporary newspapers: The New York *Gazette and General Advertiser* of February 24, 1815, in its notice of Fulton's death, says: "His friends and fellow-citizens are requested to attend his funeral on Saturday next at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, from his late residence in Marketfield street, near the steamboat wharf." The *Courier and Mercantile Directory* of Saturday, February 25, says: "His friends and fellow-citizens are requested to attend his funeral, at 4 o'clock this afternoon, from his late residence in Marketfield street, near the steamboat wharf."

The third authority for the Marketfield street location is the brothers Prime, sons of Nathaniel Prime, who lived at No. 1 Broadway at the time of Fulton's death. In Valentine's *Corporation Manual* for 1850, on page 416, is a brief history of No. 1 Broadway, furnished by the Primes. It says, with reference to the old house then standing: "This house was erected in 1760 by the Honorable Captain Kennedy.

Digitized by Google

. . . At the period of its erection the garden in the rear extended to the Hudson. . . . From this house, anxious eyes watched the destruction of the statue of George III. . . . Still later, others looked sadly on the funeral of Fulton, who died in a house which had been built on what was once the garden."

"The house which had been built on what was once the garden" is more particularly indicated in the following letters to the writer from Miss Cornelia Prime, of Huntington, L. I., who was born in the room in which Fulton died:

Huntington, N. Y., February 8th, 1908.

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL ESQ., Tribune Building, New York.

Dear Sir:

Pardon the delay in replying more fully to your letter of 2nd December, 1907. My grandfather, Nathaniel Prime, owned and resided at No. 1 Broadway, from 1810 to 1831.

My father, Rufus Prime, resided at No. 1 Battery place from 1829 to 1840. (I infer that Battery place, previously, had been called Marketfield St.)

My uncle, Edward Prime, resided at No. 1 Broadway, for a number of years subsequent to 1840. Later on, the property passed out of the hands of the Prime family, and the building was added on to, so as to fill in the gap between it and No. 1 Battery place, and the enlarged structure was known as the "Washington Hotel." Shortly before the latter was torn down by Cyrus W. Field, escorted by my father, whose wish it was, I revisited the room that I was born in, a rather small one, only reached by passing through a larger one. You have my father Mr. Rufus Prime's authority and that of many of the old members of our family for the statement that my brother Temple and myself were born in the above-described chamber, the *identical room* where *Robert Fulton died* at *No. 1 Battery place,* in the same "house which had been built on what was once the garden." In 1838, a small bit of the garden still intervened between the two houses, which were so situated that a handful of gravel could be thrown from one of the windows of No. 1 Battery place against a rear window of No. 1 Broadway, a preconcerted signal carried out between the two families, to summon hastily, at night, the nurse at my birth.

Digitized by Google

The above facts have been impressed on me ever since I can remember.

Possibly, some day, I may find the deed of the purchase, by my grandfather, of No. 1 Broadway, and a description of the property.

Yours very truly,

CORNELIA PRIME.

Huntington, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1908.

Dear Sir

Since the writing of my letter to you of Feb. 8th, I have found the following entries in my father, Rufus Prime's, Diary:

Monday, 27 November, 1848.

Sold Property 1 Broadway and 1 & 3 Battery Place at Public Auction for $34,300.

Wednesday, 20th December, 1848.

Went to Wall St. at 11 A. M. At 3 P. M. delivered Deeds & rec'd payment for Property Corner Broadway & Battery Place.

Very truly yours,

CORNELIA PRIME.

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

Digitized by Google

THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

A SHORT time ago I brought here a letter from Governor Wise of Virginia bearing upon the execution of John Brown. I found that letter by accident and did not know how it came into my possession. Since then other letters have come to light which seem to go with it. They were undoubtedly brought home by my brother, General Samuel M. Quincy, while serving as captain of a company of the Second Massachusetts Infantry. They appear to have come into his hands from among the papers and documents belonging to the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Virginia. It will be remembered that, after his capture at Harper's Ferry, John Brown was taken to Charlestown, the Jefferson County-seat, some ten miles west from the Ferry, there confined, and subsequently tried and executed. When, in the latter days of February, 1862, the winter camps were broken up and military operations began, the Second Massachusetts Infantry was a portion of the army of the Shenandoah under command of Major-General Nathaniel P. Banks. Crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry on the 27th of February, this regiment was marched to Charlestown, and certain of its companies were quartered in the Court House.[1] It was there undoubtedly that Captain Quincy got the letters to which I have referred. They were probably found in the office of the prosecuting attorney. In reading the letters it is due to Governor Wise to say that the pungent expressions he sometimes uses were natural to his position as Executive of a State at a time of great excitement. He is better representd by the kindly letter he addressed to the wife of John Brown, as well as by the words which conclude Mr. Chamberlain's memoir of the guerilla fighter who was largely instrumental in giving Kansas to the Union as a free State. They were addressed by Governor Wise to a Union officer: " John Brown was a great man, sir; he was a great man."

It is commonplace to say that the consequences of a given action can never be estimated by those contemporary with it. And it may be added that the results must be very imperfectly discerned by a generation

[1] A. H. Quint, "Record of the Second Massachusetts Infantry," 69.

Digitized by Google

separated from it by an interval of busy years. There is no analytical process by which we can apportion to Brown's attempt to free slaves in Virginia its share in shaping the events and policies that succeeded it. His was a rough and ready response to the highest national ideals then in the air. Now there is this trouble with the exalted ideals which so often break out in our stimulating climate; they are quite as apt to take men out of action as to thrust them into it. The idealist who is over-careful to make no mistakes may die in the good esteem of the world,—or rather of that petty fraction of it which knows anything about him. But the impulsive idealist—who risks mistakes, and in Shakespeare's striking phrase "makes mouths at the invisible event"—becomes a distinct and often a beneficent factor in history. The world may be greatly indebted to the man who dares even when the co-operative events which he expected do not come to pass. "There would be no heroism in the world," said President Eliot in a recent address, "if the hero were not uncertain of the issue." And again we get this with Shakespeare's peculiar emphasis when he makes "thinking too precisely of the event a thought, which quartered, hath but one part wisdom and ever three parts coward."

There is the case of Captain Wilkes when he took Mason and Slidell from a British ship. From the point of view of the international statute book, no less than from that of a cautious expediency, it was a blunder. Yet those who can remember the burst of patriotic enthusiasm which that act awakened throughout the North will hesitate to say that the stream of history would have run clearer without it. For it focussed opinions which were even then somewhat floating and undefined. It furnished concrete expression to the feeling that any effort to defend the Union against organized forces of aggression—however wanting in prudence—was ethically and eternally right. And so the Congressional vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes was but the crest of the wave of popular belief that somehow good must come from his vigorous act.

In considering the events that make up history, we fix upon some link in the chain of sequences and ask what would have happened had another been forged to fill its place. And so I am sometimes tempted to drift into a fruitless speculation as to what might have been if, at an early stage of the civil war, it had been authoritatively declared that aggression in the interest of slavery must be met by its abolition. Suppose the President had heeded the fervent petition of Horace Greeley to

Digitized by Google

this effect—a petition that was supported by many stronger men than Mr. Greeley? What would have resulted had the President abstained from nullifying the emancipation proclamation of Fremont in his Western Department? One evil we may safely say would have been prevented: we should have been free from that European sympathy with the Confederacy which did so much to prolong the war. Napoleon III and the British aristocracy never would have dared to express sympathy if the avowed contention had been whether slavery should be strengthened or put to an end. How far this would have been offset by dissatisfaction in the border States and by disregard of the limitation of the war powers, as interpreted by Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis and others, we can never know.

In like manner it is impossible to determine with any exactness how far such good as we have attained can be credited to John Brown's heroic attack upon slavery. Personally, I place a high value upon it. For the maturing of thought and its translation into action is always advanced through sympathy with a man. All history shows the power of a visible symbol in directing the wandering attention of the masses. Every great movement awaits its typical hero, and he is nearer to average humanity if he is not without indiscretions. An immediate result of the attack at Harper's Ferry is certainly evident. It is known that after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise an agitation for the unrestricted importation of African labor was gathering force in the South. But the action of John Brown, and the sympathy that went out to him, compelled the conviction that the Slave States had better devote attention to keeping such labor as they had to the exclusion of plans for obtaining any more. Here is a result which may be accepted with assurance, even if many more important ones must remain in the cloud-land of conjecture.

I believe there is some copy-book maxim which warns us to avoid extremes; but in the view of what the Germans call the World Spirit extremes may be just what we need. They give salutary emphasis to the comfortable speculations of the easy-chair. Emerson recognized this when, referring to the execution of Brown, he ventured upon a comparison whose challenge to attention was in inverse ratio to its taste. It was recognized in that stirring song of the Union troops which declared that the soul of John Brown—the spirit which animated him—was marching on. Yes; and it must continue to do so, for he has affixed his homely name to one of the most important epochs in his country's history.

Digitized by Google

A. E. Peticolas to Andrew Hunter.

Richmond, Nov. 1, 1859

Dear Sir,—We desire if Brown and his coadjutors are executed to add their heads to the collection in our museum. If the transference of the bodies will not exceed a cost of five dollars each we should also be glad to have them.

This request will of course not interfere with any clemency which it may be found desirable to extend to those convicted. Attention to this request will confer a great favor.

A. E. Peticolas, M. D.
Prof Anat at Med.
College of Va.

Mr. Andrew Hunter

Henry A. Wise to Andrew Hunter.

Richmond, Va Novr 2nd 1859.

Dr Sir,—We have just got [John E.] Cook's description of the fugitives, Owen Brown, [Francis Jackson] Meriam, [Charles Plummer] Tidd & a [Barclay] Coppoc. No affidavits. Do send affidavits necessary for requisition.

The Medical faculty of Richmond College ask for the bodies of such as may be executed. The Court may order the bodies to be given over to surgeons. See to that in the sentence. It will not interfere with the pardoning power. And any who are hung ought not to have burial in Va.

Yrs truly Henry A. Wise

A. Hunter, Esqr

Richmond, Va Novr 6th 1859.

My dear Sir,—Recd your last this ms, inclosing Cook's affidavit. Better try Cook in your Court & turn [Aaron C.] Stevens over to Dist Ct of the U. S. But he may die & defeat ends of so turning him over. Cook is the worst of all these villains. I wish you to understand confidentially, that I will not reprieve or pardon one man *now* after the letters I have recd from the North. And as it may seem too severe for fair trial to put Stevens at bar let him be turned over.

Digitized by Google

Be prompt to send me affidavits for any party discovered to be implicated for whom requisition is to be made. Our men Moore & Kelly have been kept waiting for Cook's affidavit.

Cant you get an indictment against Gerritt Smith and Fred: Douglas, or some one of the leading prompters in Canada or our Northern States? If so, send it to me immediately upon getting it, or as early as you can get an affidavit. Fred: Douglas' letter avows his part in the plot, acting in N. Y., and says he has violated the jurisdiction of that State, if any. He means he was there when he advised & counselled this invasion. No matter where he was; if he incited or aided & abetted insurrection here, he violated our laws, and may be demanded of England or any of the U. States.

Yrs truly

HENRY A. WISE.

Have my amanuenses for you attend to the inclosed letters.

RUTH THOMPSON TO JOHN BROWN.

NORTH ELBA, Nov. 27th 1859

MY DEARLY BELOVED FATHER,—I must write a word to you although it may never reach you. We received your precious letter, and it was a great comfort to us all to hear that you were kindly treated, and so "cheerful amidst all your afflictions." All are well here, and I must tell you that we receive the kindest sympathy from very many dear *friends of yours* for which, I feel to bless the "Giver of every good." We received a letter from Jason a few days ago, all were well there, and were at John's a few days before he wrote. They are sorrow stricken indeed. We sent coppies of your letter to them. Mr. Kellog a blind minister, and a most excellent man says "tell your Father for me, that I sympathise with him, and for him most deeply." He preached a thanksgiving sermon, here, and he repeated a part of the 58th chapter of Isaiah. It was one of the best sermons I ever heard. It reminded me of the many times I had heard my dear Father read it. Your kind instruction will never be forgotten by me. I cannot tell you how *I long to see you,* nor can I express my feelingss, you know them, & it is not necessary to express them. Please remember me (although a perfect stranger) to *all* those *noble prisoners, colored* as well as white. I

Digitized by Google

...e hope to hear from you
...membered to you. Johny
... is in prison because he tried
...el Father, thoug[h] your life
... influence will live to be remembered
... me to Captain [John] Avis. I
... feeling of sincere gratitude for his
... prayers. And now *my dear Father,*
... your *dear face again* in this world,
... world where sorrow and parting never
... the Lord is with you, and that he will
... May he strengthen & sustain you to the
... affectionate daughter.

RUTH THOMPSON.

... envelope]
... untill
... the execution

F. B. SANBORN.

Digitized by Google

THE ARMORIAL FAMILIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

(*Third Paper.*)

GAYER.

WILLIAM GAYER came from Trenbrace in Cornwall, or from Plymouth in Devon, to Nantucket in Massachusetts. In 1710 Sir John Gayer, Governor of Bombay, made his will, in which he bequeathed property "to my brother William Gayer of the Island of Nantucket." He m. (1) before 1673, Dorcas Starbuck, daughter of Elder Edward Starbuck, an early settler of Nantucket. He m. (2) in Boston, July 4, 1690, Maria Gaurd, reputed to have been a widow. He was the first representative from Nantucket to the Massachusetts General Court in 1692, and was re-elected in 1702 and 1703. From 1696 to 1710 he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and in 1704 was Commissioner of Oyer and Terminer. He d. at Nantucket, Sept. 23, 1710. According to Mr. Appleton his family arms are "ermine, a fleur-de-lis and chief sable." Issue by wife Dorcas:

1. Damaris, b. Oct. 24, 1673; m. Capt. Nathaniel Coffin. She d. Dec. 6, 1764, aged 90 years and more.
2. Dorcas, b. Aug. 29, 1675; m. Jethro Starbuck. She d. Jan. 10, 1747, O. S. æ. 72 years.
3. William, b. June 3, 1677; m. in England his cousin, Elizabeth Gayer. He d. in England about 1712.

HANBURY.

William Hanbury, son of John Hanbury, gentleman, of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, was bapt. there April 17, 1614. His father was buried at Wolverhampton April 28, 1636, and he came to Plymouth, Mass. He m. at Plymouth Sept. 28, 1641, Hannah, daughter of Nathaniel Souther of Plymouth and Boston. He removed to Boston about 1648 and there made a nuncupative will Feb. 12, 1649, giving all to his wife. In the Visitation of Staffordshire, taken in 1664, his name occurs with the remark "died in New England." The settlement of his estate shows that he had four surviving children. His family arms are,

Digitized by Google

often think of, and pray for them. I do hope to hear from you again. Mrs. Hinckley wishes to be remembered to you. Johny says "tell Grandfather that I know he is in prison because he tried to do good." Henry also says "tell Father, thoug[h] your life may be taken, your deeds, and influence will live to be remembered and do good." Please remember me to Captain [John] Avis. I never think of him, without a feeling of sincere gratitude for his kindness to you and the other prisoners. And now *my dear Father,* if I am never permitted to see your *dear face again* in this world, I trust I shall meet you in that world where sorrow and parting never can come. I know that the Lord is with you, and that he will "never forsake you." May he strengthen & sustain you to the end, is the prayer of your affectionate daughter.

RUTH THOMPSON.

Care of Capt. John Avis
Charleston Jefferson Co.
Virginia

[Addressed]
Mr. John Brown
[Endorsed on the envelope]
Ruth Thompson
Dont publish
Not received untill
after the execution

F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, N. H.

Digitized by Google

THE ARMORIAL FAMILIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

(*Third Paper.*)

GAYER.

WILLIAM GAYER came from Trenbrace in Cornwall, or from Plymouth in Devon, to Nantucket in Massachusetts. In 1710 Sir John Gayer, Governor of Bombay, made his will, in which he bequeathed property "to my brother William Gayer of the Island of Nantucket." He m. (1) before 1673, Dorcas Starbuck, daughter of Elder Edward Starbuck, an early settler of Nantucket. He m. (2) in Boston, July 4, 1690, Maria Gaurd, reputed to have been a widow. He was the first representative from Nantucket to the Massachusetts General Court in 1692, and was re-elected in 1702 and 1703. From 1696 to 1710 he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and in 1704 was Commissioner of Oyer and Terminer. He d. at Nantucket, Sept. 23, 1710. According to Mr. Appleton his family arms are "ermine, a fleur-de-lis and chief sable." Issue by wife Dorcas:

1. Damaris, b. Oct. 24, 1673; m. Capt. Nathaniel Coffin. She d. Dec. 6, 1764, aged 90 years and more.

2. Dorcas, b. Aug. 29, 1675; m. Jethro Starbuck. She d. Jan. 10, 1747, O. S. æ. 72 years.

3. William, b. June 3, 1677; m. in England his cousin, Elizabeth Gayer. He d. in England about 1712.

HANBURY.

William Hanbury, son of John Hanbury, gentleman, of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, was bapt. there April 17, 1614. His father was buried at Wolverhampton April 28, 1636, and he came to Plymouth, Mass. He m. at Plymouth Sept. 28, 1641, Hannah, daughter of Nathaniel Souther of Plymouth and Boston. He removed to Boston about 1648 and there made a nuncupative will Feb. 12, 1649, giving all to his wife. In the Visitation of Staffordshire, taken in 1664, his name occurs with the remark "died in New England." The settlement of his estate shows that he had four surviving children. His family arms are,

Digitized by Google

" or, on a bend engrailed vert, cotized sable, three bezants." His widow, Hannah, m. (2) in Boston, Oct. 24, 1656, Francis Johnson of Boston.

Issue by wife Hannah on record:

1. William, probably not in order, bapt. in Boston, Feb. 11, 1648, aged about 6 days; d. in Feb., 1650.

HARLAKENDEN.

Mabel Harlakenden b. at Earl's Colne, Co. Essex, Sept. 27, 1614, was the seventh daughter of Richard Harlakenden of Earl's Colne and a sister to Roger Harlakenden of Cambridge, Massachusetts. She m. as the second wife John Haynes of Connecticut, who came in the *Griffin* to New England, arriving Sept. 4, 1633. He was Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1635; Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, 1636; Assistant of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1634, 1636; Governor of Connecticut, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1650, 1651 and 1653; Connecticut Magistrate 1640, 1642, 1648; Deputy Governor 1644, 1646 and 1652; Commissioner of the United Colonies 1646 and 1650. He d. at Hartford, March 1, 1653-4. Issue by wife Mabel:

4. John Haynes, graduated at Harvard College, 1656; removed to England, where he became rector of the parish of Stanway, Co. Essex. He d. there April 25, 1671.
5. Roger Haynes, went to England, where he d. soon after his arrival there.
6. Joseph Haynes, b. in 1641; graduated at Harvard College in 1658; clergyman at Wethersfield and Hartford, Conn.
7. Ruth Haynes, m. Samuel, son of Gov. George Wyllys of Connecticut.
8. Mabel Haynes, b. at Hartford, March 19, 1645; m. James Russell of Charlestown, Mass. (See New England *Historical-Genealogical Register,* Vol. XXIV., pp. 124-7.)

Roger Harlakenden came from Earl's Colne, Co. Essex, in the *Defence* in 1635. He was b. at Earl's Colne Oct. 1, 1611, and buried his first wife, Emlen, Aug. 18, 1634. He m. (2) June 4, 1635, Elizabeth, daughter of Godfrey Bosseville, Esq., of Gunthwayte, Co. York. He arrived in New England in Oct., 1635, and settled in Cambridge, Mass., where he d. of the small pox Nov. 27, 1638, aged 27 years. His widow, Elizabeth, m. (2) Herbert Pelham, Esq., who lived in Cambridge from 1638 to 1649, but who returned to England, where he d. in 1673. The Harlakenden armorial bearings are " azure, a fess ermine

Digitized by Google

between three lion's heads erased or." He was elected townsman (selectman) of Cambridge in 1635; Assistant in 1636; commissioned Lieutenant-Colonl of the first division of military forces in Dec., 1636. Issue by wife Elizabeth born in Cambridge:

1. Elizabeth, b. in Dec., 1636.
2. Margaret, b. in Sept., 1638.

HUNLOCK (HUNLOKE.)

John Hunlock, son of Christopher Hunlock, came from Wingerworth, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, to Boston. He m. Joanna, only child of Samuel Sendall. As his widow she d. Oct. 21, 1706. In Bassano's MS. *Genealogies of the Gentry of Derbyshire,* written about 1700, his name occurs with the remark "living at Boston in New England." His kinsman, Edward Hunlock, was living in New Jersey, 1695 to 1702. His father was created a baronet in 1642 and the family arms are, "azure, a fess between three tiger's heads erased or." The date of his death does not appear to be known. Issue by wife Joanna:

1. John, b. Oct. 7, 1667; d. young.
2. Joanna, b. Feb. 27, 1670.
3. John, b. March 19, 1672.
4. Sarah, b. Sept. 10, 1673.
5. Samuel, b. July 26, 1678.
6. Jonathan, b. Dec. 12, 1682.
7. Elizabeth, b. March 12, 1685.
8. Joseph, b. Oct. 18, 1689.

JEFFREY.

William Jeffrey came from Chittingley, Co. Sussex, to Wessagusset (now Weymouth) in September, 1623, with Robert Gorges, who claimed to be Governor of New England. He was b. in 1591 and was the son of Audry Jeffrey of Chittingley. He was deputed with Mr. William Blackstone, first English settler of Boston, to put Mr. John Oldham in possession of his grant. (Suffolk Deeds, Vol. I, p. 13.) He removed across the Bay to Naumkeag (Salem), but returned to Wessagusset, where he was taxed in 1628; freeman May 18, 1631. Jeffrey's Creek in Manchester-by-the-Sea is supposed to have been so named for him. He remained in Weymouth until about 1650, when he removed to Newport, Rhode Island. He did valiant service in the Pequot War, 1636-7; was Commissioner for Weymouth 1641; Commissioner for Newport 1661;

Digitized by Google

Deputy 1664. Oct. 16, 1660, he received a grant of 500 acres of land from the General Court of Massachusetts in lieu of a grant made to him long before by the Indians at Jeffrey's Neck in Ipswich. He graduated at Caius College, Cambridge, 1606. He m. about 1640 Mary, daughter of Jeremiah and Priscilla (Grover) Gould, who survived him. In his will, dated Dec. 8, 1674, he referred to his "mother, Audry Jeffrey, late of Chittingley." He d. at Newport Jan. 2, 1675, aged 84. The inscription on his tombstone reads as follows: "Here lyeth interred the body of William Jeffray, Gent., who departed this life on the 2nd day of Jany., 1675, in the 85th year of his age.

Since every tomb an epitaph can have,
The Muses owe their tribute to this grave,
And to succeeding ages recommend
His worthy name, who lived and died their friend;
God from his troubles gave him a release,
And called him unto the celestial place,
Where happy souls view their Creator's face.
Vivit post funera Virtus."

His arms are, "azure fretty or, on a chief argent a lion passant guardant gules." (See the Visitation of Sussex.) Issue by wife Mary:

1. Mary, b. March 20, 1642; m. John Greene of Newport.
2. Thomas, had houses in England by his father's will.
3. Susanna, m. Edward Thurston (1652-1690).
4. Priscilla, b. 1652; m. Thomas Coddington; she d. Aug. 7, 1688.
5. Sarah, b. 1656; m. 1673, James Barker; she d. Feb., 1736.

LEETE.

William Leete came from Dodington, in Huntingdonshire, to Guilford, Connecticut, where he became a signer of the plantation covenant, June 1, 1639. He was deputy for Guilford to the New Haven Colony 1644; secretary of same 1646; New Haven Colony Magistrate 1653-1657; Deputy Governor of New Haven Colony 1658-1660; Governor of New Haven Colony 1661-1664; Magistrate of Connecticut Colony 1665-1668; Deputy Governor of Connecticut 1669-1675; Governor of Connecticut 1676-1683; Commissioner of the United Colonies 1655-1664, 1667, 1668, 1673 and 1678. He d. at Hartford, April 16, 1683. He m. (1) Anne, daughter of Rev. John Paine of Southoe, Co. Hants,

Digitized by Google

who d. or was buried Sept. 1, 1668. He m. (2) in 1671 Sarah, widow of Henry Rotherford, who d. Feb. 10, 1674. He m. (3) Mary, widow of both Rev. Nicholas Street and of Gov. Francis Newman. In the *Visitation of Huntingdonshire,* taken in 1684, he is called "Governor of Hartford in New England." His armorial insignia is "argent, a fess gules between two rolls of matches sable kindled proper."

Issue all by wife Anne:

1. Mary, bapt. at Keyston Nov. 18, 1638; buried Jan. 26, 1638-9.
2. John, b. 1639; m. Oct. 4, 1670, Mary Chittenden.
3. Andrew, b. 1643; m. June 1, 1669, Elizabeth Jordan. He was Assistant in Connecticut Colony.
4. William, m. Mary Fenn and d. June 1, 1687.
5. Abigail, m. Oct. 26, 1671, Rev. John Woodbridge of Killingworth Ct.
6. Caleb, b. Aug. 24, 1651; d. in 1673.
7. Gratiana, b. Dec. 22, 1653.
8. Peregrine, b. Jan. 12, 1658; d. young.
9. Joshua, b. about 1659; d. Feb. 22, 1660.
10. Anna, b. March 15, 1661-2; m. (1) Nov. 9-19, 1683, John Trowbridge; m. (2) Ebenezer Collins.

LOWELL (LOWLE.)

Percival Lowell, b. in 1571, came from Clevedon and Portbury in Somersetshire and became a proprietor at Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. He came in the ship *Jonathan* from Bristol. His wife, Rebecca, d. Dec. 28, 1645. He d. Jan. 8, 1664. The Harleian MS. 1559 in the British Museum gives his name in 1639 and states that he is "in New England." His family pedigree is given in the *Visitation of Somersetshire,* and his arms are, "sable, a dexter hand couped at the wrist grasping three darts, one in pale and two in saltire, argent." Issue:

1. John, b. in England 1595; m. (1) Mary ———; m. (2) about 1640, Elizabeth Goodale. He d. July 10, 1647.
2. Richard, b. in England, 1602; m. twice; d. Aug. 5, 1682.
3. Joanna, b. in England, 1619; d. in Newbury June 14, 1677, aged 58 years. She m. (1) 1639, John Oliver of Newbury, who d. in 1642, aged 29 years. She m. (2) at Newbury April 17, 1644, Capt. William Gerrish and became the ancestor of the large and eminent Gerrish family of New England.

Digitized by Google

PALMES.

Edward Palmes, b. in 1639, came from Melton in Leicestershire to New Haven, Connecticut, in 1659. He was a merchant, and removed to New London in 1660. He was made a freeman 1667; representative for New London 1671-1674 and 1677. He was a Major in King Philip's war 1676. Perhaps Guy Palmes, trader at New London 1659 and 1660, was his brother. He m. (1) Lucy, daughter of Gov. John Winthrop of Connecticut, who d. Nov. 24, 1676. He m. (2) Sarah Davis, widow of Capt. William Davis of Boston. He d. March 21, 1714-5, in his 78th year, leaving his estate to his daughter Lucy and son Andrew. In the *Visitation of Leicestershire,* written in 1681, he is said to be " in New England." His arms are, " gules, three fleur-de-lis argent, a chief vaire." Issue perhaps not in order:

1. Lucy, m. (1) Samuel Gray, who d. in 1713. She m. (2) Samuel Lynde of Saybrook.
2. Guy, bapt. Nov. 17, 1678.
3. Andrew, bapt. Oct. 1, 1682; graduated at Harvard College in 1703; lived in New London, where he d. in 1721.

PELHAM.

Herbert Pelham, b. in 1600, came from Boston in Lincolnshire to Cambridge, Massachusetts, about 1638. He was the son of Herbert and Penelope Pelham of Laughton, in Sussex. He m. (1) about 1626 Jemima Waldegrave, daughter of Thomas Waldegrave, Esq., at which time he was described as " of Boston, Co. Lincoln, Esqr., aged 26." He was a selectman of Cambridge 1645; assistant of Massachusetts Bay Colony 1645-1649; Commissioner of the United Colonies 1645 and 1646; first treasurer of Harvard College 1643; incorporator of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians in 1649. About this time he returned to England and became a member of Parliament. He was buried at Bures St. Mary, Co. Suffolk, July 1, 1673. He m. (2) in New England, Elizabeth, widow of Roger Harlakenden. His arms are, " quarterly, 1 and 4, azure, three pelicans argent, vulning themselves proper; 2 and 3, gules two pieces of belt erect palewise, buckles upwards argent." (See *New England Historical-Genealogical Register,* Vol. XXXIII, p. 285.)

Issue by wife Jemima:

1. Waldegrave, bapt. Sept. 26, 1627.

Digitized by Google

2. Jemima, b. about 1629; m. Jan. 19, 1653-4, Rev. Samuel Kem of Albury, near Oxford.
3. Penelope, b. about 1631; m. Gov. Josiah Winslow of Marshfield, Mass.
4. Nathaniel, bapt. Feb. 5, 1631-2; graduated at Harvard College 1651; lost on his voyage for England in 1657.
5. Catherine, m. —— Clarke and was living in 1673.

Issue by wife Elizabeth:

6. Edward, lived in "Boston in New England."
7. Mary, b. Nov. 12, 1640; d. unm. in Co. Essex, England.
8. Frances, b. Nov. 9, 1643; m. in Co. Essex, England, probably Jeremiah Stannard.
9. Herbert, b. Oct. 3, 1645; buried Jan. 2, 1646.
10. Anne, living unm. in Co. Essex Jan. 1, 1672-3.
11. Henry, buried at Bures, Co. Suffolk, in 1699.

Penelope Pelham, sister to Herbert Pelham of Cambridge, m. in Boston, Mass., Nov. 9, 1641, Gov. Richard Bellingham. The ceremony was performed by the Governor himself. He was Deputy-Governor of Massachusetts Bay 1635, 1640, 1653, 1655; Governor of the Colony 1641, 1654 and 1665. He was admitted to the First Church of Boston Aug. 3, 1634, with his first wife, Elizabeth. He d. Dec. 7, 1672, aged 80 years.

Issue by wife Penelope:

2. Hannah, bapt. Aug. 14, 1642, aged about 7 days.
3. James, b. May 2, bapt. May 10, 1646.
4. Sarah, bapt. July 30, 1648, aged about 2 days.
5. Elizabeth, bapt. Dec. 9, 1649, aged about 3 days.
6. Ann, bapt. July 6, 1652.
7. Grace, b. and d. in 1654.

GEO. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

MALDEN, MASS.

Digitized by Google

MINOR TOPICS.

THE BULLOCH FAMILY.

There has recently been some controversy in several Scotch historical journals as to the name Bulloch, one writer claiming that the family has descended from Sir William Bulloch, Chamberlain of Scotland, the other that the family descended from the ancient family of Bullo and subsequently adding the affix of "ch," a custom then in vogue with all those names ending in o. Another writes that the name Bulloch and Balloch are synonomous, the name in the same individual being spelt both *Balloch* and *Bulloch* in the records. Still another claim has been set up that the family of Bulloch descend from Donald Balloch MacDonald, a close relation of Donald, Lord of the Isles.

The name of Balloch is taken or derived from the Gaelic *bealach,* meaning the outlet of a lake or glen, or a pass, the individual living at that place callig himself Balloch. As all these claims show an honorable descent and are only surmises on the part of the writers, as to who is correct it is not possible to say. Therefore, the one adhered to as claimed by James Bulloch, Esq., of London, England, is descent from Donald Balloch McDonald, and we, therefore, claim that the family name was originally Balloch and descend from Donald Balloch. The name is an ancient one in Scotland, going back several hundred years, and in the South has been made very prominent by the family of Bulloch, of Georgia, whose members, as planters, lawyers, doctors, soldiers and statesmen have been ever to the fore.

About the year 1728 James Bulloch, a highly-educated man, came from Glasgow, Scotland, to South Carolina, and is said to have been a minister. He became a planter in Colleton County, South Carolina, and there entertained General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, and rose to prominence in the colony.

James Bulloch married about 1729 Jean Stobo,[1] daughter of Rev. Archibald Stobo, a graduate in 1697 as Master of Arts from the University of Edinburgh.[2] In 1698 Rev. Archibald Stobo, his wife Elizabeth and daughter Jean went on the famous expedition to Darien and Isthmus

[1] Records of Court in South Carolina and will of Rev. Arch'd Stobo.
[2] Larg's Catalogue of Graduates of University of Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

of Panama.[3] After many hardships we find Mr. Stobo returning to Scotland, but the ship *Rising Sun,* upon which he and others were returning, had to put into the Carolina coast, and while in Charleston harbor, he, his wife and daughter Jean went up to the town. While there a gale arose and swept the *Rising Sun* to sea and she was lost. Thus it was that Rev. Archibald Stobo came to live in Carolina, where he founded several churches and was instrumental in establishing the first Presbytery in Carolina.[4]

James Bulloch*[5] and Jean Stobo had the following issue:

I. Archibald Bulloch.
II. Jean Bulloch, who married Josiah Perry.
III. Christiana, who married Hon. Henry Yonge.

Doubtless it would be of interest to the public to know something of the Bulloch family, whose ancetsors aided in the founding of the United States and from whom President Roosevelt descends.

The first ancestor in America was the James Bulloch above mentioned. He was King's Justice of the Peace in 1735, Special Agent to the Creek Indians in 1741, member of the South Carolina Legislature in 1754, and a landed proprietor. We find him later removing to the Colony of Georgia, where, in 1767, he became Justice of Christ Church Parish, and in 1775, Captain and member of Provincial Congress. He died Oct. 25, 1780. His son, Archibald Bulloch, was first a Surveyor of Roads in the Colony of Georgia, the Speaker of Royal Assembly (1772), Vestryman of Christ Church Parish, 1775, three times elected President of the Provincial Congress, and in 1776-77 President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia, signing the first Constitution of the new State. He was also a member of the Continental Congress and signer of the "Secret Pact in Congress, Nov. 9, 1775," and had not official duties kept him at home, would have signed the Declaration of Independence. This gallant citizen was one of the first to dislodge the British from Tybee Island, Georgia, and was the leading citizen of the colony at the time of the Revolution. A fort, a galley or war vessel and a county were named for

* He married 2nd Mrs. Ferguson, 3rd Mary Jones, daughter of Hon. Noble Jones, and 4th Anne Graham, widow of Hon. Patrick Graham, president of Georgia. She was a sister of Captain John Cuthbert of the Rangers, one of the ancient family of Cuthbert of Drakies, Scotland.

[3] Scottish Hist. Review. I. p. 418.

[4] Howe's History of Presbyterianism in South Carolina.

[5] See Hist. of S. Carolina.

Digitized by Google

this illustrious patriot, statesman and soldier, who died Feb., 1777. He and his wife, Mary DeVeaux, daughter of Honorable Colonel James DeVeaux, Senior, Judge of Kings Court in Georgia, had four (4) children.

I. James Bulloch, Captain in Virginia State Garrison Troops (under Colonel George Muter, 1778-81), Clerk of Superior and Inferior Courts, then the chief courts in Georgia; Captain in 1790 for defense of State against Indians, and for his services in the Revolutionary War elected an honorary member of the Georgia Society of the Cincinnati. He married (April 13, 1786) Ann Irvine, d. of Dr. John Irvine and Ann Elizabeth, d. of Col. Kenneth Baillie.

II. Archibald Stobo Bulloch was Firemaster, Navy Agent, one of the Justices of the Inferior Court, Alderman of Savannah, 1812, Collector of the Port and a leading citizen. He married Sarah Glen.

III. Wm. Bellinger Bulloch, U. S. District-Attorney for Georgia, Solicitor-General of the State, Mayor of Savannah 1812, Major of Heavy Artillery 1812, State Senator and member of lower house also, U. S. Senator, Collector of the Port of Savannah, one of incorporators of Georgia Historical Society and afterward Vice-President, Vice-President Union Society, President of U. S. Branch Bank in Georgia and one of the foremost leading citizens of his day. He married 1st, Harriet DeVeaux; 2nd, Mary Young.

James Bulloch, Jr., the eldest son of Governor Archibald Bulloch had two sons and one daughter, Jane, who married James B. Maxwell.

I. John Irvine Bulloch, attorney-at-law, President of Junior Political Club and Clerk of Federal Court. He was the father of the distinguished physician and surgeon, the late Dr. William G. Bulloch, President of the Georgia Medical Society, Alderman of Savannah, author, and surgeon-major C. S. A., a skilled surgeon and oculist, and the latter was father of Dr. J. G. B. Bulloch, author and physician, and of R. H. Bulloch, a graduate of University of Virginia, and of Emma Hamilton Bulloch.

II. Major James Stephens Bulloch, brother of John Irvine Bulloch above, was Deputy Collector of the Port, Major of Chatham Battalion, Vice-President Union Society and one of the company under whose auspices the steamship *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic. It was the latter who erected Bulloch Hall, of Roswell, and he was the father of the distinguished Captain James D. Bulloch,* Confederate States Naval

Digitized by Google

Agent abroad, author of *Secret Service of the Confederate States,* who had the *Alabama* and other vessels built, and who ran the *Fingal* into Savannah with arms and munitions of war for the Confederacy. It was his brother, Lieutenant Irvine Stephens Bulloch,* who was sailing master of the *Alabama* in her fight with the U. S. S. *Kearsarge.*

III. Jane Bulloch, who married John Dunwody, ancestor of that well-known Georgia family.

Nor are these all of the Bullochs who have taken part in the affairs of state, for we find Honorable William Hunter Bulloch as a lieutenant in the Indian War in Florida, whither he went as a volunteer. This gentleman was a lawyer and editor of the *Georgian,* one of the early newspapers, member o fthe Legislature, Clerk of Justices of Inferior Court, and Clerk of Superior Court and of County Commissioners, and Alderman of city. His brother, Jefferson Bulloch, was First Lieutenant of Savannah Volunteer Guards and a Clerk of Port Wardens. These were sons of Honorable Archibald Stobo Bulloch, second son of President Archibald Bulloch, of Georgia. Thus do we see that this family has contributed to the upbuilding of the country, and is one of which Georgia may be proud. I am glad to thus contribute a little history of one of the old families of the South.

J. G. B. BULLOCH, M. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

* These were uncles of President Roosevelt, whose mother was Martha Bulloch, their sister a daughter of Major Jas. S. Bulloch.

Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO MADISON

[Desiring Madison's Advice on the Propriety of His Complying with Certain Requests made by Young La Fayette. He wanting Washington to lend him his assistance in rescuing General Lafayette from prison.]

Mr. Madison.

Dear Sir,

The enclosed letters, with the additional explanation that follows, will bring the case of young Fayette fully to your view.—

From the receipt of Mr. Cabot's letter until the latter end of Oct'r I had not heard from, or of the young Gentleman—Then a letter from Col° Hamilton, to whom as you will see by Mr. Cabot's letter he had been introduced, informed me that he and his Tutor were in a retired place 20 or 30 miles from the city of New York anxiously hoping that they would soon receive a call from me.—In answer to this letter, I expressed to Col° Hamilton sentiments similar to those which had been communicated to Mr. Cabot;—but requested him, not only to view the case in its different relations *himself* but to discover if he could, what might be the opinion of others thereon, and let me know the result.—Which amounted to this—that his own opinion, tho' he hesitated in giving it, inclined to my sending the young Gentl'n the invitation that was wished—but that this was not the sentiment of those (names not mentioned) with whom he had conversed.

Upon the receipt of *that* letter I wrote to Mr La Fayette on the 22d of Nov'r and enclosed it to Col° Hamilton the next day.—To the last of which I received the reply of November 26th.—From thense I heard nothing further on the subject until the letters of Mr de la Fayette & his tutor, of the 25th of Dec'r were received.—Since which nothing has been said or done in the matter—and I wish to know what you think (considering my public character) I had best do to fulfil the obligations of friendship & my own wishes without involving consequences.

Sincerely & Affectionately

I remain—Yours

GEO WASHINGTON

Digitized by Google

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE TO HIS BROTHER.

[Letter from John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." Written to his brother during his residence in London. A melancholy account of his struggles and vicissitudes for several years.]

LONDON, 4 Southampton St.,
C(ovent) G(arden),
June 8, 1817.

T. S. PAYNE, Esq.,
New York.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Some time ago I got a letter from you. It did not require much sagacity to conclude that it must have been written some time before, but on what day, month or year it was produced, Heaven only knows. Be that as it may, the letter was most welcome (as your letters always are), and though it could not rekindle an attachment which has never languished, yet it made me feel the claims of fraternal love more vividly, because it banished for the moment all intervening sentiments. The complaints of sins of omission with which it commences I readily admit to have been perfectly well deserved. My silence, however, has arisen from better causes than those you have pictured; and be assured you have not heard from me oftener, only because I had nothing which it would gratify you to hear or me to communicate. Not that my situation has ever been so desperate as your affection has made you apprehend. I have lived a life of struggle, but not of misery. I have always had friends, and to a certain extent, resources. But my best hopes of valuable support have been defeated; my most rational encouragements have proved illusive, and after having been more than once taught to anticipate permanent and honorable prosperity, I have been treacherously thrown out of the race, and left to scramble forward in my own way, having obtained nothing in the effort but a sprained ancle or a broken arm. I have fed upon promises; and for the last two years I have been every week assured with the most imposing solemnity, that the next week should bring forth something to shed brightness around all my succeeding years.

When doubt was flattered with the prospect of a relief so speedy, I have ever been averse from sending home a detail of vexations which I had every temptation to believe would vanish before a letter might even pass the threshhold of the Atlantick. I have waited on, from time to time, for the expected revolution—and have delayed to write, believing that in a few days suspense must change to certainty. I am still, however, in the same region of mistiness and cloud, and still taught to imag-

Digitized by Google

I performed a few nights in Dublin & Bath, merely to fill up intervals of idleness growing out of Miss O'Neill's indispostion.

I reside with a family in London, who treat me with as much kindness as if I belonged to them. For three years I have enjoyed their most affectionate attention. They have witnessed all that I have suffered, they have been unfortunate themselves, and nothing can exceed the assiduousness of their attention, unless it be the tenderness of their sympathy. I have my drawing-room, my bed-room and study, all upon a second floor, which in America you call the third story, and here I have as many visitors as I have time or inclination to receive. To all the places of public amusement I have access without expence; and can generally accommodate two or three friends with the same privilege. Literary Society & new publications are also among the comforts most within my grasp.

I trust, now, you have had enough about myself. If I knew more I would tell you more. I shall decide in a very short time as to the future; but whatever may happen, trusting my dear Thatcher, neither the perplexities of the past nor the obscurity of the future will ever efface the sincere & unalterable devotedness of

Your affectionate Brother,

J. H. P.

LETTER OF GENERAL WILLIAM SHEPARD ON WASHINGTON.

[This letter was addressed to Justin Ely, of West Springfield, Mass., and dated at Philadelphia, where the General was a member of Congress, December 10, 1798. It proves that the Father of his Country could make a pun though he could not tell a lie. Gen. Shepard was Colonel of the Fourth Massachusetts during the Revolution, and was present at twenty encounters then and during the French and Indian war.]

On Friday the Speaker with 40 or 50 of the members waited on Lieut. General George Washington at his Quarters where I once more had the honor and Pleasure to take him by the hand and after Paying the Usal compliments and saying he was very glad to see so many of us in Helth,—he observed that we had begun the session in very COOL WEATHER, he hoped that we would KEEP COOL THROUGH the whole session—he appears to be in Perfect Helth, in good Spirits and as active as he was twenty years ago, &c. * * *

WILLIAM SHEPARD.

Digitized by Google

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO TENCH TILGHMAN.

[The Father of his Country pays a little bill.]

MOUNT VERNON, July 6, 1785.

DEAR SIR:

By Mr. Gov'r Morris I send you two Guineas and an half, which is about the cost of the plank you were so obliging as to send me by the Baltimore Packet. Please to accept my thanks for your attention to that matter, and the assurances of the sincere esteem and regard with which, I am, Dear Sir,

Y'r Most Obed't and Affect'd Hble. Serv't,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

[On an application for an Army appointment.]

MOUNT VERNON, 30th July, 1798.

Sir:

The writer of the enclosed letter, in name and character, is an entire stranger to me, nor do I know whether by the Law establishing the Cavalry any provision is made, under which such a person could be employed—tho' certain it is, if Mr. Macharg understands, what he professes to be master of, he might be employed very advantageously in training that part of our force.

I have wrote him to this effect—adding, that as he is a stranger, his application to the War Office must be accompanied by ample testimonials—not only of his skill in the business he professes, but to his character in all other respects—with which, and my letter to him, he would come properly before you; and without which, I conceived it would be useless to apply.

I am—Dear sir—your obed.

G. WASHINGTON.

LETTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN.

[A characteristic letter of Mr. Lincoln, whose reluctance to consent to the execution of deserters is historic.]

WASHINGTON, Aug., 1863.

I am appealed to in behalf of E. S. Doty, Co. A, 1st Vermont Cav-

Digitized by Google

ine (by those who have the power to effect it), that the next moment will bring forth a splendid and redeeming change; and still, perhaps, destined to be deceived.

All this is Greek to you, and you consider it a mere excuse. But believe me, to detail trouble is a very uninteresting amusement. It is to tear open the wound, and gives pain. However, I will enlighten you with a glance at my adventures for the last two years and you will judge for yourself that under such circumstances the facts were too distressing not to produce a desire to avoid their recollection and almost to palsy the hand which would rivet them on the torn mind by an epistolary record.

I believe I detailed to you, at the time, the motives which first impelled me to visit France. No matter if I did—to repeat them now will make my story clearer.

In March, 1815, I was led to suppose that an English amusement, partly modelled upon Ogilvie's and partly differing from anything before attempted, might, in Paris, produce fame and profit.

With a good plan and good letters I started thither. But my plans and letters could not keep away Bonaparte. He arrived almost at the same time, and my expected audience and patrons fled. Curiosity, expectation of events favorable to my views, and a wish to collect materials for a book of travels, detained me in France. The Allies appeared in arms. All egress was denied, the ports were closed. Thus situated, I was thrown by chance into a theatrical & literary connection which promised facilities evidently convertible to the advantage of either of the London theatres.

With this project in my head & a translation of the *Maid and Magpie* in my pocket, I returned in August, 1815, to London. Mr. Hobhouse, Lord Byron's friend, gave me a letter to the Hon. Mr. Kinnaird, then directing member of the Drury Lane Committee, which brought me acquainted with that gentleman. I sold my *Maid and Magpie* to Covent Garden for one Hundred Pounds, and entered into an understanding with Mr. Kinnaird respecting Drury Lane Theatre. He encouraged my return(ing) to France, in order to establish an intercourse by which the managers of that concern might be sure of the earliest reception of Parisian novelties in readiness to be instantly produced on their boards. To execute this business with more accuracy & despatch, I took with me to Paris an assistant amanuensis whom I employed in adapting English

Digitized by Google

words to French music—his fitness for which *I* first enabled him to find out. Besides the connection by authorship with Drury Lane splendid promises of support as an actor were held out to me by Mr. Kinnaird. But after translating for many months, I became alarmed at receiving no money, and hearing nothing of my promised *début*. I had contracted great expences, & was forced to write urgently for what I had severely earned. Having forwarded three plays to London, illustrated with drawings of scenery and costumes, & plans of stage action, I obtained from Mr. Kinnaird only two hundred pounds. In the meantime my amanuensis, prompted by the hope of circumventing me in the Agency, turned Scoundrel. I discharged him & went to London. I requested remuneration for my time & labor, & desired Mr. Kinnaird to name the evening for my *début*. The evening *was* named & hopes of remuneration were excited. Suddenly, however, all vanished. It was determined that I should *not* play and decided that I should *not* be *paid*. I appealed from Mr. Kinnaird to the Committee. My amanuensis was now sent for to furnish by slanders a pretext for Mr. Kinnaird's violation of his agreement. This was the "turning point" to which my former letter alluded. The Committee evaded my claims. But the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird was not long left to multiply oppression, for in consequence of similar inflictions on others, he was soon afterwards dismissed from his disgraceful Dictatorship. The wretch who betrayed me now wanders about living nobody knows how. On hearing of my quarrel with Drury Lane, the Covent Garden Manager called on me in August, 1816. He engaged me for one year, at the sum of 200 pounds certain, fifty pounds each for any translation I might make by his desire, and a considerable augmentation of salary should I succeed greatly as an Actor.

When I was ready to appear, Miss O'Neill, who had been announced for *Adelgitha* in the play proposed for my *début,* was taken ill, when she was ready, *I* was taken ill. The season became advanced, and other novelties engrossed public attention. My appearance was postponed, & it now remains to be settled whether I am to come out next season. Mr. Harris, the Covent Garden manager, having set his heart upon *Adelgitha,* would not hear of any other play for my *début*. He did profess & still professes, to be warmly my friend. But what he means to do with me or for me hereafter I know not. He has complied with the pecuniary stipulation of his written contract, but the sincerity of his professions has not yet been tested.

Digitized by Google

I performed a few nights in Dublin & Bath, merely to fill up intervals of idleness growing out of Miss O'Neill's indispostion.

I reside with a family in London, who treat me with as much kindness as if I belonged to them. For three years I have enjoyed their most affectionate attention. They have witnessed all that I have suffered, they have been unfortunate themselves, and nothing can exceed the assiduousness of their attention, unless it be the tenderness of their sympathy. I have my drawing-room, my bed-room and study, all upon a second floor, which in America you call the third story, and here I have as many visitors as I have time or inclination to receive. To all the places of public amusement I have access without expence; and can generally accommodate two or three friends with the same privilege. Literary Society & new publications are also among the comforts most within my grasp.

I trust, now, you have had enough about myself. If I knew more I would tell you more. I shall decide in a very short time as to the future; but whatever may happen, trusting my dear Thatcher, neither the perplexities of the past nor the obscurity of the future will ever efface the sincere & unalterable devotedness of

Your affectionate Brother,

J. H. P.

LETTER OF GENERAL WILLIAM SHEPARD ON WASHINGTON.

[This letter was addressed to Justin Ely, of West Springfield, Mass., and dated at Philadelphia, where the General was a member of Congress, December 10, 1798. It proves that the Father of his Country could make a pun though he could not tell a lie. Gen. Shepard was Colonel of the Fourth Massachusetts during the Revolution, and was present at twenty encounters then and during the French and Indian war.]

On Friday the Speaker with 40 or 50 of the members waited on Lieut. General George Washington at his Quarters where I once more had the honor and Pleasure to take him by the hand and after Paying the Usal compliments and saying he was very glad to see so many of us in Helth,—he observed that we had begun the session in very COOL WEATHER, he hoped that we would KEEP COOL THROUGH the whole session—he appears to be in Perfect Helth, in good Spirits and as active as he was twenty years ago, &c. * * *

WILLIAM SHEPARD.

Digitized by Google

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO TENCH TILGHMAN.

[The Father of his Country pays a little bill.]

MOUNT VERNON, July 6, 1785.

DEAR SIR:

By Mr. Gov'r Morris I send you two Guineas and an half, which is about the cost of the plank you were so obliging as to send me by the Baltimore Packet. Please to accept my thanks for your attention to that matter, and the assurances of the sincere esteem and regard with which, I am, Dear Sir,

Y'r Most Obed't and Affect'd Hble. Serv't,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

[On an application for an Army appointment.]

MOUNT VERNON, 30th July, 1798.

Sir:

The writer of the enclosed letter, in name and character, is an entire stranger to me, nor do I know whether by the Law establishing the Cavalry any provision is made, under which such a person could be employed—tho' certain it is, if Mr. Macharg understands, what he professes to be master of, he might be employed very advantageously in training that part of our force.

I have wrote him to this effect—adding, that as he is a stranger, his application to the War Office must be accompanied by ample testimonials—not only of his skill in the business he professes, but to his character in all other respects—with which, and my letter to him, he would come properly before you; and without which, I conceived it would be useless to apply.

I am—Dear sir—your obed.

G. WASHINGTON.

LETTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN.

[A characteristic letter of Mr. Lincoln, whose reluctance to consent to the execution of deserters is historic.]

WASHINGTON, Aug., 1863.

I am appealed to in behalf of E. S. Doty, Co. A, 1st Vermont Cav-

Digitized by Google

alry, whose friends do not know where he is, but fear he has been executed, or is under sentence of death, somewhere, as a deserter. Records in these cases do not necessarily come, and in this case none is here. Please ascertain, and inform me if you can, how the case stands.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

[Through the Vermont authorities we learn that Doty's record shows the significant entry, "Missing—July 3, 1863"—the last day of Gettysburg.—ED.]

ANOTHER EQUALLY CHARACTERISTIC, ALSO TO GEN. STONEMAN.

Oct. 30, 1863.

Gen. Stoneman, please see and hear patiently my friend George I. Bergen, who will hand you this.

A. LINCOLN.

Digitized by Google

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

CHAPTER XLV

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

MADAME VANCOUR was extremely fortunate in procuring a most efficient auxiliary in the consummation of this her good work, in the person of Master Pliny Coffin (the sixteenth), whilom of Nantucket Island. Pliny was the youngest of nine sons and an unaccountable number of daughters, born unto Captain Pliny Coffin (the fifteenth), a most indefatigable and industrious man by day and night. Being called after his uncle, Deacon Pliny Mayhew (the tenth), he was patronised by that worthy "Spermaceti candle of the church," as he was called, and sent to school at an early age, with a view to following in the footsteps of his uncle. But Pliny the younger had a natural and irresistible vocation to salt water, insomuch that at the age of eighteen months or thereabouts, being left to amuse himself under the only tree in Nantucket, which grew in front of Captain Coffin's (the fifteenth) house, he crawled incontinently down to the seaside and was found disporting himself in the surf like unto a young gosling. In like manner did Pliny the younger, at a very early age display a vehement predilection for great whales, to the which he was most probably incited by the stories of his father, Pliny the elder, who had been a mighty whaler in his day. When about three years old, a whale was driven ashore at Nantucket in a storm, where he perished, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to claim a share of his spoil. On the morning of that memorial day, which is still recorded in the annals of Nantucket, Pliny the younger was missing, and great search being made for him, he was not to be found in the whole island; to the grief of his mother, who was a very stout woman, and had killed three Indians with her own fair hand. As the people were gathed about the body of the whale, discussing the mysterious disappearance of the child, what was their astonishment to behold him coming forth from the stomach of the great fish, laughing right merrily at the prank he had played!

But the truth must be confessed; he took his learning after the manner that people take physic, more especially doctors, with many wry

Digitized by Google

faces and much tribulation of spirit. In fact he never learned his lesson in his whole life, until arriving at his fifth year, by good fortune a primer was put into his hand wherein was the picture of a whale, with the which he was so utterly delighted that he learned the whole two lines under it in the course of the day. The teacher aptly took the hint, and by means of pasting the likeness of a whale at the head of his lessons, carried him mightily along in the career of knowledge. In process of time he came to be of the order of deacons, and was appointed to preach his first sermon, whereby a great calamity befell him, which drove him forth a wanderer on the vast continent of the universe. Unfortunately the meeting-house where he was to make his first essay stood in full view of the sea, which could be distinctly seen from the pulpit; and just as Pliny the younger had divided his text into sixteen parts, behold! a mighty ship appeared, with a white bone in her teeth, plowing her way towards the island with clouds of canvas swelling in the wind. Whereupon the conviction came across his mind that this must be the good ship Albatross, returning from a whaling voyage in the great South Sea; and sad to relate, his boyish instincts got the better of his better self. Delirious with eager curiosity he rushed from the pulpit, and ran violently down to the seaside like one possessed, leaving deacon Mayhew and the rest of the congregation, as it were, howling in the wilderness. The deacon was wroth, and forthwith disinherited him. The people said he was possessed of a devil, and talked of putting him to the ordeal; whereupon the unfortunate youth exiled himself from the land of his nativity, and went to seek his fortune among the heathen who had steeples to their churches, and dealt in the abomination of white sleeves. Of his wanderings, and of the accidents of his pilgrimage I know nothing, until his pilgrimage directed him to the Flats, where there were neither whales nor whaling ships, to lead him into temptation.

As one of the contemplated improvements of Madam Vancour was the introduction of the English language among her pupils, instead of the heathenish Dutch dialect, she eagerly seized the first offer of Pliny, and engaged him forwith to take charge of her seminary. In this situation he was found by Catalina, who, as we have before stated, in the desolation of her spirit, resolved to attempt the relief of her depression by entering upon the difficult task of being useful to others. She accordingly occasionally associated herself with Master Pliny in the labours of his mission, greatly to the consolation of his inward man. He took great pains to initiate her into the mysteries of his new philosophical,

Digitized by Google

practical, elementary and scientific system of education, on which he prided himself exceedingly, and with justice, for it hath been lately revised and administered among us with singular success by divers ungenerous pedagogues, who have not had the conscience to acknowledge whence it was derived.

As Newton took the hint of the theory of gravitation from seeing an apple fall to the ground, and as the illustrious Marquis of Worcester stole the first idea of the application of steam by seeing the rísings and sinkings of a pot-lid, so did Master Pliny model and graduate his whole system of education from the incident of the whale in the primer. Remembering with what eagerness he had himself been attracted towards learning by a picture, he resolved to make pictures the great means of drawing forth what he called the "latent energies of the infant genius, spurring on the march of intellect, and accelerating the development of mind." But as pictures were scarce articles in those times, he devoted one day in the week, in which he sallied forth with all his scholars, to collect materials for their studies; that is, to gather acorns, pebbles, leaves, briers, bugs, ants, caterpillars and what not. When he wanted an urchin to spell "Bug," he placed one of these new professors of the art right above the word, and mighty was his exultation at seeing how the child was assisted in cementing B-U-G together, by the bug. In this way he taught everything by sensible objects, boasting at the same time of the originality of his method, little suspecting that he had only got hold of the fag end of Chinese emblems and Egyptian hieroglyphics. But pride will have a fall. One day, at Catalina's suggestion, Master Pliny put his scholars to the test by setting them to spell without the aid of sensible objects, and by the mere instrumentality of the letters. They made sad work of it; hardly one could spell bug without the presence of the insect to prompt them. They had become so accustomed to the assistance of the *thing,* that they paid little or no attention to the letters which represented it; and Catalina ventured to hint to Master Pliny, that the children had learned little or nothing. They knew what was a bug before, and that seemed to be the extent of their knowledge now. "Yea," answered he, "but it makes the acquisition of learning so easy."

"To the teacher, certainly," replied the young lady. In fact, when she came to analyze the improvements in Master Pliny's system, she found that they all tended to one point, namely, diminishing, not the labour of the scholar in learning, but of the Master in teaching. I

Digitized by Google

forbear to touch on all the other various plans of Master Pliny for accelerating the march of mind. Suffice it to say they were all one after another abandoned, being found desperately out at the elbows when subjected to the test of wear and tear. They have, however, since been revived with wonderful success by divers illustrious and philosophical pedagogues abroad and at home, who have brought the system to such perfection that they have not the least trouble in teaching, nor the children any thing but downright pleasure in learning. Happy age! and happy Pliny, had he lived to this day to behold the lamp which he lighted shining over the whole universe. He, however, abandoned his system at the instance of a silly girl, and soon after deserted the Flats; the same cause being at the bottom of both—a woman.

The evil spirit which possessed Master Pliny to run out of the pulpit now prompted him to run his head into the fire. Pliny was a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed, fresh-looking man, sorely admired by the Dutch damsels thereabouts, and still more by a certain person who shall be nameless. He thought himself an Adonis; and he thought to himself that no young lady in her senses would turn schoolmistress voluntarily, and without some powerful incitement. The said demon whispered that this incitement could be nothing but admiration of his person, and love for his company. Upon this hint he first began to ogle the young lady; then to take every opportunity to touch her hand, or press against her elbow, until she could not but notice the peculiarity of his conduct. Finally, he wrote her a love-epistle, of such transcendent phraseology that it frightened Catalina out of school for ever. She did not wish to injure the simple fellow, and took this method of letting him know his fate. Poor Pliny the younger pined in thought, and soon after took his departure for the land of his nativity, where, when he arrived, he was kindly forgiven by his uncle the deacon, and received into the bosom of the meeting-house. Here he preached powerfully many years, never ran after whale ships more, and in good time, by the death of his father, came to be called Pliny the elder.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHRISTOPHER DOCK, AMERICA'S PIONEER WRITER ON EDUCATION. With a Translation of his Works into the English Language. By Martin G. Brumbaugh, Ph. D., LL. D. With an Introduction, by Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, LL. D. 8vo. 272pp. Ill. Price $5.00 net. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company. 1908.

To have written the earliest American book relating to school teaching is a sufficient reason for reproducing the works of Christopher Dock. As the pioneer writer on education in this country his works are justly deserving of preservation and dissemination.

Educated in Germany, schoolmaster Dock emigrated to Pennsylvania about 1712 and thereafter devoted thirty-six years of his life to the instruction of the youth of that colony, thereby winning the reputation of being "the pious schoolmaster on the Shippack."

In 1750 at the earnest request of friends he wrote his *Schul-Ordnung* (School Management) which was published at Germantown by Christopher Saur in 1770.

To this book are appended other writings of the colonial schoolmaster both in prose and in poetry which were published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and perhaps elsewhere.

Both the German text and the English translation are given throughout the volume. Everywhere ethical ideals predominate and permeate the author's thoughts. The motives that should actuate mankind to right living are here set forth as the uppermost thought in the schoolmaster's life.

Among the illustrations may be noted the pioneer schoolmaster's school furniture, manuscripts in German script and title pages of the first and second edition of Schul-Ordnung with specimens of Schriften.

Whoever studies the history of the educational development of the American colonies will find this volume rich in its contributions to the art of teaching according to colonial ideals and standards. The reviewer is yet to be convinced that the twentieth centuries has attained to, or acquired, better ideals than Christopher Dock possessed in the middle of the eighteenth century on the esentials of living—a preparation for what awaits all. The binding and printing are good.

HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1789-1868. By Kemp P. Battle, Professor of History in the University. Ill. 8vo. X+880pp. Vol. I. Printed for the Author by Edwards & Broughton Printing Co., Raleigh, N. C. 1907.

Here is an important contribution to the educational history of the United States. Around its State University in North Carolina does that history center. Sparingly has the colonial, political and genealogical history of this State been published and it is refreshing to have brought out in two large volumes (Vol. II. is in preparation by the same author) such a rich display of its educational history at this time.

Unlike the States of New England the State of North Carolina wisely provided for its higher educational interests in its Constitution, December 18, 1776, requiring the establishment "of one or more univer-

Digitized by Google

sities." On account of the American Revolution the State was unable to establish such an institution in those troublesome times, but upon entering the Union, that comprehensive plan had its inception and the University of North Carolina was chartered in December, 1789. From that day onward the greater part of her distinguished sons—the strong men of the State and Nation—received their education here.

Himself a graduate of the University in 1849, the author has been connected with its work all his life. Freely has he had access to the University and State Archives and by both interest and opportunity has given the ripe results of many years of diligent research in this volume.

Entertainingly has the author blended his own reminiscences of student life at the University, extending over more than seventy years, with the historical facts of the growth and development of the institution. Fully has he treated of the Commencement programmes and honors especially of those of 1847 when James Knox Polk, then President of the United States attended the exercises of Commencement week. The author's description of this event in which the President visited his Alma Mater, after an absence of twenty-nine years, is enjoyable. His treatment of the pranks and frolics of the students here typifies and epitomizes college life in general in America, and is well worth reading.

A carefully prepared appendix contains lists of all the graduates, trustees, and benefactors, and alumni who have held civic and ecclesiastical position to 1899. The volume is well illustrated and indexed but the quality of paper upon which the length of life of the book depends is not promising, when we consider the centuries during which the book will be desired by posterity.



Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII SEPTEMBER, 1908 No. 3

THE CAPTURE OF THE *UNDERWRITER*, 1864.

IN January, 1864, the Confederate naval officers on duty in Richmond, Wilmington, and Charleston were aroused by a telegram from the Confederate Navy Department to detail three boats' crews of picked men and officers, who were to be fully armed, equipped, and rationed for six days; they were to start at once by rail for Weldon, North Carolina, reporting on arrival to Commander J. Taylor Wood, who would give further instructions.

So perfectly secret and well guarded was our destination that not until we had all arrived at Kinston, North Carolina, by various railroads, did we have the slightest idea of where we were going, or what was the object of this naval raid. We suspected, however, from the name of the commander, that it would be "nervous work," as he had earned a reputation by boarding, capturing, and burning the enemy's gun-boats on many previous occasions.

Launching one boat after another on the waters of the Neuse, we found that there were ten of them in all, each manned by ten men and two officers, every one of whom was keen for the prospective work. Sunday afternoon, February 1, 1864, about two o'clock, we were all quietly floating down the narrow Neuse, and the whole evening was thus passed, until at sunset we landed on a small island. After eating our supper all hands were assembled to receive instructions. Commander Wood, in distinct and terse terms, gave orders to each boat's crew and its officers, just what was expected of them, stating that the object of the expedition was to board that night some one of the Union gunboats, then supposed to be lying off the city of New Bern, nearly sixty miles distant from where we then were by water. He said that she was to be captured without fail. Five boats were to board her on either side simultaneously, and then, when in our possession, we were to get up steam and cruise after other gunboats. It was a grand scheme, and was received by the older men with looks of admiration, and with rapture by the young midshipmen, all of whom would have broken out into loud cheers, but for the fact that the strictest silence was essential to the success of this daring undertaking.

In concluding his talk, Commander Wood solemnly said, "We must

Digitized by Google

now all pray," and thereupon offered up the most touching appeal to the Almighty that it has ever been my fortune to have heard. I can remember it now, after the long interval that has elapsed since then. It was the last ever heard by many a poor fellow.

Our pilot reporting two very dangerous points where the enemy had out pickets, we were charged to pass these places in absolute silence, our arms not to be used, and, if discovered, we were to pull down stream with all possible speed, in order to surprise the gunboat before the enemy's pickets could carry the news of our raid.

At about half-past three o'clock we found ourselves on New Bern Bay. Then closing up in double column, we pulled for the lights of the city, even up to and close in and around the wharves themselves, looking in vain for our prey, for not a gunboat could be seen. As the day broke we hastened for a shelter to a small island up the stream about three miles away, where we landed upon our arrival, dragged our boats into the high grass, setting out numerous pickets at once. Those who were not on duty threw themselves on the damp ground to sleep during the long hours that must necessarily intervene before we could proceed on our mission.

About sundown one gunboat appeared on the distant rim of the bay; she came up, anchored off the city some five miles from where we were lying, and we felt that she was our game. We began at once to calculate the number of her guns and quality of her armament, regarding her as our prize for certain.

As darkness came upon us, to our great surprise and joy a large launch, commanded by Lieutenant George W. Gift, landed under the lee of the island. He had, by some curious circumstances, been left behind, but, with his customary vigor and daring had impressed a pilot, and taking all chances, had come down the Neuse boldly in daylight to join us. About nine o'clock, in double column, we started for the lights of the gunboat, and, after pulling slowly and silently for four hours, we neared her. To our great surprise, we were hailed, " man-of-war fashion," " Boat ahoy! " and, as we found out later, were expected. This was a trying moment, but Commander Wood was equal to the emergency. Jumping up, he shouted, " Give way hard! Board at once! " The men's backs bent and straightened at the oars, and the enemy at the same moment opened upon us with small arms.

The long, black sides of the gunboat, which turned out to be the *Underwriter,* with men's heads and shoulders above them, could be distinctly seen by the line of red fire, and we realized immediately that the

Digitized by Google

only place for safety for us was on board of her, for the fire was very destructive. Standing up in the boat with Commander Wood, and swaying to and fro by the rapid motion, were our marines, firing from the bows, while the rest of us were all anxious for the climb up her black sides. Our cockswain, a burly Virginian, who by gesture and loud words was encouraging the crew, steering by the tiller between his knees, his hands occupied in holding his pistols, suddenly fell forward on us dead, a ball having struck him fairly in the forehead. The rudder now having no guide, the boat swerved aside, and instead of our bows striking at the gangway, we struck the wheel-house, so that the next boat crew, commanded by Lieutenant Loyall, had the honor of being first on board. Leading his crew, as became his rank, duty and desire, he pulled and jumped into the gangway, now a blazing sheet of flame, and, being near-sighted (having lost his glasses), stumbled and fell prone upon the deck of the gunboat, the four men and Chief Engineer Gill, who were following close upon his heels, falling on top of him stone dead, killed by the enemy's bullets, each one of the unfortunate fellows having from four to six of them in his body, as we found out later. Commander Wood's long legs gave him an advantage over the rest of us; I was the closest to him, but had nothing to do except to anxiously observe the progress of the fighting. Gift with the other five boats, having boarded on the other side, met with no resistance, the entire crew being occupied in fighting us. They all seemed to drop dead on deck at once, being shot from the rear. I could hear Wood's stentorian voice giving orders and encouraging the men, and then, in less than five minutes, could distinguish a strange synchronous roar, but did not understand what it meant at first, but it soon became plain. "She's ours! She's ours!" everybody cried at the top of his voice, in order to stop the shooting, as only our own men were on their feet.

Jumping down on to the deck from the wheel-house, I slipped in the blood and fell on my back and hands; rising immediately I caught hold of an officer standing near me, who with an oath collared me, and I threw up his revolver just in time to make myself known. It was Lieutenant Wilkeson, who the moment he recognized me exclaimed, "I'm looking for you, Doctor; come here." Following him a short distance in the darkness, I examined a youth who was sitting in the lap of another, and in feeling his head I felt my hand slip down between his ears, and to my horror discovered that his skull had been cleft in two by a boarding-sword in the hands of some giant of the forecastle. It was Passed Midshipman Palmer Saunders of Norfolk.

Directing that his body and those of all the others killed be laid out

Digitized by Google

aft on the quarter deck, I went down below looking for the wounded in the wardroom, where the lights were burning, and found half-a-dozen slightly wounded by shots from revolvers. By the time I had finished my examination, a half hour had elapsed, when, again ascending to the deck, I heard the officers of the various crews reporting to Commander Wood; the engineers and firemen had been at once sent down to the engine-room to get up steam, and Lieutenant Loyall, as executive officer, with a number of seamen, had attempted to raise the anchor, and cast loose the cable which secured the ship to the wharf, just under the guns of Fort Stephenson, while the marines, in charge of their proper officers, had stationed themselves at the gangways and as guard over the prisoners. The lieutenants, midshipmen, and others manned the guns, of which there were six 11-inch, as it was the intention to convert her at once into a Confederate man-of-war, and under the captured flag to go out to sea, to take and destroy as many of the vessels of the enemy as possible.

But all our well-laid plans were abortive; the engineers reported the fires out, and that it would be futile to attempt to get up steam under an hour; and Lieutenant Loyall, too, after very hard work, reported it useless to spend any more time in trying to unshackle the chains, unless he could have hours in which to perform the work. Just at this moment, too, to bring things to a climax, the fort under which we found that we were moored, bow and stern, opened fire upon us with small arms, grape and solid shot, some of those who had escaped having reported the state of affairs on board.

In about fifteen minutes a solid shot or two had disabled the walking-beam, and it then became evident to all that we were in a trap, escape from which depended on hard work and strategy. Very calmly and clearly our commander directed me to remove all the dead and wounded to the boats, which the several crews were now hauling to the protected side of the vessel. The order was soon carried out by willing hands, and my charges were distributed as equally as possible, each boat being under its own proper officer. As they lay in double lines hugging the ship as closely as possible, it was a splendid picture of the calmness of a body of trained men under circumstances of great danger.

When we had removed all the dead and wounded, Commander Wood called up four lieutenants to him, two of whom he ordered to go below in the forward part of the ship, and the other two below in the after part, where they were to fire the vessel, and not to leave until her decks were all ablaze. At that juncture they were to return to their proper boats and report.

Digitized by Google

The remainder of us lay on our oars while orders for firing the ship were being carried out, and soon we saw great columns of red flame shoot upward out of the forward hatch and wardroom, upon which the four officers joined their boats. Immediately by the glare of the burning ship we could see the outlines of the fort, with its depressed guns and the heads and shoulders of the men manning them. As the blaze grew larger and fiercer, their eyes were so dazzled and blinded that every one of our twelve boats pulled away safe and untouched, while we all realized fully our adroit and successful escape.

Some years after the affair I met one of the Union officers who were in the fort, and he told me that they were not only completely blinded by the flames, which prevented them from seeing us, but were also stampeded by the fact that there were several tons of powder in the magazine of the vessel, which they expected would blow the fort to pieces. So, naturally, they had not remained very long after they were aware that the ship had been fired. We in our boats at a safe distance of more than half a mile, saw the *Underwriter* blow up, and distinctly heard the report of the explosion.

D. B. CONRAD, M. D., *Late C. S. N.*

Digitized by Google

THE LATEST FROM MECKLENBURG

THIS writer has already used the pages of the MAGAZINE at sundry times for discussing the famous Mecklenburg Declaration, and he is not now presuming to claim more of its space for presenting his own views upon this much canvassed subject. But there has recently come into his hands a new work: "A Defence of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," by James H. Moore (Raleigh, 1908), which seems to merit more than a passing notice.

This work is a criticism upon, and a reply to, the arguments of Mr. Hoyt, the Goliath of the Anti-Declarationists whose book is already well known to readers of the MAGAZINE.

Mr. Moore's book (an octavo of xvi, 157 pp.), is divided into ten chapters, some of which are on the line of defence against the anti-attacks; while others are more aggressive, and challenge reply from the opponents of the Declaration. This is, in this reviewer's judgment, the most effectual way to meet the guerrilla warfare of our over-confident Antis. Hitherto they have swarmed in the woods around Charlotte, bushwhacking, figuratively, the reputations of those old Mecklenburg patriots, and holding the home of the Alexanders in a state of siege.

Lapses of memory, remembering the wrong event, downright lying, collusion for fraud, and perjury—in case they were guilty of a Declaration—are among the charges heaped by the Antis upon the memory of those old Mecklenburg patriots. To us it seems passing strange that men who in their own day were the acknowledged leaders of their own people, should now be found guilty of so much rascality. And for what? Simply to win for themselves after death—for they made no ado about the matter while living—the reputation of being the first to move in the effort for national independence. Men in colluding for fraud, usually seek for more *immediate* results. They are not content to struggle on unknown through life, and depend for reward upon the uncertain tributes which a fickle, forgetful posterity may tardily lay upon their graves.

But those unaccountable old Mecklenburgers seem to have been exceptional cases. They would wait till that indefinite time in the future, when the memory of man would run not to the contrary, and then,

Digitized by Google

through some old yellow papers, which might possibly survive moth, fire, and wear and tear of age, would depend for a recognition of their claims to have been the prime movers for American independence.

How must we regard these men, if we follow *Anti* logic to its legitimate conclusions? for those old patriots certainly went to their graves fully persuaded that they had made a Declaration of Independence; which was a mere hallucination on their part, with no foundation in fact. They were not able to discriminate between a declaration of independence, and a series of Resolves, with a code of laws, for county government. Poor imbeciles! How much they needed the guiding hand of the *Anti* to show them the true meaning of words. Such another instance of "lapse of memory" and of ignorance of language cannot be found in English literature.

This reviewer has long been fully persuaded that that May 31st Committee is the rock upon which all the logic of the *Antis* is shivered and rendered futile. Until those dissenting gentlemen can give some rational, intelligent account of that Committee, all their labored structure must go for nothing. Mr. Hoyt, in reply to this writer, claimed that this was Mecklenburg's "Committee of Safety," resting his whole theory upon some unremembered dates in Gen. Graham's statement after half a century. Yet we have the most abundant proof that Mecklenburg had no such Committee prior to May, 1775, and no "Committee of Safety" was ever invested with, or presumed to exercise, such extraordinary and autocratic powers as were assumed by this May 31st Committee. Our *Antis* can give no intelligent account of the origin of this wonderful Committee; nor as to its Czar-like prerogatives, unquestioned by the other Mecklenburgers. Until they can account for this Committee, all their arguments fail utterly.

Mr. Moore rightly distinguishes in the May 31st Resolves, between the "Convention" and the "Committee," a distinction which, so far as the writer is aware, has been little regarded by disputants on either side of the controversy. Yet the distinction is most important, and, once admitted, must forever settle the question as to the origin of the Committee and the source whence its powers were derived. That the "Convention" and the "Committee" were distinct bodies with distinct prerogatives, the "Resolves" make clear. That the "Convention" was *not* the author of the "Resolves," nor in session when they were adopted, the "Resolves" themselves show most conclusively. The "Resolves" were not submitted to the "Convention" for approval. They were already "done" as they came from the Committee, and went into effect immediately. What then

Digitized by Google

was the " Convention "? Why should it have received any notice in the " Resolves "? Will our *Antis* please explain?

That " Convention " must have had existence prior to May 31st, otherwise no mention of it would have been made, for the " Resolves " did not create it. What was that " Convention "? Was it, like that (Anti) " Committee," *unborn, self-created,* and endowed with heaven-ordained powers?

Our *Antis* are in straits. They cannot account for that " Committee " without explaining the " Convention." To explain the " Convention " implies a previous general meeting of the citizens—*perhaps* on that dreaded 20th of May, so repugnant to the heart of every orthodox *Anti.*

So far as *Anti* logic leads, we can only infer that that " Committee " of May 31st rode into Charlotte that spring morning, hitched their horses to the fence *à la* Jefferson at Washington, went into the Court House, invested themselves with autocratic powers, and proceeded at once to " do *all* those things which independent states may of right do." Did not " inextinguishable laughter fill the immortal gods " at the sight of that Committee's antics? That Committee's work is a mine of fun—from the Anti-standpoint—for ages to come. Why did not the citizens of Charlotte take their old squirrel guns and make those twenty-odd—or thirty-two?—self-appointed citizen-Czars take to the woods, or follow " Dick " Henderson to his new (paper) kingdom beyond the Blue Ridge? Our *Antis* are blocked by their " Resolves " Committee.

Mr. Moore notes the fact in the " Resolves " that *nine* companies are made of the militia of Mecklenburg County; but Colonel Polk had formerly commanded *thirteen* companies, each of which had sent *two* representatives to the " Convention." By what authority did this *citizen* " Committee " blot out *four* companies of the former militia muster? Autocracy, or *had something intervened* between Polk's call and that 31st of May meeting? An unbiased mind will more than suspect.

Mr. Moore rightly emphasizes the fact that from 1819, when the controversy began, until the " Resolves " were discovered, the *Antis* confined themselves to a straight, out-and-out denial of the Declaration. The Declarationists were simply forgers and liars, that was all of it. Thus Thomas Jefferson was to be vindicated. Were not the Mecklenburgers always " liars and slow bellies "?

But after the disjointed " Resolves " were unearthed and put together, the *Antis* shifted their ground. It might now indeed be allowed that the Declarationists, *i. e.,* some of them, the Alexanders, of course, al-

Digitized by Google

ways excepted, were *honest* and really *thought* they had made a declaration of independence, but they were mistaken, poor souls! They would not have known a declaration of independence had they met one on the highway. The *Antis* have, since 1830, kindly transferred most of those old witnesses from the category of willful liars to that of irredeemable ignoramuses. Yet it was some of these self-same *stupids* who concocted and adopted those 31st "Resolves," on which the *Anti* soul loves to dwell. Verily the way of the *Anti* is devious and hard.

Mr. Moore devotes a chapter to the *Anti* charge of plagiarism by the Declarationists from the National Declaration. While he explains this—apparently the weakest point in the Mecklenburg document—very satisfactorily, he might have added much to the strength of his argument from the common stock of old English legal terms and constitutional parlance. Some of this phraseology dates far back in old English law, and this was a common heritage to Britain's sons.

Another chapter to refute the "charge of inconsistencies" after the alleged Declaration, on the part of the Mecklenburgers, Mr. Moore might easily have spared himself here. He might simply have answered the *Anti* charge by the schoolboy "tu quoque," to have effectually repelled it.

The fact is that in making this attack the bushwhackers advanced too far from cover, and exposed themselves to the flanking fire of their opponents.

If the Declarationists, after May 20th, filled various offices in the King's name, served on juries under the same authority, etc., what must be thought of the same service by the "Resolvers," who on May 31st had *annulled* and *voided* all "Royal commissions, *civil and military,*" had declared that "no other legislative or executive powers" than those of the Provincial Congress could be exercised in the land; had declared all the King's laws "suspended," and had "judged it necessary" to "form certain rules and regulations for the internal government of this country," and so on in the same vein and strain; and these were *loyal* (?) subjects.

Will our *Antis* please define treason for us? Until they do, will they keep mum as to those "perjurers" of May 20th?

Mr. Moore brings out strongly the proof of the genuineness of the Davie copy—and with it, of course, the genuineness of the Declaration itself; for to prove the former inevitably establishes the latter. We can-

Digitized by Google

not see how the charge of forgery against the Davie copy can hold. All the flimsy casuistry of the *Antis* seems only labored effort to "make the worse appear the better reason," in true sophist style.

Mr. Moore stresses the evidence from the Moravian *MS.* found in 1904. Traugott Bagge in 1783 made the record that Mecklenburg County in 1775 "declared itself free and independent of England" (sich für so frey u. independent von England declarirte, u. s. w.) Was Traugott Bagge "color blind" also as to declarations and "Resolves"; or was he, too, just an ordinary Mecklenburg liar? The *Antis* will place him—according to the weight of his testimony.

Mr. Moore cites the testimony of the fourteen witnesses who were present at the Charlotte meeting of May 20th, and who assert that a declaration was made on that day. We all know of the *Anti* efforts to explain away all this evidence. Poor old patriots! Had they but known into whose hands they were to fall! How their sanity, their intelligence, their veracity were to be impeached, long after their bodies had returned to dust! Well might they have prayed that their souls be not gathered with—the *Antis*—after death. Of course John McKnitt Alexander claims no little attention from Mr. Moore. Hamlet could not be left out of his own play, John McKnitt's "Rough Notes," yellow and torn—not a man in America could have forged them in their present form. The ablest of the *Antis* admit them to be genuine; but if genuine, how can their positive assertions as to the Declaration be avoided? More filigree logic. Our *Antis* could easily prove the false Smerdis to be the true king; the false Dimitri to be the true Czar, etc. If any soul refuse to accept the *Anti* logic, said soul must be a *North Carolinian* by birth or by residence, "by nature, or by practice," for no other souls could resist such reasoning.

Be it so, the Antis *will not* be converted from the error of their ways; and there are others, besides Tar-heels, whom their logic does not reach.

On the whole, there is no vital fact involved; Mr. Hoyt admits the "Resolves" to be a "virtual declaration," and they are only eleven days later than the Declaration, and more than thirteen months before July 4, 1776. But this *Anti* attack on common sense serves to amuse the passing hour. While the *Antis* are baying the moon and chasing shadows, they afford endless fun to the reading world—outside of North Carolina. If their charges on the windmills afford them diversion, and an opportunity to signalize their prowess, certainly the outer world can stand this harmless recreation.

On the whole, Mr. Moore's book is a very satisfactory answer to Mr.

Digitized by Google

Hoyt, on all the material points of the latter's work. We do not know that either will convert any of the opposite side to his own way of thinking. But each work will remain as perhaps the most succinct summary yet made of the pros. and the cons. as to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

H. A. SCOMP.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Digitized by Google

WHY DID BENJAMIN THOMPSON, NOW KNOWN AS COUNT RUMFORD, BECOME A TORY?

IT is impossible to answer that question in all its fullness and with absolute certainty, now that more than one hundred and twenty years have passed since he retired within the British lines at Boston in the fall of 1775. A probable conclusion, however, may be reached by a patient review of some of the more salient incidents of his life previous to that event. Upon these, and upon some documentary evidence of undoubted character, we must base our opinions.

Benjamin Thompson was born at Woburn, Mass., on the 26th day of March, 1753. His father died about twenty months afterwards leaving him, an only child, to the care of his mother. Two years later she was married a second time to Mr. Josiah Pierce, Jr., of that town, who was *thrifty*, as well as a worthy man. It was mutually agreed by the guardian of young Thompson and all the other parties in interest that the stepfather should receive his wife's son, then three years old, into his family, and be paid for his maintenance from the income of the child's slender patrimony, the sum of two shillings and five pence per week until he attained the age of seven years. In due time he was sent to the public schools of his native town and for a short period to a select school in Medford. About the time he passed from boyhood to youth he began to manifest an extraordinary love for the natural sciences, particularly for chemistry and physics.

At the age of thirteen he was placed as a clerk in the store of Mr. John Appleton of Salem. Here he so assiduously devoted his intervals of leisure to study and scientific experimentation as to attract the notice not only of his employer but of other persons as well. We are not surprised therefore to learn that when the general joy in Salem over the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766 sought expression in a pyrotechnic display the aid of young Thompson was invoked in the preparation of the fireworks required for the occasion.

He entered at once upon the work assigned him, and was prosecuting it with fair prospects of success when the trituration of some of the requisite chemicals in a mortar caused an explosion which summarily returned him to his mother with a singed head and a burned face. This

—Read before the N. H. S. A. R.

Digitized by Google

accident kept him within doors for a time, but he soon recovered and returned to Salem, where ere long he thought he had discovered perpetual motion. In his abounding joy he walked one night all the way to Woburn to communicate to his friend, Loammi Baldwin, his great good fortune. He remained with Mr. Appleton some three years and until the non-importation agreement had so diminished the business of his employer that his services were no longer required.

We not long afterwards find him in Boston as a clerk in the store of Mr. Hopestill Capen. Here also his insatiable thirst for knowledge animated him to the devotion of every moment which he could call his own to its attainment.

He studied drawing and music. He practiced sword exercises, and, on such evenings as he could command, took lessons in French. What direct objects he may have had in view does not appear. It is a striking fact, however, that at a future time all the various attainments made at this early period proved of great practical value to him and contributed to his eminent success. Indeed it is doubtful if the oldest educator of any time, fully prescient of his future, could have directed his efforts more wisely than did he, blindly following the impulses of his genius. Providence sometimes prepares great men for great careers in ways peculiarly its own. It did this in the case of Washington, and of Franklin, and of Lincoln, and, I think, of Rumford.

But business soon declined in rebellious Boston, as it had done in Salem. General Gage had quartered his troops in the town. His services no longer needed, Thompson returned to Woburn and began the study of medicine with Dr. John Hay (December 15, 1770). To this he devoted himself with his usual ardor for about a year and a half. He made a systematic disposition of his time, assigning to different occupations the twenty-four hours of the day, as follows:

" 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Sleep. Get up at six o'clock and wash my hands and face.

7, 8. Exercise ½ and Study ½.

9, 10. From 8 till 10, Breakfast, attend Prayers, etc.

11, 12. From 10 to 12, Study all the time.

1. From 12 to 1, Dine, etc.

2, 3, 4. From 1 to 4 Study constantly.

5. From 4 to 5, relieve my mind by some diversion or exercise.

Digitized by Google

6, 7, 8, 9, 10. From 5 till bed time, follow what my inclination leads me to, whether to go abroad or stay at home and read either Physic, Anatomy, or Chymistry or any other book I want to peruse.

11, 12. Sleep.

This period of medical study was broken into somewhat by occasional absences for teaching school, which his financial necessities made imperative, and by his attendance upon the lectures on natural philosophy and mathematics of Professor Winthrop, at the college in Cambridge. To avail himself of these he often walked thither from Woburn and back the same day, a distance, both ways, of some twelve to fourteen miles.

As indicating the character of some of his lucubrations during this youthful period of his life, I have transcribed a letter of his dated August 4, 1769, addressed to his friend, Loammi Baldwin, his confidant and senior by some eight years. It reads as follows:

"WOBURN, August 14, 1769.

MR. LOAMMI BALDWIN.

Sir,—Please give the Direction of the Rays of Light from a Luminous body to an Opake, and the Reflection from the Opake Body to another equally Dense and Opake; *vidt* the Direction of the Rays of the Luminous body to that of the Opake, and the direction of rays by reflection to the other opake Body.

Yours, etc.,

BENJ. THOMPSON.

N. B. From the sun to the Earth, Reflected to the moon at an angle of 40 Degrees."

The contemporary opinions regarding a boy of sixteen who was in the habit of writing letters like this must have varied a good deal according to the different standpoints of the individuals observing him. While the Cambridge professor may have considered him a youth of supreme promise, a plain Woburn farmer, like Josiah Pierce, Jr., his stepfather, may have shaken his head in a vague distrust and said, as did Daniel Webster's mother, in her disappointment and disgust, when she learned that her son, soon after his admission to the bar, had declined the office of clerk of the courts for Hillsborough County, "Well, Daniel, I always thought you would turn out to be something or nothing."

In 1772 Thompson was engaged to teach the public school in Concord, N. H., whither he went not long after the 15th of June. This was then a rural town which had been chartered by the general court of Mas-

Digitized by Google

sachusetts Bay in 1726, and settled immediately afterwards by a colony of carefully selected yeomen, mostly from the towns of Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill. During the two last French and Indian wars it had been a frontier town and had suffered at times from Indian incursions. It was at this time nearly fifty-eight years old and had a population of not quite one thousand people, nearly all of whom were engaged in agricultural pursuits.

When its charter was granted the township was supposed to be within the limits of Massachusetts, but the determination of the boundary line between the provinces of Massachusetts and New Hampshire in 1741 by King George the Second transferred it to the latter, with the express proviso that any change of territorial lines should in no wise affect the title to private property.

This proviso, however, was at once ignored by a company of land speculators styled the Proprietors of Bow, who, by virtue of a subsequent grant made in 1727 by the general assembly of New Hampshire, claimed substantially all the territory included in the earlier grant by Massachusetts above mentioned.

Inasmuch as the body of the Bow proprietors was composed largely of the members of the several departments of the New Hampshire provincial government and their relations, any effort which they might make to expel the Massachusetts settlers seemed sure of success.

In 1749 such an attempt was commenced by the service of writs of ejectment upon individual proprietors, returnable to the New Hampshire court of common pleas. In every instance judgment was rendered for the plaintiff and in every instance an appeal was taken to the superior court where the judgment of the inferior court was uniformly affirmed. Dispossession appeared certain, inasmuch as every tract sued for was of a less value than one hundred pounds, the lowest amount for which an appeal was allowed to the home courts in England. But "The wisest plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." Realizing the gravity of their situation and that their strength was in their union, the Concord settlers assembled in their little log meeting house, and voted to defend, at the general expense, every suit brought against a proprietor of the township. While the motto of the plaintiffs seems to have been, "Let him take who has the power!" that of the defendants was, "And let him keep who can!"

Later, when the time had fully come, the latter dispatched their town minister, Rev. Timothy Walker, to the court of St. James, there to lay before his Majesty in council a statement of the injustice sought to be

Digitized by Google

done them in direct disregard of the proviso before mentioned. Through his counsel, Sir William Murray, afterwards Chief Justice Mansfield, the pastor of this little flock in the wilderness made known to that august tribunal that it was not simply the title to a few acres of land of a less value than one hundred pounds which was in issue, but the title to a whole township.

Besides being in control of the New Hampshire government and its courts, the Bow proprietors were rich and influential in England as well as in New Hampshire. The Concord proprietors were rich only in courage and in the justice of their cause. The progress of their suit was hindered by every obstacle known to their opponents, so that the proceedings dragged wearily along year after year. The minister made no less than six three-months' voyages to and from England on his desperate mission. As before stated, the first action had been commenced in the provincial court in 1749. Final judgment against the Bow proprietors was not obtained until December, 1762. During these thirteen years a continuous warfare had been maintained both at home and abroad, Concord was allowed no town government during this period, and not until the royal governor had retired forever from New Hampshire and a state government was established in 1776, was she allowed representation in its general court.

It would be hard to suppose that such treatment should have endeared to the hearts of the people of this little town on the Merrimack their civil rulers either at home or abroad, or should have caused them a few years later to hesitate which cause to espouse when the question of equal rights and national freedom came before them for their decision. They had fought the French and Indians without intimidation; they had fearlessly measured lances with the Bow proprietors, and with the provincial government, which attempted to tax them while denying them representation in its general assembly.

Why need we fear lest they hesitate which side to take a few years later, when the denial of colonial representation in parliament, the restriction of colonial commerce, and the arbitrary and wasteful mismanagement of colonial forests, had roused the people of every province from New Hampshire to Georgia to a settled resistance to British tyranny and to a demand for American freedom?

Indeed, a little close reading clearly shows that the American Revolution began soon after the capitulation of Montreal in 1761 and the termination of French rule in America; and that it was the result of discordant views held respectively by Great Britain and her American colo-

Digitized by Google

nies. The mistaken scheme of taxing these by acts of parliament, while denying them representation, seems to have been devised by a little junto of placemen for their own special benefit. John Adams said to the people of Massachusetts on the 30th day of January, 1775, that "Their design was, that the money (thus raised) should be applied, first in a large salary to the governor. This would gratify Bernard's avarice, and then it would render him and all other governors not only independent of the people, but still more absolutely a slave to the will of the minister. They intended likewise a salary for the lieutenant-governor. This would appease in some degree the knawings of Hutchinson's avidity, in which he was not a whit behind Bernard himself. In the next place they intended a salary to the judges of the common law as well as admiralty. And thus the whole government, executive and judicial, was to be rendered wholly independent of the people, (and their representatives rendered useless, insignificant and even burthensome), and absolutely dependent upon, and under the direction of, the will of the minister of state. They intended further to new-model the whole continent of North America, make an entire new division of it into distinct, though more extensive and less numerous colonies, to sweep away all the charters upon the continent with the destroying besom of an act of parliament, and reduce all the governments to the plan of the royal governments, with a nobility in each colony, not hereditary indeed at first, but for life."

The public discussions of these measures made generally apparent the hard selfishness of the representatives of the mother country, and revealed to the American people their natural rights. Indeed, before the first gun was fired at Lexington the American Revolution had been effected in the minds and hearts of the American people.

It is to the honor of our New Hampshire forefathers that, when the association test was presented to them for their signatures in 1776, eight thousand four hundred and seventy-seven subscribed to it their names; while only six hundred and ninety-eight withheld them. You remember how that brief pledge reads: "We, the Subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our Power, at the Risque of our Lives and Fortunes, with Arms oppose the Hostile Proceedings of the British Fleets and Armies against the United American Colonies."

In the eighth volume of our published State papers you may find all these names. In fifty-seven of the eighty-seven towns and places of New Hampshire, not a man withheld his name, although his signature exposed his estate to confiscation and his neck to the halter.

Digitized by Google

In Concord loyalty to liberty was intense. Its citizens were all patriots, and, feeling that he who was not with them was against them, were jealous of every individual who was not outspoken in favor of the American cause.

HENRY M. BAKER.

Bow, N. H.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

SOME JEWISH ASSOCIATES OF JOHN BROWN.

PERHAPS no period in the history of our country has been the subject of opinions more widely divergent, than the period immediately preceding the Civil War, and more particularly the story of the struggle for Kansas (1854-7). Nor is there a character in the whole range of American history concerning whom more widely opposite views have prevailed than that of John Brown of Osawatomie. On the one hand a group of writers have characterized him and his men as marauders,[1] on the other hand a no less distinguished group, including Emerson, Thoreau, Hinman and Sanborn, have accorded them a foremost place in American patriotism, calling them the Deliverers of Kansas and Martyrs to the cause of freedom.[2]

No less extreme are the views concerning the effect of John Brown's career. One group of historians declared that it had practically no effect whatever,[3] another, numbering many famous names, have called John Brown and his little band "the first recruits to inaugurate the great struggle which cost nearly a million of lives and billions of money"[4] and the writer in Appleton's Cyclopedia goes so far even, as to state "that slavery would have triumphed over all legal and legislative skill had not the sword been thrown into the balance even in a small way; that the largest affairs in which Brown took part, Black Jack and Osawatomie for instance, seem trifling amid the vast encounters of the Civil War, but with these petty skirmishes nevertheless began that great conflict."[5]

Amid such extremes it is most difficult to reach a just estimate and I have therefore chosen as a fair guide in the narrative, wherever possible,

[1] John W. Burgess, *The Middle Period in American History Series.* (N. Y., 1897.) 440-1.

[2] See also Dr. Leverett W. Spring, *John Brown and the Destruction of Slavery.* Mass. Hist. Soc. Publ., 2d Series, vol. xiv., p. 2. Also A. R. Keim, *John Brown in Richardson County.* Neb. State Hist. Soc., vol. ii., p. 109, quoting also James Redpath. See also estimates of Ingalls, Theodore Parker, Alcott and others given in Sanborn's Life and Letters of John Brown. (Boston, 1885.)

[3] J. W. Burgess, *The Middle Period.* N. Y., 1897.
James Ford Rhodes, *History of the United States.* (N. Y., 1899,) vol. ii, p. 165.

[4] H. E. Palmer in vol. vi., *Kan. S. Hist. Soc.* 317.

[5] Appleton's *Cyc. of Amer. Biog.* i., p. 406.

Digitized by Google

the excellent work of James Ford Rhodes, whose history of the period is rapidly becoming recognized as a standard.[6]

One thing, however, seems to be conceded even by the most partisan writers, namely that Brown was actuated by a sincere desire to abolish slavery, that his motives were honest and pure, even though the methods he employed are the subject of violent controversy.

It is also noteworthy that despite the mass of literature that has grown up around Brown, his men and the troubles in Kansas, there were never at any time associated with him more than about a score of followers. It is therefore most interesting to find that three of this small group were Jewish pioneers.

In order to understand the career of John Brown and his men, it is absolutely essential to get some idea of the leader himself, and of the condition of things that surrounded him in Kansas.

Brown was a descendant of one of the Puritans who came over in the *Mayflower;* for two generations, at least, the family had been New England Abolitionists, and the man's whole soul was sworn in enmity to the institution of slavery. Whether sanely or not, he honestly considered himself the instrument of God to strike a blow against the hideous institution, and as Appleton's Cyclopedia informs us, on one occasion while he was still living in the East, "he solemnly called his older sons together and pledged them kneeling in prayer to give their lives to anti-slavery work."[7] In the words of Mr. Rhodes "He was ascetic in habits, inflexible in temper, upright in intention. He was what people called a visionary man."[8] For many years he had devoted his energies and limited means to what he believed to be his divine mission. Some of his sons had emigrated to Kansas in 1855, and this ultimately induced him to follow, with the avowed purpose of preventing slavery from becoming permanently established in the new territory.[9]

Let us now turn to the conditions existing in Kansas at the time. It will at once become clear that a mind so inflamed against slavery was of necessity forced to play a prominent part in the extraordinary conditions that prevailed.

[6] James Ford Rhodes, *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* (N. Y., 1899.)

[7] Appleton's *Cyc. of Amer. Biog.* i., 405.

[8] Rhodes' *History of the United States,* vol. ii., p. 161.

[9] Appleton's *Cyc. of Amer. Biog.,* i., 405, &c. Also Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown.* (Bost., 1885.)

Digitized by Google

By the terms of the Missouri Compromise in 1820, Missouri was to be admitted as a slave state, but all the country north of 36° 30′ north latitude was to be free soil. As years went on however, several territories like California had been admitted as free states, the Abolition movement was spreading rapidly through New England and elsewhere, and it soon became evident to the South, not only that the institution of slavery was in danger, but that with the advent of new free states the influence of the slaveholding states and of the entire South in Congress would be considerably diminished. It therefore became of supreme importance to prevent if possible, the admission of any more free states into the Union.

Kansas and Nebraska were a portion of the Louisiana Purchase—both were being rapidly settled by immigration from the North and the latter was destined beyond doubt to be a free state. By the terms of the Missouri Compromise, Kansas was likewise free soil. Alarmed by the prospect of two additional free states in Congress, the southern leaders, Jefferson Davis, Douglas and others brought about legislation known as the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which nullified the Missouri Compromise and provided that the people of the Territories mentioned should determine for themselves whether they would be slave or free.

Kansas had been Indian land, and as soon as it was thrown open to white settlement in 1854 the policy of the South became manifest. She began pouring into Kansas armed bands of ruffians, for the purpose of keeping out northern immigration or at any rate for preventing anti-slavery settlers from taking an active part in the affairs of the Territory.[10]

Both North and South realized the importance of the issue in Kansas, which was summed up by a contemporary writer and has been quoted by most of the historians of the period: "If the South secures Kansas, she will extend slavery into the territory south of the 40th parallel of north latitude, to the Rio Grande, and this of course will secure for her pent up institution of slavery an ample outlet, and restore her power in Congress. If the North secure Kansas, the power of the South in Congress will be gradually diminished and the slave property will become valueless. All depends on the action of the present moment."[11]

It soon developed, however, that Kansas, though a beautiful and fertile country, did not attract settlers from the South. One reason

[10] Appleton's *Cyc. of Amer. Biog.*, 404 &c. Also Connelley's *John Brown*, pp. 37 &c.
[11] Warren Wilkes in the *Charleston Mercury*, quoted in *Appleton's Cyc.*, i., 404.

Digitized by Google

given for this is that the Southern planter found it more difficult to dispose of his property for purposes of emigration. His institutions, and particularly his slave property, had more or less fixed him to the soil. On the other hand immigration from the North was active from the start. Without the handicap of the southern men, the farmers from Iowa, Illinois and Indiana came to seek their fortune in the new western lands irrespective of the Slavery issue. These were reinforced by immigration from New England, much of which was the result of assistance given by the Emigrant Aid Society of Massachusetts, which encouraged free state men to go to Kansas; in addition to which was the tide of immigration through Northern ports by sturdy new-comers from European countries, to whom the institution of slavery was entirely foreign. Whatever may be said of the assistance given these settlers, they certainly were *bonâ fide* settlers, and the pro-slavery element in Kansas was soon decidedly in the minority. Notwithstanding this the slave power was determined to make Kansas a slave state at all hazards.[12]

The first election for a Territorial Legislature had been set for March 30, 1855, and it was naturally apprehended that it would be filled with anti-slavery men.

What followed is best given in the words of Rhodes' history: "This election day was also taken note of in Missouri, and before it came, an unkempt, sun-dried, blatant, picturesque mob of 5000 Missourians, with guns upon their shoulders, revolvers stuffing their belts, Bowie knives protruding from their boot-tops and generous rations of whiskey in their wagons, had marched into Kansas to assist in the election of the legislature. The invaders were distributed with military precison and were sent into every district but one. Where the election judges were not pro-slavery men, the mob awed them into submission or drove them away by threats. 6307 votes were counted, of which more than three-quarters were cast by the Missourians."[13]

Dr. Robinson, subsequently Governor of Kansas, wrote to Amos Lawrence: "The election is awful and will, no doubt, be set aside."[14]

As it was rumored that the Territorial Governor was indignant and might order a new election, he was openly told that he could have fifteen

[12] Franklin B. Sanborn, *Life and Letters of John Brown* (Boston, 1885), pp. 161-6, 167-73, where many authorities are collected.

[13] James F. Rhodes, *History of the United States* (N. Y., 1899), ii., p. 81. See also Howard, *Report*, p. 30. Also Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown*, p. 190, quoting Horace Greeley.

[14] Rhodes. *Ibid.*, p. 82.

Digitized by Google

minutes to decide whether he would give certificates to those who had slavery men were seated.

The indignation of the free states at this perversion of popular government was unbounded, the settlers wrote home to their friends in New England, and to quote Rhodes, "Evidence like this from well the most votes, or be shot.[15] Needless to say, the majority of the pro-known people was sufficient of itself to mould the sentiment of all rural New England. There could be no dispute about the facts," and even the Territorial governor (Reeder) declared "that the territory of Kansas in her late election was invaded by a regular organized army, armed to the teeth, who took possession of the ballot boxes and made a legislature to suit the purpose of the pro-slavery party." [16] Though Reeder was decidedly in favor of the South, he admitted "that the accounts of fierce outrages and wild violences perpetrated, at the election, published in the Northern papers were in no wise exaggerated," [17] and Edward Everett's comment was: "It has lately been maintained by the sharp logic of the revolver and the Bowie knife that the people of Missouri are the people of Kansas." [18]

But now came the more serious part of the struggle. This fraudulent Territorial legislature drew up a pro-Slavery Code of Laws, which Rhodes says "was utterly out of tune with Republican government in the 19th century." [19] Any free person, who by speaking, writing, or printing, should advise slaves to rebel, should suffer death;—to declare orally or in writing that slavery did not legally exist in the teritory, incurred imprisonment of not less than two years.—All officers, attorneys at law and voters, if challenged, must take an oath to support the Fugitive Slave Law.[20]

Despite all this, it must be remembered that the majority of settlers were against slavery and that slavery did not exist in fact, for by the census of 1855 there were but 192 slaves out of a total population of 8600.

"The men of the North," says Rhodes, "were actual settlers, and the same kind of people that we have seen in our own day leave their homes and emigrate to Southern California and Dakota. Those who

[15] *Ibid.*, p. 82. Also Sanborn, p. 173. Also Howard *Report*, p. 936.
[16] Rhodes, *History of the United States*, ii., pp. 82-3.
[17] *Ibid.*, p. 83. Also *N. Y. Times*, May 1, 1855.
[18] *Ibid.*, p. 84. See Everett's *Orations*, iii., 347.
[19] *Ibid.*, p. 99.
[20] *Ibid.*

Digitized by Google

went into Kansas from Missouri were, on account of their appearance and actions, called 'Border Ruffians.' "[21]

A Congressional Committee, of which John Sherman was a member, subsequently investigated conditions and its report showed that what has been said was no exaggeration. It reported that the territorial elections were carried by fraud, that the Territorial Legislature was an illegally constituted body and that its enactments were null and void.[22] But this committee did not make its report until July, 1856, and in the meantime the free settlers quite naturally determined to ignore the laws referred to. The result of this resistance was, that the free State town of Lawrence was repeatedly attacked, while the Administration, with Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War, did little to interfere.[23]

In order to sustain the slavery victory and enforce obedience to the bogus laws, the South appropriated money to assist in the equipment of military companies to overawe the settlers. Thus Colonel Buford of Alabama raised 280 men, "of whom the majority," according to the leading writers, "were ignorant and brutal and made fit companions for the Missouri Border Ruffians." [24]

Space will not permit me to give any adequate idea of the outrages perpetrated by the armed southern bands and Border Ruffians on all who were, or were supposed to be anti-slavery; murder of free state men became common, while the invaders practically subsisted by plundering free state settlers. It soon became necessary to arm the latter, and Henry Ward Beecher declared "that the Sharps Rifle was a greater moral agency than the Bible." [25]

In answer to appeals for aid, the President advised the complainants to resort to the courts. How little aid these afforded, however, is most strikingly illustrated by quoting the sage of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote: "Of Kansas the President says, 'let the complainants go to the courts,' though he knows that when the poor, plundered farmer goes to the court, he finds the ringleader who has robbed

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 101.

[22] Rhodes, *History of the United States*, ii., p. 197. See also Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown*, pp. 173-8.

[23] *Ibid.* Also Rhodes *History*, ii., pp. 83, &c., 105, &c. See also William Elsey Connelley's *John Brown*, in *Twentieth Century Classics* (Topeka, 1900).

[24] Rhodes, *History of the United States*, ii., p. 151. Connelley's *John Brown*, pp. 83 and 85.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 82. See also pp. 98, 100. Also Rhodes' *History*, ii., p. 153.

Digitized by Google

him, dismounting from his own horse, and unbuckling his knife, to sit as his judge." [26]

It was amid scenes like these, that John Brown came to Kansas in October, 1855, and settled at Osawatomie, where his sons had preceded him. Were anything needed to inflame his hatred of slavery, he found it in the conditions existing there. Assisted by his sons, his name soon became known throughout the territory as a leader to whom the unprotected free state settlers looked.

In the vicinity of Osawatomie were Buford's military horde, a mass of Border Ruffians and several brutal pro-slavery settlers, most prominent of whom were the Doyles, Wilkinson and the Sherman brothers.[27] Near here, too, was a settlement of northern men and free state Germans, known as "Dutch Settlement," which was particularly obnoxious to the slavery element.[28]

Prominent among these free state men were three Jews, Theodore Wiener, a Pole, Jacob Benjamin, a Bohemian, and August Bondi, a native of Vienna.[29] Wiener was about 37 years of age, while the other two were considerably younger.

Bondi was eminently fitted to become an associate of John Brown, and I may be pardoned if I give a short sketch of his career.[30]

His father, Herz Emanuel Bondi, was a native of Prague but had resided for many years in Vienna, where August was born in 1833. The boy received an academic and scientific education, and with that love of freedom that characterized his subsequent career he enlisted in the students' revolutionary movement just preceding 1848. As a youth of fifteen he became a member of the Vienna Academic Legion, a body 9000 strong, consisting of students between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. This body organized the revolution in the German Austrian States, assisting Kossuth. Young Bondi became a member of Captain Zach's Company, and was among the few survivors at the semi-centennial Academic Reunion in 1898.

But the youth's revolutionary career was cut short, for in Septem-

[26] Emerson's *Miscellanies,* pp. 244-6. See also Sanborn's *Life and Letters,* &c., p. 500.
[27] Connelley's *John Brown,* pp. 103, 104. Sanborn, pp. 272 &c., 253, 254.
[28] *Ibid.,* p. 142. Also Sanborn, 254.
[29] Connelley, 142. See also Sanborn, 254. See also Mr. Bondi's *Sketches* hereinafter referred to. The writer has also corresponded with Mr. Bondi and has in his possession interesting letters on the entire subject, written in answer to inquiries.
[30] This sketch appeared in 8 *Kansas Hist. Soc. Coll.,* p. 275. See also article in Salina *Herald,* Jan. and Feb., 1884.

Digitized by Google

ber, 1848, his parents emigrated to the United States, settling in St. Louis. On coming of age, he became actively identified with the Benton or Free State Democratic Party, and in March, 1855, he started for Kansas. In May he settled on the Mosquito Branch of the Pottawatomie Creek, in Franklin County.[31]

Both Wiener and Benjamin had resided in St. Louis, and Benjamin had settled in Kansas about the same time with Bondi, establishing a trading post.[32] In September, 1855, Wiener agreed with Benjamin to go to Kansas to open a store, and Sanborn and other writetrs inform us that he invested $7000 in goods which he took thither.[33]

Before Wiener's arrival, however, both Bondi and Benjamin had an experience which added to the hardships of pioneer life. One of the Shermans, already referred to, had informed the former "that he had heard that he and Benjamin were free soilers, and therefore would advise them to clear out, or they would meet a dreadful fate.[34] Similar statements were made by another slavery worthy,[35] and Bondi and Benjamin thereupon took counsel what to do. Benjamin stated that he had heard of a small settlement of Ohio men about five miles to the northeast, and both agreed that these ought to be seen. Next morning Benjamin went there and about noon returned with Frederick Brown, who brought word from his three brothers that they would always be ready to assist Bondi and his friend.[36]

These were the sons of John Brown, and the incident happened some time before their father came to Kansas. John Jr. had, however, organized a military company, which both Benjamin and Bondi joined.[37]

John Brown arrived in October, 1855;[38] a few days before, the free

[31] *Ibid.* Also *With John Brown in Kansas,* written by August Bondi at the request of Major Henry Inman and published in the *Salina Herald,* in Jan. and Feb., 1884. See also article in *The Morning Oregonian* (Portland), Sept. 3, 1903.

[32] *Ibid.* See also Sanborn, 230, 254, 272. Connelley, 142, and Hinman.

[33] *Ibid.* See also Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown,* p. 272, 230, 254. Additional detail is contained in letters in possession of the present writer, and in the sketches of Mr. Bondi in *Kan. Hist. Soc. Collection.*

[34] Connelley's *John Brown,* p. 104. Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown,* p. 254.

[35] *Ibid.*

[36] See sketch in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.,* p. 275, etc. Also Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown,* p. 254.

[37] *Ibid.* Also in 3 *Kan. Hist. Coll., p.* DFE. See also letter of John Brown, Jr., in *Pubi. of the Kansas States Hist. Soc.* (1886), I., p. 273.

[38] See Noble L. Prentiss, *A History of Kansas,* (1899). Also Sanborn's *Life and Letters of John Brown,* p. 200.

Digitized by Google

state men held an election of their own for a Territorial Convention. At this time Bondi was ill with fever, but anxious to participate, two German neighbors placed him in a cart and conveyed him to the voting place, where he met old John Brown for the first time.[39]

[39] See sketch in 8 *Kan. His. Soc. Coll.*, pp. 275, &c.

LEON HUHNER, A. M., LL. B.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

MINNESOTA COUNTY NAMES

FIFTY-SEVEN of the eighty-five counties in Minnesota were established during the territorial period, before May 11, 1858. Fourteen others were established before 1869; and seven during the next decade. Only seven have since been added to the list.

The first territorial legislature, by an act approved October 27, 1849, established six counties which remain to the present time, Benton, Dakota, Itasca, Ramsey, Wabasha and Washington, with boundaries, however, which have since been many times changed. For example, the county named in honor of the first governor originally included a large area stretching northward to Mille Lacs and to the Mississippi river in what is now Aitkin county; but it has been reduced, in the formation of new counties, until now Ramsey county is the smallest in the State, having an area of 187 square miles.

By the same legislative act, in 1849, three other counties were formed, Mahkahto, Pembina, and Wahnahta, which, through subsequent legislation, have disappeared. Only Pembina continued many years, its name being changed to Kittson in 1878. During the territorial period fourteen counties were established which have ceased to exist under their original names, most of them being of short duration, and some, indeed, being ineffectively enacted because defined with impossible or vague boundaries.

Pipestone and Rock counties, as originally established in 1857, have since exchanged names by legislative action (1862). The transposition was geographically desired, as the present Pipestone includes the celebrated Indian quarry of red pipestone, to which the name of the county refers; while the present Rock county includes the prominent rock mound near Luverne, which likewise appears to be the source of this name. Each of these counties originally extended west about ten miles into the present State of South Dakota.

The patriotic legislature of 1861 desired to honor President Lincoln by giving his name to a county established from the northeastern part of the present Renville county, with addition of the two most southern townships now in Meeker county; but this act failed of the requisite ratification by the people of the counties thus changed. Next, (March 9, 1866), the name of Rock county was changed to Lincoln. This law, how-

Digitized by Google

ever, was also ineffectual, being ignored by the people of Rock county. Therefore another attempt was made, by act of February 12, 1870, (the sixty-first anniversary of Lincoln's birthday), to establish a county named Lincoln, taking it, as in 1861, from eastern Renville county, but not with the same boundaries as before. It again failed of ratification. Finally, in 1873, Lincoln county was successfully established, being made of the former western part of Lyon county.

The following is the list of Minnesota counties, in alphabetic order, with dates of their formation or legal establishment (often long preceding their settlement and organization), and the origin of their names.* The day of the Governor's approval of the legislative act forming each county is given as the date of its establishment. The five latest formed, however, were established otherwise, under the general laws of 1893 and 1895, and their establishment is dated from the Governor's proclamation of their adoption by the popular vote.

Aitkin, May 23, 1857; at first spelled Aiken, with which it is identical in pronunciation, but changed to the present spelling by act of the legislature in 1872; named for William A. Aitkin, a Scotch trader with the Ojibway (Chippewa) Indians at Sandy Lake in the present east part of Aitkin county, who came into that region when a boy, about the year 1802, as a servant of a trader named John Drew. Aitkin married into an influential Indian family; was soon a trader on his own account, and rapidly advanced until in 1831 he took charge of the Fond du Lac department of the American Fur Company, under John Jacob Astor, making his headquarters at Sandy Lake. He died in 1851, and is buried on the bank of the Mississippi river near the mouth of Swan river, in the north edge of this county.

Anoka, May 23, 1857; a Dakota (Sioux) word, meaning, according to Prof. A. W. Williamson, "on both sides; name applied by founders to the city laid out on both sides of Rum river, and since applied to the county."

* For the derivation of several of these names I am much indebted to a concise article by the late John Fletcher Williams, on "Our County Names," published in the St. Paul *Pioneer*, March 13, 1870; also to "Etymology of Minnesota Counties," by R. I. Holcombe, of St. Paul, published in the *Pioneer Almanac*, 1896. Valuable aid has been obtained from the paper on "Minnesota Geographical Names derived from the Dakota Language, with some that are Obsolete," by Prof. Andrew W. Williamson, of Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., published in the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota, for 1884; and from another paper, in the Fifteenth Annual Report of the same survey, for 1886, "Minnesota Geographical Names Derived from the Chippewa Language," by Rev. Joseph A. Gilfillan, of White Earth, Minn., who also has supplied in recent letters further notes of Ojibway names.

Digitized by Google

Becker, March 18, 1858; in honor of Gen. George Loomis Becker, of St. Paul. He was born in Locke, Cayuga county, N. Y., 1829; came to Minnesota, 1849; was Mayor of St. Paul in 1856; Democratic candidate for Governor of Minnesota in 1859; afterward, during several terms, in the State Senate and House of Representatives; and after 1885 was State Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner. He died in St. Paul, January 6, 1904.

Beltrami, February 28, 1866; commemorating Giacomo Costantino Beltrami, traveler and author, an Italian political exile, the earliest explorer (excepting David Thompson, in 1798) of the region of Red and Turtle lakes. He journeyed in 1823, with no white companion and in part entirely alone, amid hardships and dangers, from Pembina, by way of Red Lake and the most northern sources of the Mississippi river, to Fort Snelling. Beltrami was born at Bergamo, Italy, in 1779, and died at Filotrano, near Macerata, Italy, February, 1855.

Benton, October 27, 1849; named for Thomas Hart Benton (1782-1858), who was United States Senator from Missouri during thirty years, 1821 to 1851.

Big Stone, February 20, 1862; from Big Stone Lake, which is a translation of its Dakota name, alluding to the conspicuous outcrops of granite and gneiss, in recent years extensively quarried, which occur in the Minnesota valley, one to three miles below the foot of the lake.

Blue Earth, March 5, 1853; from the Blue Earth river, so named from a bluish green earth, which was used by the Sisseton Indians as a pigment, found in a shaly layer on the rock bluff of this stream about three miles from its mouth. Le Sueur, in 1701, mined a large amount of this earth, or of a dark green shale occurring near the same place, erroneously supposed to be an ore of copper, and sent 4,000 pounds of it to France. (See Le Sueur.)

Our name of the Blue Earth river is a translation of its Dakota name, Mahkahto. With change of spelling, it is preserved as the name of the city of Mankato, the county seat of Blue Earth county.

Brown, February 20, 1855; in honor of Joseph Renshaw Brown (1805-1870), who came to the site of Fort Snelling as a drummer boy of the army, in 1819, was an Indian trader, one of the founders of Minnesota Territory, an editor, and one of the most influential members in the territorial legislature, and in the Democratic branch of the convention for framing the State Constitution.

Carlton, May 23, 1857; for Reuben B. Carlton, one of the first

Digitized by Google

settlers and proprietors of Fond du Lac, at the head of lake navigation on the St. Louis river, near the east line of this county. He was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., 1812; came to Fond du Lac about the year 1849; was a member of the first State Senate in 1858; and died December 6, 1863.

Carver, February 20, 1855; for Captain Jonathan Carver (1732-1780), explorer and author, who in 1766-67, traveled from Boston to Minnesota, and wintered among the Dakota Indians near the site of New Ulm.

Cass, September 1, 1851; for the distinguished statesman, Lewis Cass (1782-1866), who in 1820 commanded an exploring expedition which started from Detroit, passed through Lakes Huron and Superior, and thence advanced by way of Sandy Lake and the upper Mississippi river as far as to the upper Red Cedar Lake, named by Schoolcraft, the narrator of the expedition, Cassina Lake, later abridged as Cass Lake.

Chippewa, February 20, 1862; for the Chippewa river, which joins the Minnesota in this county. It is named for the Chippewa (Ojibway) Indians, whose country extended southwestward to the headwaters of this stream.

Chisago, September 1, 1851; name proposed by W. H. C. Folsom, who wrote of its derivation as follows: "The county takes the name of its largest and most beautiful lake. In its original, or rather aboriginal, form it was Ki-chi-saga, from two Chippewa words meaning 'kichi,' large, and 'saga,' fair or lovely. For euphonic considerations the first syllable was dropped. . . . The legislature, in passing the bill for our county organization, by clerical or typographical error changed the last 'a' in 'saga' to 'o,' which, having become the law, has not been changed."

Clay, March 8, 1862; for the distinguished statesman, Henry Clay (1777-1852).

Clearwater, December 20, 1902; for the Clearwater river, tributary to the Red Lake river, both of which are translations of their Ojibway names.

Cook, March 9, 1874; for Major Michael Cook, of Faribault, a prominent citizen and a brave soldier in the Civil War. He was born in Morris county, New Jersey, 1828; came to Minnesota, settling in Faribault, in 1855, and, being a carpenter, aided in building some of the first frame houses there; and was a Territorial and State Senator, 1857 to 1862. In September, 1862, he was mustered into the Tenth Minne-

Digitized by Google

sota Regiment, in which he was appointed Major, and served until he fell mortally wounded in the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, dying eleven days later.

Cottonwood, May 23, 1857; from the Cottonwood river, a translation of Waraju, its Dakota name.

Crow Wing, May 23, 1857; from the Crow Wing river, translated from the Ojibway name, which is rendered by Rev. J. A. Gilfillan as "Raven Feather river."

Dakota, October 27, 1849; for the Dakota people, meaning an alliance or league. The Dakotas called themselves collectively by this name, but they have more frequently been termed Sioux.

Dodge, February 20, 1855; for Gen. Henry Dodge (1782-1867), who was Governor of Wisconsin Territory, and afterwards served as United States Senator from Wisconsin, 1848 to 1857, and for his son, Augustus C. Dodge (1812-1883), who was delegate of Iowa Territory in Congress, 1840-1847, Senator from Iowa after its admission to Statehood, 1848-1855, and United States minister to Spain, 1855-1859.

Douglas, March 8, 1858; for Stephen Arnold Douglas (1813-1861), statesman and leader in the Democratic party, eminent in his patriotic loyalty to the Union at the beginning of the Civil War.

Faribault, February 20, 1855; for Jean Baptiste Faribault (1774-1860), who was engaged many years as a trader among the Indians, at first for the Northwest Fur Company. He was born at Berthier, Canada, and came to the Northwest in 1798, taking charge of a trading post on the Kankakee river near the south end of Lake Michigan. From 1799 to 1802, he was stationed at the Redwood trading post, on the Des Moines river "about two hundred miles above its mouth," in what is now the central part of Iowa. Coming to Minnesota in 1803, he took charge of a post at Little Rapids, on the Minnesota river, a few miles above the present sites of Chaska and Carver, where he remained several years. Afterwards he was a trader on his own account at Prairie du Chien, Wis., whence he removed to Pike Island, at the mouth of the Minnesota river, in the spring of 1820, having been promised military protection by Colonel Leavenworth, under whose direction Fort Snelling was then building. In 1826 Faribault built a house for his family at Mendota, where he spent most of the remainder of his life, excepting that in the winters during many years he traded with the Indians at Little Rapids. He died August 20, 1860, at the home of his daughter in Fari-

Digitized by Google

bault, Minn., a city founded at first as an Indian trading post by his eldest son, Alexander Faribault, for whom it was named.

Fillmore, March 5, 1853; for the statesman, Millard Fillmore (1800-1874), President of the United States, 1850 to 1853 (retiring from office on the day previous to the approval of the act creating this county). He visited St. Paul, in a large excursion of eastern people, June 8, 1854.

Freeborn, February 20, 1855; for William Freeborn, member of the Council in the Territorial Legislature, 1854 to 1857. He was born in Ohio in 1816; came to St. Paul in 1848; and later was one of the prominent pioneers of Red Wing and Cannon Falls. In 1864 he removed to Montana, and four years later settled in California.

Goodhue, March 5, 1853; for James Madison Goodhue (1810-1852), the first printer and editor in Minnesota, beginning the issue of the Minnesota *Pioneer* on April 28, 1849. He was born in Hebron, N. H.; was graduated from Amherst in 1833; studied law in New York city, and was admitted to the bar about 1840; afterward was a farmer three years in Plainfield, Ill.; practiced law in Galesburg, Ill., and in Platteville and Lancaster, Wis.; became editor of the Wisconsin *Herald,* published in Lancaster; removed to St. Paul in the spring of 1849; and was a most earnest and influential journalist here during his remaining years.

Grant, March 6, 1868; for General Ulysses S. Grant.

Hennepin, March 6, 1852; for Louis Hennepin, the Franciscan missionary, explorer, and author. In 1680, Hennepin, and two French companions, after their captivity by the Sioux in the region of Mille Lacs, were the first white men to see the Falls of St. Anthony.

Houston, February 23, 1854; for Samuel Houston (1793-1863), President of Texas before its annexation to the United States, and afterward Senator from that State, 1846 to 1859.

Hubbard, February 26, 1883; for Gen. Lucius Frederick Hubbard, Governor of Minnesota, 1882 to 1887. He was born in Troy, N. Y., 1836; came to Red Wing, Minn., in 1857, where he was engaged many years in the grain and milling business; served through the Civil War, enlisting as a private and rising to the command of a brigade; and was again a general in the war with Spain, 1898. He now resides in St. Paul.

Isanti, February 13, 1857; from the former name (now obsolete)

Digitized by Google

of the large division of the Dakotas, or Sioux, who lived two hundred years ago in the region of the Rum river and Mille Lacs, which were called by Hennepin respectively the river and lake of the Isantis. It is probable, as suggested by Hon. J. V. Brower, that they derived this appellation, meaning Knife Indians, from being the first band to obtain iron knives from the earliest French traders in Minnesota, Groseilliers and Radisson, in the winter of 1659-60, therefore becoming known as the knife (Isan) people.

Itasca, October 27, 1849; from Itasca Lake, which was named by Schoolcraft on the occasion of his expedition to this source of the Mississippi river, in 1832. He requested his companion on the canoe voyage, Rev. William T. Boutwell, to give him the Greek or Latin expression for the headwaters or true source of a river. After some thought, Boutwell gave the Latin words, Veritas and Caput,—Truth, Head. These were written on a slip of paper, the first and last syllables were struck off, and Schoolcraft announced, " Itasca shall be the name."

Jackson, May 23, 1857; said by Williams and Holcombe to be for Henry Jackson, the first merchant in St. Paul. He was born in Virginia, 1811; came to St. Paul in 1842; was the first postmaster there in 1846; was a member of the first territorial legislature; removed to Mankato in 1853; and died there July 31, 1857. Hon. William P. Murray, of St. Paul, who was a member of the legislature when this county was formed, affirms, however, that this is an error, and that it was the intention to commemorate by this name Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States.

Kanabec, March 13, 1858; the usual Ojibway word for a snake, given by these people to the river flowing through this county. It has a heavy accent on the second syllable, with the English long sound of the vowel, being thus pronounced quite unlike the name of the Kennebec river in Maine.

Kandiyohi, March 20, 1858; the Dakota name of a lake in this county. Williamson states that the word is from kandi, buffalo fish, and ohi, arrive in. Our two species of buffalo fish at their spawning season leave the upper Mississippi river, in which they live the greater part of the year, and come, sometimes in immense numbers, to the lakes at the head of the small streams.

Kittson, March 9, 1878; previously Pembina county; for Norman Wolfred Kittson, one of the leading pioneers of this State. He was born in Sorel, Canada, 1814; came to Fort Snelling in 1834; was engaged in trade and transportation at this fort, Pembina, and St. Paul;

Digitized by Google

was several years a member of the Territorial Legislature, representing the Pembina district; was Mayor of St. Paul in 1858; and became the director of steamboat traffic on the Red River of the North, for the Hudson Bay Company, in 1864. Mr. Kittson died suddenly May 10, 1888, on his journey of return to Minnesota from the East.

Koochiching, December 19, 1906; the Cree name of the great falls or rapids of Rainy river at International Falls, Minn., and Fort Frances in the Province of Ontario, Canada. This name is applied by the Ojibways to Rainy lake and also to the river and its falls. In the Cree language it had reference to the mist and spray of the falls, resembling rain.

Lac qui Parle, March 6, 1871. This French name, meaning the Lake that Talks, is translated from the Dakota name, Mde Iyedan, applied to the adjacent lake. Its name probably was suggested to the Indians by echoes thrown back from its bordering bluffs.

Lake, March 1, 1856; so named because it borders on Lake Superior.

Le Sueur, March 5, 1853; for the trader and explorer, Pierre Charles Le Sueur, who engaged in mining a supposed copper ore on the Blue Earth river in 1701. He was born in Canada in 1657, and was related by marriage to Iberville, the Governor of Louisiana. He spent twelve years, 1683-95, among the Sioux, in the present States of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Under the authority of Iberville, he built a fort on the Blue Earth river near its junction with the Minnesota, mined there what he thought to be an ore of copper, and shipped a large quantity of it to France. It proved to be valueless. Le Sueur died either in Louisiana or at sea while returning from France, before the year 1712.

Lincoln, March 6, 1873; in honor of the martyr President, Abraham Lincoln. Thrice previously, in 1861, 1866, and 1870, legislative acts had been passed ineffectively, as before narrated, for the establishment of a county of this name. (See *ante*.)

Lyon, March 6, 1868, and March 2, 1869; for Gen. Nathaniel Lyon (1818-1861), of the Union army, who was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861.

WARREN UPHAM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER.

WE are met to-day to unveil a monument, and thereby to do honor to the memory of one to whom the State of South Carolina owes a debt of deepest gratitude.

When I received the invitation to take part in this ceremonial, and turned my attention to the matter and subject of any essay I should deliver there was brought forcibly back to my mind what many years ago I had discovered—that is, the exceedingly scanty information we possessed of much of the life of General Sumter. He is an object lesson of how a man may attain wide and enduring fame and reputation during his life, and yet leave behind him at his death nothing to tell future generations of the details of a life that has passed away. Whilst living everything is taken for granted. No one supposes it possible that ignorance can exist concerning one whose name and deeds are on the lips and in the minds of every one. But that generation passes, new figures on the stage play to new audiences, and it comes to pass that when one of a later generation turns to inquire of the details upon which a fame was founded that has come to him in the shape of a general and recognized tradition, he is perturbed to find that there is nothing but this general recognition and tradition upon which he can lay hold.

So has it been with General Sumter. There does not exist a single sketch even of his life worthy of the title of a life of him.

His contemporary in time, although subordinate in rank, General Francis Marion, has three biographers—Weems, James and Simms. His contemporary and commanding officer, General Nathanael Greene, has the bulky two-volumed life of him by Johnson, and no less than four other biographers. Sumter has had literally no biographer, and to find out anything about him it has been necessary to pick it out of the histories of the events of the day. Concerning his life prior to the Revolution and his years after its close, there does not exist a single account of him worthy the name of even a sketch.

Around Marion there has grown and clustered a wealth of romance. Both fiction and poetry have joined to paint him with all the alluring

—Address at the unveiling of the Monument at Statesburgh, S. C., August 14, 1907.

Digitized by Google

colors of admiring description, yet I venture to say that there is nothing in Marion's life more romantic or filled with more desperate adventure than Sumter's early struggles in frontier Indian warfare, or his intrepid and gallant contests with Tarleton, the dashing and conquering commander of the British cavalry.

It has seemed to me, therefore, that the most appropriate way in which I could testify our admiration for his character and do honor to his memory would be as fully as possible in the narrow limits of a public speech, repair the indifference of the past by giving as full and authentic an account of his life and exploits as it is in my power to do.

As in many other cases of men who have become famous through their worth and abilities, but who have been too modest to be their own biographers, there is very little original material from which to write the history of Sumter's early life. The date and place of his birth are alike uncertain.

McCrady, in his *History of South Carolina,* states that he was born the 14th July, 1736, in Hanover County, Virginia, and adds that his father's family were from Wales, but had removed to England and thence emigrated to Virginia, and that his mother was a Virginian of English stock.[1] He refers to no authority for this, but it has always been understood that his information was derived from Sumter's descendants. As to date of birth this is confirmed by Mills, whose *Statistics of South Carolina* were published in 1826, when Sumter was still alive, and who states that he was then ninety.[2]

Also Sumter's son, Thomas Sumter, Jr., writing to his daughter in December, 1825, mentions that his father was then in his 88th year, which would carry the year of his birth back to 1736.[3] There is, however, in the possession of General Sumter's lineal descendants an old leaf, which is traditionally said to be a leaf from the family Bible. This old leaf has written upon it in quite archaic script the following entries:

> "William Sumter was born in Hanover County, in Virginia, on the 29 October, 1731."
>
> "Thomas Sumter was born in said County on August 14, 1734."

From the reminiscences of John Redd—later referred to—we learn he had a brother, William. Taking into consideration the family tradition

[1] McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 564.
[2] *Mills' Statistics,* p. 746.
[3] Original MSS—in possession of R. J. Brownfield, Esq.

Digitized by Google

as to the leaf in question being from the family Bible, the appearance of the entries upon it and their particularity, corroborated by the fact that he had a brother William, evidently the one referred to in the first entry, it would seem most likely that the exact date of his birth was as stated in the entry, 14th August, 1734, and that he was born in Hanover County.

He was, therefore, younger than his great contemporary, Francis Marion, who was born, it is believed, in 1732.

Since the publication of McCrady's History some more material concerning the birthplace and early life of Sumter has been made available by the publications of the Virginia Historical Society. In a letter written by John Redd, of Henry County, Virginia, to the late Dr. Lyman C. Draper and dated 13th June, 1850, giving Mr. Redd's recollections and reminiscences of people in his section, he states:

> "4th. General Sumpter's Mother was a Widow when I first knew her, which was when I was quite a small boy. When I left Orange County in 1774 the Old Lady was then living. I think she lived several years afterward and died in Orange. I know nothing of Gen'l Sumpter's boyhood days nor of his father. His education was only such as could be obtained in his day at neighborhood schools. I don't know when or whom he married; I think, tho, he married some Lady of South Carolina. During the latter part of the Revolution his Bro., Wm., moved to S. Carolina. I don't know what finally became of him."

And again:

> "The greatest intimacy always existed between Gen'l Martin, Gen. Sumpter and Col. Cleveland. They were very wild in their youthful days. Cleveland I don't think was hardly as wild as the other two. I recollect a circumstance which not only shows the intimacy between Gen'l Sumpter and Martin & their fondness for pleasure, but also Gen'l Sumpter's strict honesty. The first year I think it was that Gen'l Sumpter was elected to Congress from S. Carolina, while on his way to Washington he stopped at Richmond. As soon as he stopped at a hotel he sent up to the Capitol for Martin & myself, who were members of the Legislature there. He was highly pleased at meeting with us—particularly his old companion, Martin, whom he had not seen for some twenty-five years. They called each other by the familiar names, Joe & Tom. Time passed rapidly & pleasantly while they talked of the events of their youthful

Digitized by Google

days. Just before Sumpter started (for he staid only a few hours) he asked Martin if he recollected the last frolic they had at Johnson's. Martin said that they had really had so many he could not. Sumpter said he recollected it well, and should never forget it; for, said he, I lost all my money playing cards & you loaned me five pounds. Martin said he had no recollection whatever of the transaction, and Sumpter must be mistaken. Sumpter said he knew he owed the money, and, putting his hands in his pockets, he pulled out ten guineas and said he should take it.'"*

In the reminiscences of the same John Redd, published as separate from his letter to Dr. Draper, he again states concerning Sumter:

"Gen. Thom Sumpter was also born and raised in the uper end of Orange County, near the blue ridge. I never knew his Father, for he died before my recollection, his mother lived to be quite an old woman, beloved and respected by all who knew her, the father of Gen. Sumpter was not wealthy, though in easy circumstances. I do not know how many Brothers or Sisters Gen. Sumpter had. I knew his bro., Wm., who was not of much note. I also knew one Sister of his, who married a man by the name of Lan. Gen. Sumpter, I think, had only one son, who was sent as Minister or Consul to some foreign Court and there died."[4]

And again:

"Gen. Sumpter was born & raised in the county of Orange, in the State of Virginia. Some years before the Revolutionary war Sumpter was sent by order of the Government in charge of several Indians of note to England, where he remained for some time, and then returned home with his red companions. I suppose the object of his mishion to England was that the Indians might see the power and resources of the British Government, and thereby learn the folly of raising their army against their white brethren on this side of the Atlantic; after Sumpter returned from England he removed to South Carolina, and there established for himself a reputation which is obtained by but few."[5]

In the same magazine is published a sketch of the distinguished

* Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog., Vol 7, pp. 402, 403.
[4] *Ibid*, Vol. 7, p. 5.
[5] *Ibid*, p. 243.

Digitized by Google

Virginian, General Joseph Martin, written by his son, William. Joseph Martin was born in 1740 in Albemarle County, Virginia, and died in Henry County, Virginia, in 1808. This sketch of him is contained in the form of a letter from William Martin to Dr. Lyman C. Draper, dated 1st June, 1842.

In this sketch Mr. Martin states that his father ran off from his apprenticeship during the war in 1756, and joined the army at Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg, and adds:

> " My father, in his raising among other boys of the same temperament, became associated with Tom—(Gen.) Sumpter, who so distinguished himself as the partisan chief in South Carolina during the War of the Revolution, and went with him to the war. Behold these two hapless youths; those turbulent spirits that could not be tamed with the ordinary pursuits of civil life, rushing along, like water seeking its own level, four or five hundred miles through mostly a wilderness, interspersed with hostile savages, in quest of aliment that might satisfy their craving appetites. Little did they or anybody else think at the time that these were some of the rising spirits that were to lead in the revolution, which afterwards gave liberty to this country. How long they remained in the army or the part they acted there is not known, though it is thought a good while. Sumpter returned first. My father on his return found him in jail at Staunton, Virginia, for debt. He obtained permission to lodge a night in prison with his friend. In the morning, when he went out, he left with Sumpter his tomahawk and ten guineas, and with one or both of which he escaped from prison. Soon afterwards he went to South Carolina, changed his course of life and became distinguished, as is known to all who have read the history of the Revolution. Thus were they separated for many years; and until at length my father was at Richmond, Virginia, a member of the Legislature. Sumpter was a member of Congress, and on his way home called at Richmond, where they met for the first time in more than thirty years. What a meeting this must have been! to talk over old matters and things! They had both now become old and highly elevated in the temple of Fame. What proud satisfaction they must have felt in the retrospection! Before they separated Sumpter handed my father twenty guineas—having reference to the prison." [6]

[6] *Ibid,* Vol. 8, pp. 350, 351.

Digitized by Google

Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography* states: Sumter was present at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and seems afterward to have been engaged in military service on the frontier.

McCrady, in his history, states that he served in the Virginia provincial corps in the French and Indian wars, and was present at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and that he was sent by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, on a mission to the Cherokees, and accompanied the Indian chiefs to England in 1762.[7]

Neither gives any reference or authority for these statements.

The family tradition as contained in a MS. sketch of Sumter by his granddaughter, Miss Brownfield, is to the effect as stated by McCrady, who obtained his information from her. The same tradition is stated in an obituary of General Sumter, published in the Sumter *Gazette* for June 9, 1832—probably obtained from some one of his descendants at the time.*

Great weight, however, should fairly be attached to the recollections of John Redd and William Martin. Mr. Redd personally knew both Sumter's mother and his brother, William, and was himself present at the interview between Sumter and Joseph Martin at Richmond, where Sumter paid his old friend twenty guineas.

There is nothing directly from General Martin, who died in 1808, but the account by his son, William Martin, who wrote in 1842—but who had been old enough in 1775 to accompany his father on an expedition to Tennessee—is an account by one who was in a position to hear, and did hear, at first hand.[8]

If his father and Sumter had been present at so notable an occurrence as Braddock's defeat, he would scarcely have failed to mention it. He says they joined the army in 1756, whereas Braddock's defeat took place in 1755.**

The authenticity of the Martin reminiscences is strengthened by the circumstance that the earliest known letter of Sumter's in existence is dated

[7] McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 564.

* In a list of persons who took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia in Henry County, on 30th May, 1777, is mentioned George Sumpter. Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog., Vol. 9, p. 18.

[8] *Ibid,* Vol. 8, p. 358.

** An examination of the roll of the Virginia provincial regiment which accompanied Braddock—if it be in existence—would disclose whether the names of Sumter and Martin appeared.)

Digitized by Google

7th December, 1763, and is addressed to Mr. Jos. Martin, whom he addresses as "Friend and Loving Comrade," and mentions a debt he owes him.[9]

The following MS. notes, made by Dr. Lyman C. Draper, have been furnished by a descendant of General Sumter:

> "28th November, 1761. Thos. Sumter, with Lieut. Timberlake, left Great Isld. on Tenn. River, to go to the Cherokee Nation."

> "On the 15th May Thos. S. embarked at Hampton Roads, Va., for England, & arrived at Portsmouth on the 16th June, 1762, with 3 Indians. Ortinaco, the Indian Chief, among them, & Lieut. Timberlake. The sloop *Epreuve,* Capt. Peter Blake, was the Ship which took them to England."

> "About the 25th August, 1762, Thos. Sumter embarked with the three Indian Chiefs, & without Lieut. Timberlake, for Charleston on the same ship which had taken him to England."

Dr. Draper's notes as furnished give no references for these statements, but in the South Carolina *Gazette,* No. 1,455, for 5th June, 1767, the statement is made that Judd's friend, one of the principal headmen of the Cherokee Nation, had gone to Virginia, and had permission to go to England in one of the King's ships.

In the *Gazette,* No. 1,476, for the 30th October, 1762, under the head of the local Charles Town news, it is stated: "Thursday last arrived here his Majesty's Snow *Epreuve,* commanded by Capt. Peter Blake, with Judd's friend and the two other Cherokee Indians that attended him, who went to England on the said Snow in June last."

And in No. 1,481 for December 4, 1762: "Judd's friend and the two other Cherokees that returned with him from England in his Majesty's Snow, the *Epreuve,* set off from Ninety-Six the 18th ulto. for the Cherokee Nation well pleased."

No mention is made of Thomas Sumter or Ortinaco, unless the same Indian chief was intended by the name "Judd's friend."

From all which we can infer that he was born in Virginia, probably in Hanover County, on 14th August, 1734. That he received only such education as could be obtained from the ordinary country school of the

[9] Publications Sou. Hist. Assn., Vol. 11, p. 81.

Digitized by Google

time (as is evidenced by his spelling, grammar and vocabulary in his later letters); that he served in the war against the French and Indians, either at or just after Braddock's defeat; that he accompanied in some capacity the Indian chiefs sent by Governor Dinwiddie to England in 1762, and on his return went to South Carolina in October, 1762. We have no account of his movements from October, 1762, to March, 1763.

H. A. M. SMITH.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

NOTE.—An examination of Dr. Draper's MSS. volumes, at the Historical Society Library in Madison, Wis., might clear up these uncertainties. They are said to number several volumes.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

THE ARMORIAL FAMILIES OF NEW ENGLAND

(*Fourth Paper*)

PENHALLOW

SAMUEL PENHALLOW came from Penhallow, Co. Cornwall, Charlestown, Mass., where he united with the church Dec. 27, 1686. He was the second son of Chamond and Ann (Tamlyn) Penhallow and was b. at St. Mabyn, July 2, 1665. He removed to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1687, and m. Mary, daughter of John Cutts, first President of the Council of New Hampshire. She was b. at Portsmouth, Nov. 17, 1669, and in her 18th year was married, inheriting from her father "a valuable patrimony." Her husband was Justice of the Superior Court of Judicature in 1714; Chief Justice 1717; Treasurer of the Province and author of *The History of the Wars of New England with the Eastern Indians,* first published in 1726. His wife d. Feb. 8, 1713, and he d. Dec. 2, 1726, aged 61 years, 5 months. His family arms are : "Vert, a coney argent."

Issue, all born at Portsmouth:

1. Hannah, b. May 3, 1688; m. James Pemberton of Boston.
2. Mary, b. Dec. 1, 1689; m. Hon. Benj. Gambling, graduated Harvard 1702.
3. Samuel, b. Oct. 4, 1691; shipmaster, and d. before 1764.
4. John, b. Jan. 13, 1693; merchant; d. July 28, 1735.
5. Phebe, b. Jan. 14, 1695; m. (1) Capt. —— Gross, by whom she had twelve children. She m. (2) Major Leonard Vassal; (3) Hon. Thomas Graves, and (4) Francis Borland. She d. April 3, 1775, aged 80 years.
6. Elizabeth, b. Dec. 21, 1698; m. (1) John Dummer, and (2) Christopher Toppan.
7. Lydia, b. Sept. 11, 1700; m. Henry Sloper; d. Aug. 17, 1718.
8. Deborah, b. Jan. 2, 1702; m. William Knight.
9. Benjamin, b. Dec. 17, 1704; graduated at Harvard 1723; d. in Europe in 1725.
10. Joshua, b. Sept. 2, 1707; a physician.

Digitized by Google

11. Susanna, b. Jan. 10, 1708; m. William Winkley.

12. Joseph, b. Jan. 5, 1710.

13. Olympia, b. Feb. 12, 1711; d. unmarried in 1743.

Samuel Penhallow, the father, m. (2) Sept. 8, 1714, Abigail Atkinson, daughter of Theodore Atkinson and widow of Dr. James Osborn of Boston. Issue by wife Abigail:

14. Richard, b. in 1715; d. unmarried in 1740.

PHIPPEN (PHIPPENY)

David Phippen came from Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, to Hingham, Mass., where he was one of the thirty persons to begin the settlement Sept. 18, 1635. He was the son of George Fitzpen or Phippen of Weymouth, England. He was made a freeman March 3, 1635-6, but before 1642 removed to Boston, where his will was proved Oct. 31, 1650. George Phippen, son of Robert and Cecelie (Jordan) Fitzpen of Weymouth, in Dorset, and rector of St. Mary's Church in Truro, England, made his will July 20, 1650, bequeathing as follows: "*Item,* for my brother, David Phippen, in New England, I do give and bequeath unto his eldest son the lesser Trewoone, unto his second son that Trevossa whereon Nicholas Clemowe liveth, unto his third son the other Trevossa called Pethericke's, because it was sometimes in the tenure of one William Pethericke, etc.; and if either of these three brothers die without issue my will is that that tenement shall descend unto thē fourth son and so on; and to his daughter or daughters twenty pounds." The armorial insignia are: "Argent, two bars and in chief three escallops sable." (See *New England Historical Genealogical Register,* Vol. XLIX, p. 244.) His wife, Sarah, survived him and joined in settling his estate. Issue:

1. Joseph, m. Dorcas or Dorothy Wood; Boston and Salem, Mass.

2. Rebecca, m. George Vickery (Vickars) of Hull, Mass.

3. Benjamin, lived in Boston, Mass.

4. Gamaliel, also lived in Boston, Mass.

5. Sarah, m. before Nov., 1650, Thomas Yeo of Boston, Mass.

6. George, settled in Hull, Mass.

7. John, b. in Hingham, in July, 1637; d. in infancy.

8. John 2d, b. in July, 1640; d. the same month.

Digitized by Google

POOLE (POLE)

William Poole came from Shute in Devonshire to Dorchester, Mass., as early as 1630. He was the son of Sir William Pole of Colcombe, Devon, and his wife Mary Periam. He removed to Taunton, Mass., and became a freeman Dec. 4, 1638. On May 17, 1654, Mrs. Elizabeth Poole, "an ancient maid," i. e., "aged about 65 years," made her will bequeathing "to my brother, Capt. William Poole of Taunton"; "to my cousin, John Pole, my brother's eldest son;" "to my cousins, Timothy, Nathaniel and Mary Pole," and "to my kind old friend Sister Margery Powle, widdow." William Poole returned to Dorchester in 1660 and was a schoolmaster and town clerk for ten years. He m. about 1638, Jane, sister to John Greene of Milton, Somersetshire, who d. at Dorchester Sept. 9, 1690. He d. there Feb. 24 or 25, 1674, *ae.* 81 years. Mar. 11, 1685, Katharine Northcote, widow, of Hoxton, Co. Middlesex, made her will mentioning "my dear kinswoman, Mrs. Jane Poole in Boston in New England." In 1733 Sir William Pole of Shute made his will in which he bequeathed "to my kinsman, Nathaniel Pole of New England." The arms are: "azure semée of fleurs-de-lis, and a lion rampant argent." Issue by wife Jane:

1. John, m. Mar. 28, 1672, Elizabeth, daughter of Governor Brenton. He lived in Boston, and d. in 1711.
2. Nathaniel, living in 1654.
3. Timothy, drowned at Taunton, Dec. 15, 1667.
4. Mary, m. Mar. 28, 1672, Daniel Henchman.
5. Bethesda, m. in 1686, John Filer.
6. William, b. June 20, 1658.
7. Theophilus, b. May 27, 1660, and bapt. June 3, 1660.

SALTONSTALL

Sir Richard Saltonstall came from Huntwicke, Yorkshire, with John Winthrop in 1630. He was the son of Samuel Saltonstall and grandson of Gilbert Saltonstall, Esq., of Halifax in Yorkshire. He was one of the six original patentees of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; was one of the first Assistants, and was present at court Aug. 23, 1630. He was a leader among the earliest settlers of Watertown, but with his two daughters and his youngest son returned to England in 1631. He m. (1) Grace Kaye, the daughter of Robert Kaye, Esq., of Woodsome. She d. before he came to New England. He made his will in 1658,

Digitized by Google

being 72 years old and d. in England. His arms are: "Or, a bend between two eagles displayed sable." Four of his sons settled in New England. Issue:

1. Richard, b. 1610; settled at Ipswich, Mass., but returned to England in 1683, and d. at Hulme, April 29, 1694, *ae.* 84.
2. Henry, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. in 1639; graduated at Harvard in 1642; physician; traveled in England, Holland and Italy, receiving a degree at Padua in 1649 and another at Oxford in 1652.
3. Samuel, proprietor of a homestall in Watertown in 1642; prominent inhabitant there, where he d. Jan. 21, 1696.
4. Robert, member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. in 1638; lawyer and superintended large estates in Mass. and Conn.; d. unmarried, in July, 1650.
5. Peter, member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. in 1644.
6. Rosamond, returned to England in 1631 and was living in the family of the Earl of Warwick in 1644.
7. Grace, also returned and was living in the family of Lady Manchester in 1644.

SNELLING

William Snelling came from Chaddlewood, in Devonshire, to Boston, Mass., as early as 1647. He was the fourth son of Thomas Snelling, Esq., of Chaddlewood, Plympton St. Mary, Co. Devon, and Joan his wife. He m. in Boston, July 5, 1648, Margaret Stagge. He removed to Newbury, Mass., but returned to Boston before Feb. 2, 1653-4. In his will, dated at Boston in 1674 he styles himself "youngest sonn of the late Thomas Snelling of Chaddenwood in Plimton mary in the County of Devon." He d. in Nov., 1674. His wife, Margaret, d. June 18, 1667, *æ.* 46 years. His family arms are: "Argent, three griffins' heads, erased gules, a chief indented ermine." Issue:

1. William, b. June 24, 1649; physician; m. Margaret, daughter of William Rogers; d. in 1677-8.
2. Anne, b. March 2, 1652.
3. Anne 2d, b. in Boston, May 7, 1654; was living May 7, 1674.

Digitized by Google

John Snelling probably came with William Snelling. He was the son of John and Frances (Hele) Snelling of Chaddlewood in Devon. He settled at Saco, Maine, where he was made a freeman in 1653. He removed to Boston in 1657, and there m. Sarah Sedgwick, who was living in 1677. On Sept. 21, 1671, he gave his age as "43 years or thereabouts." He d. in Boston in Nov., 1672. Issue by wife, Sarah, all born in Boston:

1. Sarah, b. Oct. 4, 1657.
2. John, b. Mar. 17, 1664; taxed in Boston 1695.
3. Joseph, b. —— 1667; m. July 19, 1694, Rebecca Adams; he d. Aug. 15, 1726, *ae.* 59 years.
4. William, b. April 9, 1671.
5. Benjamin, b. Aug. 18, 1672; taxed in Boston 1695.

SYMONDS

Samuel Symonds came from Great Yeldham, Co. Essex, to Ipswich, Mass., in 1637. He was made a freeman in March, 1637-8; deputy and assistant in 1638; Deputy-Governor of Massachusetts Bay, 1673-78. He m. (1), about 1620, Dorothy Harlakenden of Earl's Colne; m. (2) Martha Epps, widow of Daniel Epps, Sr., and daughter of Edmund Reade; m. (3) Rebecca, widow of John Hall of Salisbury, who d. July 21, 1695; in her 79th year. He was b. in 1595; d. Oct. 12, 1678. In 1663 Richard Fitz Symonds of Great Yeldham made his will, in which he mentioned "my loving Brother Mr. Samuel Symonds of New England." The armorial bearings of this family are: "Azure, a chevron engrailed between three trefoils slipped or." He was Deputy from Ipswich, 1638-42; Assistant, 1643 to 1673. Issue, bapt. at Toppesfield, Co. Essex, England:

1. Anne, bapt. April 25, 1622.
2. Samuel, bapt. Oct. 29, 1623.
3. Elizabeth, bapt. Dec. 22, 1624; m. May 20, 1644, Daniel Epps.
4. Samuel, bapt. Jan. 3, 1625.
5. Samuel, bapt. April 17, 1627.
6. John, bapt. July 15, 1628; living in England 1653.
7. Robert, bapt. Aug. 13, 1629.

Digitized by Google

8. William, bapt. June 22, 1632; alive Feb. 16, 1673.
9. Roger, bapt. Dec. 5, 1633.
10. Harlakenden, alive Feb. 16, 1673.
11. Martha, m. (1) John Denison; (2) Richard Martyn of Portsmouth, N. H.
12. Ruth, m. Rev. John Emerson of Gloucester, Mass.
13. Priscilla, m. Capt. Thomas Baker of Topsfield, Mass.
14. Dorothy, m. Thomas Harrison of St. Dunstans-in-the-East, London.

His son, Samuel Symonds, graduated at Harvard in 1663, and d. in Nov., 1669, probably unmarried. He is said to have had another son Samuel, who d. in 1653, but of this I have no proof.

THORNDIKE

John Thorndike came from Great Carleton in Lincolnshire to Salem, Mass., in 1632. He was the son of Francis and Alice (Coleman) Thorndike of Great Carleton. He was first to plant at Agawam (Ipswich) in April, 1633. He m. Elizabeth, daughter of John Stratton, gentleman, and his wife Ann, who came to Salem in 1635. He returned to England in 1668 and was buried in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey, Nov. 3, 1668. Rev. Herbert Thorndike, Prebend of Westminster, in his will dated July 3, 1672, mentioned his "nephews and nieces born in New England." The arms are: "Argent, six gouttes, three two and one gules, on a chief of the last three leopard's faces or." Issue:

1. Anne, alive July 29, 1668.
2. Sarah, m. Dec. 10, 1661, John Low of Ipswich, Mass.
3. Elizabeth, b. 1642-3; m. Dec., 1662, John Proctor.
4. Paul, bapt. at Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1663, at the age of 20 years; m. April 28, 1668, Mary, daughter of James and Hannah Patch; Captain of Beverly Foot Co. 1689; deputy 1681.
5. Mary, alive July 29, 1668.
6. Alice, living in England unm. in July, 1672.
7. Martha, bapt. in England in April, 1669, "of ripe age."

Digitized by Google

WILLIS (WYLLYS)

George Willis came from Fenny Compton, Co. Warwick, to Hartford, Conn., in 1638. He was the son of Richard and Hester (Chamber) Willis of Fenny-Compton, and was b. about 1590. He m. (1) Bridget, daughter of William Young of Kingston Hall, Co. Salop. His second wife was Mary ———, who survived him. He was Assistant in 1639; Deputy-Governor 1641 and Governor in 1642. In his will, made Dec. 14, 1644, he wrote: "My will is that my sonne George injoy and possesse my Land and buildings att Fenny Compton in Old England," etc. He d. at Hartford, Mar. 9, 1644-5. His arms are: "Argent, a chevron sable between three mullets gules." Issue:

1. George, b. about 1611; inherited the Fenny Compton estate.
2. Hester, m. Oct. 17, 1645, Capt. Robert Harding.
3. Maria, not mentioned in her father's will.
4. Amy, m. Oct. 30, or Nov. 6, 1645, John Pynchon.
5. Samuel, b. in 1632; graduated at Harvard in 1653; m. Ruth, daughter of Gov. John Haynes of Conn; magistrate 1654 to 1684; patentee named in the Royal Charter 1662; Assistant, 1654 to 1684, 1689 to 1693, 1698, 1699; Commissioner of the United Colonies 1661 to 1664, 1666 to 1668, 1670 and 1671. He d. May 30, 1709.

WINTHROP

John Winthrop came from Groton, Co. Suffolk, to Boston, arriving in the ship *Arbella* June 17, 1630. He was the son of Adam and Anne (Browne) Winthrop and was b. at Edwardston in Suffolk Jan. 12, 1587-8. He m. (1) April 16, 1605, Mary, daughter of John Forth of Great Stambridge. She was b. Jan. 1, 1583-4 and was buried at Groton, June 26, 1615. He m. (2) Dec. 6, 1615, Thomasine Clopton of Castleins, near Groton, who d. with her infant Dec. 8, 1616. He m. (3) in April, 1618, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tyndale of Great Maplested, Co. Essex. She d. in Boston, June 14, 1647. He m. (4) in Dec., 1647, Martha, daughter of Capt. William Rainsborough and widow of Thomas Coytmore. He d. in Boston, Mar. 26, 1649, and his widow m. (3) Mar. 10, 1652, John Coggan. He was elected Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in London, Oct. 20, 1629, 1631-1633, 1637-1639, 1642,1643, 1646-1648; Assistant 1634, 1635, 1640, 1641; Deputy-Governor 1636, 1644; Commissioner of the United Colonies, 1643, 1645; Colonel of Suffolk Co. Regiment 1646. His pedigree may be

Digitized by Google

found in the Visitation of Suffolk. His armorial insignia are: "Argent, three chevronels embattled gules, over all a lion rampant sable, armed and langued azure." Issue, first six by wife, Mary, and next eight by wife, Margaret, and last by wife, Martha:

1. John, Jr., b. at Groton, England, Feb. 22, 1606; Assistant of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1632-1649; Lieutenant Colonel Third Mass. Regiment, 1636; Assistant of Connecticut Colony, 1651-1655; Deputy-Governor, 1658; Commissioner of the United Colonies, 1658-1660, 1663; Governor of Connecticut, 1659-1676.
2. Henry, bapt. at Groton, Jan. 20, 1607-8; drowned at Salem, July 2, 1630.
3. Forth, b. at Stambridge, Dec. 30, 1609; bur. in England Nov. 23, 1630.
4. Mary, m. about 1632, Rev. Samuel Dudley. She d. at Salisbury, Mass., April 2-12, 1643.
5. Anna, b. Aug. 4, 1614; bur. Aug. 26, 1614.
6. Anna, b. June 26, 1615; bur. June 29, 1615.
7. Stephen, b. Mar. 24, 1618-9; in Cromwell's army; d. before 1660.
8. Adam, b. April 7, 1620; d. in Boston, Aug. 24, 1652, *ae.* 32 years, 4 months.
9. Deane, b. Mar. 16, 1623; settled in Boston; d. Mar. 16, 1704.
10. Nathaniel, bapt. Feb. 20, 1624-5; d. young.
11. Samuel, bapt. Aug. 26, 1627.
12. Anne, bapt. Aug. 29, 1630; d. in infancy.
13. William, bapt. in Boston, Mass., Aug. 26, 1631; d. young.
14. Sarah, bapt. in Boston, June 29, 1634; d. young.
15. Joshua, bapt. Dec. 17, 1648; d. Jan. 11, 1651.

One child by wife, Thomasine, d. Dec. 8, 1616, probably unnamed. Savage stated that this child was bapt. Dec. 2, 1616, but gave no name to it.

Digitized by Google

CONCLUSION

These thirty-two families include all that had been considered armorial by the late William Sumner Appleton down to 1891. Of the New England families Mr. Appleton then stated that a dozen more names was a limit not likely to exceeded. In preparing these genealogies the writer has found not less than ten other New England families which are also armorial. The evidence in these cases is not of the same kind as that already published in the MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, but it is as conclusive and as authoritative. Had not there been so much armorial "faking" in the United States there would not have to be such discriminating judgment exercised in preparing armorial pedigrees to-day.

GEORGE W. CHAMBERLAIN.

MALDEN, MASS.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XLVI

LETTERS WITHOUT ANSWERS

THUS our unfortunate heroine was destined to lose all her admirers one by one. In the mean time, during the progress of those events, a correspondence on public affairs had been carried on between Sir William Johnson and Colonel Vancour, in which the former had taken occasion to mention the conduct of Sybrandt in terms of high approbation. He spoke of him as a youth of uncommon talents and intrepidity, in whose future welfare he took the deepest interest. The officers, too, who occasionally stopped at the mansion-house in their journeys from the frontier to New-York, all united in bearing testimony to his gallantry and enterprise; and, to crown all, the despatches of the general to his government at home made honourable mention of our hero. Catalina was not ignorant of all this, nor could she help feeling a proud gratification, that the man to whom she had given her heart was worthy of the gift. "But he is lost to me—he is wounded—perhaps dying; and he does not think it worth while to write or send to us."

But in this she did our hero injustice. He lay a long time lingering between life and death; but at length the vigour of youth, strengthened by his hopes of the future, got the better of the low fever which had succeeded his wounds and exposures, and he began gradually, but slowly, to recover. As soon as his strength would permit, he wrote to Catalina, informing her of his explanation with Gilfillan; apologizing for his unfounded jealousy, his rash departure from New-York, and throwing himself on her generosity for pardon. It happened at this time there was no opportunity to send the letter by a public express, nor had Sybrandt patience to wait for one. In casting about for a messenger, he recollected a half Indian, a sort of lounger and hanger-on about the fort, who performed all sorts of menial offices for rum and was, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, a vagabond. Still he had the reputation of courage, sagacity, and fidelity in the performance of his engagements; and our hero determined to employ him as the messenger of Dan Cupid, who most probably was never served by such a valet before. He had in times past been accustomed to forage about the Flats, where he was well known, and where Sybrandt became acquainted with him.

Digitized by Google

He accordingly intrusted him with his letter, together with two others, one for the good Dennis, the other for Colonel Vancour, the contents of which the reader may imagine for himself if he pleases. He was also imprudent enough to furnish the fellow with money to bear his expenses, instead of giving him a knapsack and provisions; and thus he despatched him, with many injunctions to proceed without delay, deliver his letters, wait an answer and then return as soon as possible. This trusty blade, instead of following these directions, took the first opportunity of his arrival at Albany to get exceedingly *corned,* as the phrase now is, and so continued until all his money was spent. As a matter of necessity, he then became sober; but his letters were gone—he had lost or destroyed them or they had been taken from him; he could not tell how or when.

The trusty messenger then deliberated what was proper and safe to be done. To go to the Flats without his credentials was out of the question; and to return to Fort George for a new set of instructions would be a vast accession of trouble, without any accession of pay. Nay, he might possibly get a broken head for his pains. This compendium of the virtues of the red and white rose had an equal antipathy to having his head broken and to the volunteering of additional trouble without additional pay. The result of his cogitations was a resolution to put the best face on the matter, make up a good story, and return forthwith to his employer. He accordingly entered the presence of Sybrandt with an intrepidity of face and manner that would have done honour to the most practised diplomatist.

"Have you brought any letters?" asked our hero, eagerly, as he raised himself from the bed, where he still spent some hours of every day.

"No sir; I no bring any ting!"

"Did you see the young lady?" said our hero, faintly.

"Yes, sir; I see her, and give her the letter."

"And did she read it?"

"O, yes; she read it and say very nice letter—and then laugh."

"Laugh!" thought poor Sybrandt; and his heart sank within him; "but she gave you something in return?"

"Yes, sir; she gib me a guinea, and tell me go back agin as fast as I came—de letter no want answer."

Digitized by Google

"Did she look pale? was she thin?" asked he, after a dead pause of agonized feeling.

"Lord, sir! no; her cheeks red as berries, and she merry as a cricket: she laugh very much when I tell her you sick a-bed."

Sybrandt groaned an echo to the laugh of his unfeeling mistress. It was some minutes before he could rally his spirits to ask any more questions.

"Did you see the colonel and Madam Vancour?"

"O yes, sir; colonel very good—give me a dram, and say he 'spose Major Sybran dead by dis time."

"And he, too, laughed, I suppose?" said Sybrandt, in bitterness of spirit.

"No, he no laugh out loud like young madam—he only smile a lettle—so"—and the rascal just showed his ivory teeth.

Sybrandt found himself sicker and sicker at the heart, with every word he heard.

"And what did Madam Vancour say when you told her my situation?" resumed he, at length.

"She tell me—no more than Master Sybran desarve."

"Worse and worse!"—thought poor Master Sybrandt— "the draught becomes bitterer and bitterer; well, let me drink it to the bottom, to the dregs"—and he called anger and indignation to come and be his supporters.

"And what said my other uncle, Mr. Dennis Vancour?"

"What—old gentleman live on the hill? Oh, he say he 'spose Master Sybran be dead 'fore he letter get at him, and tell me no occasion to write."

Sybrandt (as soon as he could muster strength and heart to do it) proceeded to question the mischievous mongrel closely and strictly as to the truth of his tale, which seemed to be at war with all he knew of his mistress and his uncles. But the fellow was armed at all points, and answered with such consummate cunning, that at length our hero was compelled to believe that Catalina had made such a representation of his conduct to her family on her return as had for ever alienated him from their confidence and affection.

Digitized by Google

"Very well," said he, after going rapidly through these reflections, and arriving at this consoling result—" very well—there—now go "—and he gave him money for having performed his duty so speedily and well.

" I will trouble *her* no more; I will trouble *them* no more," said he, as he laid himself down on his bed, with a hope that he might never rise from it again. There was every appearance this hope would soon be realized; for the result of this journey co-operating with his weak and nervous state of mind and body, seemed now on the point of extinguishing in a few days, perhaps a few hours, the last spark of life in his aching heart.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE LAST SLEEP OF A GOOD MAN.

NOT many days after the events recorded in our last chapter, a young officer stopped at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Vancour, on his way from Fort George to New-York. It was in the dusk of the evening, and he was of course invited to stay all night. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the war, the prospect of peace, and the situation of matters on the frontier. Catalina was sitting at an open window, leaning her white cheek on her still whiter hand, listening in breathless silence, to hear perhaps the name of him who occupied so large a portion of her thoughts.

" Has any thing particular occurred at Fort George? " asked the colonel.

" Nothing, I believe," replied the officer; " at least, I heard nothing: I however only stopped there a few minutes, on my way from the foot of the lake, where I had been stationed for some time."

" Did you happen to hear any thing of Colonel Westbrook? " asked the other in a low tone; but his daughter overheard him, and her heart beat quicker in her bosom.

" Westbrook! Westbrook!—Why, now I think of it—I did hear something of that gallant and lamented officer—he died the day "—

" Hush! for heaven's sake! " whispered the Colonel. But the caution came too late. The words of the officer had met the ear of Catalina, and thence passed like daggers to her heart, and stilled its beatings for a few minutes. She did not faint—she did not shriek, or scream,

Digitized by Google

or wring her hands—but she sat like a statue of pure white marble carved by some famous artist to represent the silence of unutterable grief. Her mother was watching, and came and sat beside her daughter, who leaned on her bosom and said not one word. In the course of a quarter of an hour she recovered sufficiently to beg Madam Vancour to go up stairs with her, and they left the room together.

After her departure the colonel proceeded with his inquiries.

"You were saying, sir, that you understood Colonel Westbrook was dead. When I inform you that he is a near relation, and an object of great interest to my family, I hope you will excuse me for requesting you to be particular in relating the circumstances of his death."

"I am sorry," replied the young officer, "that I cannot comply with your wishes. As I mentioned before, I stopped but a few minutes at the Fort to receive despatches, and while sitting with the general, who was preparing them, the servant of Colonel Westbrook came running in to say his master had just expired. The general expressed great regret, and I, having received the despatches, came away without hearing any thing further on the subject."

Catalina did not rise with the sun as usual the next day, though it was one of the loveliest of all the lovely progeny of Summer. She attempted it, for she was not one of those who yield the victory to grief or sickness without a sore struggle. When she saw the beams of the morning sun shining against the wall, and heard the birds calling her at the window, she attempted to rise, but her head became so dizzy she was obliged to let it fall again quietly upon the pillow. The old lady became alarmed; and all thoughts of being mother to a real titled lady vanished before the fears of maternal tenderness.

Accordingly she determined, as people frequently do when it is rather too late, to perform an act of unparalleled magnanimity; an act which merits being commemorated in brass and marble: in short, she determined to desert the opposition, and go over to her husband. Accordingly, she went to the colonel, and frankly proposed to write to Sybrandt a full explanation of Catalina's conduct and present feelings, and invite him home.

"What! now that he is dead!" said the good man, with tears in his eyes.

"That's true; I declare I forgot it," replied the dame; "what shall we do?"

Digitized by Google

"Submit to the will of Heaven."

"Well, I declare it's very provoking though."

"What! to submit to the will of Heaven?"

"No, my dear; that he should die just at this time."

"Such provoking accidents often happen in this world. You and I have lived long enough to see the hopes of youth wither in the blossom, the fruits of manhood's toils and cares mildewed before they were ripe. There is nothing certain in this world but death: why, then, should we be surprised that he died in the prime of his days? It is not half so strange as that you and I have lived to be old."

This was rather an ungallant speech, since age has ever been considered in polite society a reproach to a lady, and any allusion to it an offence to good-breeding. But the good madam forgave, or did not notice it. She was thinking of something nearer her heart than compliments. Was she not a remarkable woman?

"But perhaps after all," said madam, "the report of his death may be a mistake of the servant. He may only have fallen into that state between life and death which marks the crisis of a slow fever."

"Such reports generally turn out to be true. But I will see if I can gather any further information on the subject."

He ordered his horse, and rode to Albany for the purpose of making inquiries. The commanding officer at Albany had received letters by the hands of the young gentleman who had brought the news of Sybrandt's death, at the foot of one of which was this short postscript:—

"Colonel Westbrook is just dead!"

The old gentleman returned, with a heavy heart, to the mansion of his fathers, and communicated this confirmation to his wife. They debated whether to disclose the whole at once to their daughter.

"It is best she should know it all, since she must know it soon," said the colonel; "go thou and tell her—I cannot." He walked forth into the fields, now glorious in all the panoply of summer. But he viewed them through the spectacles of sorrow, and the sunny landscape seemed all bathed in tears.

It was now Catalina's turn to be sick. She heard the confirmation of the death of poor Sybrandt; and the loss of her lover was imbittered by the consciousness that she was a principal accomplice. She it was that had driven him from his home, to the wars in which he had perished.

Digitized by Google

But for her foolish vanity, her capricious inconsistencies, he might have been still living—and living for her. The thought was bitterness itself. But she rallied her pride, her piety, her strength of mind, her duty to her parents and they conquered at last. Yet the victory was hardly won; though the mind sustained itself nobly, its associate and fellow-labourer the body, sunk under the conflict. Months passed away before she could sit up and contemplate the calm and tender aspect of nature, now fast putting on the many-coloured vesture of the waning year.

Nor was she the only sufferer. The good Dennis—the early friend, the father of our hero in all acts of fatherly affection—who had smoked his pipe almost threescore years in quiet in the same old arm-chair—heard the news of Sybrandt's death without any outward symptoms of sorrow or despair. He possessed no great store of sensibility, but a slight shock will shake down an old building. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe deliberately against his thumb-nail, and that evening and the next, and the next morning, noon, and night when it was brought to him he put it aside without uttering a word.

"Massa in a terrible bad way," said his old dusky valet, who had been his playmate in youth, his faithful, humble friend through life; "massa in a terrible bad way when he no smoke he pipe."

The old man reasoned philosophically, or at least he came to the right conclusion, which the vulgar generally do by a sort of short-hand cut of their own. It is astonishing, as it is mortifying to the pride of human learning, to see how many, how very many of the discoveries of philosophers have been anticipated by the homely experience of the unlearned of this world. They may not perhaps know the reason, but they know the thing is so, and this answers their purpose quite as well.

The old *natural* philosopher was right. There is no surer indication of a wounded spirit or diseased body than the disrelish of a long-cherished habit. It smells of mortality. The quiet resignation with which the good Dennis received the first shock, gave place in a day or two to a degree of restlessness and impatience entirely at war with his usual deportment. It seemed as if his mind was disturbed by conflicting feelings of some kind or other, for he frequently shut himself up in his little private room where he kept his papers, and where he was sometimes found when called to his meals, leaning on his elbows on a table with papers before him. When thus disturbed he would appear rather pleased than otherwise, as though he had been relieved from some unpleasant struggle or uncertainty. On the fourth day after receiving the news of Sybrandt's death, he was found sitting in his arm-chair, dead. He

Digitized by Google

had died without pain, for his face had all the placid quiet of a sweet sleep, and he sat upright as when alive.

"Ah! poor massa!" exclaimed the old man of colour; "he smoke him last pipe now!" and nature squeezed some honest tears from his dry and withered sympathies.

Dennis Vancour was a good man. He never—for it was not the fashion at that time—he never was secretary, or what is still better, treasurer to a society for expending the hard gains of honest industry, in the encouragement of idleness and unthrift. He never went about begging of others what he was able to bestow himself; nor did he spend his time in the mischievous occupation of doing good to his fellow-creatures the poor, by teaching them as the wise and benevolent Franklin has it, "that there are other means of support besides industry and economy."

But these sins of omission were more than balanced by rare and valuable virtues. He never belied, or cheated or overreached a human being; he never denied his good offices or good report to the deserving, nor inquired before he bestowed them, whether they were given to a member of his favourite society or his favourite religion. He walked quietly on his way without jostling a living soul with his elbow, or interfering with his concerns unless desired to do so; and within the circle where alone ordinary men can be useful in their exertions or their beneficence—the circle of his friends and neighbours—he diffused all his life a benign yet temperate influence, which caused every one that knew him to love him while living, and cherish his memory after he was gone. When he died, he left what he had received from his father to his nearest natural heirs, nor did he insult Heaven by robbing his kindred to commute for his own transgressions.

The day but one after the decease of the good man, on whose memory I confess I delight to dwell, the bell of the little octagon stone church at the Flats gave melancholy warning that the body of some heir of immortality was about to be consigned to that narrow house wherein no air can blow. There is to my mind and to my early recollections something exquisitely touching in the tolling of a church-bell amid the silence of the country. It communicates for miles around the message of mortality. The ploughman stops his horses to listen to the solemn tidings; the housewife remits her domestic occupations and sits with needle idle in her fingers, to ponder who it is that is going to the long home; and even the little thoughtless children, playing and laughing their way from school, are arrested for a moment in their

Digitized by Google

evening gambols by these sounds of melancholy import, and cover their heads when they go to rest.

In a little while was seen a long procession of various rustic carriages, followed by people on foot and on horseback, of both sexes and of all ages, slowly emerging from the court of the house whence the soul of the good man had ascended to its reward, and proceeding to the place appointed for all living. The simple ceremony was soon over. A prayer was uttered, a hymn was sung, many an honest tear mixed with the earth thrown into the grave, as the nearest and dearest hung anxiously over it; and the remains of the good Dennis reposed in peace between the grave-stones of his honoured parents.

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN," said an old patriarch of almost a hundred years, and the testimony was vouched by the hearts of all present. Does any one wish a nobler epitaph? If he does, let him go and take his choice of the legends engraven on the mouldering monuments of human vanity,—no part of which is true perchance but the veritable *Hic jacet.*

Had he lived a little while longer he would not perhaps have been wiser, but he would have learned something, as the advertisements in the newspapers say, "greatly to his advantage." But who would wish to rob him of an end so quiet, so resigned, so blessed, that he might learn the truth, and endure possibly a few years of infirmity and suffering; live as some men live, to nurse the waning lamp of life by day and night, anxious and shivering lest every breath of air should blow it out; live in the perpetual fear of what must soon inevitably come, die without hope, and rot in the polluted atmosphere of a dishonoured name. Who would wish so unkind a wish? Not I; for to my mind that man is most to be envied who is beyond the reach of calumny, and debarred by death from perhaps committing suicide on his own fame.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

BOOK REVIEW

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY. EDITED BY WILLIAM NELSON. [ARCHIVES OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, VOLUME III.] EXTRACTS FROM AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS RELATING TO NEW JERSEY. VOL. III, 1779 8vo. XI, 786 PP. TRENTON, N. J. THE JOHN L. MURPHY PUBLISHING CO., 1906.

The contents of ths volume relate principally to the progress of the Revolutionary War. The extracts are taken from both American and Royalist newspapers. As New Jersey was the principal field of military operations, the volume is noteworthy and of much more than local interest.

It shows that the newspapers paid much more attention to the success of the Americans at sea than our histories have, and that many British vessels were captured and brought into New Jersey ports, most of the captures being made by Jerseymen.

The military announcements, advertisements, orders, etc., bring home the fact that New Jersey was essentially the center of the conflict, while the advertisements of the farms, mills, plantations and houses show the stress under which the inhabitants lived.

The depreciation of the currency, the evils of using paper money, and the burdens of the war here found vigorous agitators and received most serious discussion. "A True Patriot" adds much to the discussion, and bewailed the general decay of public spirit, patriotism and the social virtues. A spirited correspondence between Governor Livingston and Sir Henry Clinton regarding the alleged offer by the latter of a reward for the capture, dead or alive, of the doughty Governor, is here printed in full, while the general impression that one gets of those times politically, economically, socially, intellectually and ethically, makes him thankful that he lives in the twentieth century even when the battle is a legal one between wealth-getting and wealth-sharing.

Numerous annotations, mainly biographical and genealogical, with a complete index of sixty pages, add to the value of the volume.

Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII OCTOBER, 1908 No. 4

THE DESOLATION ISLANDS.

"THAT'S a ship from Desolation, and she's full of elephant-oil!" The words were spoken by an old skipper, with whom the writer had been upon a fishing cruise in Long Island Sound, and they were prompted by the sight of a storm-beaten vessel passing into the beautiful harbor of New London, Connecticut. The return of the ship after a long voyage I could readily understand, but the place and the commodity alluded to were to me involved in mystery. The brief explanation which followed from the skipper only tended to increase my interest in his casual remark; nor was it lessened when he told me that the Desolation Islands were more nearly identified with New London than with any other seaport in the country. In a short time, therefore, after my return from fishing, I was busy among the ancient mariners of the town, asking them questions, and recording their replies.

In the South Atlantic or Indian Ocean, about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and the western coast of Australia, are located two islands, lonely and inhospitable, and nearly three thousand miles from the nearest continent. One of them bears the name of Kerguelen's Land, and the other that of Heard's Island; and although not very near neighbors, they are known to the men "who go down to the sea in ships" as the Desolation Islands. The first mentioned of these was discovered by a lieutenant in the French navy, named Kerguelen, in 1772, and for his service he was promoted to the command of a frigate. He revisited the new land in 1773, gave it the name of La Fortune, and reported to his Government that he had discovered a new continent, in which opinion

—(The Desolation Islands are still visited by hunters, and the recent sailing from New London of the first vessel to take there a party of scientific men, as explorers, makes Mr. Lanman's article timely, though written many years ago.)

Digitized by Google

he was of course mistaken. Its exact location is lat. 49 S., long. 70 E. In 1777 the famous navigator Cook, by direction of the English Government, also visited this island; he gave its principal bays and headlands the names which they have since borne; and he made the assertion that, if it had not already received the name of its discoverer, he would be inclined to call it the Land of Desolation. The other island to which we have alluded lies about one hundred and eighty miles southeast of Kerguelen's Land, and although actually discovered by a Boston navigator named Heard in 1853, while on his way to Australia, the first man who set foot upon it was Captain E. Darwin Rogers, of New London; and the man who brought away from each of the two islands in question the first cargoes of oil, was Captain Franklin F. Smith, also of New London. The log-books and private journals of these men have been placed in my possession, as well as the journal of Captain Henry Rogers, who was one of a small party that first spent a winter upon Heard's Island; and it is from these original records that the following facts have been chiefly compiled.

The most complete account of Kerguelen's Land comes to me from Captain Smith, and a word or two about the man himself should not be omitted in this place. He was born in New London in 1804, and before completing his thirteenth year became a sailor in a coasting vessel. In 1822 he went upon a whaling voyage to Patagonia; and on being promoted to the command of a ship in 1831, he entered upon a series of voyages which have been pronounced the most successful in the annals of whaling. The names of his vessels were the *Florio, Julius Cæsar, Tuscarora, and Chelsea;* and in the course of ten years he made nine voyages, the first seven of them yielding 16,154 barrels of whale oil, and 1147 barrels of sperm, the total value of which, according to present prices, and without counting extras, would amount to about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These voyages were made in behalf of the firms of N. & W. W. Billings and Williams & Haven. During four of them his wife accompanied him in his explorations around the globe; and his only daughter was born at sea, receiving the name of the ship in which the event occurred. He also had a number of sons, one of whom acquired distinction as a whaleman; and four brothers, who were all whale-hunters. One of them was killed while fighting one of the ocean monsters in the Pacific Ocean; and another was successful in the same sphere of enterprise. He made a number of voyages to

Digitized by Google

Kerguelen's Land, and, as already stated, he was the first American who brought any oil from that remote region in 1837; and now, reserving some other particulars about him for another place, I come to his description of the island.

It is about one hundred miles long, and perhaps sixty wide, and reputed to be the most barren spot in either hemisphere. It is of volcanic origin, rises in some places in terraces to the height of three thousand feet above the sea, with one pointed peak said to be nearly six thousand feet high; contains a number of lofty and picturesque headlands; is indented with bays or fiords, some of which nearly cross the island, and to the geologist it is especially interesting, as containing in its igneous formations a large amount of fossil wood and coal. Small rocky islands, to the number of three hundred, surround it on all sides; and yet it has several first-rate harbors. During the entire year, the higher lands are covered with ice and snow, which, with the fogs and winds, dispute the honor of making the place desolate in the extreme. The vegetation, which is very limited, is antarctic; and although scientific men have described one hundred and fifty species of plants, the ordinary observer would only be attracted by four—a kind of saxifrage, a plant resembling the cabbage, a variety of coarse grass, and a plant belonging to the cress family. As to trees, there is not one to be found, and it is not probable that any ever grew on the island. But the seaweeds which fringe the shores of the entire island are particularly rich and rare, some of them growing to the enormous length of sixty feet. Of quadrupeds it is entirely destitute. In the way of birds, it is frequented by a few gulls, now and then by an albatross, and by penguins in the greatest abundance. In olden times, such portions of the coast as were accessible were frequented by several kinds of seals, and also by the sea-elephant; but they are now becoming scarce. There are no permanent inhabitants on the island; and since it has ceased, for the most part, to afford a profitable supply of oil, it is chiefly interesting to seafaring men in these latter days as a secure rendezvous when overtaken by foul weather in their lone wanderings around the globe. During the period when England enjoyed the monopoly of killing seals on this island for their furs alone, it was estimated that the yield was about one million skins per annum.

But it is of Heard's Island that I desire especially to speak at present. It is about eighteen miles long, and perhaps six or seven wide;

Digitized by Google

and, by right of discovery, is an American possession. For many years the merchants of New London cherished the belief that there was land somewhere south of Kerguelen's Island, for in no other way could their captains account for the continuous supply of the sea-elephant on its shores. As long ago as 1849 Captain Thomas Long, then of the *Charles Carroll,* reported to the owners of his ship that he had seen land from the mast-head, while sailing south of Kerguelen's Land; but Captain Heard has received the credit of the discovery, although he did not land upon the island. The man who first did this was Captain E. Darwin Rogers. He was on a cruise after sperm whale; his ship was the *Corinthian,* and he had three tenders; and his employers were Perkins & Smith —the same Smith already mentioned. Captain Rogers commemorated his success by an onslaught upon the sea-elephants, which he found very numerous on the shore; and after securing four hundred barrels of oil, improved the first opportunity to inform his employers of what he had done, urging them not only to keep the information secret, but to dispatch another vessel to the newly discovered island. When the news reached New London, Perkins & Smith were without a ship or a suitable captain for the enterprise. The second member of the firm had long before given up the sea, and was hoping to spend the remainder of his days at home in the quiet enjoyment of an ample fortune. But the temptation was strong, and he yielded. The firm purchased a ship at once, and the moment she was equipped, Captain Smith took command, and sailed for Heard's Island. With Captain Darwin Rogers as his right-hand man, he fully explored the island, named all its headlands and bays and other prominent features, made a map of it, and succeeded in filling all his vessels with oil. Two exploits which he performed, with the assistance of his several crews, are worth mentioning. At one point, which he called the Seal Rookery, they slaughtered five hundred of these animals, and, as was afterwards found, thereby exterminated the race in that locality! And they performed the marvelous labor of rolling three thousand barrels of elephant oil a distance of three miles, across a neck of the island, from one shore to another, where their vessels were anchored. The ship which he himself commanded returned in safety to New London with a cargo of oil valued at one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, one-half of which was his property. On reaching the dock he was warmly congratulated by his numerous friends; was informed that the books of his firm never told a better story than they did then, and that good news had been received from thirteen of their whale-ships, which were home-

Digitized by Google

ward bound from the Pacific and Arctic Seas. In addition to all this, he found that two farms which he owned had increased in value, and that the ten or twelve thousand dollars he had invested in erecting the Pequot House, since become famous as a summer resort, would probably pay him a handsome interest. But as the wheel of fortune would have it, in six months from the date of his arrival home from Heard's Island he had lost his entire property. The blow was terrible, and a desolation of heart fell upon him, which could not but remind him of the Desolation Islands in the Indian Sea. After resting upon his oars for a few years, he made one desperate effort, in 1862, to retrieve his fortunes, but the tide was still against him, and he was unsuccessful. His friends furnished him with a new ship, and he went upon another voyage to the Desolation Islands. Having secured a good cargo of whale and elephant oil, the ship was wrecked on a reef off the Seychelle Islands, after which he obtained passage to Mauritius, and by way of London, Liverpool, and New York, returned to New London, where he subsequently resided, a worthy and much respected, but disappointed man.

But it is time that we should be giving our readers an idea of the physical characteristics of Heard's Island. It is in reality an ice island, with only enough of solid land visible at different points to prove that it is not an iceberg. From the center of it there rises, to the height of at least five thousand feet, a broad-breasted mountain, which is known to be perpetually covered with ice and snow, and its sides and summit are so cold and desolate that no living creature has ever been seen to harbor there, excepting the albatross. Some of the points or headlands, which are found along its eastern shore, rise out of the sea in the form of perpendicular cliffs, and Captain Darwin Rogers alleges that he was once at anchor near one of these cliffs for an entire month without obtaining a view of the summit; and also that during that period his ship on several occasions was felt to quiver from stem to stern in a very frightful manner, the cause of which, as he subsequently ascertained, was the falling of immense blocks of ice from the cliffs into the sea. Alternating with those huge bulwarks of ice are some of the most beautiful beaches of black sand, where the surf perpetually rolls up fresh from the South Pole. The only fish found along its shores is called the night-fish, and resembles the cod. There is not a tree or shrub on the island, and the vegetation is so limited that only two varieties are ever mentioned in the journals before us, viz., a coarse kind of tussock grass and the wild cabbage. The birds are about the same as those found on Kerguelen's Land,

Digitized by Google

viz., gulls, "mollymokes" or penguins, Cape pigeons, and the albatross. In the way of mammals it boasts of but one creature alone, and that is the sea-elephant, but for this it is the most profitable hunting-ground in the world.

What the lion is to the common cat, the sea-elephant or *Morunga proboscidea* is to the seal—the mammoth representative. Though not uniform in size, they frequently attain a length of thirty feet, and a circumference of fifteen or eighteen feet, the blubber of a single individual sometimes yielding three hundred gallons of oil, which is considered more valuable than that of the whale. The grown males have an elongated snout, which gives them the name they bear; their teeth are short and deeply rooted, the molars small and pointed, the canines very large, and the power of their jaws so great that an angry male elephant has been known to seize a dead comrade weighing a ton and toss him a considerable distance, as a dog would a rat. When quite young they are called silver-gray pups, from their color, but as they mature they become brown, the males inclining to a dark blue, and the females to a yellow shade; their home is the sea, but they have a fashion of spending much of their time upon the shore, occasionally going inland two or three miles and luxuriating in fresh-water marshes; they are sluggish in their movements, and somewhat stupid, and in certain localities they congregate in large herds or corrals; their tongues are used by the sailors as a welcome delicacy, and by the Yankee boys frequently worked into mince pies; the scraps which are left after the blubber has been "tried out" are employed as fuel, with which the trying-out process is conducted; their food is supposed to consist chiefly of cuttle-fish and seaweed, and the instrument employed in killing them is a sharp lance, which penetrates the throat and causes them to bleed to death. In sailor parlance, the old males are called beach-masters and bulls, and the females pupping-cows and brown cows. During the season of courtship the bulls fight desperately with each other, uttering a kind of roar, and inflicting fearful wounds, while the lady elephants, in groups of from fifteen to twenty, look on in dignified silence and satisfaction, as if ready, with expanded flippers, to welcome the victor into their midst. The mothers usually remain in charge of their young about two months, and during all that time it is said that the lord of each harem occupies a convenient eminence, with his head generally toward the sea, and acts as sentinel to prevent the mothers from abandoning their young, or to protect his favorites from the ungallant assaults of any roving individuals. The number of these

Digitized by Google

animals which annually resort to Heard's Island, coming from unknown regions, is truly immense. In former times, the men who hunted them invariably spared all the cubs they met with, but in these latter days the young and old are slaughtered indiscriminately! We can give no figures as to the total yield of elephant oil in this particular locality, but we know that the men who follow the business lead a most fatiguing and wild life, and well deserve the largest profits they can make. While Kerguelen's Land is the place where the ships of the elephant-hunters spend the summer months, which season is literally the "winter of their discontent," it is upon Heard's Island that the big game is chiefly, if not exclusively, found. Then it is that gangs of men have the hardihood to build themselves rude cabins upon the island, and there spend the entire winter. Among those who first exiled themselves to this land of fogs and snow and stormy winds, was one Captain Henry Rogers, then serving as first mate; and from his journal, which he kept during this period, we may obtain a realizing sense of the loneliness and hardships of the life to which Americans, for the love of gain, willingly subject themselves in the far-off Indian Ocean.

Having taken a glance at the leading men who identified themselves with the Desolation Islands, and also at the physical peculiarities of those islands, we propose to conclude this sketch with a running account of Captain Henry Rogers' adventures during his winter on Heard's Island.

He left New London in the brig *Zoe,* Captain James Rogers, master, October 26, 1856, and arrived at the place of destination February 13, 1857. For about five weeks after their arrival the crew was kept very busy in rafting to the brig several hundred barrels of oil, which had already been prepared and left over by the crew of a sister vessel, and on the 22d of March the wintering party, with Captain Henry Rogers as their leader, proceeded to move their "plunder" to the shore, and when that work was completed the brig sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. The party consisted of twenty-five men, and after building their house, which was merely a square excavation on the ground, covered with boards and made air-tight with moss and snow, they proceeded to business. Those who were expert with the lance did most of the killing; the coopers hammered away at their barrels; and, as occasions demanded, all hands participated in skinning the huge sea-elephants, or cutting off the blubber in pieces of about fifteen pounds each, and then, on their backs, or on rude sledges, transporting it to the trying works, where it

Digitized by Google

was turned into the precious oil. Not a day was permitted to pass without "bringing to bag" a little game, and the number of elephants killed ranged from three to as high a figure as forty. According to the record, if one day out of thirty happened to be bright and pleasant, the men were thankful; for the regularity with which rain followed snow, and the fogs were blown about by high winds, was monotonous beyond conception. And when night came, and the monotonous suppers were packed away, the stories which followed were monotonous, and as the tired men wrapped themselves in their blankets for the night, there was a monotony in their very dreams—but they were of home—of wives and children and friends—far, far away, over illimitable sea—and that was a monotony which they enjoyed. When one of these men chanced to be wakeful at the hour of midnight, and went forth from the pent-up cabin to enjoy the fresh air, or to commune with himself, how must the blackness of darkness, and the wild wailing of the ocean, mingled with the screams of the penguins, or the moon and stars shining in their marvelous beauty on the tranquil deep, have filled him with awe! The great waves, perhaps, like beasts of prey, came careering out of the abyss of space, and as they dashed and perished against the icy cliffs, would give an unearthly howl, which the winds carried entirely across the island, only to be welcomed by an answering roar from the waves on the opposite shore.

Month after month passes away, and there is no cessation in the labors of the elephant-hunters. Mist and snow and slaughter, the packing of oil, hard bread and bad beef, fatigue and heavy slumbers—these are the burthen of their song of life. Those who chance to remember with pleasure the sound of Sabbath bells may cherish a Sabbath feeling in their hearts, but while their children are in attendance at the Sunday-school, in the far-off New England church, stern necessity compels them, with lance in hand, to do battle with the sea-elephant. But when the anniversary of their National Independence arrives, they must needs devote one hour of their precious time to the bidding of their patriotism, notwithstanding the fact that their cabin may be covered with snow, and a snow-storm raging. With the aid of their pistols for muskets, and a hole in a rock for artillery, they fire a national salute; with a tin pan for a kettle-drum, and a piece of wire for a triangle, they have an abundant supply of music; forming themselves into a procession, they march with stately pace in front of a snow-drift, instead of a grand hotel; and with the tongue of a sea-elephant for roast beef, and some ginger-pop for

Digitized by Google

Catawba wine, they have a glorious feast, and leaving their bunting to flap itself into a wet rag over their island home, they pick up their lances and are soon busy again among the elephant herds. Another month, and perhaps two more, have passed away, when lo! there comes the brig again, with the latest news from the Cape of Good Hope, but with nothing new from dear New England. The vessel drops her anchor; in a few weeks she is filled to the brim, by rafting and boating, with the barrels of oil which have been collected during the long and tedious winter (misnamed summer), and on the approach of Christmas the sails of the brig are again unfurled, and away she goes, homeward bound; and at sunset, on 3d April, 1878, the keeper of the Montauk Light points to the southeast, and says to his wife: "There comes a brig from the Desolation Islands!"

CHARLES LANMAN.



Digitized by Google

WHY DID BENJAMIN THOMPSON, NOW KNOWN AS COUNT RUMFORD, BECOME A TORY?

(*Concluded*)

THE object of this digression from the line of my narrative has been to show the character of the people among whom Thompson came to live at a time when the relations between England and her American colonies were strained near to breaking. As you very well remember, four years before this British soldiers had been placed in Boston to overawe its inhabitants. In 1770 had occurred what is known in history as the Boston Massacre. The next year after Thompson's advent to Concord, the tea sent to Boston by the East India Company was poured into the docks, and shortly afterwards the Boston Port Bill cruelly isolated the inhabitants of this devoted town, and thrilled with poignant indignation patriotic hearts throughout the colonies. The time of Thompson's advent was one of universal anxiety from the Piscataqua to the Savannah.

There is little evidence that Thompson, then but nineteen years of age, was deeply impressed by the seriousness of this universal feeling. His work was a definite one and absorbed the most of his time. Like many others, he may not have appreciated the gravity of the situation, and have hoped that in a short time existing differences might be reconciled. He found in the little, plucky, patriotic town to which he had come a few persons who sympathized with him in his fondness for natural science. The minister was a graduate of Harvard, as was also his son. So also was Dr. Peter Green, who, with Dr. Philip Carrigain and Dr. Ebenezer Harnden Goss, then composed the medical fraternity of the town.

Nor was Concord then without agreeable female society. Prominent in the circle of ladies was the young widow of the late Col. Benjamin Rolfe, who had died the previous December, leaving to her an only son two years old, subsequently known as Col. Paul Rolfe, the finest residence and largest estate in the town. She was he daughter of the minister and

Digitized by Google

the sister of his only son, then one of the foremost men of the place. It was natural that Thompson should early make this widow's acquaintance. It is not surprising that his agreeable presence and charming conversation should have made him a welcome visitor at her house. While he was all through life a scientific rather than an amiable man, yet his powers of pleasing were very great, and he could be charming when he tried to be.

Thompson was a man who saw opportunities clearly and embraced them promptly. It is unimportant that we trace his movements during the first six months of his residence in Concord, but your speaker must not forget to mention that he has in his possession a marriage license dated November 14, 1772, and signed by Gov. John Wentworth, authorizing any minister in the province of New Hampshire "To join together in Holy Matrimony Benjamin Thompson and Sarah Rolfe, unless some lawful impediment appears to you to the contrary." None seems to have appeared and the marriage was solemnized.

Soon after his marriage Thompson made the acquaintance of the provincial governor, John Wentworth, and they impressed one another favorably. They possessed congenial tastes and a like love of natural science. The governor showed marked attentions to his new acquaintance, doubtless influenced thereto partly by friendship and in part by a desire to secure at the center of the province a man of the power and influence which Thompson was likely to have on account of his marked intellectual ability and family wealth.

The gratification afforded Thompson by these attentions is clearly evinced in a letter, still preserved, written by him about this time to his friend, the Rev. Samuel Williams, a man possessed of tastes similar to his own. It is dated Concord, January 18, 1773. In it he says: "Last Friday, I had the honour to wait upon his Excellency, Governor Wentworth, at Portsmouth, when I was very politely and agreeably entertained for the space of an hour and a half. I had not been in his company long before I proceeded upon business, viz., to ask his Excellency whether ever the White mountains had been surveyed. He answering me in the negative, I proceeded to acquaint him that there was a number of persons who had thought of making an expedition that way, next summer, and asked him, whether it would be agreeable to his Excellency. He said it would be extremely agreeable, seemed excessively pleased with the plan, promised to do all in his power to forward it,—said that he had a number of Mathe-

Digitized by Google

matical instruments (such as two or three telescopes, Barometer, Thermometer, Compass, &c.) at Wentworth House, (at Wolfborough, only about 30 miles from the mountains) all which, together with his library, should be at our service. That he should be extremely glad to wait on us, and to crown all, he promised, if there was no public business which rendered his presence at Portsmouth *absolutely necessary*, that he would take his tent equipage and go with us to the mountains, and tarry with us, and assist us in our survey, which, he said, he supposed would take about 12 or 14 days!!!

"My dear Mr. Williams, is not this a sweet gentleman? one exactly suited to our taste,—how charming! how condescending! How easy and pleasant in conversation! But you can form no adequate idea of him till you have been in his company."

If you have followed me between the lines as I have read extracts from this letter, you have doubtless perceived not only that our last provincial governor was an accomplished courtier, but that he had in Thompson a most promising pupil, who in subsequent years most fully developed at foreign courts the principles which he had first learned at our provincial capitol.

But a particular intimacy of Thompson with the royal governor and his Tory friends could have afforded but slight, if any, gratification to his venerable father-in-law and to the people of Concord in view of their past experiences with some of these gentlemen in the legal controversy before mentioned, and of impending events. We are not surprised, however, that Thompson was flattered by the attentions lavished upon him, inasmuch as he was at the date of this letter but twenty years old, and possessed neither the experience of age nor the traditions of the locality of which he had been, for a short time only, a resident. Thus far his attention had been chiefly devoted to science, and very little, if any, to politics. At this critical time, when every man was watching every other man, he seems to have been strangely oblivious of the suspicions which his conduct excited, or was foolishly indifferent to them.

Possibly a consciousness of possessing a wider intelligence than that of which most persons about him could boast, together with a fancied security of position, based largely upon the possessions of his wife, may have given rise to a hauteur of manner certain to render him unpopular

Digitized by Google

where democratic ideas were in vogue and the royal cause had no advocates.

Two incidents should be noted here which excited strong suspicions that he was unfriendly to American liberty.

1. He had become a farmer soon after his marriage and had hired two laborers, who, as he subsequently learned, were deserters from the British army. These he sent back to Boston with a letter addressed to General Gage, in which he interceded for the pardon of their offence.

2. In 1773 three new regiments were added to the provincial militia. Of one of these Governor Wentworth made him the major, to the great dissatisfaction of others to whom military experience, longer residence in New Hampshire, and greater age gave superior claims to the position.

Both of these incidents intensified the hostility with which he was now regarded. So strong had become the distrust of his patriotism in the summer of 1774, that he was summoned before a committee of the citizens of Concord to answer to the vague charge of being unfriendly to liberty. He met the accusation by a prompt denial, and, as no proof was produced to support it, he was discharged. But the general prejudice, not allayed by his denial and discharge, had so increased by the autumn of that year as to endanger his personal security. Realizing at length the gravity of his position, he secretly withdrew to his native town of Woburn, leaving behind him his wife and infant child.

The flight of Major Thompson and the occasion for it caused great discomfort to his father-in-law who was intensely patriotic, in both head and heart, whose only son and other two sons-in-law, loyal to the American cause, were soon to become active participants in the clash of arms which eventually gained us our independence. His wife, who shared their sentiments, doubtless wept bitterly that her husband had lost the confidence of her neighbors and had been branded as an enemy of popular liberty.

That the popular suspicion as to Major Thompson's political principles at this time were well founded I can hardly believe. I incline rather to the opinion that an indignant pride, coupled with a sense of unfair treatment, sealed his lips at a time when an open statement of his real

Digitized by Google

views would have saved him from the indignities heaped upon him, and opened to him an American career both brilliant and important.

This opinion I base quite largely upon letters which he wrote from time to time to his father-in-law, after leaving Concord. I beg leave to read to you brief extracts from one or two of these.

In one dated December 24, 1774, about a month after his departure from Concord, he says:

"*Reverend Sir.* The time and circumstances of my leaving the town of Concord have, no doubt, given you great uneasiness, for which I am extremely sorry. Nothing short of the most threatening danger could have induced me to leave my friends and family; but when I learned from persons of undoubted veracity, and those whose friendship I could not suspect, that my situation was reduced to this dreadful extremity, I thought it absolutely necessary to abscond for a while, and seek a friendly asylum in some distant part.

. . . . . .

"The plan against me was deeply laid and the people of Concord were not the only ones that were engaged in it. But others, to the distance of twenty miles, were extremely officious on this occasion. My persecution was determined on and my flight unavoidable. And had I not taken the opportunity to leave the town the moment I did, another morning had effectually cut off my retreat."

When Major Thompson left Concord, he went to Woburn as before stated. It has been said that he participated in the resistance to the British troops at Lexington, but I fear upon insufficient authority. Reports at Woburn started probably by individuals among the New Hampshire troops quartered in and about Cambridge, led to his arrest a second time at Woburn, on the 15th day of May, 1775, upon the charge of being inimical to American liberty. After an irksome detention, he was brought before the town committee and examined. Here, as previously at Concord, the charge was sustained by no proof and he was discharged, but for some reason without exoneration. He retired from the presence of the committee feeling that he had been unfairly treated. Indignant and discouraged, he passed an uncomfortable summer and autumn in his native town and its vicinity. There, persecuted and disgusted, he found not the asylum which he sought, within the American lines. In the autumn he passed without them and entered

Digitized by Google

Boston. This act ends that period of his history from which we are to form our opinions of the reasons which induced him to become a Tory.

But before drawing such conclusions as we may upon this question, I deem it fair both to you and to him to present a few extracts from another letter to his father-in-law, written after his second trial and dated August 14, 1775. In this he says:

"I am not so thoroughly convinced that my leaving the town of Concord was wrong (considering the circumstances at the time) as I am that it was wrong in me to do it without your knowledge or advice. This, Sir, is a step which I have always repented, and for which I am now sincerely and heartily sorry and ask your forgiveness.

"As to my being instrumental in the return of some Deserters by procuring them a pardon I freely acknowledge that I was. But will you give me leave to say that what I did was done from principles the most unexceptionable—the most disinterested—a sincere desire to serve my *King* and *Country,* and from motives of Pity to those unfortunate Wretches who had deserted the service to which they had *voluntarily* and solemnly tyed themselves and to which they were desirous of returning.

"But as to . . . maintaining a long and expensive correspondence with G—r W—th or a suspicious correspondence, to say the least, with G—rs W—th and G—e, I would beg leave to observe, That at the time Governor Wentworth first honored me with his notice, it was at a time when he was as high in the esteem of his people in general as was any Governor in America,—At a time when even Mr. Sullivan was proud to be thought his friend.

"'Tis true, Sir, I always thought myself honored with his friendship, and was even fond of a correspondence with him,—a correspondence which was purely private and friendly, and not Political, and for which I cannot find in my Heart to either express my sorrow or ask forgiveness of the Public.

"As to maintaining a correspondence with Governor Gage, this part of the charge is entirely without foundation, as I never received a letter from him in my life; nor did I ever write him one, except about a half a dozen lines which I sent him just before I left Concord, may be called a Letter, and which contained no intelligence, nor any thing of a public

Digitized by Google

nature, but was only to desire that the soldiers who returned from Concord might be ordered not to inform any person by whose intercession their pardon was granted them.

. . . . . .

"And notwithstanding I have the tenderest regard for my wife and family, and really believe I have an equal return of Love and affection from them; though I feel the keenest distress at the thoughts of what Mrs. Thompson and my Parents and friends will suffer on my account, and though I foresee and realize the distress, poverty and wretchedness that must unavoidably attend my Pilgrimage in unknown lands, destitute of fortune, friends and acquaintance, yet all these Evils appear to me more tolerable than the treatment which I meet with from the hands of my ungrateful countrymen.

. . . . . .

Your dutiful and Affectionate Son,

BENJ^N THOMPSON.

Revd Tim Walker."

Neglected, insulted, and repulsed, he remained until November, when in despondency he withdrew within the British lines around Boston and sought protection from the British army.

What considerations his venerable father-in-law may have urged upon Major Thompson to secure his adherence to the patriot cause can be inferred only from the letters of the latter. Those of the former have not been preserved. We are also in ignorance of the efforts put forth to that end by his wife, whose patriotism was undoubted, as also of the persuasions of his brother-in-law, the late Judge Timothy Walker, who had one or more interviews with him after he left Concord. But we do know that, whatever these may have been, they were all of no avail. Thompson's proud spirit and the animosity of his enemies rendered each and all of them fruitless.

From this imperfect summary of Major Thompson's career up to the time when he sought protection within the British lines, I must leave to your individual judgments the determination of his motives in taking the course which he did. After considering with considerable care the facts detailed in your hearing, together with others of a like character, in connection with their various environments, it has appeared to your speaker:

Digitized by Google

1st. That he was a man of unusual intellectual power which was developed at a very early age.

2d. That he possessed a very marked love for scientific knowledge.

3d. That he was very ambitious for advancement to a social position above that which he had inherited.

4th. That, ever watchful, he saw opportunities with wonderful clearness and pursued them with promptness and energy.

5th. That charmed with his acquaintance with the royal governor and with the society of the provincial capital, he little appreciated the fact that such associations would create a popular distrust of his friendliness to the popular cause.

6th. That his immature age—being but twenty years old when brought before the Concord committee, as before stated—his want of experience, his pride, his imperfect appreciation of the gravity of his situation, and his indignation, excited by the intemperate treatment which he had received, all contributed to seal his lips in a silent obstinacy, which aroused a popular hatred which drove him from his home and from his native land.

7th. That it was indignant despair and not choice which forced him within the British lines, and deprived our country of services which a milder treatment might have secured to it at this time of direful need. Indeed there can be little doubt that Lorenzo Sabine was right when he said of him: 'In the Revolutionary controversy he seems inclined to have been a Whig, but was distrusted by that party, and at length incurred their unqualified odium. Had there been less suspicion and more kindness, it is very probable that his talents would have been devoted to his country;

8th. In fewest words and in conclusion, it seems clear that Major Thompson was driven by his country's friends to serve his country's enemies.

But I have reached the limit of my subject and, I fear, of your patience. I will only add that I am confirmed in the opinion last expressed by the friendly relations existing after the Revolution between Major Thompson and the people of his native country, manifested on their part by an invitation sent him by our government to organize the United States Military Academy at West Point, a service which foreign duties obliged

Digitized by Google

him to decline; and on his part by his subsequent presentation to that academy of his whole collection of military drawings and models, by his generous gifts to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and to Harvard College, and, also, when created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Elector of Bavaria, by his choosing as its titular distinction the name of Rumford, a former name of the town of Concord, whose patriotic citizens, seventeen years before, had driven him into an exile beyond the sea, where, under favorable auspices, he accomplished works of vast utility to mankind, which have made the fame of Count Rumford world wide and immortal.

HENRY M. BAKER.

Bow, N. H.

—Read before the N. H. S. A. R.

Digitized by Google

SOME JEWISH ASSOCIATES OF JOHN BROWN.

(*Concluded*)

WE now approach the climax of lawlessness in Kansas. The free state town of Lawrence had been repeatedly attacked by the slavery forces, and an excuse was wanted for another assault. This the Border Ruffians soon found, acting ostensibly as a marshal's posse. To quote again from Rhodes' History: "It was a swearing, whiskey-drinking, ruffianly horde, seven hundred and fifty in number. The irony of fate had made them the upholders of the law, while the industrious, frugal community of Lawrence were the law-breakers. The business of the United States official was soon completed,—but the so-called posse entered and destroyed the offices of obnoxious newspapers, the place was plundered, and they finally applied the torch, and sacked the town."[40] The news spread like wildfire, arousing the entire North, while in the territory itself most of the free state men were at first dismayed. This was the occasion that first brought John Brown into national prominence.

At the news of the proposed attack on Lawrence, a party of free state men under Brown, and several companies under other commanders decided to go to the relief of the town. Sanborn's narrative informs us that Wiener furnished as a gift all the provisions needed by the two Rifle Companies of sixty-five men when they set out for Lawrence.[41] Bondi, who had returned from St. Louis that very day, promptly joined the Pottawatomie Rifles under the command of H. H. Williams on the same errand.[42]

No sooner had the company started, however, than the pro-slavery men served notice on Wiener's family, and that of Benjamin, to leave

[40] J. F. Rhodes, *History of the United States*, ii., pp. 158-9.
[41] Sanborn's *Life &c.*, p. 272. Connelley's *John Brown*, pp. 108-9.
[42] Also sketch in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, pp. 275, &c.

Digitized by Google

the territory or they would hang them and burn the store.[43] Nor did this apply to Wiener alone. Notices were prepared and delivered to free state settlers warning them to leave in three days and threatening them with death.[44] As a matter of fact the families of those who had gone to the defense of Lawrence, were actually insulted and driven off their property.[45]

Out of revenge for the assistance Wiener had given, the ruffians attacked his place and burned his store with its valuable contents.[46] Several of the writers, however, claim that this was done several days later.[47] As for the Browns, a contemporary writer informs us they were hunted as we hunt wolves to-day.[48]

On their way the defenders learned that Lawrence had been sacked, and it was also reported that no sooner had they left than the settlements of Brown and his neighbors were attacked by the ruffians, and their families driven from their homes.[49]

Bondi gives us the following account: "At 9 o'clock of the evening, a messenger from Pottawatomie Creek arrived and reported that the pro-slavery men had gone from house to house of free state men, and threatened that shortly the Missourians would be there and make a clean sweep of them, and at many places, where the men were absent, grossly insulted their wives and daughters." [50]

Hearing this, John Brown called for volunteers to return to the Pottawatomie. Seven responded, one of whom was Wiener.[51] According to Townsley, one of the participants, the entire company were driven in a wagon with the exception of Wiener who rode his own gray pony.[52]

None of the party actually knew John Brown's plan on that occasion. All believed they were merely returning to protect their homes,

[43] *Ibid.* Also Connelley, pp. 108, 138. See also letter of John T. Grant quoted in *Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc.*, (2d Series), vol. xiv., p. 5.

[44] Connelley, p. 105, &c.

[45] Connelley, p. 142.

[46] Sanborn, p. 230, &c. *The Kansas Conflict*, by Charles Robinson, late Governor of Kansas, (Lawrence), 1898, p. 287.

[47] Connelley, p. 108.

[48] *Ibid.*, p. 104.

[49] *Ibid.*, pp. 110-15.

[50] Connelley, p. 142. See also 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Trans.*, 279.

[51] Connelley, pp. 109-16. See also p. 115. Sanborn's *Life, &c.*, p. 263.

[52] Connelley, p. 116. Sanborn, p. 263.

Digitized by Google

but during the night of May 24, 1856, the plan developed, and became what is known in Kansas history as The Pottawatomie Massacre, in which the Doyles, Wilkinson and Shermans were killed. It was really a lynching party and has been severely condemned by several writers, though it has been defended by several of the foremost men of Kansas as a necessary measure. Among these might be mentioned Governor Robinson,[53] General Shelby,[54] Hon. James F. Legate,[55] Judge Hanway,[56] F. B. Sanborn,[56a] and the recent work of Mr. William E. Connelley in Twentieth Century Classics.[57] The undisputed testimony is, however, that Wiener had no part in the killing, he and Frederick Brown having been assigned to guard duty by their commander.[58]

The result of the massacre was important, for it admittedly had the effect of quieting the territory and intimidating the Border Ruffians.

It is of course impossible to defend this event except on the ground of self-defense. I might, however, mention that in an article in the *North American Review* (1884) Senator Ingalls quotes with approval the following from Judge Hanway: "I did not know of a settler in 1856 but what regarded it amongst the most fortunate events in the history of Kansas. It saved the lives of the Free State men on the Creek, and those who did the act were looked upon as deliverers." [59] On the other hand this event has been written about with most unsparing severity by men like Prof. Burgess and Mr. Rhodes.[60]

We now come to the most important part of Brown's career in Kansas, known as the Battle of Black Jack, a "battle" in which both Wiener and Bondi participated.[a]

Returning from Pottawatomie, Brown went to the cabin of his son

[53] *The Kansas Conflict* by Charles Robinson, late Governor of Kansas, (Lawrence), 1898, pp. 267, &c., quoted also in Connelley, at p. 140, and in Sanborn, p. 269.

[54] See Connelley, pp. 142-6.

[55] *Ibid.*, 143.

[56] *Ibid.*, 145-6.

[56a] Franklin B. Sanborn, *Life, &tc.*, (Boston, 1885), who collects many authorities at p. 248, &c., and 280-1.

[57] Connelley, 120-1, 137, 140.

[58] See S. J. Shively's Address on *The Pottawatomie Massacre,* in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, pp. 177-181. See also *The Kansas Conflict* by Charles Robinson, pp. 265-7.

[59] See Connelley, giving the opinions of many prominent men to the same effect, pp. 120-1, 137, 154-6. Also Sanborn, p. 281.

[60] John W. Burgess, *The Middle Period.* (N. Y., 1897), p. 441. Rhodes' History, ii., 164-5.

[a] Sanborn, 297.

Digitized by Google

John and found it solitary and deserted, the family having been driven away. The following night he went to the cabin of his son Jason, which was in a similar condition.[61] Here he was joined by Bondi, whose account of intermediate events is as follows:

"Late in the evening of May 25th, I arrived at my claim in company with an old neighbor, Austin.—The family of Benjamin (whom we had left when we departed for camp) had disappeared, and no cattle were to be seen. This latter was a serious matter for there was nothing left in the shape of provisions. When I told Austin that I was willing to stay with him until the last of the Border Ruffians had left the country, he encouraged me and assured me that he would find Benjamin's family and protect them at all events. This the old man faithfully did. In memory of his friendship and self-sacrifice, I have placed a simple slab on his soldier's grave near Helena on the Mississippi. The next evening, May 26th, I arrived, tired and hungry, at the camping ground of John Brown, a log cabin on the banks of Middle Creek. This is one of the houses which under the name of 'John Brown's Cabin' has since become famous. Here also I found my friend Wiener." [62]

From the narrative of John Brown, Jr., it appears that Benjamin had been taken to Baptisteville, now called Paola, with some of Brown's followers.[63]

Brown and his associates now resolved to go to the assistance of any free state family or community, and Connelley, his biographer, informs us that the whole party were but poorly armed, the leader with a sword and a heavy revolver, Wiener with a double barreled gun, and Bondi with an old-fashioned flintlock musket, while others in the party were similarly equipped.[64]

The occasion for action soon presented itself. The settlers at Prairie City were threatened, and sent a messenger to search out Captain Brown, and request him to come to their protection.

The aggressor in this case was Captain Pate, a Virginian who was

[61] Sanborn, *Life, &c.*, p. 271. Connelley, p. 157.

[62] Sanborn, pp. 271-2. Connelley, p. 157.

[63] Sanborn, p. 276. It seems that prior to this, Benjamin had organized a military company also, for in the Secretary's Report of the Kansas Hist. Soc. (1881) there is mentioned among the *MSS.* collections of that Society a 'Muster Roll of Captain Jacob Benjamin's Pottawatomie Rifles. Pottawatomie Creek, 1855." See I., *Kan. Hist. Coll.*, p. 96.

[64] Connelley, pp. 157-9. Sanborn, p. 293.

Digitized by Google

at the head of a company of ruffians known as Shannon's Sharp Shooters. They had been at the sacking of Lawrence, and after that are said to have burned the house and store of Wiener. Pate had then set out to capture Brown, and the robberies by these men of the free state settlers is said to have caused the latter to seek John Brown's protection.[65]

On May 27th, Brown and his party reached a secluded spot on Ottawa Creek, which the messenger from Prairie City indicated as a safe place for camping, and here they remained till June 1st.[66]

Of this camp we have a most interesting description from the gifted pen of James Redpath, then a Kansas correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. He was looking for an old preacher who lived near here and who was to carry his New York letter for mailing to Kansas City, when he accidentally stumbled upon John Brown's camp. His description is too long to give in full, but I venture to quote what impressed him most, and does credit to the little band.

"In this camp," says he, "no manner of profane language was permitted, no man of immoral character was allowed to stay except as a prisoner of war. It was at this time that the old man said to me, 'I would rather have the small-pox, yellow fever and cholera all together in my camp, than a man without principles.' 'It's a mistake, sir,' he continued, 'that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters.—Give me men of good principles, God-fearing men, men who respect themselves,—and with a dozen of them I will oppose any hundred of such men as these Buford ruffians.' I remained in the camp about an hour. Never before had I met such a band of men. They are not earnest, but earnestness incarnate."[67]

Bondi, who was present, has also given an account of the camp, and mentions Redpath's visit, stating that the latter encouraged them until "they felt as if they were the extreme outpost of the free North in Kansas."[68]

At this time Brown suggested that if they had to leave Kansas on account of the cowardice or indifference of their friends, they might go

[65] Connelley, 159, 160-1. Also Sanborn, 293.
[66] Sanborn, pp. 293-4.
[67] Sanborn, *Life &c.*, pp. 294-6. Also article in 8 *Kan. Hist Soc. Coll.*
[68] *Ibid.* See also Sanborn, p. 296.

Digitized by Google

to Louisiana and head an uprising of the slaves there, but Bondi advised against such a course.[69]

On the night of May 31, 1856, Pate camped on the prairie near the ravines, which formed a small stream called Black Jack, from the abundance of a scrub of that name which grew about it. He then went to Palmyra, which town he attacked and plundered, committing several outrages. A wagon was loaded with spoil, and then the company proceeded to go to Prairie City for pillage. The free state forces were all told thirty men, nineteen under Captain Shore and nine under Brown; Wiener and Bondi being among the latter. An encounter known as the Battle of Black Jack ensued, which lasted three hours, and is vividly described by several Kansas historians.[70] Pate was finally compelled to surrender; the free state men captured a large quantity of arms and ammunition, took twenty-six prisoners, and recovered much property that had been stolen from the settlers, including some of the plunder taken from Lawrence, and four wagons loaded with provisions.

A detailed account of this engagement, written by Mr. Bondi, may be found in Vol. 8 of the Kansas Historical Collections.[71]

In his report of the battle, made to a committee at Lawrence, John Brown gives a list of those who took part in the engagement, mentioning the two Jews referred to.[72]

Several years ago, Mr. Bondi wrote a letter concerning Black Jack, which is in the possession of the American Jewish Historical Society, and may not be without interest, showing incidentally the attachment of the followers to their leader. He writes as follows: "When we followed Captain Brown up the hill towards the Border Ruffians' Camp, I next to Brown and in advance of Wiener, we walked with bent backs, nearly crawled, that the tall dead grass of the year before might somewhat hide us from the Border Ruffian marksmen, yet the bullets kept on whistling. Wiener was 37 and weighed 250 lbs. I, 22 and lithe. Wiener puffed like a steamboat, hurrying behind me. I called out to him,

[69] See sketch in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, p. 283. Also Sanborn, p. 296.

[70] Connelley, pp. 162-5. Sanborn, pp. 297-305. Article in *The Morning Oregonian*, (Portland), Sept. 3, 1903. (The Battle of Black Jack). Emerson in his *Diary*, (March, 1857), mentions the Battle of Black Jack with evident satisfaction. The present writer possesses autograph letters from Mr. Bondi, giving detail concerning the engagement.

[71] See also Sanborn, pp. 293, 294, 297-308, and Connelley, 162-6.

[72] Sanborn, pp. 290 and 302.

Digitized by Google

'Nu, was meinen Sie jetzt.' ('Now, what do you think of this?') His answer, 'Was soll ich meinen,' ('What shall I think of it,') 'Sof odom muves' (a Hebrew phrase meaning 'the end of man is death,' or in modern phraseology, 'I guess we're up against it').

"In spite of the whistling of the bullets, I laughed when he said, 'Machen wir den alten Mann sonst broges" (Look out, we'll make the old man angry). We started and came up with Captain Brown, and we finished the job as related in the enclosed report." [73]

In a letter written by Brown to his friend Edward B. Whitman in August, 1856, he gives "Names of sufferers and persons who have made sacrifices in endeavoring to maintain and advance the Free State Cause in Kansas within my personal knowledge." He mentions nine groups, the first of which is:

"Two German refugees (thoroughly Free State) robbed at Pottawatomie, named Benjamin and Bondy (or Bundy) one has served under me as a volunteer; namely Bondy, Benjamin was a prisoner for some time. Suffered by men under Coffee & Pate." [74]

Shortly after the battle of Black Jack and in August, 1856, Brown organized a military company known as the Kansas Regulars. Those who enlisted subscribed to the following covenant:

"We, whose names are found on these and the next following pages, do hereby enlist ourselves to serve in the Free State Cause under John Brown as Commander, during the full period of time affixed to our names respectively, and we severally pledge our word and our sacred honor to said Commander and to each other that during the time for which we have enlisted we will faithfully and punctually perform our duty—as a regular volunteer force for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of the Free State citizens of Kansas." Then follow the usual military rules which the volunteers agree to obey.[75]

Thirty-five names are given with dates of enlistment, among them August 24, J. Benjamin, August 25, August Bondie." [76]

There is also extant a book in Brown's handwriting giving a list of twenty-seven names: "Volunteers in the fight of Black Jack or Palmyra,

[73] See also account, substantially identical with above, in *The Morning Oregonian*, (Portland, Oregon), Sept. 3, 1903, which also contains the pictures of Solomon Brown and August Bondi. The writer possesses a similar letter from Mr. Bondi.

[74] Sanborn, p. 241.

[75] Sanborn, pp. 287-290. Connelley, p. 179.

[76] Sanborn, p. 288. See also Richard J. Hinton, *John Brown and His Men*, p. 40. "To the camp came August Bondi, European engineer and soldier."

Digitized by Google

June 2, '56." Among these also are Theodore Weiner and August Bondy.[77]

On August 30,1856, occurred Brown's most famous engagement, known as the Battle of Osawatomie. Some 400 pro-slavery men attacked the town, and one of Brown's sons was killed. When he heard of the attack he hurried with about thirty men to its defense. Between forty and fifty of the assailants were wounded and thirty-one killed, but despite all, the defense was unavailing, for Osawatomie was burnt.[78] In 1877 a tablet was erected on the spot as a tribute to Brown and his men.[79] Both Bondi and Benjamin were in his company at the time, and took part in the engagement.[80]

Shortly afterward Brown left Kansas, returning, however, in 1858 under the assumed name of Shubal Morgan. He organized a military company and waged war against slavery in the southeastern border of Kansas. The list of this company contains fifteen names, among them that of Theodore Wiener.[81]

Wiener's subsequent career was not remarkably eventful; he served in the army for a time during the Civil War and died but recently. His remains are interred in the Jewish cemetery at St. Louis.[82]

Benjamin also served as a soldier during the Civil War, in the 11th Kansas for three years, and died in 1866.[83] Bondi continued an ardent supporter of the anti-slavery cause, and in 1857 stumped Anderson County for the Topeka Constitution which was promulgated by the Free State Party. He participated in the fights at Bayne's Ford and Little Osage, and when the Civil War broke out, was among the first to enlist, being first sergeant of Co. K, 5th Kansas Cavalry in 1861.[84] He participated in every engagement of his regiment, remaining in active service for over three years. A sketch of his career may be found in the Transactions of the Kansas Historical Society.[85] In August, 1865, he removed to Leavenworth, and in the following July to Saline County, which became his permanent home. He held various offices—Land Office Clerk, Postmaster,

[77] Sanborn, p. 290. [78] *Ibid.*, pp. 314-23. [79] *Ibid.*, p. 323.

[80] *Ibid.* Also sketch in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.* Also original letter from Mr. Bondi. See also *Recollections of John Brown* in *Springfield* (Massachusetts) *Republican*, and account in *Salina Journal*, Dec., 1883, and Jan., 1884.

[81] Sanborn, p. 474. See also Richard J. Hinton, *John Brown and His Men*, (N. Y., 1894), p. 643.

[82] Original letters from Mr. Bondi to the present writer.

[83] *Ibid.*

[84] *Ibid.* Also sketch in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, p. 275, &c.

[85] *Ibid.* Also 6 *Kan. State Hist. Soc. Coll.*, pp. 25, 431.

Digitized by Google

Member of the School Board, and for many years a director of the State Board of Charities and of the Kansas Historical Society. In 1860 he married Miss Henrietta Einstein at Leavenworth, and in his narrative describes himself as a consistent Jew.[86]

Some years ago he presented to the Kansas Historical Society a flintlock musket given to him by John Brown in 1856, and which was saved from the ashes of Bondi's cabin, burnt while he was with the Union Army during the Civil War.[87]

The career of Brown and his men, according to Rhodes and Burgess, accomplished practically nothing; according to Emerson and others it accomplished marvels. Even were we to subscribe to the former estimate, it is still an important element in American history. It may be likened to some intense pain in one of the limbs of the human frame, which though effecting no cure, yet draws constant attention to the fact that there is something seriously wrong, which the surgeon's knife may have to reach in order to save the entire body. Certain it is, that the activity of Brown and his men in Kansas attracted the attention of every part of the Union to the state of things existing there, never for a moment permitting the country to forget that slavery was the cause of it all, and that in order to save the Union, the surgery of the sword might be essential.

Whichever view we take, we cannot deny that John Brown was absolutely honest and that his handful of men were enthusiasts like himself. He seemed to instill into them his own spirit, and Bondi's account of the night before Black Jack, when they were all faint and hungry, may serve to illustrate the wonderful magnetism of the man:

"We were united," says Bondi, "as a band of brothers by the love and affection towards the man who, with tender words and wise counsel, in the depths of the wilderness of Ottawa Creek, prepared a handful of young men for the work of laying the foundation of a free Commonwealth." He constantly preached anti-slavery. "He expressed himself to us that we should never allow ourselves to be tempted by any consideration, to acknowledge laws and institutions to exist as of right, if our

[86] *Ibid* and original letters from Mr. Bondi to the present writer. Also a Mss. Account of his career written by Mr. Bondi but unpublished. See also *Recollections of John Brown* in *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* and *Salina Journal*, Dec. 1883, and Jan., 1884. Also article in 6 *Kan. State Hist. Soc. Coll.*, 431, 425

[87] See 3 *Kan. Hist. Coll.*, p. 134. In Jan'y, 1886, in a letter to the Committee of the Quarter Centennial, John Brown, Jr., mentions Bondi as one of his father's company. *Ibid.*, 465.

Digitized by Google

conscience and reason condemned them." Some of the remarks quoted are full of loftiest sentiments.[88]

In conclusion it may not be inappropriate to give here Brown's own opinion of the men who stood by his side in Kansas. I will quote from that famous New Englander, Thoreau, who speaks of Brown in Kansas as follows: "He was like the best of those who stood at Concord Bridge once, on Lexington Common and on Bunker Hill, only he was firmer and higher-principled than any I have chanced to hear of there—Ethan Allen and Stark, with whom he may in some respects be compared, were rangers in a lower order and less important field. They could bravely face their country's foes, but he had the courage to face his country herself when she was in the wrong. He was never able to find more than a score or so of recruits whom he would accept, and only about a dozen in whom he had perfect faith. When he was here, he showed me a little manuscript book—his Orderly book, I think he called it—containing the names of his company in Kansas, and the rules by which they bound themselves, and he stated that several of them had already sealed the contract with their blood. When someone remarked that with the addition of a Chaplain, it would have been a perfect Cromwellian troop, he observed, that he would have been glad to add a Chaplain to the list, if he could have found one who could fill the office worthily. I believe that he had prayers in his camp morning and evening nevertheless." [89]

Independently of what our views concerning John Brown may be, this paper may serve to emphasize that the Jew is no exception in the history of our country. The numerous papers in the volumes of the Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society have shown that the Jew may be found as a pioneer in the history of almost all of the thirteen original colonies; that in proportion to his numbers he took his share in the Revolutionary struggle, and in every crisis through which our country has passed. Here again in the stormy days in Kansas, we find Jews standing shoulder to shoulder with fellow-citizens of other denominations, fighting for the cause they believed to be right. On the slavery issue the Jews, like their Christian fellows, were by no means united; the Jew of the North gave his life for the flag, while many a Southern Jew was buried in his coat of gray.

LEON HÜHNER, A. M., LL. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

[88] Sketch in 8 *Kan. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, p. 283.
[89] Thoreau's *Diary*, 1857-8. See also Sanborn, *Life, &c.*, p. 503.

Digitized by Google

MINNESOTA COUNTY NAMES

(*Second Paper*)

McLEOD, March 1, 1856; for Martin McLeod, a prominent pioneer of this State. He was born in Montreal, 1813, of Scotch parentage, and there received a liberal education. In 1836 he came to the Northwest, voyaging in an open boat on Lake Superior, from its mouth to La Pointe, Wis., and thence walking more than six hundred miles to the Pembina settlement on the Red river, where he arrived in December. The next March, starting with two young British officers and Pierre Bottineau as guide, he came to the trading house of Joseph R. Brown, at Lake Traverse, arriving March 21, after a journey of nineteen days and a most perilous experience of hunger and cold, due to successive blizzards, by one of which the two officers perished. Coming to Fort Snelling in April, 1837, he was afterward during many years engaged as a fur trader for Chouteau & Co., under the direction of General Sibley, being in charge of trading posts successively on the St. Croix river, at Traverse des Sioux, Big Stone Lake, Lac qui Parle, and Yellow Medicine. Mr. McLeod was a member of the Council in the Territorial Legislature for the years 1849 to 1853, being president of the council in 1853. He died November 20, 1860, on his farm, in Bloomington, Hennepin county.

Mahnomen, December 27, 1906; the Ojibway name of wild rice. From this excellent native grain we have also the English name of the Wild Rice lakes and of the Wild Rice river, which has its source in these lakes and flows through Mahnomen county. The same word has been more commonly spelled Manomin, and in this spelling was the name of a former very small county of this State between Anoka and St. Anthony (the east part of Minneapolis), existing from 1857 to 1869. Other orthographic forms of this word in geographic names are Menominee and Menomonie.

Marshall, February 25, 1879; for Gen. William Rainey Marshall, Governor of Minnesota, 1866 to 1870. He was born near Columbia, Mo., 1825; came in 1849 to St. Anthony; and in 1851 removed to St.

Digitized by Google

Paul, becoming its pioneer hardware merchant. He served through the Sioux Indian war and the Civil War; was Governor of this State two terms; and afterward was railroad commissioner, 1876 to 1882. He died in California, January 8, 1896.

Martin, May 23, 1857; said by Mr. R. I. Holcombe and others to have been named, like McLeod county, before noted, for Hon. Martin McLeod. It mav however, have been proposed by General Sibley in honor of his frie ıd, Hon. Morgan Lewis Martin (1805-1887), who, as delegate in Congress from Wisconsin Territory, on December 23, 1846, introduced the bill for the organization of the Territory of Minnesota.

Meeker, February 23, 1856; for Hon. Bradley B. Meeker, associate justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court, 1849 to 1853. He was born in Connecticut in 1813, but studied law in Kentucky. He came to St. Anthony, and held the first court there, in the old government mill on the west side of the river, in July, 1849. He purchased a large tract of land on the Mississippi river below the falls of St. Anthony, including Meeker's island, and extending eastward; and he foresaw and often spoke of the coming great prosperity of the city of Minneapolis. He died, in Milwaukee, where he had halted on a journey to the East, February 20, 1873.

Mille Lacs, May 23, 1857; for the large lake of this name, crossed by the north boundary of the county. The French *voyageurs* and traders, as Nicollet states, following their usual practice of translating the Indian name, called the country, having "all sorts of lakes," the Mille Lacs (Thousand Lakes) region; whence this name came to be applied more particularly to this largest lake of the region.

Morrison, February 25, 1856; for William Morrison, the first white man to see Itasca Lake, (1804) unless he was preceded by French *voyageurs,* of whom no record remains. He was born in Montreal in 1780, and came to the Northwest, to engage in the fur trade, in 1802. He established, for the American Fur Company, under John Jacob Astor, a series of trading posts on the St. Louis and Rainy rivers to the Lake of the Woods. In 1826 he returned to Canada, where he died 1866.

Mower, February 20, 1855; for Hon. John E. Mower, member of the council in the Territorial Legislature for 1854-5. He was born in Bangor, Maine, 1815; came to St. Croix Falls, Wis., in 1842, but removed to Stillwater, Minn., in 1844. He engaged in lumbering at Arcola near Stillwater, and died there, June 11, 1879.

Digitized by Google

Murray, May 23, 1857; for Hon. William Pitt Murray, of St. Paul, member of the Territorial Legislature 1852-5, and again in 1857, being president of the council in 1855. He was born in Hamilton, Ohio, 1827; was graduated from the law school of Indiana University in 1849, and came to St. Paul in December of the same year, where he has since resided. During sixteen years he was a member of the city council, being six years its president. He was a Representative and Senator in the State Legislature several terms, 1863 to 1876. In the latter year he was elected city attorney and held his office thirteen years.

Nicollet, March 5, 1853; for Joseph Nicolas Nicollet, geographer and explorer, born in Cluses, Savoy, 1786; became an officer of the astronomical observatory in Paris in 1817; was financially ruined by the revolution of 1830 and two years later came to the United States. Under the direction of the United States War Department and Bureau of Topographical Engineers, he made a canoe journey, in 1836, from Fort Snelling up the Mississippi to Itasca Lake, and in 1838 a trip up the Minnesota river and past Lake Shetek, to the red pipestone quarry. He died in Washington, 1843.

Nobles, May 23, 1857; for Col. William H. Nobles (1816-1876), who was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1854 and 1856, and in the autumn of the latter year began the construction of a wagon road for the United States government, crossing southwestern Minnesota and this county, to extend from Fort Ridgely to the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. This work was continued in 1857, but was not completed. He came to Minnesota in 1843, and resided in Stillwater and St. Paul. He removed to California in 1849, where he spent a few years and discovered the pass through the Sierra Nevada mountains that bears his name.

Norman, February 17, 1881; said to be named, like Kittson county three years earlier, for Hon. Norman W. Kittson, who accomplished much for the extension of commerce and immigration to the Red River Valley. Another explanation of the origin of this name, given by some who were present in the convention at Ada for securing the establishment of the county, is that it commemorates the large proportion of Scandinavian (Norseman or Norman) immigrants who settled there and were a majority in the convention.

Olmsted, February 20, 1855; believed by many to be named in

Digitized by Google

honor of Hon. David Olmsted, first mayor of St. Paul, in 1854, who the following year removed to Winona. He was born in Fairfax, Vt., 1822; came to Minnesota in 1848, and was a member of the council in the first Territorial Legislature, 1849-50, being its president. In 1853 he became proprietor and editor of the Minnesota *Democrat,* published in St. Paul. He died in his old home in Vermont in 1861.

Another prominent citizen to whom some ascribe the honor of this county name was Hon. S. Baldwin Olmstead. He was a member of the Territorial Council in 1854-55, when this county was created, having been president of the council the former year. He was born in Otsego county, N. Y., about 1810; and died 1878, in Texas, where he had settled at the close of the Civil War. His name was spelled differently from that of this county.

Otter Tail, March 18, 1858; from the lake of this name, which derives its peculiar Ojibway designation, here translated, from a long and narrow sand bar, formed long ago and now wholly covered with large woods, which extends curvingly southeast and south between the last mile of the inflowing Otter Tail (or Red) river and the lake, at its eastern end.

Pine, March 1, 1856; from extensive pineries, of white and red (Norway) pine, in various parts of this district, since much worked by lumbermen; perhaps also from the Pine river, here tributary from the west to the Kettle river. Pine City, the county seat, received its name from that of the county.

Pipestone, May 23, 1857; at first applied to the area which is now Rock county, as before narrated, referring to the Indian quarry of red pipestone, situated in this county. The pipestone, also called Catlinite, occurs as a layer about eighteen inches thick, inclosed in strata of red quartzite. It has been quarried by the Indians along an extent of nearly a mile from north to south, their earliest quarrying here having been done hundreds of years ago. This tract is now comprised in an Indian reservation, one mile square, which is set apart by treaty solely for this quarrying by the Indian tribes, and no trespassing there by white men is permitted.

Polk, July 20, 1858; for James Knox Polk, President of the United States, 1845-1849.

WARREN UPHAM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Digitized by Google

GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER.

(*Second Paper*)

FROM this date in 1763 we have the record evidence of his presence and life in South Carolina. On 26th March, 1763, the South Carolina *Gazette* of that date mentions that a Frenchman had been lately delivered up by Mr. Sumter to Lieutenant Charles Taylor, commandant at Fort Prince George, Keehowee—adding: "If the great warrior has been in the nation, 'tis thought Mr. Sumter would not have been suffered to bring him away."

In the *Gazette* of 23d April, 1763, it is stated that the French prisoner taken by Mr. Sumter in the Cherokee Nation in February had been that week brought to town.

It is not stated in what capacity Mr. Sumter was in the Cherokee Nation, nor is his personal name given; he is styled Mr. Sumter. In the light of what follows there is little room to doubt it was Thomas Sumter. In his letter to Jos. Martin, before alluded to, dated 7th December, 1763, Sumter says: "If you intend out next spring. I wish you Good success in all your Partention, and if I Go myself I shall have a Company, which by the promises that I have had I have Great Reason to Expect it."

This would appear to refer to some expectation he had of being appointed to command a company in some proposed Indian expedition. In 1761 the expedition from South Carolina, under the command of Colonel Grant, had so thoroughly humbled the Cherokees that no expedition against them was in contemplation—at least from South Carolina. There may have been, however, from the more northern colonies.

In 1766 he purchased from Aquila Miles a tract of two hundred acres of land on the south side of Santee River, in the eastern part of what is now Orangeburg County.[10] He was in South Carolina earlier

[10] M. C. O., Charleston, Bk. Z, No. 3, p. 267.

Digitized by Google

than that, for in 1765 he mortgaged slaves to William Fludd, of St. John's Parish, Berkeley.[11]

On October 25, 1768, in a bill of sale describing himself as Thomas Sumter, of Craven County—merchant—he sold a female slave to Miss Lynch Roberts.[12]

On the 21st June, 1769, he mortgaged 7 negro slaves to secure the loan of £1,050, currency of the province.[13]

On the 18th November, 1769, describing himself as "Thomas Sumter, storekeeper," of St. Mark's Parish, Craven County, he mortgaged 16 men, 3 boys, 10 women and 3 girl slaves to secure a loan of £5,000, currency of the province.[14]

For explanation, it should be stated that St. Mark's Parish was created in 1757, and included what is now Sumter and Clarendon counties.

On 1st June, 1771, we find Thomas Sumter and Mary, his wife, of the Parish of St. Mark, conveying to Samuel Dubois the 200 acres he had purchased from Aquila Miles.[15]

Exactly when the marriage of Sumter took place cannot be said, as there appears to be no record remaining. Some time evidently between 1763 and 1768—when his eldest child was born.

He married a widow—Mrs. Mary Jameson, who had been Miss Mary Cantey.[16] She was the daughter of Joseph Cantey, of St. Mark's Parish, and the granddaughter of Captain William Cantey,[17] originally of Ashley River, and possibly the same Captain Cantey who, at the siege of Charleston by the French and Spaniards in 1706, distinguished himself, with Captain Fenwicke, by defeating a party of the enemy, who had landed on Wando Neck, and who in November, 1711, accompanied

[11] Office Secy State, Mortgage Bk. 3 Bs, p.
[12] Prof., Ct. Charleston, Bk. 1767, 1771, p. 26.
[13] Office Secy. State, Mortgage Bk., 3 As, p. 462.
[14] *Ibid,* Mortgage Bk., 3 Cs, p. 18.
[15] M. C. O., Charleston, Bk. Z, No. 3, p. 267.
[16] Prof., Ct. Charleston, Bk. M. M., p. 79.
[17] *Ibid,* Bk. 1774, 1778, p. 410.

Digitized by Google

Colonel James Moore [18] in his expedition to North Carolina against the Tuscaroras.†

Sumter continued in St. Mark's Parish, and the following grants of land to him prior to 1775 appear of record:

1,000 acres on the north side of Santee, granted 27th November, 1770.

450 acres in St. Mark's Parish, granted 4th May, 1771.
750 acres on Tawcaw Creek, granted 23d January, 1773.
550 acres on Potato Creek, granted 30th September, 1774.

In 1775 we find him a prosperous and prospering planter and merchant of St. Mark's Parish, in which he had been resident for ten years, and married to a member of one of the oldest families in the province.

In that year, 1775, he entered upon the sphere of public life in the service of South Carolina, in which he was to continue for near forty years.

The first organized meeting of the inhabitants of the Province of South Carolina held, as in any way representing the province as a whole to consider measures to act in unison with the other colonies in resistance to the arbitrary actions of the British ministry, was held in Charles Town in July, 1774. This meeting, although sometimes styled a provincial congress, was in no sense such. It was practically the congregating together of whoever chose to come to the meeting. It originated in a call issued by the inhabitants of Charles Town to the rest of the province for a general provincial meeting. The people were at liberty to elect as many deputies as they chose, or if they saw fit, to attend in person without sending deputies.

The meeting was held in Charles Town on the 6th July, 1774. One hundred and four deputies attended from all parts of the colony. It was, however, determined that votes should be given by each person present, and not by representation of sections, and that whoever chose to attend might do so and give his vote.

[18] McCrady says, Vol. 1, p. 499, that he accompanied Colonel John Barnwell in his expedition in 1712, but this is an error. Captain Cantey accompanied Colonel Moore in the later expedition in 1713.

† The Captain Cantey may have been John, not William, Cantey—as both seem to have been termed "Captain" at that time.

NOTE.—According to the family tradition, Mrs. Sumter died in 1817, a little over 93 years of age.

Digitized by Google

This general meeting sat for three days, adopted certain resolutions, elected deputies to represent the colony in the General Congress to be held in Philadelphia, and appointed a general committee of ninety-nine persons to continue in authority until the next general meeting.

It is not known if Sumter attended this meeting. There is no known list of the persons who did attend, and the informal character of the meeting itself would seem to have precluded any such list being made.[19]

In November, 1774, this general committee of ninety-nine persons arranged for a general meeting of the inhabitants of the colony by representation—the number of representatives from the different sections of the colony being apportioned to an aggregate of one hundred and eighty-four members. To the district lying eastward of the Wateree River was allotted ten representatives, and the Assembly was to meet in Charles Town on the 11th January, 1775.

The Assembly met on the day set, and is generally known as the first Provincial Congress. Thomas Sumter was elected as one of the ten delegates from the district east of the Wateree River. Among the other nine delegates were: Colonel Richard Richardson, Jos. Kershaw, Eli Kershaw, Matthew Singleton, William Richardson, William Wilson.

The journals of this Congress are not in existence in any extended form, and it is not possible, therefore, to say what part Sumter took in its deliberations. That he was present and did take part would appear from his being selected as one of the committee for the district eastward of the Wateree River to carry into execution the Continental Association, which had been approved and resolved upon by the Congress.[20]

This Congress adjourned on the 17th January, 1775, but on receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington in May, 1775, the general committee summoned the Provincial Congress to meet again on the 1st June, 1775.

On the fourth day after its meeting the Provincial Congress determined to provide effective means for the military protection of the colony, and to that end resolved to raise three regiments—two regiments of foot and one regiment of cavalry rangers.[21]

[19] Drayton's *Memoirs*, Vol. 1, pp. 112, 126; Ramsay's *Rev. in S. C.*, Vol. 1, p. 18; Moultrie's *Memoirs*, Vol. 1, p. 10.

[20] Moultrie's *Memoirs*, Vol. 1, p. 45.

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 64; Ramsay, Vol. 1, p. 34; Drayton, Vol. 1, p. 255.

Digitized by Google

The military system of the colony at the time was based upon a militia system. The whole colony was divided into separate military districts, in which each regiment and company was composed of the arms-bearing population residing in a defined area.[22] The officers had their commissions—as colonel, major, captain, etc., as the case might be, in the militia. The system was compulsory—*i. e.*, upon the exigencies provided for by law this militia was summoned out and was bound to appear and do military duty, but only for a limited time. Like all militia serving without pay (except when actually drafted for service), and in pursuance of a legal duty, it represented a more or less uncertain quantity, and the determination of the Congress to raise these regiments was to provide for a certain fixed military establishment under military discipline to meet the emergency of the impending conflict. The officers of these regiments were then elected by the Provincial Congress. Sumter was not elected an officer at that time. Francis Marion was elected a captain in the Second regiment, of which William Moultrie was elected colonel. William Thomson was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of rangers, and Moses Kirkland was elected one of the captains in Thomson's regiment.[23]

The Provincial Congress adjourned on 22d June, 1775, but before adjournment elected a Council of Safety, composed of thirteen members. To this Council of Safety was given the most ample and enlarged powers for the conduct of the Government and the prosecution of the colony's defense. That Sumter was an applicant for a military position at the time would appear from the following circumstances:

In July, 1775, William Henry Drayton and the Rev. William Tennent were sent by the Council of Safety as commissioners to the back country to endeavor to quiet and appease the very serious condition of unrest and disaffection to the revolutionary administration and its measures, which existed among the people in the upper and back country.

The commissioners left Charles Town early in August, 1775, and on August 7 addressed a communication to the Council of Safety from the Congaree store, near Granby, in which they say:

> "We have consulted with Col. Richardson" (Col. Richard Richardson, colonel of the Camden regiment of militia)[24] "touching Mr. Sumter's application to the Council. The Colonel readily approved not only of the measure, but of the man,

[22] Drayton, Vol. 1, p. 357.
[23] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 65.
[24] Drayton, Vol. 1, p. 308.

Digitized by Google

notwithstanding Kirkland" (a disaffected Tory, who had been a Whig) "recommended him as his successor in the company of rangers, which he has so treacherously quitted and attempted to disband. The Colonel nevertheless, from his seeming connection with Kirkland, purposes to keep a sharp eye upon Mr. Sumter's conduct." [25]

To this the Council of Safety replied on the 13th August, 1775:

"We think it best to postpone the consideration of a military appointment for Mr. Sumter until your return, or till we more clearly understand what duty he proposes to take upon himself and upon what consideration." ‡ [26]

The Council, however, later made the appointment, for we find him, in November, 1775, holding the office of captain in Thomson's regiment of rangers.[27]

The position of affairs in the back country had become so threatening in November, 1775, that Colonel Richard Richardson had been ordered to march to the assistance of Major Andrew Williamson, who was then actually besieged at Ninety-Six by the Tory insurgents. Richardson was in command of the army, which, in addition to his own regiment and other bodies of militia, included Thomson's regiment of rangers. This advance of Richardson was entirely successful. All armed opposition was put down, the insurrection crushed and the leaders of the insurgents taken, while their followers were largely disarmed. The campaign was carried on under circumstances of uncommon exposure and hardship, so as to give it the name of the "Snow Campaign," but so successful was its result that the Provincial Congress in March, 1776, presented their thanks to Richardson, and the officers and men under his command, for the important and signal services they had rendered.[28] On this campaign Captain Thomas Sumter, of the regiment of rangers, was constituted by Colonel Richardson adjutant-general, and Major Joseph Kershaw was appointed major of brigades, commissary-general and treasurer.[29]

H. A. M. SMITH.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

[25] Gibbes's *Doc. Hist.*, Vol. 1, p. 129.

‡ In the minutes of the Provincial Congress, which sat in February, 1776, he appears as Captain Sumter.

[26] S. C. *Hist. & Gen. Mag.*, Vol 1, p. 131.

[27] Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 135.

[28] Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 135.

[29] *Ibid*, p. 137.

Digitized by Google

SONG FOR JOHN ADAMS' BIRTHDAY.

(October 31)

Air—*Hail Columbia.*

AMERICA, shout! thy own ADAMS still lives!
The terror of traitors and pride of our nation!
'Mid clouds of detraction, still glorious survives,
Sedition's dread scourage, and his country's salvation.
Let his fame then resound
The wide universe round,
'Till Heaven's starry arch the loud chorus rebound!
Such honors, pure worth must from gratitude claim,
Till the Sun is extinct and the Globe all on flame!

As bright Sol, whom the planets exulting obey,
Darts thro' clouds those glad beams that enliven creation,
So ADAMS, midst tempests and storms, with mild sway,
Of our system the centre and soul, holds his station.
Tho' dire comets may rise,
Let them meet but his eyes.
And in tangents they whirl, and retreat thro' the skies.
Our Sun, Regent, Centre! then ever extol,
Till yon Orb cease to shine and those Planets to roll.

As gold try'd by fire leaves the dross all behind,
So, slander'd by Jacobin sons of sedition,
ADAMS bursts forth refulgent as Saints are refin'd
From the furnace of Satan, that Son of perdition!
Then let Adams be sung
By each patriot tongue,
And COLUMBIA'S loud lyre be to exstacy strung!
These honors such worth must from gratitude claim
Till the Sun is extinct and the heavens on flame!

Digitized by Google

On Neptune's vast Kingdom where oceans can flow,
Display'd is our *Standard,* our *Eagle* respected,
This change to great ADAMS and wisdom we owe—
Now our *Commerce* rides safe, by our *Cannon* protected.
Then three cheers to our Fleet!
May they never retreat
But with prize after prize their lov'd PRESIDENT greet!
And ne'er may COLUMBIANS *grow cold in his praise*
Till the Sun is extinct and the Universe blaze!

But while our young Navy such rapture excites,
Our heroes by land claim our warm admiration.
With manhood and youth, ev'n the infant unites,
Sons of Heroes! boast, pride and defence of our Nation!
Such a spirit's gone forth
Of true valor and worth,
'Twould be arduous to tame it, all pow'rs upon earth!
'Twas ADAMS *inspir'd it—to him be the praise*
Long as Cynthia shall shine or the Sun dart his rays!

But turn us to Europe—how fares it with *France?*
What! confounded, amaz'd, such astonishment ne'er rose!
From the North bursts SUWARROW! I see him advance,
That Victor of victors, that Hero of heroes!
Hardy Russian, *Mon Dieu!*
If this course you pursue
You will leave Mighty WASHINGTON nothing to do.
At that name the Muse kindles, and twining fresh bays
Blends with ADAMS'S *glory, great* WASHINGTON'S *praise!*

Not a nation on earth would we fear with such aid
(Heav'n save us alone from *internal* commotion!)
Not Britain, France, Europe—COLUMBIA would dread
Their forces by land, their proud fleets on the ocean,
Our Heroes prepar'd
Would their progress retard,
Sage ADAMS to guide and great WASHINGTON guard.
Their Glory increasing as nature decays
In Eternity's Temple refulgent shall blaze!

JONATHAN M. SEWALL.

1798.

Digitized by Google

WHEN OUR SOLDIERS FIGHT THE WEATHER.

ALTHOUGH the bravery of the American soldier in battle is well known, few people outside the army realize the severe hardships they undergo in the Far West and the Territories on account of climatic conditions. An instance of this is shown in the recent story from Seattle about the experience of officers and men of the Signal Corps and of an infantry regiment detailed to watch the Government telegraph lines in Alaska.

In last November and December, violent blizzards raged across the country traversed by the Valdez-Fairbanks wires. As soon as a line goes down, operators must set out through the driving blizzards to locate and repair the trouble. Soldiers and mail carriers are the only persons who attempt a journey across the summit of this trail in bad weather.

In October there were four feet of snow on it, and fallen trees and litter blocked the path so that travel was extremely slow at the best. Recently an infantryman, Marion Loften, was lost in the woods along the third section of the line. Sergeant Hogan, who brought the news, said that the soldier was travelling alone and apparently had wandered from the trail. Later word was received that the missing man had been found by a searching party.

Private Moore, on his way to Gulkana from Northfork, arrived at Chestochena on the morning of October 14, his legs swollen terribly from freezing. A packer of the army, Cole by name, on his way from Liscum to the cut-off, lost eight of his sixteen pack animals. Continuous patrol of the line is not maintained, but as soon as a Signal Corps operator loses communication with the station next to him, it is his duty to set out to remedy the trouble, no matter how the storm blows or how low the thermometer.

Army officers have long rendered helpful service in that Territory in making the world acquainted with the conditions. Life there is harder upon the men than is realized, and the difficulties under which the lines

Digitized by Google

are kept open are but slightly understood in the East. Troops have lived in tents while working on the telegraph lines when the thermometer was often sixty degrees below zero or more.

Even before army officers aided in this arduous work of establishing telegraph lines, they had made a reputation by exploring the country, and sometimes they have been more freely complimented for their work abroad than at home. Thus the Royal Geographical Society elected Colonel P. Henry Ray, now retired, a Fellow in 1884, for his work in the Alaskan wilds in the early '80s. Colonel Ray went to the cold country in 1881, accompanied by other officers and enlisted men of the army. His party was out of the United States for over twenty-seven months. They brought back the record of an unbroken series of hourly observations in meteorology, magnetism, tides and earth temperature, besides a large collection in natural history. Colonel Ray himself penetrated to a point never before visited by white men.

More recent is the experience which Captain J. C. Castner, Fourth Infantry, had in Alaska when he was a lieutenant. At one time he and two soldiers were given up for lost. Captain Castner walked a distance of 1,375 miles in fifty-two days, an average of twenty-six miles a day. In June, 1898, he took part in an exploring expedition sent out by the Government to locate a pass through the Alaskan mountain range. Starting from the northwestern part of Alaska, the captain, with two soldiers of the Fourteenth Infantry, went in a southwesterly direction across an unexplored country, finally arriving at the Yukon River, near the mouth of the Tanana River, on October 11 in that year, having traversed altogether a distance of nearly 2,000 miles.

At that point Captain Castner and his soldiers were taken in charge by a band of Tanana Indians. The captain was delirious by reason of his privations. For six days the party had lived on nothing but wild cranberries, as even the rose apple, which had formed a portion of their diet, with what game they could kill, had become unobtainable on account of the deep snow. At an early stage of the journey Castner and the two soldiers had lost their firearms and blankets while floating on a raft down a stream. A low tree brushed the members of the party and all their belongings into the deep river. They were lucky to save a few matches with which to start a fire.

The shoes of the officer and soldiers were early worn to shreds, and

Digitized by Google

they had to strip themselves of part of their clothing with which to make bandages. The men had started out with dogs and sleds to carry their baggage, but the dogs perished for lack of food shortly after crossing the mountain range. Having lost their axe, the soldiers had to break the way with their naked hands. They killed pack mules and ate them, and shot a wolf, narrowly escaping death by starvation.

Once on the Yukon, the two privates decided they had had enough of exploring, and left their officer. Captain Castner then found a Canadian who volunteered to accompany him down the Yukon, and they started on their tramp on the ice to the mouth of the river. It was on this journey that a record of twenty-six miles a day was made. Upon his arrival at Skagway, on the western coast, on February 24, 1899, the officer was informed that the Government was organizing a relief expedition to search for him.

No less interesting is the experience which Lieutenant Joseph S. Herron of the Eighth Cavalry, now captain, Second Cavalry, had while he was a member of the party known as the Cook's Inlet Exploring Expedition, which was commanded by Captain E. F. Glenn of the Twenty-fifth Infantry in 1899. The expedition brought much fatigue, and in some instances involved considerable personal risk from snowslides. Three miles was an ordinary day's journey. For two weeks in August, Herron was disabled by a sprained ankle, but rode a pack-horse. In September, frost killed the grass and leaves, and the horses were fed on flour. One night a big black bear knocked down a cache and ate fifty pounds of bacon.

Fortunately, an Indian crossed the bear's trail and killed it, and, finding bacon in its stomach, started out to find the white men. After locating the party, the Indian took them to his village, a distance of twenty-five miles, where Herron was compelled to remain two months before he could return to civilization. In that time he learned something of the language of the tribe, and gained much knowledge of the country yet to be explored. In the meantime, the horses had either died or had been killed and eaten. The horse blankets carried by the party were made into clothing, socks, and mits.

Late in November, 1899, Herron and four Indian guides resumed the exploration on snowshoes, blazing a trail and mapping the country as he went along. In the extremely cold nights that ensued, the men

Digitized by Google

bivouacked on the ground, digging through the snow, using their snowshoes as shovels. They piled shelters of spruce trees around them and kept the fire going all night, to avoid being frozen to death.

On December 11, 1899, they reached their objective point, the junction of the Tanana and Yukon Rivers, after having passed five months and eleven days on the trail. The total number of miles travelled was 1000, all on foot. For a long time the War Department thought that the party was lost.

Major William A. Abercrombie of the Thirtieth Infantry led an expedition into the Copper River country of Alaska in 1898. He was then a captain in the Second Infantry. With an outfit of 557 reindeer and sleds, equipment supplies, and 113 Laplanders as drivers and herders, he arrived at Port Valdez on July 8. A month later he crossed the Valdez glacier at an altitude of 5000 feet and, after extraordinary hardships, descended into the valley of Copper River.

According to Major Abercrombie, the mental strain at that stage of the journey was terrific. The men and the animals were so badly used up that it would have been impossible for them to survive another night on the glacier, and their progress through the crevasses had been so slow that he was afraid that he would not be able to cross the summit in daylight. He returned to Port Valdez on October 15, having covered a little more than 500 miles on foot, horseback, and raft since August 5.

But suffering in cold weather has not been confined to the troops serving in Alaska. Before the settlement of the Northwest, frightful experiences were undergone by soldiers campaigning in winter against the warring Indians. The bravery and suffering in Texas of Lieutenant Henry B. Mellen of the Sixth Cavalry, who died in 1906, are often recalled. He served through the Civil War in the California Volunteers, was appointed a second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry in 1866, and became a first lieutenant two years later. In the winter of 1870 the Kiowa and Comanche Indians were making things interesting in Texas for the soldiers.

Mellen, who was stationed there with his regiment, was an officer of a detachment sent out from Fort Richardson after a band of redskins. When the force was still many miles from the post, a courier notified the commander that another detachment had had a fight with the Indians, and that an officer was needed at the post at once.

Digitized by Google

Because Mellen had the best horse in the squadron, he was selected to return. He started early in the morning, and that afternoon he was pursued by a band of Comanches. Reaching a stream, his horse jumped over it. One Indian also attempted the feat, but the distance was too great for his horse, and he landed in the bottom of the gulch. Mellen then turned his horse down the bank, and into the middle of the stream. Later, upon emerging from the water, and in climbing the bank, the horse slipped and fell backward, with his rider under him. Mellen was encumbered with overcoat, riding boots, and pistols, but succeeded in pulling himself out of the icy stream. Upon reaching the shore, he fainted.

When he recovered consciousness, he found that he could not move his legs, as they were frozen to the ground. His horse did not desert him. All that night, and through the following day and night, the officer lay in this frightful predicament, without food or water, and seemingly with no hope of rescue. The second day at dusk, although extremely weak and in frightful pain, he succeeded by a desperate effort in getting hold of one of the stirrup straps on the horse and urging the faithful animal to move. The lieutenant's boots were literally torn from the ground. He could not stand on his feet, but, after a number of attempts, he finally succeeded in getting into the saddle. Then he was too overcome to urge the horse in any direction, and the animal picked his own way.

Finally they arrived at a hunters' camp, and one of the men was sent to Fort Richardson for assistance. Upon the arrival of an army surgeon at the camp, it was found that both of Lieutenant Mellen's feet were frozen solid. His left leg was amputated below the knee, and the right foot was taken off at the ankle. Mellen pulled through the ordeal, and two years later he was placed on the army retired list. The rank of captain was given to him in 1904. He lived nearly thirty-six years after his terrible experience.

B. P.

Evening Post, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

MINOR TOPICS.

GROWING TEA AT HOME

THANKS to the persistence of the Department of Agriculture, the American citizen, with a fancy for his own garden patch, may now gather his own tea from his back yard, as he does his green peas, young onions, and other vegetables.

There is, however, a restriction on this privilege. To enjoy it, the citizen must abide by certain geographical limits, like the cotton-grower. The tea crop is sure only where the temperature never falls to zero. "The climate of the Southern and Gulf States," says George F. Mitchell of the Bureau of Plant Industry, "is in general admirably adapted to the culture of the tea plant." If every householder may not grow his own tea, being outside the favored boundaries, at least he is sure to buy his tea much cheaper when the Southern planters produce the home-grown leaves in any considerable quantity.

It has cost the Government a pretty penny though, to achieve this, but the importance of the cup that exhilarates without befuddling, is one of the best established facts in our political history. During the years when a tyrannical and stupid British government maintained a tax on tea imported into the American Colonies, public opinion not only led to the dumping of a cargo into the waters of Boston Bay, and other cargoes into other waters and to the burning of the good ship *Peggy Stewart,* with her chests of tea, at Annapolis, but it also prohibited the drinking of tea by the colonists.

How great was the privation this generation can hardly realize. Although we import nearly 100,000,000 pounds of tea a year, of the value of nearly $15,000,000, still we are not such tea drinkers as were our English sires and their dames, or as the English are to-day. As George Sand remarked to Matthew Arnold, whenever two or more of them gather they must be served with "the insipid beverage." She preferred wines. A century ago the English and some of the colonial dames

Digitized by Google

were almost as much addicted to tea as are the Russians, who keep the samovar forever steaming. From being the beloved drink which promoted sociability among our Revolutionary forbears, tea became to them, in the words of the hysterical Boston appeal, "that worst of plagues, the detested tea." Some could not always resist the temptation to indulge in it privately, and when discovered, they were harshly treated by public opinion, which was stronger than a Parliamentary statute. It is authentic that a fashionable woman in Maryland, giving a large party, quietly invited the most discreet of her guests to an upstairs chamber, where she served the forbidden drink. Her husband, more patriotic, slipped into the room, and dropped a plug of strong tobacco into the tea-kettle. In the main, however, as soon as the news of the odious tax reached the colonies, the ladies sincerely "bade farewell to the teaboard, with its gaudy equipage of cups and saucers, its cream-buckets, and its sugar-tongs."

The newspaper humorists in the early eighties enjoyed themselves vastly during the term of William G. Le Duc as Commissioner of Agriculture. He had bought, with public funds, a Georgia farm, and hired the former owner to experiment with the growing of tea. The final crop was a few pounds of very good tea, and by dividing the cost of the farm, of labor, of implements, and of seeds by the number of pounds it was made to appear that we could grow tea in this country for something like $1200 a pound. Yet had Mr. Le Duc been allowed to go on he would have shown them what has since been amply demonstrated—that it is practicable and profitable for the Southern people to raise all the tea they can use, and a large part of the quantity consumed by the whole country. Le Duc was retired, and his successor did not have the courage to continue the experiment in the face of newspaper paragraphers short of material.

In truth, the fact that we have a climate and soil favorable to the profitable growing of tea was fairly established more than a century ago, when Michaux, the French botanist, planted and gathered his tea crops on a farm near Charleston, S. C. Again, in 1848, a London physician, Dr. Junius Smith, bought a plantation near Greenville, in the same State, and two or three years later he wrote that his tea plants were doing finely, and had, on January 3, withstood a snow nine inches deep. "We have now demonstrated," he said, "the adaptation of the tea plant to the soil and climate of this country." After his death, in 1852, his plants

Digitized by Google

were neglected, and soon perished. In 1858 the Commissioner of Patents sent an agent to China for a large and varied assortment of tea seeds, which were widely distributed among the planters in the South. They were used by a considerable number with success in the matter of growing, and for several years many drank home-grown tea. Gradually the enterprise was abandoned because the planters had not been taught how to pluck the leaves and make them into the tea of commerce.

At Summerville, S. C., Dr. Charles U. Shepard has a large plantation, "Pinehurst." With the advice and aid of the Bureau of Plant Industry, which has a fund for tea experiments, he put about one hundred acres into a tea garden some years ago. The scheme has been highly successful. With each year the product per acre has increased, and is of excellent quality. At first the yield was from 50 to 150 pounds of dry tea per acre. In 1899 it was 200 pounds, and in 1905 one of the gardens produced 535 pounds an acre. The total crop in 1899 was 3,600 pounds, and in 1905 the same acreage yielded 12,000 pounds of the dry leaves. This product includes the best varieties of all the countries of the Orient, and from time to time new varieties are added by hybridization.

An important feature of the "Pinehurst" enterprise is the cheap and efficient labor. In order to insure this Dr. Shepard built a schoolhouse, and employs sensible teachers to educate the previously idle children of the colored people in the neighborhood. The pupils are pledged to pick his tea when required at a reasonable rate of wages. Colored children in that section are very numerous, and have been very idle and ignorant. The elementary education and the habits of industry, as well as skill in working which they acquire at the school, are plainly of the greatest value to the children. In one of his reports Secretary Wilson said on this subject: "If a new industry of this kind can be introduced into the Gulf States, which will save the people of the United States the many millions of dollars now sent abroad for the purchase of this commodity, and at the same time provide light work for the young people who are now entirely idle, there is a double incentive to make research to the utmost regarding the production of a commodity in such universal use."

This research has been so intelligent and successful that we know what climate and soils are required, what rainfall is essential, and in what

Digitized by Google

parts the cultivation of the tea plant may be safely undertaken; we know just how the land must be prepared, how the planting should be done, and how the plants should be protected from winds and from cold; how fertilizers should be applied, how and when the plants should be pruned, how and when the plucking should be done; how the process of curing may be simplified, and how the leaves should be rolled, and, in short, what are the details of tea-growing. The Department of Agriculture has prepared much literature on the subject, and is eager to assist any farmer who will give any ground to tea raising.

Not content with showing how tea should be grown and made ready for the market, the experts instruct consumers how to make tea for drinking. Few persons know how to draw tea. Thein is the mild stimulant which the tea-drinker wants. Tannin is the astringent element which spoils the tea. If the leaves are allowed to stand in the hot water too long, too much tannin is extracted. Here are the expert's directions for making tea: Bring freshly drawn water to a boil, pour it on the leaves in a previously scalded pot, and allow it to remain covered from three to five minutes. This extracts virtually all the thein. Then decant or strain into another vessel. The spent leaves should not be used again, as they contain only what is injurious to health.

In the autumn the tea plant, a beautiful evergreen, is covered with handsome and fragrant whitish flowers having a golden center. Merely as an ornamental plant it is worth cultivating. It is noted that the crop of an average tea bush is about three ounces of cured tea during the picking season; thus 100 plants will yield about eighteen pounds a year. "As a pound makes from 350 to 400 cups of tea, 50 plants should give a cup of tea apiece to a family of nine for every day in the year."

J. L. K.

Evening Post, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

LETTER OF ABRAHAM CLARK, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION, (THE "POOR MAN'S COUNSELOR"), TO ELIAS DAYTON.

NEAR SPRINGFIELD, N. J., June 8, 1778.

Your favour of the 31st May but just came to hand, You tell me you are laying at Mount Holly to harrass the Enemy; whose? in Philad? or are they on the Jersey shore at Cooper's ferry? You inform they have a large number of Waggons at the Ferry an that all their baggage is on Ship board &c. The opinion that hath long prevailed here is that the enemy will march through the Jerseys, this you are in doubt about, for my part I never could entertain such a thought.—I think they are Maneuvering you, they are probably making a shew of crossing the Delaware till they can draw a large part of the main army that way, they can then March Against Genl Washington, and it will take you a long time to get to his Assistance.—If the Genl is sufficiently fortified to hold his ground, the Enemy can leave him and March to Lancaster or any other interior part of Pennsylva and I doubt whether we have an army to oppose them.

You think the Enemy will leave Phila they will most probably either March agt Genl Washington, or into Penna to Seize our Stores, or leave the City entirely, if they take the last measure, it must be to leave America, for where can they go to answer any valuable purpose (that is) towards Conquering America! will an Attack up Hudson's River have such a tendency, If they leave Phila you will not probably find them at Newburgh, I think you must look for them in Canada, or the West India Islands,

The season of the Year and their want of Fresh Provisions will Oblige them to take a tour at least out of Phila, and their Affairs in Europe will I believe, oblige them to leave our Country to Defend their Own,—but I think they cannot go yet, they must wait for orders, and those I believe will come with the Comm's who are soon Expected—

Digitized by Google

Those are my conjectures, and that they will not entirely leave the city till the Comms arrive and have tried the effect of a negotiation to facilitate which it is the business of their Army to give us some Capital Stroke, such as defeat Genl Washington, or drive him over the Susquehanna, and no way so likely to do this, as to Draw a large part of his force to the lower part of the Jerseys.—Nothing can justifie the Opinion that the enemy will march by land from Phila to N. York but a supposition that they are distracted, when they can go there so much easier, safer by water. But what would they do at N. York. They left that place to take Phila as the Capitol of America, how would their Character sink in Europe should they leave that city in search of other conquests, no place is of half the consequence to them, so long as they have the Conquest in America in View,—where besides could they find so many friends to feed them & spread dissafection with success.—Long pursuaded they will leave Phila by order of their Court in some short time for their own defence. I have expected our Army will be marching this way e'er long, either in search of them, expecting them this way, or to make a descent into Canada, or for I know not what. Tho' I dread any Armys coming into our exhausted county, &c.

Your obt. Servt.

A. CLARK.

LETTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON TO COLONEL BURWELL BASSETT, ELTHAM, VA.

MOUNT VERNON, July the 13, 1780.

Dear Sir:—

When yours and my dear Fanny's letters came to my hands—I was in expectation of leaving Camp every Week—I left the General about the middle of June—the last I heard from him, he was going up the North river, I got home on Friday—and find myself so much fatigued with my ride that I shall not be able to come down to see you this summer and must request you to bring Fanny up as soon as you can—I suffered so much last Winter by going late that I have determined to go early in the fall before the Frost set in—if Fanny does not come soon she will have but a short time to stay with me—we were sorry that we did not see you at the camp—there was not much pleasure there the distress of

Digitized by Google

the army and other difficultys th'o I did not know the cause, the pore General was so unhappy that it distressed me exceedingly.

I shall hope to see you soon after the assembly rises, with Fanny, please to give my love to her and the Boys who I should be very glad to see with you—my compliments to Mrs. Dangerfield, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and all friends—I am dr. Sir your affectionate

friend & Hble. Servt.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

LETTER OF BENEDICT ARNOLD TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE (MESHECH WEARE).

New Haven, May 2, 1777.

Sir:

Inclosed is the Confession of one Zachariah Hawkins, which concerns with several other Testimonies from Tories, and Prisoners we have lately made,—Whether the real Designs of the Enemy are known, or these Matters held up with a View of deceiving & amusing us is uncertain.—I have thought proper at this critical Juncture to give you the earliest Notice of these Matters, and intreat your State to forward on the Continental Troops to their several Destinations as fast as possible and recommend the Equiping them with Arms & thirty Rounds of Ammunition before they march, as they may very possibly be called to Action, where they cannot be supplied. The Troops ordered to join His Excellency General Washington, I wish ordered to take this place in their Route, &c.

Your obt Hble Servt.,

B. ARNOLD, B. G.

LETTER OF FRANKLIN TO DAVID HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

LONDON, March 26, 1760.

Dear Sir:

The Brevier went in Capt Gibbon, and I hope will get safe to hand. I ordered the Fount all Roman, as it will hold out better in the same Quantity of Work, having but half the chance of Wanting Sorts, that the same Weight of Rom. & Ital. would have, and the old Italic is not

Digitized by Google

so much worn as the Roman, and so may serve a little longer. I am oblig'd to Mr Colden for his useful Correspondence with you, which you mention to me. I am amaz'd at the great Price of Wood among you, and the high Rent I hear are given for Houses. The first must be owing to the want of Hands to cut it, the last to the Encrease of Trade & Business and number of Inhabitants. I think you have done very well with the Almanacs. I see there are others advertis'd, but doubt not *Poor Richard* will hold his own.

I begin to see a Prospect of returning home this Summer, as I think our Affairs here will now soon be brought to a Conclusion. It will be a great Pleasure to me to see you and my other Friends, and to find all well.

There are abundant Rumours just now of a Peace; but it is thought it can hardly take Place till next Winter.

My love to Cousin Molly and your Children.

I am
Yours affectionately
B. FRANKLIN.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XLVIII

A GHOST

HOWEVER people may grieve for the decease of a relative, they seldom neglect opening his will the first decent opportunity. Such is the curiosity of mankind! This ceremony accordingly took place the day after the funeral of Mr. Dennis Vancour. That worthy gentleman, it would seem, on hearing of the death of his nephew had altered the disposition of his property, and substituted Catalina his sole heiress, in the room of Sybrandt Westbrook. The change occasioned no surprise to the elders of the family, and certainly no pleasure to the young lady. She would have restored it to her cousin with her whole heart and something else besides, had he not been beyond the reach of her generosity. As it was the bequest was rather painful than otherwise, for it seemed almost like a robbery of the dead.

The colonel one day thought he would write to the commanding officer at Fort George to request of him the particulars of the death of his nephew, as well as to inquire as to the disposition of his effects. He did so; but it was a considerable time before an opportunity occurred of sending the letter through the wilderness. In the meantime nothing particularly worthy of note took place in the family. Catalina gradually recovered a degree of composure becoming the dignity and strength of her character, and returned to her usual occupations and amusements. But the worm was in the bud, and the blush on her cheek was neither that of health or hilarity. Time passed on slowly and heavily, without bringing with it either present pleasure or inspiring anticipations.

It was now the brown and gloomy month of November, when neither verdure is seen in the forest nor music heard in the fields, except

Digitized by Google

that of the howling winds. A man on horseback followed by a servant with a portmanteau, was seen to ride up to the door of the habitation once tenanted by Dennis Vancour, but now intrusted to the care of his servants, consisting of the venerable old negro heretofore noticed, and his wife equally aged, with some half a dozen of their ebony grandchildren. It was the dusk of the evening, and they were all gathered round a rousing fire in the kitchen; for be it known to all who know it not already, that the two animals in the world most devoted to heat and sunshine are the black snake and the gentleman of colour—by the which association I mean no sort of disrespect to the latter.

The horseman dismounted, so did his servant, and both proceeded to enter the premises with as little ceremony as if they were at home, or, if not at home, at some place where they might expect an equal welcome. Not one of the trusty guardians of the house heard or saw these intruders; for as soon as the ebony race get thoroughly warmed through the next thing is to fall fast asleep, as a matter of course. The stranger knocked with the butt-end of his whip; no one came. He then proceeded to manœuvre the great gaping brazen lion that guarded this enchanted castle—*anglicé,* the knocker—which I am bound to say had lost none of its brightness. The sound was heard across the river, but it awaked not the family of the ebonies; they belonged to the race of the seven sleepers. The stranger became impatient, nay, anxious, at the air of silence and desertion about the house. He paced the piazza back and forth some half a dozen times, and then proceeded round the end of the house to the kitchen in the rear, and looked through the windows, where he saw the sleeping beauties.

The sight seemed to animate him, for he went and briskly lifted the latch, and entered the region sacred to the stomach. No one stirred and no sound was heard save a sonorous concord of harmony, in which each of the company bore a part. The stranger advanced, and shook the shoulder of the patriarch of the tuneful tribe. He might as well have shaken the body of the good man of the house, who died some two months before. He sat immovable, like one of the goodly company that was petrified into black marble, in the story of the fisherman and the genii. The stranger then hallooed in his ear, but that was asleep too. "Blockhead!" quoth the stranger, muttering to himself, and seizing a basin or bowl, I think it was a wooden bowl, of water, he very

Digitized by Google

unceremoniously dashed it into the face of the exemplary sleeper, and spoiled one of the finest naps on record.

"Bo-o-o-o!" exclaimed old ebony, as he started up, amazed and indignant at this inundation. He wiped his eyes, probably for the purpose of seeing the clearer, and took a look at the stranger, which look was followed by immediate prostration, accompanied by a yell of such singular originality that I shall not attempt to describe it. The reader may, however, form some judgment of its powers when I inform him that it actually awakened the rest of the sleepers, and dissolved the enchantment of the black islands. The moment they laid their eyes upon the stranger, the cry of "a spook! a spook!" was repeated with extraordinary energy, and followed by the dispersion of the whole tribe different ways, with the exception of the patriarch, who still lay on his face, kicking and roaring manfully.

Return we now to the mansion-house of Colonel Vancour, in the well-warmed parlour of which was collected the usual family-party. The colonel was reading; madam, would I could disguise the fact, but a scrupulous regard to accuracy forbids—madam was knitting a pair of stockings for a poor woman who at that precise moment was frolicking at a neighbouring tavern; Ariel was, as usual at this hour of the evening, fast asleep and musical as ever. He did not, like Rachel Baker, preach in his naps, but he could drown the voice of a preacher any day. Catalina, poor Catalina, was at the window; whence, by the waning light, she could see and sympathize with the desolation of nature.

At this moment one of the dark ministering spirits of the neighbouring mansion rushed into the room unannounced, and saluted the good company with the cry of——

"A spook! a spook! Massa Sybrandt's spook!"

"Hey! what's that you say about Sybrandt, you little black sinner?" exclaimed Ariel, waking up, which he did always exactly as he went to sleep, extempore.

"O massa Sybrandt's spook come home agin——"

"I'll spook you, you little black imp of mischief," quoth Ariel, seizing the cushion from his chair, and launching it at his woolly head;

Digitized by Google

"come here with such a cock-and-bull story as that; get out, you caterpillar!"

But the herald of darkness maintained his station and his story of the appearance of massa Sybrandt's spook, until the old people did not know what to make of it, and the young lady was in a tumult of conflicting emotions. It was impossible to get any thing more out of the creature than that the spook had appeared in a great shower of rain, and knocked granddaddy flat on his face upon the floor.

"Let us walk over and inquire into the business," said the colonel, helping himself to his hat and stick; "perhaps something is really the matter with the old man."

"Come on," quoth Ariel, seizing a gun which hung in the hall upon the stately antlers of a deer; "perhaps—d—n it—I don't know what to think of the matter."

"PERHAPS IT IS HE!" exclaimed Catalina, as a hope darted across her mind like the flash of a newly-lighted taper.

The two gentlemen seemed to share in her hopes, and departed in great haste.

While this was passing, the stranger had by dint of shaking, and reasoning and reproaching the old negro, at length brought him to a perception of the reality before him.

"And young massa no dead, after all—no spook—hey!" and the good soul almost wept for joy of his young master's return, as well as sorrow for his old master's departure. By degrees he became sufficiently collected to give Sybrandt an account of the events we have heretofore recorded. The death of his kind uncle affected him deeply, far more deeply than the loss of his estate. He had disinherited him, it was true; but no doubt he had been convinced of his unworthiness by the representations of Catalina. There was gall and wormwood in this thought; and while he was chewing the bitter morsel, the colonel and Ariel entered without ceremony. The reception of Sybrandt was somewhat cool and stately—the deportment of the colonel, when the really joyful surprise of the moment was past, savoured of the recollection of his nephew's

Digitized by Google

neglect of his daughter, of himself, and indeed all his nearest, dearest friends. Ariel was all joy, noise and forgiveness.

"But why the plague did you not let us know you were alive?" said he, at length.

"I did not know you thought me dead," replied the youth.

"Thought?—we were sure of it. Do you suppose that Dennis would have dis—hem!—if he had not been certain of your death?"

"True," said the colonel; "the bequest was certainly made under that impression alone. It remains for me to remedy the consequences of this mistake."

"He did right," said Sybrandt; "he has left his fortune to her who best deserved it."

"D—n it, boy, you talk like a fool. To leave you a beggar—no—not a beggar—I can prevent that," quoth Ariel.

"My dear uncle, I am no beggar; I have a sword and a commission, a heart and a hand."

"Spoke like a brave fellow. But I am very much mistaken if you don't have something besides a sword and a commission."

"I am content."

"But I am not," said the colonel; "there cannot be a doubt that my brother Dennis altered his bequest under the full conviction (which indeed, was common to us all) that you were no more."

"I cannot conceive how such a report could have originated or be believed, sir."

"I saw it in a postscript to a letter of the commander-in-chief."

"Indeed! then I do not wonder, sir, that you believed it."

"But to the point," resumed the colonel; "Catalina is of age; and she is no daughter of mine if she holds this bequest a moment longer than is necessary to divest herself of it. I pledge you my honour she will."

"And I pledge you mine, sir," said Sybrandt, somewhat bitterly,

Digitized by Google

"that I would rather starve than accept one single atom of the land, or one penny of the gold. Thank God! I am not so mean as that!"

"It is justly yours."

"It never shall be mine."

"Indeed!" replied the colonel, rather offended; "may I ask why? perhaps the donor is not sufficiently valued to make the donation welcome?"

"Spare me on this subject, sir. I had rather not talk of it; nor is it necessary. To-morrow I shall return to the army. To-night—for one night—I will trespass on the hospitality of my cousin, and remain here, with her permission."

"You shall go home with me," said the colonel, with honest warmth, notwithstanding he felt the language and conduct of our hero was somewhat on the cavalier order; "you shall go home with me; my daugh—my wife, your aunt, will be glad to see you."

"You shall go home with me," cried Ariel; "but now I think of it, I am going to sleep at the colonel's to-night, because I have got to superintend a hundred and fifty things there early in the morning."

Sybrandt declared his determination to remain where he was for the night.

"Well, then," said the colonel, advancing, and taking his hand, "promise me, on your honour, you will visit your aunt before you go away."

"Of course, sir—certainly—it was my intention. I owe too much to her kindness to forget both my respect and my duty: I hope she is well?"

"Quite well."

"And my cousin?" Sybrandt forced himself to ask.

"Why, well—at least better than she has been."

"What! has she been ill?"

"Very ill—just after we received the news—I mean about two

Digitized by Google

months ago. Indeed she is hardly recovered; you will be surprised to see her look so pale—almost as pale as you are. But good-night—I can no longer delay making both mother and daughter happy with the news that one has recovered a nephew, the other an old friend. You will keep your word, and come to-morrow?"

"Assuredly, sir."—"Make them happy!" thought he, repeating the words of the colonel; "make them happy with the news that I am alive. Pshaw! they care not for me, none of them, or they would have answered my letters. But"—and a sudden idea crossed him—"but perhaps, as Sir William suggested, they never received them. It is possible; and to-morrow I will so far lower my pride as to put the question. It is but justice to old friends to give them an opportunity of disclaiming neglect or unkindness."

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued*)

Digitized by Google

BOOK REVIEW.

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY. EDITED BY WILLIAM NELSON. [ARCHIVES OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, FIRST SERIES, VOL. XXVII.] EXTRACTS FROM AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS RELATING TO NEW JERSEY. VOL. VIII, 1770-1771. 8VO. XII, 713 PP. PATERSON, N. J. THE PRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 1905.

In this volume much more space than usual is devoted to the discussions of the political and economic questions as published in American newspapers for 1770 and 1771. Like the preceding volumes it shows many phases of the social and industrial life of the times also. It is a good reproduction of public sentiment in New Jersey. A glance at it is likely to give the impression that the newspapers were mainly devoted to advertising property for sale and for runaway slaves; but a critical study of these pages will yield much detailed information of the people and of their ways of living. To his descendants the facts that Thomas Moody, "philomathematicus, from Hibernia," "would be willing to accept a professorship in some seminary of learning, if he could meet with proper encouragement," should stimulate them to higher and nobler endeavors in their lives. The proclamations of the Governor will interest and assist the student of political history. The resolutions in favor of the Non-Importation Agreement are exceedingly important, in showing how the colony viewed its cause for its treatment by the British Government.

Well has the editor continued his biographical notes and his citation of authorities. The index, combining both subjects and individuals, occupies about fifty full pages. Every scrap of information is rendered instantly available.

THE STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. BY SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER. TWO VOLUMES. ILLUS. 8VO. VOL. I, XXII, 574 PP. VOL. II, VII, 585 PP. CLOTH, GILT TOP. PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON: THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, 1908.

This work is a continuation and enlargement on the period of American history, 1763-1783, by the author of *The True History of the American Revolution*—a work published some years ago in one volume. Like the earlier work this aims to correct the generally accepted interpretation of the issues and merits of the conflict between Great Britain and her American colonies.

Having been taught to believe that the patriots stood for their constitutional rights, for local self-government, for the right of trial by jury, for self-imposed taxation, and were opposed to the quartering of armies on them "to eat out their substance" without the consent of their political assemblies, and were pledged to the principles of liberty and self-government set forth in the Declaration of Independence, while the British Government was resolved to govern the colonies by arbitrary power, and to subject them to oppressive laws and to principles of taxation which were contrary to their conception of English liberty, Americans are slow to accept any other interpretation as final.

The author seeks to show that these ideas were minor and incidental to the real, original issue of the struggle. He asserts that the struggle arose by reason of an attempt on the part of the British to reorganize her colonial system of government. He considers the effort begun not by a careless, ignorant, corrupt government, or a stupid king, but by intelligent statesmen whose ambition was to obtain a stronger hold on the colonies. Independence he considers to have been the object in view by the patriot-colonists from

Digitized by Google

the beginning of the quarrel, or even long before the friction began.

With an interesting display of evidence, with clearness and with force are these views maintained in these volumes. The author has consulted the original sources for his information; his citations and his references are numerous and valuable; his material is well arranged, and his story is both readable and attractive.

In his effort to correct what he conceives to be a false interpretation of the struggle of the period the author makes most use of what best helps his views. His work cannot, therefore, be said to exhibit the spirit of historical impartiality and fairness. He would have his readers believe that the patriots had no cause for any contention with the mother country; that the monopoly of colonial trade was "an essential part of the colonial system," notwithstanding the views of Adam Smith. Contrary to Chatham, he states that "taxation without representation" was "never a part of the British constitution," and that there was "no ground for the American claim against the Stamp Act." His assertion that Parliament had the right to rule the colonies without their consent because it had long so ruled, will hardly be accepted as the American verdict of the twentieth century.

To our author it was not any want of conciliation that lost to Great Britain the American colonies. "She lost her colonies because she wanted colonies and the colonies wanted independence." "No amount of graciousness, friendliness, or kindness could make the colonial condition acceptable to the patriots of 1770"—though we have the testimony of the great patriot leaders, Washington, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson and others to the contrary.

The author indicates that the conditions in the patriot army were "very different from what most of us have been led to believe," as though the moral standards in the patriot army were lower than in the King's. To his mind, the volunteer, poverty-stricken, undisciplined soldiery was disgusting to high-toned, respectable society, as though war was more degrading to those on the defensive than to those on the offensive.

As already indicated, the volumes are a departure from the beaten paths, and bear in a remarkable degree the stamp of originality. The author displays a wealth of knowledge as well as familiarity with scholarly and scientific methods of both investigation and presentation.

Students of American history who would look deeply into the period will here find a rare interpretation—one which they are likely to judge as partial and one-sided.

On the other hand, those desiring to know the whole story of the Revolution will be grateful for these contributions to the subject.

The volumes are well printed, illustrated and indexed.

Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII NOVEMBER, 1908 No. 5

JOURNAL OF THE COMMITTEE WHO BUILT THE SHIPS *PROVIDENCE* AND *WARREN* FOR THE UNITED STATES IN 1776.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE reader is no doubt familiar with the fact that the New England Colonies were the most opposed to the proceedings of the King and Parliament against the American colonies, the Southern ones, from Virginia south, the least: while the five middle ones were more or less divided, but finally came to the New England idea, which made resistance possible, and war inevitable. Military critics, whose training and real knowledge of the subject qualifies them to judge more or less accurately, are agreed since the naval part in that great struggle for Independence has been better understood, that without this aid at sea the patriot resistance could not have lasted more than two or three campaigns. It is known most positively that several of the most successful battles were fought with material of war obtained at sea by successful privateers. Newport was the only New England town to be held after the British army left Boston March 17, 1776. The army posted here was not a small body of men, but a regular division, commanded by a Major-General, able to take the field and act independently if thought proper so to do. Why this army did so little in that historic struggle in way of campaigning has been in a great measure lost sight of by historians. The fact was they watched for the navy stationed there, whose duty it was to keep an eye on these "little wasps" [privateers] and to see they did not get to sea. Why they did get to sea was their model, which allowed them to outsail the larger British war vessels. It was nearly impossible to capture one of these little vessels if both could have the open sea on equal terms. The British Naval authorities saw this great danger and laid it before the Board of Admiralty, which finally saw the necessity of obtaining greater speed at sea.

[From the Original Manuscript, with Historical and Genealogical Notes by James N. Arnold.]

Digitized by Google

New England was the nest where these privateers were hatched, and where men were trained to man them when ready. This being the fact it will be seen that this great detachment of troops at Newport were not an idle set of men by any means, but were doing a great as well as a very necessary part towards the suppression of the rebellion, and restoration of order and law.

Were not the following paper devoted to the building and equipping of one or more of these little privateers, it would be a very interesting historical study. The subject, however interesting, could be duplicated in hundreds of cases more or less varied. When we add this fact to our paper, that this building was a united colonial order which recognized the importance of resistance at sea as well as on land, then it becomes clothed with increased interest. More so still when these were the first two Continental frigates afloat, and were paid for with the united colonial funds. To-day it is interesting to note how the great mass of material is assembled that goes to the construction of one of our great steel-clad men-of-war. With the idea that a contrast could be seen between the building of a frigate in 1776 and 1908 this paper is copied from the original in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society. We have inscribed here certain data, showing how the Society became possessed of it and under what circumstances.

Of all the New England Colonies none was more actively engaged in trade at sea than Rhode Island, in proportion to the number of her people. She had the best and safest harbor on the coast, which afforded a great distribution port. From the very commencement of the settlement this trade had been building up. For years her sea-traders had been opposed by the British sea-traders in many foreign ports. For years the cry had been "Free and Equal Rights as Englishmen in all parts of the world."

To add to these annoyances must be mentioned the Sea Rovers or the Free Flags. The long series of struggles with these fellows had given our sailors the knowledge of defence at sea. This school had made them the trained Sea Soldiers. With these facts before the reader he will see the logical outcome would be in case of a war for independence, this colony would insist on a sea campaign against the enemy even if the others did not at first, because of this defence they had the best knowledge. Their experience at sea had been the teacher from whom they had learned the importance of this military movement. The sequel showed this wisdom was well given and acted upon.

To-day, when our Navy is to protect a great world-power and to display our flag the world over, the building of its first two frigates must add renewed interest to the beginning of that power.

Ordinarily such records are very dry reading, but this one has charms of its own so as to take off much of the common dryness of such papers.

Digitized by Google

In copying, the original style of paragraphing has been retained, even as to who paid the reckoning and its price.

Before the paper itself be reached we have thought proper to insert the Act of the General Assembly of August, 1775, instructing their Delegates to Congress to lay this resolution before the body and urge its adoption. This was done October 3, and favorably received. It was first thought proper that each colony should build a frigate, but it being shown that that would be impossible, as some of the colonies had no shipyards capable of building such vessels, the thirteen were assigned to those colonies which could do the work. Two thus were assigned to Rhode Island.

The Naval Committee consisted of one member from each colony, Stephen Hopkins being the member from Rhode Island. They were appointed December 11, and reported the 22d, on which date it was announced that Ezekiel * Hopkins of Rhode Island, was appointed "Commander-in-Chief of the fleet."

Of each of the Committee that built the frigates we have thought proper to give a brief sketch, and of several other persons named in the text. Other notes follow, regarding the places mentioned or other matter requiring explanation beyond the power of the text.

Of these thirteen frigates it may thus be well to mention that there were to be three of twenty-four, five of twenty-eight and five of thirty-two guns each; of these only seven saw service in the war.

IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, AUGUST 21-26, 1775.

Whereas, notwithstanding the humble and dutiful Petition of the last Congress to the King, and other wise and pacific Measures taken for obtaining a happy Reconciliation between *Great Britain* and the Colonies, the Ministry, lost to every Sentiment of Justice, Liberty and Humanity, continue to send Troops and Ships of War into *America,* which destroy our Trade, plunder and burn our Towns and murder the good People of these Colonies,

It is therefore Voted and Resolved, That this Colony most ardently wish to see the former Friendship, Harmony and Intercourse between *Britain* and these Colonies restored, and a happy and lasting Connection established between both Countries, upon Terms of Just and equal Liberty, and will concur with the other Colonies in all proper Measures for obtaining those desirable Blessings. And as every Principle, divine and human, require us to obey that great and fundamental Law of Nature,

* Commonly written Esek.

Digitized by Google

Self-Preservation, until Peace shall be restored upon constitutional Principles, this Colony will most heartily exert the whole Power of Government in Conjunction with the other Colonies, for carrying on this just and necessary War and bringing the same to a happy Issue. And amongst other Measures for obtaining this most desirable Purpose, this Assembly is persuaded that the building and equipping an *American Fleet* as soon as possible would greatly and essentially conduce to the preservation of the Lives, Liberty and Property of the good People of these Colonies—and therefore instruct their Delegates to use their whole Influence on the ensuing Congress for building at the Continental Expense a Fleet of sufficient Force for the Protection of these Colonies and for employing them in such Manner and Places as will most effectually annoy our Enemies and contribute to the common Defence of these Colonies. And they are also instructed to use all their Influence for carrying on the War in the most vigorous Manner until Peace, Liberty and Safety be restored and secured to these Colonies upon an equitable and permanent basis.

CRUISE OF THE *WARREN* AND *PROVIDENCE*

On the 18th of April, 1779, the *Warren,* Captain John B. Hopkins; *Queen of France,* 28, Captain Olney, and *Ranger,* 18, Captain Simpson, sailed from Boston on a cruise, Hopkins being the Senior Officer.

When a few days from port they captured a British privateer of fourteen guns, from the crew of which they ascertained that a small fleet of armed transports and storeships had just sailed from New York, bound to Georgia, with supplies for the enemy in that quarter. The three cruisers crowded all sail in pursuit, and off Cape Henry late in the day, they had the good fortune to come up with nine sail, seven of which they captured with trifling resistance. Favored by the increasing darkness, the other two escaped.

The captives proved to be H.B.M's. ship *Jason,* 20, with a crew of 150 men; the *Maria,* armed ship of sixteen guns and eighty-four men, and the private armed schooner *Hibernia,* 8, with a crew of forty-five. The *Maria* had a full cargo of flour. In addition to these vessels the brigs *Patriot, Prince Frederick, Bachelor John,* and the schooner *Chance,* all laden with stores, fell into the hands of the Americans. Among the prisoners were twenty-four British officers, who were on their way to join their regiments in the South.

Digitized by Google

The command of the *Queen of France* was now given to Captain Rathbourne, when that ship sailed on another cruise in company with the *Ranger* and the *Providence,* 28, Captain Whipple, the latter being the senior officer. In July this squadron fell in with a large fleet of English merchantmen, convoyed by a ship of the line and some smaller cruisers, and succeeded in cutting out several valuable prizes, of which eight arrived in Boston, their estimated value exceeding a million of dollars. In the way of pecuniary results this was the most successful cruise of the war.

The *Warren,* Captain John B. Hopkins, having long waited a favorable opportunity to elude the enemy and get to sea, at length effected this object during a snow storm, sailing through the blockading fleet and firing broadsides as she passed, but received no damage from the enemy in return (February 16, 1778).

The frigate *Providence,* Captain Whipple, during a dark and stormy night (April 30, 1778), forced her way through the hostile fleet in the same daring manner that the *Warren* had done, pouring broadsides into the British vessels, and sinking one of their tenders. Whipple was bound to France with important dispatches relating to the new treaty, and after a successful voyage returned in safety to Boston.

Captain Samuel Thompkins of Providence was the first commander of the frigate, but soon relinquished the command to Captain Abraham Whipple.

THE PENOBSCOT EXPEDITION

In Judge Cowell's *Spirit of '76,* pages 315 to 321, is a narrative written by Thomas Philbrook, which the Judge says is the fullest account he had seen of the affair. From this we make the following extracts:

He says the expedition was planned in the early spring of 1779, but was slow in getting ready, and it was not until the last of June that the fleet sailed from Boston and arrived at Portland next day. The militia, some three or four thousand men, were commanded by General Lovell, of Hingham, Massachusetts. The naval part of the expedition by Commodore Saltonstall, of New London, Connecticut. The navy consisted of the *Warren,* frigate of thirty-six guns and the *Providence,* sloop of fourteen. These were the only Continental vessels; the rest were private property and hired by the State of Massachusetts. They consisted of nine ships of from twenty-two to eighteen guns; six brigs of sixteen to

Digitized by Google

eighteen guns, and forty coasting sloops of about 100 tons each, employed as transports.

Mr. Philbrook says of Lovell: "Our General was said to be *a very good sort of a man,* but these very good sort of men seldom make good generals. I recollect that I thought then and I still think that Mr. Lovell would have done more good and made a much more respectable appearance in the deacons' seat in a country church, than at the head of an American Army."

Of the naval commander he says he and the General agreed to disagree. That the naval force was very uneasy and had a captain offered to lead they would have followed. That the British naval and land force could have been captured. That precious time was wasted and finally the fleet was blockaded by a British fleet hurried to the place.

Speaking of the blockade he says: "The English ships were not more than three miles from us, but the wind so favored us that we kept out of their shot. As we came towards the head of navigation the *Warren* grounded, she was immediately cleared of her men and blown up. The other ships soon followed her example, and as fast as they could land their men and stores were blown up or set on fire."

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

MINES AND TORPEDOES DURING THE REBELLION

I HAVE lately read a copy of "Submarine Boats, Mines, Torpedoes," by Commander M. F. Sueter, Royal Navy, 1907, in which he, as well as others who have undertaken similar works, seems to ignore almost entirely the part taken by the Confederate States in torpedo warfare, that arm of warfare which to-day has developed into the greatest means of coast defence existing, and may become one of the greatest of offence.

I may begin with the assertion that to the Confederate States of North America, 1861-65, was due the first successful application of torpedoes in time of war. It was the department under my command that first used the electric submarine mine successfully and made the only successful use of the offensive torpedo without the loss of the attacking party.

The intelligent Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States, Stephen R. Mallory, who had been a United States Senator and chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs for many years, saw very early in the Civil War that we required every means which civilization would permit to defend ourselves against an enemy many times our superior in numbers and resources, and so his attention was given to torpedoes. Every idea or invention from whatever source was eagerly seized upon and tested. Captain M. F. Maury, "the geographer of the sea," was placed in command of torpedo experiments, with myself as his assistant, but our efforts at first were crude and experimental for want of means. Captain Maury was soon detached and ordered to Europe and I was placed in command of the corps.

Up to this time electricity as applied to the explosion of submarine mines was very little understood, and our leading man in electrical matters, the chief of the Confederate States telegraph department, Dr. Morris, could give no information, and deprecated the idea of making experiments which he considered could have no favorable results. The best that Maury was enabled to do with the means at his command was in the use of a Wollaston battery, which required thirty-six gallons of dilute sulphuric acid to explode a charge a short distance off, with the

Digitized by Google

best of conducting cable. One can imagine the clumsiness and inefficiency of such means.

No tanks had been designed or constructed especially for mines. Old boilers and such like, picked up at random and without cables and anchors, were placed in the river, but the freshets rolled them over and took them down stream, breaking connections, etc.

But all this was owing to our imperfect means and the determined opposition of some and the sneering indifference of others to torpedo warfare in general, except Mr. Mallory.

When I took charge of the work my friends begged me to give it up and go aboard ship. "It wasn't worthy of a good officer to engage in such nonsense." "Torpedo warfare had never been successful." "It wasn't right to waste the material of our poor country in such more than doubtful experiments," etc. Whenever I called on the Chief of Ordnance for powder he would not receive me. It was only by a positive written order from Mr. Mallory that I could obtain powder. Captain Maury did not have time to make experiments to test the effect of gunpowder of different kinds at different depths, or in fact any experiments as such at all. He only placed the tanks, but what he did do was to show the necessity for elaborate experiments and designs.

It was with these facts in view that I gave all that was best in me to study the question. I brought to bear some mechanical talent, for I had invented a boat apparatus for saving life at sea which the United States Congress by unanimous vote had purchased. I was young, energetic, strong and healthy.

When I had worked out the best plan I could devise it was submitted to Secretary Mallory and approved by him. I have no means, in this remote, secluded region where I now live, of giving plans or even illustrations in order that the public in general may understand my experiments. Moreover, my object in this letter is only to prove, in the interests of history, my claim to having been the first to make electrical torpedo mines successful in actual warfare, and to give some unknown but important facts of history in relation thereto.

The electrical mines (tanks) which were used by the Confederacy, and their fixtures, were made in the Tredegar works in Richmond, according to special designs. Anchors were attached to these mines so that they

Digitized by Google

never moved when placed. For a depth of five to six fathoms they contained 1,800 pounds of rifle powder. The insulated cable had to be brought through the blockade at great risk and expense, and frequent losses stopped the work. After many experiments, a galvanic battery was designed capable of exploding a mine at any reasonable distance and which one man could carry from station to station under his arm. The discarded Wollaston battery weighed upward of a ton.

In the month of May, 1864, events occurred which had an important bearing upon the war, and belong to history. The fleet of Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, U. S. N., was coming up the James River, accompanied by transports with stores, etc., to co-operate with General B. F. Butler in an attack on Drewry's Bluff, the "key to Richmond." I had had warning through our signal corps, and suspecting that some of the many negroes prowling about the region, and who knew of my having placed mines in the river, would inform the fleet, I had the wires and galvanic battery shifted over to the other side of the river and to a swamp where the enemy would not suspect anything.

The fleet approached, dragging for mines, and with an armed party marching along the shore supporting the launches. Presently the fleet stopped, in doubt as to what conditions they were approaching, and sent the *Commodore Jones* ahead to explore. She was permitted to pass over the mines by us, as we wanted to get the flagship or a monitor, but she dropped down again. Thereupon Mr. Peter Smith of York River, Va., one of the bravest men I have ever met, who held the wires, believing it would be the best chance when the *Commodore Jones* was over the mine again, closed the circuit and effected a complete destruction in the presence of the whole fleet.

And now comes the most important part of this event. Had it been only the destruction of a gunboat the incident might be passed over, but the fleet, which was hurrying up the river to support Butler (in his famous dash on Richmond) immediately dropped down again and did not get so high up the river again for nine days.

A great fleet with transports repulsed by electrical submarine mines! Butler made his attack and was badly defeated because the gunners from the Drewry's Bluff batteries kept up a destructive fire upon him, which they could not have done had the fleet passed the mines.

Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, wrote to me of this event: "Your repulse of the Federal fleet by means of submarine electrical

Digitized by Google

mines at Deep Bottom (where Grant crossed over to Petersburg afterward) has saved Richmond." And further on he remarked: "I always considered your torpedo division equal to any division in our army."

Like many another poor Confederate, after the war I felt too disgusted with everything and knew the folly of my writing about the war. So the foregoing facts, I believe, have never been published. Admiral D. D. Porter in his "Naval History of the Civil War" passes the occurrence over with slight comment. He must have seen the connection of facts. I suspect he did not want to acknowledge the repulse of a Federal fleet and an army corps as due to one torpedo mine.

Dr. Scharf in his "Naval History of the Confederate States" does not seem to realize the relative importance of the event. Commander Sueter, R. N., in his work referred to, page 270, says the incident occurred on the Roanoke River, which deprives it of its peculiar importance and historical interest.

A short time after the repulse of the Federal fleet and when it was still in the river below, I had occasion to go down with a flag of truce for the purpose of communicating with a Federal flag of truce boat anchored below the fleet. I thought the fleet had gone far below, but to my surprise when turning a bend in the river suddenly I came upon them, and although my flag of truce was flying they opened fire on me immediately. One ball passed so close to my head that I could feel the wind from it. Of course I rounded to in short time, and Captain Lamson, Chief of Staff, whom I knew and liked before the war, came out to me in a large boat, well armed.

He brought a message from the Admiral that he did not acknowledge that I was "engaged in civilized or legitimate warfare," and if I came down again he would not treat me even as a prisoner of war. Among other things I particularly and slowly answered: "Respice finem." In less than six months all the Federal gunboats were armed with torpedoes.

A person reading carefully the work of Commander Sueter, R. N. (1907), cannot help thinking that he displays a spirit of unfairness toward the Confederates. He is obliged to leave one to infer that the Confederates invented electrical submarine mines, but he does not say so. He misplaces facts and names and says the mines were made in England, but he never fails to mention names and facts if they relate to the Federal side. He appears to be well up on torpedoes, but a poor historian.

Digitized by Google

In another branch of torpedo warfare he had a plain opportunity to say something instructive about torpedo history and complimentary to the Confederates (see Admiral Porter's "Naval History of the Civil War," pages 473-4), but he gives the shortest possible notice of what the Confederates did with offensive torpedoes, while (on pages 271-2) he goes into detail about the Cushing affair, and leaves the reader to suppose that that was exceptional. The facts are that my attack on the *Minnesota* (flagship) occurred before Cushing's destruction of the *Raleigh,* and set him the example. Yet Commander Sueter puts Cushing's attack before mine, and gives mine but a passing notice. I had to go upward of a hundred miles outside our lines on a river patrolled by Federal gunboats and to pass through the whole Federal fleet close to and hailed by many of them before I reached the flagship *Minnesota.* She was well lighted and had a gunboat guarding her, also well lighted, and attached to her stern by a small line. She was well prepared for defence, but owing to the cowardice of those on the gunboat my boat was not pursued, as could and should have been done, for after the explosion of the torpedo against the *Minnesota* two of the gunboat's men suddenly appeared on deck, and I, foreseeing a chase, fired my revolver at them. They disappeared without even letting go their line, as they had ample time to do, when my boat had backed off from the *Minnesota.* Our single cylinder engine caught on the centre, and there we had to wait, about fifty yards off, under the frigate's fire, until Engineer Wright crawled in to the engine in the dark and pulled her off the centre. For this act of bravery he was promoted two grades. As we shot ahead close to the gunboat I did not see a man on her deck. The marines of the frigate peppered us all over. There was hardly a square foot on the little boat not marked by a bullet, and my hat and clothes were perforated. But no damage whatever was done except the breaking of my left thumb, which occurred in this way: a shot from a big gun passing close under and lifting our stern high out of the water, I was thrown against the iron shield over the man at the helm with such force that the thumb of my extended hand was broken. This little shield, three-sixteenths of an inch, over one man, was the only protection we had. The boat differed in no sense from any other steam launch except as to her torpedo pole, etc.

Believing that we would be pursued up the river I thought it would be best to throw the enemy off the scent if possible, and so instead of steering directly toward home we steered in the opposite direction, that

Digitized by Google

is toward Norfolk, and turned around for home when out of sight. In this way I succeeded in throwing them off the scent. We hid in the creek, unshipped the funnel, and covered the boat with branches in the day time. Several times we saw the Federal gunboats behind us. This was the only instance during the war that I know of where offensive torpedoes were used successfully without the loss of the attacking party.

It will naturally be asked why, if the foregoing statements are correct, Mr. Jefferson Davis never once mentions Captain Davidson's name or alludes to anything he did during the war in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States."

Mr. Davis had to nominate me for my first promotion by Congress, "for gallantry," and later to nominate me again as the war ended. I knew Mr. Davis when he was Secretary of War, and sometime Secretary of the Navy in President Pierce's Cabinet, and later when he was Senator, at the time my invention for saving life at sea was purchased by the government. I had listened with much attention to Mr. Davis when he addressed the Senate, for I had an all absorbing interest in our great men and had formed my opinion of him as a leader in great affairs. One day, unfortunately, in private conversation just as our war was commencing I said to a friend, "We will never succeed with Mr. Davis as President." I know that this remark came to his ears.

On two occasions during the war he treated me with marked discourtesy, although on one of these occasions General R. E. Lee was present and treated me with kindness. When Mr. Davis heard of the attack on the *Minnesota* he merely exclaimed, "Humph, why didn't he blow her up?" When he heard of the repulse of the Federal fleet on the James River he made no comment whatever.

In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," Mr. Davis never alludes to my services, but praises General Rains, whom he favored in every way possible, but whose only performance I will describe. General Rains had put into the James River floating spar torpedoes with sensitive fuses, anchored just under the surface. In several official communications I had warned Secretary Mallory against these torpedoes as dangerous alike to friend and foe, but he had to yield to the President's orders.

Just as the war was closing the Confederate vessel *Shultz,* bearing a flag of truce, was sent down from Richmond with 700 Federal prisoners on board. She passed General Rains's torpedoes all right going

Digitized by Google

down and the 700 Federal prisoners escaped, but on returning she struck the spar torpedoes and was blown to pieces. What a howl there would have been in the North if the *Shultz* had struck that torpedo going down. She was but a shell of a boat, and probably nine-tenths of the Federal officers and men would have been killed—murdered. Nor does Mr. Davis mention the amusing performances of General Rains in the Florida Seminole war with torpedoes and sensitive fuses, concealed under blankets to attract and catch the Indians. But the biter was bit and the Indians caught him and peppered him with lead. He was considered daft on sensitive fuses and his experiments generally ended disastrously.

Of torpedo warfare Mr. Davis says in his book: "In torpedo warfare all that was necessary was a demijohn of gunpowder and a sensitive fuse." (Page 208, volume II.)

After the publication of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall" I wrote a polite letter to him calling his attention to his omissions. His reply to me was far from being ingenuous.

A recent article in a so-called scientific journal of New York that is a persistent enemy of the torpedo gives us food for reflection. After endeavoring to prove that the torpedo does not hold its own against the gun, that journal remarks that in time of war fleets will not approach the coast and take unnecessary risks. What an evident contradiction, and what a tribute to the torpedo!

Looking back over the forty-four years since the Federal fleet was repulsed on the James River by electrical mines and noting their first effective use in time of war we must believe that the development of the torpedo has fully kept pace with the development of the battleship. What nation would dare to dispense with the torpedo to-day?

If torpedoes do nothing more than keep the enemy off our coast, what an incalculable assistance to our defence they will be. But the torpedo is destined to play an active part in offensive warfare. More than half the time the sea will be smooth enough to use torpedo boats. Battleships will be well battered and placed out of action by the gun, but will often go down with the impact of a torpedo. I have been a firm believer in torpedoes, offensive and defensive, since 1862, and they are more proportionately in evidence to-day than ever."

HUNTER DAVIDSON.
PIRAYU, Paraguay.

Sun, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER

WHEN the momentous question of a separation on the part of the American Colonies from the dominion of the Mother Country was seriously agitated, there arose in many communities a difference of sentiment most marked and violent. Between those who preferred to perpetuate their allegiance to the British Crown, and such as declared for the independence of the Confederation, occurred open rupture and decided hostility, the cruel effects of which—experienced during the progress of the Revolution—were projected even beyond the final establishment of the Republic. No cause of quarrel can be more dangerous than that involving a conflict of opinion touching the relative rights of the governing and the governed: no calamities are so numerous as those engendered in a strife between peoples of kindred race, occupying the same territory, and enjoying privileges of citizenship emanating from the same fountain-head. Such dissensions, in the language of Polybius, are to be dreaded much more than wars waged in a foreign country or against a common enemy.

Between the "Sons of Liberty" and the adherents of George III., no compromise could be either offered or accepted; and the line of demarcation was so sharply drawn that father was not infrequently arrayed against son, and brother against brother. Perhaps in no part of the country was this conflict of allegiance more pronounced than in some of the districts of South Carolina. During the progress of the Revolution it found expression in acts of violence which even now affright us by the severity and unrelenting hate which characterized them.

In the organization of the Second Regiment, South Carolina Foot, William Moultrie was selected as its Colonel, and Francis Marion as Captain of one of its companies. Commissions, made out in pursuance of the resolutions of the Provincial Congress, were signed by the members of the Council of Safety then present. Marion's bore date on the 21st of June, 1775. Proceeding with all dispatch to enlist men for his

—An Address delivered before the Georgia Historical Society.

Digitized by Google

company, Captain Marion, with his friend and compatriot, Captain Horry, intent upon a like mission, repaired to the neighborhoods of Georgetown, Black River and the Great Pedee. Here they were both well known, and in these localities the spirit of determined opposition to English rule was dominant. Among the earliest recruits of the youthful Captain—afterwards so well known as the "Swamp Fox," always present when least expected, and, although often pursued, never caught, —was William Jasper, unknown to fame, of humble origin and slender means, without the advantages of education,[1] yet full of energy and daring, imbued with an earnest and lofty patriotism, and destined to afford brilliant illustration of his supreme devotion to the cause of freedom. Of his antecedents and personal appearance we are not definitely informed, but General Moultrie tells us "he was a brave, active, stout, strong, enterprising man, and a very great partisan."[2] Evidently from the common walks of life, patient of labor, inured to hardships, accustomed to the woods, skilled in the use of weapons, self-reliant, quick of eye and bold of heart, he was just the stuff of which the hardiest and best soldiers are made. Appreciating his character and anticipating the value of his services, Marion at once advanced him to the grade of a sergeant, and with his assistance, in a short time succeeded in enlisting recruits for his company, to the number of fifty: that being the complement required by the regulations.

Three months had elapsed since the Provisional Congress ordered a levy of troops and resolved upon military measures looking to an expulsion of the King's forces from the Colony. As yet, however, no overt act of hostility had transpired. The Royal Governor still occupied his headquarters in Charleston, to a certain extent discharging the functions of his office and exacting the obedience due to his position. Armed vessels lay abreast of Sullivan's Island and controlled the avenues of approach to the city. Fort Johnson on James' Island was garrisoned by British regulars, and although both sides confidently anticipated an early precipitation of hostilities, there existed a mutual reluctance to inaugurate the conflict.

[1] It has been alleged that Jasper could neither read nor write; but Bowen, in his *Life of General Lincoln*, [p. 316] mentions a letter from him, "ill-written and worse spelt," dated at Purysburg, July 23d, 1779, in which he informs General Lincoln that in company with three Georgia Continentals he had gone up the river, two days before, hoping to surprise a picket guard It turned out, however, to be only a patrolling party, from which he had made four prisoners and brought off some negroes, all of whom he had sent to Charleston.

[2] *Memoirs of the American Revolution*, Vol. II., p. 24, note. New York, 1802.

Digitized by Google

Indecision and delay are most dangerous in launching revolutions. The resolution once formed must quickly find expression in open act, else the enthusiasm inspired by the new movement will languish and speedily expire. Appreciating this fact, and wishing to commit the Colony, beyond retraction, to the policy of resistance, the leaders of the patriots resolved upon the immediate reduction of Fort Johnson. A strong detachment under Colonel Moultrie was detailed for the expedition. Marion's company formed a part of this command. Anticipating a stout resistance, the troops, at midnight on the 14th of September, 1775, commenced crossing over to James' Island. In consequence of the scarcity of boats and the small size of such as could be secured, the landing was not completed until broad daylight the next morning. Intermediately, the enemy, advised of the movement, had dismantled the fort, dismounted its cannon, and withdrawn the garrison in safety to the ships in the harbor; so that when the assault was made the Provincials were surprised by an easy capture. The same day Lord William Campbell, the Royal Governor, quitting Charleston, took refuge on board the sloop-of-war *Tamar,* whence he time and again threatened the rebellious colonists with the vengeance of his kingly master.

At Fort Johnson Sergeant Jasper saw his earliest active service, and for the first time confronted the Loyalists who, from their war vessels, daily menaced a repossession of that work. Two months were occupied in remounting the guns and strengthening the defenses. Charleston was now in the hands of the Provincials, and Hog Island Channel had been practically closed by sinking hulks in that narrow strait.

With a view to expelling the British vessels from the roadstead where they remained exceedingly troublesome, seizing all craft within their reach, whether entering or departing from the port, Colonel Moultrie, with some Provincials and the Charleston Artillery, occupied Haddrell's Point, where by a well-directed fire he succeeded in driving them out to sea. The fortification of the harbor was further prosecuted by the completion of an entrenched camp at Haddrell's Point, by the erection of a new fort on James' Island, and by the commencement of a heavier work on Sullivan's Island which should command the water approaches to the city from that direction.

Near the head of navigation on the Ashley River, about twenty miles above Charleston, and at the ancient and now deserted town of

Digitized by Google

Dorchester, a military post was established for the preservation of the public records and the accumulation of stores. To Marion was the command entrusted, and thither was his force transferred from Fort Johnson. This quiet duty was pleasing, however, neither to him nor his men, and at his own solicitation he was soon ordered to Charleston, where he could take an active part in the development of the defenses which were being pressed forward as rapidly and as efficiently as the means at hand would permit. Dispatched thence to Fort Johnson, he remained in charge of that work until the spring of 1776, when he was directed to repair to Fort Sullivan, within point-blank shot of Maffitt's Channel. He was now the Major of the Second Regiment, and Colonel Moultrie being in general command at Haddrell's Point and on Sullivan's Island, the conduct of that regiment devolved mainly upon Marion. When occupied by the Second South Carolina, this fort existed little more than in outline, and its early completion was recognized as a matter of prime importance. During these changes of location Sergeant Jasper was continuously with his company, faithfully discharging all duties devolved upon him and confirming himself in the confidence and esteem of officers and men.

Seldom does it happen that a subaltern lifts himself above the memories which belong to the general file of an army. Rarely are the acts of non-commissioned officers and privates so signal as to attract the gaze of the entire command, evoke the personal commendation of the Chief Captain, and furnish episodes which history cherishes among memorable events. The names of Miltiades and the war-ruler Callimachus have been handed down through the dim centuries, and their deeds are mentioned among the proudest expressions of human courage and valor; but who can now from out the Athenian and Platæan ranks nominate a single one of those brave subalterns who, in full view of the fountain of Macaria and upon the plain already rendered illustrious by the exploits of Theseus, with their strong swords dissipated the spell of Persian invincibility, preserved the intellectual treasures of Athens and perpetuated the independence of Greece? That almost obliterated earth mound marking the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity, the Μαραθωνόμαχοι, repose, bears upon its bosom neither statue nor inscription.

Does tradition bequeath the name of a single private soldier of the Macedonian Phalanx? And yet it was by the indomitable valor, perfect discipline, and heroic endurance of the veterans who composed it that the fiery Conqueror established his universal empire.

Digitized by Google

Know you those Narnian horsemen upon panting steeds, themselves worn by the dangers and struggles of the battle, who first announced in the camp of observation in Umbria: "We have destroyed Hasdrubal and his army; our Legions are safe; our Consuls unhurt?" To Livius and Nero, the heroes of the Metaurus, public triumphs were decreed by the Roman Senate, but where is the muter-roll of the brave soldiers who followed them to victory?

Armenius has been well-nigh deified, but who has erected monuments to the lion-hearted Germans who beat to pieces those trained legions under Varus?

Harold we know, but who was that Saxon wrestler with his heavy hatchet doing great mischief to the Normans in the battle of Hastings and well-nigh striking off the head of Duke William himself? Men of Kent and Essex, who plied so valiantly the ghastly blow in defense of country and your patriot king, have your names been forgotten by the Muse of History?

Enshrined in the heart of the world is the wonderful memory of the virgin martyr of France, but nameless forevermore are the inspired soldiers who constituted her martial train: unknown the grave of that Biscayan who so fearlessly bore her snow-white banner on that famous day when she raised the siege of Orleans.

In the very nature of things it must thus occur that

> "A thousand glorious actions that might claim
> Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
> Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
> And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

Nevertheless, noted exceptions do sometimes occur, and one of these belongs to our annals.

On the first of June, 1776, Sir Peter Parker, with a fleet of more than fifty sail, anchored a few miles to the northward of Charleston bar. The King was resolved to repossess himself of the colony of South Carolina, which had always been reckoned among his most pleasant plantations, and hence this formidable demonstration. President Rutledge and General Armstrong repaired in person to the harbor fortifications, calling everything into requisition, judiciously disposing men

Digitized by Google

and materials of war for the protection of the city and its approaches, and urging every possible preparation to resist the threatened invasion. A general alarm was sounded. The militia from the interior was ordered to the coast, and aid invoked from sister colonies. So prompt and generous was the response, that by the eleventh of June forces aggregating six thousand five hundred and twenty-two men of all arms had been concentrated for the defense of Charleston. On the caps of the officers and privates of the First South Carolina Regiment appeared crescents with the words *ultima ratio* engraven thereon, while the word *Liberty* shone resplendent on the helmets of the men of the Second.

The stores and warehouses on the wharves were leveled so as to uncover a defensive line along East Bay, armed with musketry and cannon. The streets were strongly traversed. Leaden weights from the windows were freely given up to be run into musket balls. Masters and servants heartily united in the construction of fortifications, and all cannon which could be secured were mounted at convenient points whence their converging fire might most surely impede the advance of the enemy. At this trying moment the patriotism of the Carolinians was conspicuous.

Major-General Charles Lee, recently assigned to the command of this department and newly arrived, accompanied by Brigadier-General Howe and some other officers, shortly after the fourth of June made a careful inspection of the defenses of Haddrell's Point and on Sullivan's Island. At this time Fort Sullivan was finished only in front and on one side. Its rear was open, and the troops assigned to its occupancy were encamped behind the work "in huts and booths covered with palmetto leaves." The force on the island consisted of some twelve hundred men. Ten thousand pounds of powder had been there accumulated for the service of small arms and the heavy guns. So impressed was General Lee with the insecurity of the position that he openly declared Fort Sullivan "could not hold out half an hour." Its platform he pronounced "but a slaughtering stage." He even suggested to President Rutledge the advisability of evacuating both the fort and the island. This proposition, however, was indignantly rejected by that distinguished South Carolinian. Unwilling to assume the responsibility of ordering an abandonment, Lee contented himself with diminishing the forces and withdrawing a considerable amount of the ammunition. Haddrell's Point was strongly reinforced by Continental and Colonial troops under Gen-

Digitized by Google

eral Armstrong, and a bridge was thrown from that post, across the cove, to Sullivan's Island. A heavy traverse was ordered for the protection of the rear of Fort Sullivan. Evidently anticipating, in the event of an attack, the speedy reduction of that work, Lee directed his attention mainly to securing avenues of retreat for the forces disposed on that side of the harbor. His communications were all of a depressing character; and, upon the mind of a weak-kneed lieutenant would doubtless have exerted a pernicious influence. Not so, however, with Colonel Moultrie, who, in his *Memoirs,* writes as follows: "Gen. Lee one day on a visit to the fort took me aside and said, 'Col. Moultrie, do you think you can maintain this post?' I answered him, 'Yes, I think I can!' That was all that passed on the subject between us. Another time, Capt. Lamperer, a brave and experienced seaman, who had been master of a man-of-war and captain of a very respectable privateer many years ago, visited me at the fort after the British ships came over the bar. While we were walking on the platform looking at the fleet, he said to me, 'Well, Colonel, what do you think of it now?' I replied, 'that we should beat them.' 'Sir,' said he, 'when those ships (pointing to the men-of-war) come to lay alongside your fort, they will knock it down in half an hour' (and that was the opinion of all the sailors). 'Then,' I said, 'we will lay behind the ruins and prevent the men from landing.'"[8]

CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

[8] *Memoirs of the American Revolution, etc.,* Vol. I., pp. 143, 144. New York, 1802.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE part taken by New Hampshire in the American Revolution has not been fully told. This small state was then a great force. No body of foreign soldiers ever fought their way into her territory, but in the Revolutionary war her soldiers fought, and fought well, in all the chief battles from Canada to Virginia. And it is because of this generous haste to the outside rescue that their valorous deeds have been blending and merged in the narratives of other localities, and have failed to attract the distinctive credit which was their due.

There was an early and remarkable unanimity of sentiment throughout the colony in regard to the coming issue, and, when the issue was joined, an alertness to meet it not surpassed in any other commonwealth. The first cargo of taxed tea, (June 25, 1774), was at once reshipped; the second likewise, and the consignee narrowly escaped violence for his delay. For already, (in May), the assembly had appointed a committee of correspondence looking towards a Continental Congress. The amiable and unfortunate royal governor had dissolved the assembly. The dissolved assembly immediately crystalized again in the usual place. The governor brought the sheriff, who ordered them to disperse. They dispersed—to another house. There they proceeded, religiously, appointing a fast; politically, calling another assembly; and financially, raising a provincial tax. The new assembly chose two delegates to the Congress, and called for contributions to beleaguered and suffering Boston. When Boston workmen had refused to build barracks for their British masters, and our Governor Wentworth had privately employed an agent to procure carpenters in New Hampshire, the Portsmouth committee had summoned the agent and made him apologize on his knees.

In September, 1774, the Congress recommended to the colonists to be "prepared for every emergency"; and the committee prepared. Just before the coming of the frigate *Scarborough* with a body of troops, they seized Fort William and Mary, capturing its small garrison, carrying off fifteen cannon, all the small arms, and a hundred barrels of powder, part

Digitized by Google

of which afterward sped the bullets at Bunker Hill. They were led by Major Sullivan and Captain Langdon. It was the first armed resistance in the Revolution. Men of New Hampshire made it.

The governor dismissed from public trust all the men engaged in this enterprise, and issued a warning to the people against "the false arts of abandoned men." The next month the convention also issued its warning to the people, and exhorted them to learn one of those "arts"—the military art. Military train-bands sprang up at the call.

By the then existent militia law, thanks to the French and Indian wars, every male inhabitant from sixteen years old to sixty was to have his gun and bayonet, cartridge box and knapsack, a pound of powder, twenty bullets, and twelve flints. Although the interval of peace and the cost of equipments had caused some neglect, the very scantiness of ammunition, as the enemy soon found, had made careful and skilful marksmen.

The breach between the royal governor and the resolute assembly steadily widened, and the people grimly waited. The crisis came in the spring. On the 14th of April, 1775, General Gage in Boston had received Lord North's "conciliatory proposition" with its double edge—ostensibly home rule, enforced by British troops. He had orders to make the experiment, and he made it with both edges on the eighteenth. He called an assembly for "reconciliation," and the same night sent troops to seize the magazine at Concord. The first blood shed at Lexington on the way shocked the colonists just as the cannon at Fort Sumter, in the same month eighty-six years later, shocked the nation.

The crisis had come, and in New Hampshire men and women, old men and boys, sprang to meet it. News reached the little town of Salisbury on the next forenoon. Mrs. Mehitable Pettingill sent for her sixteen-year-old son, the oldest of six children, but Benjamin by name, who was at work in the field with his father, made him up a small bundle and started him for Cambridge with his father's musket—a musket which he fired on many a battle-field. A band of his townsmen went with him. From Boscawen, Captain Gerrish and sixteen men next day were on the march. Captain Chandler and thirty-six men hurried on from Concord. Colonel Cilley started with a hundred volunteers from Nottingham, and John Taylor Gilman with another hundred from Exeter. There were sixty from Hampton with

Digitized by Google

Dearborn, forty-six from Temple, twenty-two from Swanzey. McClary left his plough in the field at Epsom. Worcester of Hollis dropped his razor, unused, to spread the alarm; and the three Nevins brothers drew out their crowbars and left the big stone propped on a boulder for seventy years, to make with eighty-seven others a night march to Cambridge. John Stark shut down his saw mill gate, hastened to his house, and in ten minutes was on horseback headed for the fray. Two thousand New Hampshire men were flocking thither. Many were sent back to plant their crops, but enough remained with Stark and Reed to constitute, together with three hundred New Hampshire troops in Prescott's special command, unquestionably more than half, if not two-thirds, of the fifteen hundred men that fought the battle of Bunker Hill. On that day Stark instantly saw and seized the weak and dangerous spot; and there his two regiments calmly waited behind the breastwork of rails and hay till the British troops, led by General Howe in person, came to the dead-line stake which Stark had planted forty yards in front, then again and again mowed them down, till of seven hundred Welch Fusileers (says Stark's Life), but eighty-three next morning answered to the roll-call. When Prescott's redoubt was captured and further resistance hopeless, Stark mastered the retreat and drew off his reluctant men as coolly as he had entered from Charlestown Neck between the cross-fires of the *Lively* and the floating batteries. Without our troops that battle might have been fought; but for them the retreat would have been a rout.

Then came a temporary pause, the pause of a spinning top; a whirl of excitement, military ardor and training, not without excesses. The royal governor had fallen on evil times, and was constrained into conflict with the people. A clamorous royalist, sheltered in his house, was persuaded forth by a cannon planted before the door. The governor withdrew to the fort, to the frigate *Scarborough*, to Boston, to the Isles of Shoals, to Halifax. His house was pillaged after he left it. So disappeared in the flurry of the rising storm the liberal-minded and accomplished gentleman who gave its charter to Dartmouth College.

The convention now seized the whole administration, and appointed a committee of safety, instructed in true Roman style to see "that the public sustain no damage." The committee organized companies of rangers and artillery, and twelve regiments of infantry, four of them "minute men." I have a yellow document dated at East Kingston a fortnight before the battle of Bennington, signed by Enoch Chase and

Digitized by Google

thirteen others, who engaged to be ready "at a minute's warning" to march to any part of the New England states. It was but one of many. There was in many places an "alarm list," in one of which (Salisbury), I find the names of the minister, the town physician—my grandfather—and three deacons.

Meanwhile the home work of the Revolution went vigorously on. The convention in December, 1775, adopted a state constitution. It was the first of the colonies to do so. On the following 15th of June it instructed Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, and Matthew Thornton to vote in Congress for "declaring the thirteen united colonies a free and independent state"; and the first man in Congress to cast his vote in the roll-call on the declaration of independence was Josiah Bartlett, who boldly answered "Yes."

The people stood firmly behind their leaders. Already, in April, the written pledge had gone through the state, whereby every male citizen over twenty-one years of age was "solemnly to engage at the risk of life and fortune, with arms, to oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United Colonies of America." In some towns, as in Concord, Gilsum, Newport, Surrey, not a man refused to sign; in Boscawen but one, and that not from lack of patriotism but of excessive crankiness; in Salisbury but two, one of them a Quaker, the other an actual helper in the cause. It has been said with apparent truth that loyalty to the cause of freedom was more unanimous here than in any other colony. Royalists abounded in New York. South Carolina was for a time divided, and in North Carolina and Virginia there were armed conflicts. When the British troops evacuated patriotic Boston they escorted more than a thousand royalists to Halifax. In the whole state of New Hampshire there were but seven hundred and forty-three persons who, as Quakers and for other reasons, refused to sign the pledge of armed resistance. The conventon found occasion to proscribe but seventy-six persons who had abandoned the state, and to confiscate the property of but twenty-eight of these.

Indeed the royalists led but a hare's life in New Hampshire. One day early in 1775, while the British were in Boston and the men of Hollis were at Cambridge, a mounted Hollis "suspect," bearing despatches from Canada to Boston came to Jewett's Bridge on Nashua River. There he had a "reception" by a company of women led by a Hollis-born woman

Digitized by Google

and armed with pitchforks and muskets, who dismounted him, took the despatches from his boots, and delivered him into custody.

Our troops were constantly in the service from April, 1775, till 1783, marching, fighting, or enduring worse things than fighting, such as the terrible scourge of the small-pox and the camp fever at Canada and Crown Point, the march thence marked by bleeding feet, and the dire destitution of Valley Forge. On one march a thousand men went barefoot.

After the battle of Bunker Hill three of our regiments remained till Boston was evacuated, then were sent to New York, and soon on the fruitless expedition ordered by Congress, to Canada. While these were on the way to Montreal which was captured, our Dearborn with a small body of our men accompanied Arnold on that distressing march to Quebec through the wilderness of Maine, where the men begged Dearborn's dog for food and made soup of his bones. Our Sullivan, who succeeded the reckless Arnold in command, though failing in his attack on Three Rivers, brought off the army by a skilful retreat, for which he received the official thanks of Congress and the warm personal thanks of his brilliant circle of field officers, including Stark, Reed, Poor, Wayne, and St. Clair. Captured on Long Island, he was exchanged in season to command one of the two attacking divisions at Trenton, with John Stark at its head. Though their arms were wet and nearly useless, yet with fixed bayonets and three cheers they drove all before them, and, nobly seconded by Greene's division, finished the fight in thirty-five minutes. A week later, at Princeton, Stark's and Reed's regiments did gallant service in driving back and routing the British Fortieth and Fifty-Fifth.

It was these two battles, Trenton and Princeton, which at home and abroad, in Washington's dark days, began the reaction in his favor. Our men had outstayed by six weeks the terms of their enlistment to fight these very battles.

By an amazing blunder, with outside pressure, Congress had superseded Stark and he resigned. But the country's emergency called him forth. From Bunker Hill to Yorktown there was no greater danger and no more critical affair than at Bennington. And there the part of New Hampshire was as signal as at Bunker Hill. When Burgoyne came down along Lake Champlain with his select army of seven thousand German and British troops, to be joined by Tories and Indians, and to be met by Clinton from below, it meant the isolation and subjection of New Eng-

Digitized by Google

land, to be followed by the easy conquest of the other colonies. By the abandonment of Ticonderoga through Schuyler's neglect to heed Trumbull's warning, the way was open and Burgoyne was on the way, and a panic before him. A message of alarm came from the Catamount Tavern in Vermont, to Massachusetts and New Hampshire, for help or all was lost. Only one hundred and fifty Massachusetts troops arrived in season, and the good soldiers of Vermont were few, and scattered by the Hubbardton defeat. It was then that New Hampshire troops, led by a New Hampshire colonel, through the pledged fortune of a New Hampshire merchant, came to the rescue. When the appeal came our committee of safety faced an empty treasury. It was a dark hour for the country. It was then that John Langdon made his famous offer of his money and merchandise and the mortgage of his house and plate as a loan, if Stark might lead the troops; then that Stark received his independent command; and then that he forgot the affront of Congress. His name roused enthusiasm once more. Fifteen hundred men (1525), were ready to follow him to Bennington, and those who could not go, to help them off. Rev. Timothy Walker stopped his Sunday services for the soldiers to leave the house, and shoes were made that night for Phineas Virgin and John Eastman to march next morning. In Boscawen, Mrs. Peter Kimball sat up all night to make shirts for two destitute men in her husband's company; and, when left with five children ranging from seven years to five weeks of age, rode with her infant, on horseback, to the neighboring town and engaged a boy of fourteen to help her gather in the harvest. Andrew Bohonon's son Stephen, fifteen years old, joined his father, refusing to be captain's clerk for safety, and serving in the ranks. Augustine Hibbard, one of the first six graduates of Dartmouth College, schoolmaster Evans of Salisbury, Jeremiah Smith, future governor and chief justice, and Capt. Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, were there. Two-thirds of the men who fought that day were New Hampshire men. And when that body of raw militia stormed, routed, and captured a body of the best regular troops of Europe, completely equipped, armed to the teeth, and behind their cannon and entrenchments, it was an exploit unequalled in that war, and seldom surpassed in any other. And when the battle was over New Hampshire sent her most noted physician, afterwards chief justice, president, and governor of the state, to care for the sick and wounded.

The share of our troops in that battle was well recognized at the time. There fell into my hands a few days ago the faded copy of some

Digitized by Google

stanzas written by Gen. William Chamberlain of Vermont, one of those who stormed the British works, and who himself brought away a Hessian flag. I will cite one stanza for its cheery testimony as well as its breezy use of the national air, then new:

"New Hampshire boys the victory won,
Which does them lasting honor;
Commanded by brave General Stark
And the intrepid Warner.
And we would fight for liberty
With Howe or Alexander,
And never fear the face of Clay
With Stark for our commander.

Chorus.

Sing Yankee Doodle, Victory,
Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy;
From Yankees see the British flee,
And leave their arms quite handy."

And when, a generation later, the old warrior stood under a tree and with ardent emphasis and ominous gesture shouted them in the ears of his ten-year-old boy, we can well credit the son that it was the profoundest impression of his boyhood.

But Burgoyne had not got clear of our men. At the battle of Stillwater, or Freeman's Farm, the first British onset was on Morgan's riflemen and our Dearborn's light infantry on the left; and when these recoiled Poor's brigade came to their support. In this conflict, so fierce that two British regiments were nearly annihilated, more than half the American loss, according to Wilkinson's returns, fell on Poor's and Dearborn's troops. In eighteen days came the battle of Saratoga, or Bemis Heights, opened, as Hildreth records, with a furious charge of Poor's brigade on the British left, while, as Bancroft relates, Dearborn's light infantry "descended impetuously on the British right,"—though Arnold's demoniac dash decided the day. That night, when the defeated Burgoyne explored for a retreat by the bridge of boats across the Hudson, he found John Stark and two thousand eight hundred New Hampshire men block-

Digitized by Google

ing the way. So came the surrender and dispersion of perhaps the blackest of the war-clouds. After the surrender our men marched forty miles in fourteen hours, fording the Mohawk, to head off General Clinton.

When now the war moved southward the share of our troops was relatively less. But there were no better soldiers. They were in the battles of Long Island, of Germantown, and Brandywine; and, in the battle of Monmouth, frustrated only by the treacherous misconduct of Charles Lee, they gained under Cilley's command the commendation of Washington for their determined stand: "I see they are my brave New Hampshire boys."

SAMUEL C. BARTLETT.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER

(*Third Paper*)

ALL of which appointments" (says Drayton in his Memoirs) "were conducted and filled by the two above-named officers in a manner highly honorable to themselves, and advantageously for the public service."§ [30]

A new election had been held for members of the Provincial Congress in August, 1775, and Thomas Sumter was again elected as a delegate from the district eastward of the Wateree River—thus becoming a member of the second Provincial Congress. This Provincial Congress met on November 1, 1775, and in November, 1775, raised a regiment of artillery, constituting the fourth regular regiment in the service of the State.[31]

The Provincial Congress adjourned on the 30th November, 1775, to meet again on the 1st February, 1776, having elected a new Council of Safety, with powers still more enlarged than the former. The Provincial Congress having reassembled on the 1st February, 1776, on the 22d February augmented their military establishment by raising two rifle regiments—thus making a total of six regiments in the regular military establishment. Thomas Sumter was appointed lieutenant-colonel commandant of the second of these regiments, being the sixth regiment in order of the whole. At the same time William Henderson was appointed major of this second regiment of riflemen.[32]

In April, 1776, the second Provincial Congress, of which Sumter

§ Sumter's name does not appear on the general payroll of Colonel Thomson's regiment to 20th October, 1775. S. C. *Hist. & Gen. Mag.*, Vol. 2, p. 191. The probable explanation is that he had succeeded to the command of Moses Kirkland's company. Kirkland, however, induced most of his company to desert—*Ibid*, p. 286—Sumter being then appointed Adjutant General to the brigade, his name did not appear on the regimental payrolls.

[30] *Ibid*, p. 135.

[31] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 93.

[32] *Ibid*, p. 124; Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 175.

Digitized by Google

was a member as a delegate from the district east of the Wateree River, resolved itself into the General Assembly of the State and adopted a full form of government—executive, legislative and judicial—and elected and appointed the president, council, judges and other proper officers to carry on the government, and, after providing for the election of a General Assembly to be held in October, 1776, adjourned on the 11th April, 1776.

The attack on Charleston in June, 1776, found Sumter, with his regiment, as part of the defensive force in the city. Whilst Moultrie, of the Second regiment, was in command of the fort on Sullivan's Island, which became the object of the British attack, Thomson, of the Third regiment, was placed in command of the force on the eastern end of the Island, to hold that part of the Island and prevent Sir Henry Clinton, who was with a large British force on Long Island (now called the Isle of Palms), from crossing over to Sullivan's Island. Sumter appears to have been stationed along the mainland, from Haddrell's Point (now Mount Pleasant), towards Long Island to repel any attempted crossing of the enemy from Long Island to the mainland.[33] Of the force so stationed, consisting of his own regiment, with detachments from other regiments, he seems to have been in command.[34]

As the conflict that took place on the 28th June, 1776, was confined to the attack by the fleet on Fort Moultrie, and the skirmish between Thomson's force and the enemy on Long Island, Sumter had no active part in it.

In August, 1776, General Charles Lee undertook an expedition to East Florida with the expectation of easily taking possession of St. Augustine. He was allowed the assistance of the military establishment of South Carolina. Detachments from the first four regiments accompanied him on the 11th August, 1776.[35] The remainder of the troops, including Sumter's regiment, followed. The expedition did not proceed beyond Savannah.[36] There Lee received in September an express, calling him northward, whither he departed at once, expressing before he left his high sense of the conduct and behavior of the officers of the South Carolina troops.[37] These troops suffered terribly from sickness

[33] Moultrie, Vol. 1, pp. 142, 150, 155.
[34] *Year Book*, Charleston, 1898, pp. 383, 384.
[35] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 185.
[36] Charleston *Year Book*, 1889, p. 233; Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 335.
[37] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 186; Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 386.

Digitized by Google

incurred in the expedition to Georgia, whence they were gradually withdrawn.

In June and July, 1776, the Continental Congress passed a resolution to take upon the Continental military establishment all troops upon the regular establishments of the colonies. In pursuance of this action of Congress the General Assembly of South Carolina on 20th September, 1776, transferred to the Continental establishment the six regiments of provincial regulars. This included Sumter's regiment. All the officers of these regiments exchanged their commissions hitherto held from the province for commissions in the Continental service of the same grade, entering the Continental line as youngest officers of their respective ranks.[38] Sumter, therefore, became a colonel in the Continental service,

Exactly when Sumter had received his commission as colonel does not appear. He was originally, in February, 1776, appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth regiment.[39] There is no distinct mention of his appointment as colonel, but, inasmuch as in the orders of the time, designating him to sit on court-martials and referring to him for other duties, refer to him as Colonel Sumter—and these references are in the military order books of the time, and must be presumed to denote rank and precedence with military exactness, there can be no doubt he had received his commission.[40]

At the same time there is mentioned Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, of the Sixth regiment. If Henderson, who had been originally appointed major, was later lieutenant-colonel, Sumter, who commanded the same regiment, was evidently colonel.[41]

On the 26th September, 1776, Francis Marion, then major of the Second regiment, received his commission as lieutenant-colonel of that regiment.[42]

Sumter, therefore, ranked Marion by seniority of promotion in the Continental line. Neither of them seem ever to have received any higher rank in the Continental service.

[38] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 187; McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 298; Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 383.
[39] Ramsay's *Rev.*, Vol. 1, p. 52.
[40] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 195; S. C. *Hist. & Gen. Mag.*, Vol. 7, pp. 137, 196, 197, 201; Vol. 8, p. 84.
[41] *Ibid*, Vol. 8, pp. 20, 73; Charleston *Year Book* for 1895, pp. 335, 337, 339, 341, 342.
[42] Charleston *Year Book* for 1895, p. 332; Drayton, Vol. 2, p. 337; Gibbes's *Doc. Hist.*, Vol. 2, p. 45.

Digitized by Google

In 1777 the command of the troops in South Carolina, after the departure of General Lee and General James Moore, devolved upon General Robert Howe, who, upon information that the enemy were about to invade Georgia, went off to Savannah, where he was followed by a strong detachment of the Continental troops in South Carolina, and Sumter, with his regiment, must have been part of it, as in March, 1777, his regiment was in Savannah, whence they returned some time in June.

In December, 1777, Sumter was in Charles Town, as on the 13th December he sat as a member of a council of war to pass upon the question whether detachments from the Continental regiments could with propriety be sent on the proposed expedition. In the names of the officers composing the council he is styled " Col. Sumter," whereas Elliott and Marion, who were also members, are styled " Lieut- Col." [43]

Sumter seems to have continued with his regiment on service in and around Charles Town, for his regiment and himself are mentioned until April, 1778, in the order books of the First Regiment, which have been published, and in Moultrie's letters. The last reference we have to him at this period is in a letter from Moultrie to General Howe, dated April 10, 1778, wherein Sumter's regiment is mentioned as being in Charles Town.[44] The order book of the First regiment refers to the regiment as in Charles Town 5th February, 1778.[45] From that date until after the fall of Charles Town in 1780 we find no mention of him in military service. He is not mentioned in any of the military operations during the last half of 1778, or in 1779, or the first half of 1780.

The late General Wilmot G. DeSaussure prepared a list of the names of the officers who served in the South Carolina regiments on the Continental establishment. This list was printed by order of the Legislature of South Carolina in 1886, and republished in the *Year Book* of the City of Charleston for 1893. In this list it is stated that he resigned on September 23, 1778. No authority for this statement is given. The list gives his rank as lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth regiment, which is evidently a mistake, as he was a full colonel. His resignation in September, 1778, also seems inconsistent with the fact that Henderson, who was lieutenant-colonel under him in February and March, 1778, continues to be only lieutenant-colonel of the regi-

[43] Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 190.
[44] *Ibid*, 205.
[45] S. C. *Hist & Gen. Mag.*, Vol. 7, p. 20

Digitized by Google

ment as late as March, 1779. McCrady in his history states that domestic affliction having come upon him in the loss of all his children but one, the inactivity of the service at the time induced him to resign in September, 1777.[46]

However all this may be, in February, 1780, the Continental Congress resolved to reduce the five infantry regiments in the establishment in South Carolina to three. The five regiments before known, respectively, as the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth, were combined and reduced to three, and the officers named were: Colonel C. C. Pinckney to the First, Lieutenant-Colonel Marion to the Second, and Colonel Thomson to the Third, with Henderson as lieutenant-colonel of the Third. The Fourth regiment—the artillery regiment—does not seem to have been included in the reduction.

At that date Sumter must have ceased to hold any active office in the Continental service and to have retired to the care of his private affairs—to reappear later for the most eminent part of his career.*

On the 12th April, 1780, Tarleton, at the head of the British cavalry, surprised and practically destroyed the American cavalry, commanded by General Huger, at Monck's Corner. On 12th May Charleston had been surrendered to the British, under Sir Henry Clinton, carrying with this surrender the entire regular American army in South Carolina. On 6th May Tarleton had again surprised and defeated the remnants of the American cavalry at Lenud's Ferry, on the Santee. The only organized body of American troops left in South Carolina was a force of about three hundred and fifty Continentals, under Colonel Buford, of Virginia, who, after the fall of Charleston, was in full retreat towards North Carolina. Tarleton pursued him with great celerity—came up with him in the Waxhaws, in Lancaster County, and, although having a much inferior force, attacked at once and practically destroyed Buford's entire force—Tarleton's troopers refusing quarter, and continuing the massacre after surrender in a way that gave proverbial force to the term "Tarleton's quarter."

The effect of this succession of defeats was to practically terminate armed resistance in South Carolina. The entire State lay, as it seemed, prostrate and helpless at the mercy of the enemy.

[46] McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 565. Evidently a misprint for 1778.

* General Howe in a letter to General Moultrie, dated Sunbury, Georgia, December 8, 1778, mentions Colonel Henderson's regiment. Moultrie, Vol. 1, p. 249.

Digitized by Google

On the 4th June, 1780, Clinton wrote from his headquarters in Charles Town that he could assert that there were few men in South Carolina who were not either his prisoners or in arms with him.

This was true. Every Continental organization had been captured or dispersed. The militia were stunned and despondent at home, waiting each man to see what would be the next step. The only armed men in the field were the British troops and their Tory sympathizers, who now gathered, organized and began to assert themselves. It was the lowest ebb of the tide.

In his pursuit of Buford Tarleton passed through Clermont, now the region around Statesburgh, in Sumter County. In his passage the British went to the plantation of Sumter and burned his house, turning his family out of doors. In the preface to some verses on Sumter, published in the Charleston *Courier* on 14th November, 1863, the writer states that General Sumter was roused from sleep by his servants on the approach of the British and took shelter in a thicket, within a few hundred yards of his family mansion and from that place he saw his family expelled from the dwelling, which was then set on fire and destroyed.

McCrady, in his history, says he left his house a few hours before Tarleton reached his plantation and escaped into North Carolina, and that Tarleton, on reaching Sumter's plantation and finding he was gone, burnt his house.[47]

Buford's force had been destroyed on the 29th May, 1780. Within less than two months thereafter, viz: about the middle of July, Sumter returned from North Carolina and established a camp on Clem's Creek, in Lancaster County. This camp represented the first organized force in the State formed after Buford's defeat. There had preceded it conflicts between Whigs and Tories, but these had been conflicts between parties gathered, so to say, for the occasion and which dispersed when the occasion was over. Sumter's camp represented an attempt to create a continuing body on the basis of a military organization. He held at this time, apparently, no commission which gave him any legal right to control the organization so effected by him. His commission as colonel in the Continental army, even if still continuing, gave him no right of

[47] McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 365. Ramsay says: "In a little time after he had forsaken his house a detachment of the British turned his family out of doors, burned the house and everything that was in it." Ramsay, *Rev.*, Vol 2, p. 130.

Digitized by Google

command over men who had never enlisted and were, like himself, only volunteers. Their organization was purely voluntary and equally so was their selection of Sumter as a leader. It was the recognition of his capability and not of any legal right.[48] After the formation of this camp it was not long before the number of Sumter's command was swelled by the accession of Whigs from all parts—so that he soon had nearly five hundred men under his command. Of stores, supplies, arms and ammunition they were at first nearly destitute.

Says Moultrie in his memoirs:

> "They sometimes began an action with not more than three rounds per man, and were obliged to wait to be supplied with more by the fall of their friends or enemies in battle. When they proved victorious they supplied themselves with arms and ammunition from the killed and wounded." [49]

And Ramsay states with more particularity:

> "His followers were in a great measure unfurnished with arms and ammunition, and they had no magazines from which they might draw a supply. The iron tools on the neighboring farms were worked up for their use by common blacksmiths into rude weapons of war. They supplied themselves in part with bullets by melting the pewter with which they were furnished by private housekeepers. They sometimes came to battle when they had not three rounds a man, and some were obliged to keep at a distance till by the fall of others they were supplied with arms. When they proved victorious they were obliged to rifle the dead and wounded of their arms and ammunition to equip them for the next engagement. At the head of these volunteers Col. Sumpter penetrated into South Carolina and recommenced a military opposition to the British, after it had been suspended for about six weeks." [50]

This initiation of organized resistance was made at a time when the inhabitants of the State had generally abandoned all idea and effort of further armed opposition, and to Sumter is due the credit.

Action soon followed organization.

[48] Moultrie, Vol. 2, p. 214; Ramsay's *Rev.*, Vol. 2 p. 130.
[49] Moultrie, Vol. 2, p. 214.
[50] Ramsay, *Rev.*, Vol. 2, p. 130.

Digitized by Google

The British had established a military station at Rocky Mount, in what is now Lancaster County. The commandant at this post sent the notorious Captain Christian Huck to repair among the Tories the consequences of the dispersal of a party of them shortly before at Fishing Creek. Huck commanded thirty-five of Tarleton's dragoons, twenty mounted infantry of the New York Volunteers and about sixty Tory native militia. He was, therefore, in command of a force of regular British soldiers in addition to militia. In his progress he destroyed the forge, furnace and mills at Hill's Iron Works, and advanced, destroying the country and committing offensive outrages on inoffensive inhabitants until on the 12th July he had taken post at Williamson's plantation, in York County. Here in the early morning he was attacked by a detachment of volunteers from Sumter's camp and, after a short engagement, Huck was killed and his command entirely dispersed.[51] The British lost between thirty and forty killed and fifty wounded. The Americans lost one man killed.

[51] Moultrie, Vol. 2, p. 217; Ramsay *Rev.*, Vol. 2, p. 135; McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 597.

HENRY A. M. SMITH.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

MINNESOTA COUNTY NAMES

(Third Paper)

POPE, February 20, 1862; for Gen. John Pope (1822-1892), who in the summer of 1849 led an exploring expedition from Fort Snelling up the Mississippi and Sauk rivers and past White Bear lake, in the present Pope county, to the Red river, and thence northward by a route at a considerable distance west of the river to Pembina. In the Civil War he was a most energetic defender of the Union, and early in 1862 was commissioned major general of volunteers. On September 6, 1862, shortly after the outbreak of the Sioux Indian war in Minnesota, he was appointed commander of the Department of the Northwest, with headquarters in St. Paul, and continued in charge of the department until January, 1865. To his efficient direction and co-operation is due, in a large degree, the success of Generals Sibley and Sully in their campaigns of 1863-64 against the Sioux.

Ramsey, October 27, 1849; in honor of Alexander Ramsey, the first Governor of Minnesota. He was born near Harrisburg, Pa., 1815; studied at Lafayette College; was admitted to the bar in 1839; was a Whig member of Congress from Pennsylvania, 1843 to 1847; was appointed by President Taylor, 1849, as Governor of Minnesota Territory; arrived in St. Paul, May 27; and commenced his official duties here June 1, 1849. He continued in this office to May 15, 1853. In 1851 Governor Ramsey negotiated important treaties with the Dakotas at Mendota and Traverse des Sioux, and in 1863 with the Ojibways at Pembina, by these treaties opening to settlement the greater part of southern and western Minnesota. He was the second Mayor of St. Paul in 1855. After the admission of Minnesota as a State, he was elected its second Governor, and held this office from January 2, 1860, to July 10, 1863, during the very trying times of the Civil War and the Sioux War. He was United States Senator, 1863 to 1875; and Secretary of War, in the cabinet of President Hayes, 1879 to 1881. He died in St. Paul, April 22, 1903.

Red Lake, December 24, 1896; from the river of this name which

Digitized by Google

flows through this county, and which derives its name, in turn, from Red Lake, these both being translations of Ojibway names. Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, a missionary during more than twenty years to the Ojibways of northern Minnesota, has written me, "Red Lake is so called from the color of the lake (reflecting the redness of the sunset) on a calm summer evening, when unruffled by wind and in a glassy state, at which times it is of a distinctly wine color. . . . It is not called Red Lake from any battle fought on its shores." That such a name for the lake is sometimes very strongly suggested, the present writer knows from seeing such a view of the smooth lake and delicately clouded sunset sky on an evening of September, 1885. During a canoe voyage around Red Lake, I had encamped for the night near the mouth of Little Sand Bar creek, at the east end of the northern part of the lake. Looking west along the glass-like mirror of its broad surface to the horizon where the water met the red and golden sky, I saw the brilliant sunset reflection in equal glory upon both the sky and the lake, as I can never forget. It tells us something of the appreciation of natural beauty by the Indians, that they took from the hues of sunset the name of the largest lake in Minnesota, whence we now have, by derivation, the names of two large rivers, of a county, and its county seat.

Redwood, February 6, 1862; from the Redwood river, so called by the Dakotas, as Williamson writes, "on account of the abundance of a straight, slender bush with red bark, which they scraped off and smoked, usually mixed with tobacco." Two species of cornel, called alike by the Indians kinnikinnick, were used by them in this way, and each of these shrubs grows in this region. It is also to be noted that red cedar trees are found on the bleak rock bluffs at Redwood Falls, and that their heart wood, making the greater part of the trunk, is red.

Renville, February 20, 1855; for Joseph Renville, son of a French father and Dakota mother, born at or near the Kaposia village of the Dakotas, on the Mississippi a few miles below St. Paul, about the year 1779. He became a voyageur for an English company in the fur trade of the Northwest. In the War of 1812 he led a company of Sioux against the United States. Afterward, having become an agent of the American Fur Company, he erected a trading post at Lac qui Parle, and resided there until his death, in March, 1846. He was a warm friend and supporter of the missionary, Rev. T. S. Williamson, and aided him in the translation of the Bible into the Dakota language.

Digitized by Google

Rice, March 5, 1853; for Hon. Henry Mower Rice, one of the first two United States Senators of Minnesota, 1858 to 1863. He was born in Waitsfield, Vt., 1816; came to Detroit, in 1835, and four years later to Fort Snelling; was during many years an agent of the Chouteau Fur Company; aided in the negotiation of several Indian treaties, by which lands were ceded for white immigration in Minnesota; and was a delegate from this territory in Congress, 1853 to 1857. Excepting when absent in Washington, he resided in St. Paul, from 1849 onward, and was a most generous benefactor of this city. To Rice county he presented a valuable political and historical library. He died in San Antonio, Texas, while spending the winter months there, January 15, 1894.

Rock, May 23, 1857; from the prominent rock outcrop of reddish gray quartzite, which occupies an area of three or four square miles, about three miles north of Luverne, on the west side of the Rock river.

Roseau, December 31, 1894; with addition from Beltrami county, 1896; from the Roseau river and lake. This French name is a translation of the Ojibway name (rendered "Rush river" by Gilfillan). The species of very coarse grass, or rush, referred to is common or frequent in the shallow edges of ponds and lakes throughout the prairie region of Minnesota and Manitoba, growing sometimes to a height of ten feet.

St. Louis, March 3, 1855, and March 1, 1856; from the St. Louis river, the largest entering Lake Superior, which flows through this county. The river was probably so named by Verendrye (1685-1749), who was a very active explorer, in 1731 and onward, of the vast country from Pigeon river and Rainy Lake to the Saskatchewan and the Missouri rivers, establishing trading posts and missions. The King of France, in 1749, shortly before the death of Verendrye, conferred on him the Cross of St. Louis, as a recognition of the importance of his explorations, and thence the name of the St. Louis river appears to have come.

Scott, March 5, 1853; for Gen. Winfield Scott (1786-1866), commander-in-chief of the United States Army, 1841 to 1861.

Sherburne, February 25, 1856; for Hon. Moses Sherburne, associate justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota Territory, 1853 to 1857. He was born in Mount Vernon, Maine, 1808; came to St. Paul in 1853, and resided there several years; was one of the two compilers of the Statutes of Minnesota, published in 1859; removed to Elk River in Sherburne county; and died March 29, 1868.

Digitized by Google

Sibley, March 5, 1853; for Gen. Henry Hastings Sibley, pioneer, governor, and military defender of Minnesota. He was born in Detroit, Mich., 1811; went to Mackinaw, entering the service of the American Fur Company, in 1829; came to what is now Minnesota in 1834, as general agent in the Northwest for that company, with headquarters at Mendota (then called St. Peter's), where he lived twenty-eight years; removed to St. Paul in 1862, and resided there during the remainder of his life. He was delegate in Congress, representing Minnesota Territory, 1849 to 1853; was first Governor of the State, 1858-1860; and during the Sioux War, in 1862, led in the suppression of the outbreak, and the next year commanded an expedition against these Indians in North Dakota. He died February 18, 1891.

Stearns, February 20, 1855; for Hon. Charles Thomas Stearns, member of the council in the Territorial Legislature, 1854 and 1855. He was born in Pittsfield, Mass., 1807; came from Illinois to Minnesota in 1849, and first settled in St. Anthony; thence removed in 1855 to St. Cloud, the county seat of Stearns county, where he was proprietor of a hotel during fourteen years; and, about the year 1870, he removed to Mobile, Ala. Later he resided in New Orleans, and died there May 22, 1898. The legislature intended this name to be Stevens, as noted in the statement for that county.

Steele, February 20, 1855; for Franklin Steele, a prominent pioneer of Minneapolis. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, 1813; came to Fort Snelling, as sutler of that frontier post, in 1838; became owner of valuable lands at the falls of St. Anthony; and was active in improvements of the water power, and in building up St. Anthony and Minneapolis. He died September 10, 1880.

Stevens, February 20, 1862; for Isaac Ingalls Stevens (1818-1862), who in 1853, being then Governor of Washington Territory, commanded the expedition making the northern surveys for a Pacific railroad, starting from St. Paul and traveling to the present sites of Sauk Rapids and St. Cloud, and by White Bear and Elbow Lakes, to the Bois des Sioux river, thus passing near the northeast corner of this county. He had served in the Mexican War, and again was a gallant leader for the Union in the Civil War, entering it as colonel of the 79th Regiment of New York Volunteers, known as the Highlanders; attaining the rank of major general, July 4, 1862; and losing his life in the battle of Chantilly, in the same year. An earlier attempt to give his name to a county of Minnesota,

Digitized by Google

in 1855, was frustrated by a clerical error in the enrollment of the legislative act, which changed it to Stearns county.

Swift, February 18, 1870; for Henry Adoniram Swift, Governor of Minnesota, 1863. He was born in Ravenna, Ohio, 1823; was graduated from Western Reserve College; was admitted to the bar in 1845; came to Minnesota in 1853, settling in St. Paul, but removing in 1856 to St. Peter; and was a member of the State Senate, 1862 to 1865. For the latter half of the year 1863, having been elected Lieutenant Governor in place of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who resigned in consequence of his election as a Representative in Congress, Swift succeeded to the Governorship, when Governor Ramsey had resigned to take his seat in the United States Senate. In 1865 Governor Swift was appointed registrar of the United States Land Office in St. Peter, and held this office until his death, February 25, 1869.

Todd, February 20, 1855; for John Blair Smith Todd, commander of Fort Ripley (at first called Fort Gaines), 1849 to 1856, which was in the part taken from this county the next year (1856) to form a part of Morrison county. Todd was born in Lexington, Kentucky, 1814; was graduated at West Point, in 1837; served in the second Seminole War and the Mexican War; resigned from the army in 1856; was an Indian trader at Fort Randall, Dakota, till 1861; a brigadier general in the Civil War; delegate in Congress for Dakota, 1861 and 1863-65, and Governor of that Territory, 1867-71. He died in Yankton, Dakota, January 5, 1872.

Traverse, February 20, 1862; from Lake Traverse (Lac Travers, in French), a translation of the Dakota name. Keating wrote of its significance: "The lake has received its present appellation from the circumstance that it is in a direction nearly transverse to that of the Big Stone and Lac qui Parle Lakes, these being directly to the northwest, while Lake Traverse points to the northeast."

Wabasha, October 27, 1849; from Wapashaw (variously spelled), the name, in three successive generations, of the hereditary chief having greatest influence among the Mississippi river bands of the Dakotas. The third Wapashaw's band occupied the country below Lake Pepin, his principal village being on the Rolling Stone creek, near the site of Minnesota City. A beautiful prairie, in the Mississippi valley, southeast of this Dakota village, commonly called Wapashaw's prairie fifty years ago, has become the site of the city of Winona. The name Wabasha signifies "red

Digitized by Google

leaf," and thence " red hat or cap," and " red battle-standard." It was applied to the first chief of this name because he received from the English Governor in Quebec, soon after the cession of Canada by the French in 1763, presents of a soldier's uniform, with its red cap, and an English flag.

Wadena, June 11, 1858; from the old Wadena trading post, which was situated in the southeastern part of this county, on the Crow Wing river between the mouths of the Leaf and Partridge rivers. This name, an obsolete Ojibway word, signifies " a little round hill," and may refer to the rounded outlines of the Crow Wing bluffs at the old Wadena ferry. It is also a somewhat frequent personal name among the Ojibways.

Waseca, February 27, 1857; explained by Williamson as follows: " Waseca (wasecha),—rich, especially in provisions. I was informed in 1855, by a gentleman—a stranger to me—who professed to be one of the first settlers, that this name was given in response to inquiries as to the Indian word for ' fertile,' and adopted as a name." It was first applied to the earliest farming settlement, in 1855, near the present city of this name.

Washington, October 27, 1849; for George Washington.

Watonwan, February 25, 1860; from the Watonwan river, whose head streams flow through this county. Rev. Moses N. Adams, long a missionary among the Dakotas, informed me that this name in being Anglicized has been misspelled, that it should be, as he had been informed by the Dakotas, Watanwan, meaning fish bait, or where fish bait abounds.

Wilkin, March 6, 1868; for Col. Alexander Wilkin, who, in the Civil War, gave his life for the Union, being killed in the battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, July 14, 1864. He was born in Orange county, N. Y., December, 1820; served as a captain in the Mexican War; came to St. Paul in 1849, and entered the practice of law; was United States marshal for Minnesota, 1851-3; went to Europe in 1855, and studied the art of war before Sebastopol in the Crimea; afterward engaged in law practice in St. Paul; recruited the first company of the First Minnesota regiment for the Civil War; served also in the Second regiment, and was colonel of the Ninth.

Winona, February 23, 1854; for a Dakota woman, Winona, cousin of the last chief named Wapashaw, both of whom were prominent in the events attending the removal (1848) of the Winnebago Indians from

Digitized by Google

Iowa to Wapashaw's prairie (the site of the city of Winona), and thence to Long Prairie in Todd county. This name belonged, says Williamson, in any Dakota family, "to the first born, if a daughter, diminutive of wino, woman." (A prevalent mispronunciation of the name should be corrected. Its first syllable ought to be spoken as *ween*, not *wine*).

Wright, February 20, 1855; for the statesman, Silas Wright (1795-1847), of New York, who was a member of Congress, first in the House, later in the Senate, and afterwards Governor of New York. It is said that the name "was adopted as a compromise after a somewhat animated discussion."

Yellow Medicine, March 6, 1871; from the river of this name, which flows through the county. It is a translation of the Dakota name. According to Dr. Thomas M. Young, who was during several years in charge of the government school for Indian children at the Sisseton Agency, the "yellow medicine" is the long, slender, bitter, yellow root of the moonseed, which grows abundantly in thickets in this region.

Reviewing this list of our county names, they may be classified into groups, as (1) names from the Dakota or Sioux language; (2) those from the Ojibway language; (3) personal names given to counties; and (4) names given by the white settlers in allusion to natural features of the country.

Fifteen of our counties derive their names, directly or through translation, from the Sioux language. Eight of these names are kept in their original form, or with slight changes, as Sioux words; these being Anoka, Dakota, Isanti, Kandiyohi, Wabasha, Waseca, Watonwan, and Winona. Six are translated into English, namely, Big Stone, Blue Earth, Cottonwood, Redwood, Traverse, and Yellow Medicine; and one is received in its French translation, Lac qui Parle.

The following twelve bear names of Ojibway origin: Chippewa, Chisago, Clearwater, Crow Wing, Kanabec, Koochiching, Mahnomen, Mille Lacs, Otter Tail, Red Lake, Roseau, and Wadena. Six of them retain nearly their Ojibway form; two, Mille Lacs and Roseau, are received in the French translation; and the other four are Anglicized.

Fifty-two Minnesota counties, or five-eighths of the entire number, have received personal names, which may be arranged in four lists. The early explorers of this area are commemorated by seven counties; the fur

Digitized by Google

traders of the early half of the last century, by four; citizens of Minnesota as a Territory and State have been honored by the names of twenty-seven; and citizens of other parts of the United States are similarly honored in fourteen counties. The seven county names from explorers, are Beltrami, Carver, Cass, Hennepin, Le Sueur, Nicollet, and Pope. The four named for early fur traders are Aitkin, Faribault, Morrison, and Renville; but a half dozen others are named for prominent citizens who for some time were engaged in the fur trade.

Six of our counties have names given by white men for natural features of the country, in addition to the larger number derived from the Indian languages and referring to such geographic features. These six counties are Itasca, from the name of the lake, formed of two Latin words as before narrated; Lake, named for Lake Superior; Pine, so named for its extensive pine forests; Pipestone, for the Indian pipestone quarry there; Rock, for the very prominent rock outcrop near Luverne; and St. Louis, for the river of this name, which, as before noted, was probably first so called by Verendrye.

Besides the many personal names thus given to our counties, a large number more, of pioneer settlers and prominent citizens, are borne by our creeks and lakes, townships, villages, and postoffices. The reasons for the selection of these and all our other geographic names are now well remembered, and one of the best services that we can do for our State history is to gather and record them to answer the questions of coming generations.

WARREN UPHAM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

events attend...

Digitized by Google

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PYKE, ETC.

THE present series supplements some articles under a similar title published in the MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, in 1906-1907. An account of the known history of the Halley family appeared in *The Genealogist*, new series (London), for July, 1908, Vol. 25, part 1, while a paper on the Pike or Pyke families of London and Greenwich was printed in *Notes and Queries* (London), for July 20, 1907 (tenth series, Vol. 8, No. 186, pp. 44-45). The inedited lists and abstracts of Halley or Hawley wills and administrations which follow are from the Probate Registry at Lichfield, and were made personally by Mr. R. J. Beevor, M. A. (Trinity College, Cambridge), of "Reymerston," Manor Road, St. Albans, England. Entries preceded by an asterisk (*) represent documents still extant, but the dagger (†) signifies that the documents thus marked are no longer extant; of such, only the record exists.

LICHFIELD

† 1532, May.....	Hylley, Margaret.....	Mancelter.
† 1532, May 15.....	Halley, Thomas.....	Elmeton, 31 b.
* 1536	Halley, Henry.....	Youlgreave, 25 b.
* 1552, Sept. 13.....	Halley, Richard.....	Ashborne, 44 b.
* 1558, April 20.....	Halley, Robert.....	Denvent or Youlgreave, 123 b.
* 1559, May 8.....	Healey, Agnes.....	Bromshelf, 168 b.
* 1559, April 5.....	Halley, Robert.....	Youlgreave, 159.
† 1559, Oct. 7.....	Halley, Thos.....	Checkley, 174 b.
* 1564, April 11.....	Helay, John.....	Elmeton, 51 b.
* 1577, April 17.....	Halley, John.....	Youlgreave, 87
† 1585-6, Nov. 3.....	Halley, Richard.....	Checkley, 108
* 1590, Dec. 9.....	Halley, Thomas.....	Checkley, 146 b.
† 1594, Dec. 3.....	Halley, William.....	Elton, 124.
† 1596, July 29.....	Hawley, Robert.....	Youlgreave, 166.
† 1596, Oct. 28.....	Hawley, William.....	Cheddleton, 166.
† 1597, July 1.....	Halley, Humphrey and Margaret	Cheddleton (Ad.), 190 b.
* 1597-8, Oct. 30.....	Hawley, John.....	Youlgreave, 234 b.
1602, Aug. 30.....	Halley, John.....	Youlgreave (Ad.), 92 b.

Digitized by Google

LICHFIELD, *continued.*

* 1604, March 29.....	Hawley, Richard.....	Youlgreave, 133.
* 1605, July 19.....	Halley, Agnes.....	Elton, 174.
* 1605, July 19.....	Halley, Ellen.....	Youlgreave (Ad.), 174.
* 1607, April 17.....	Hawley, John.....	Checkley, 4.
* 1606-7, March 12....	Hawley, Richard.....	Youlgreave (Ad.), 213.
* 1609-10, Jan. 16.....	Halley, John.....	Mackworth (Ad.), 99.
* 1613, Dec. 13.....	Halley, Henry.....	Youlgreave, 43 b.
† 1613, Oct. 21.....	Halley, William.....	Youlgreave, 34.
* 1623, July 1.....	Hawley, Robert.....	Youlgreave (Ad.), 195 b.
† 1626, May 17.....	Halley, Richard.....	Youlgreave (Ad.), 18.
* 1629, Nov. 6.....	Hawley, John.....	Clowne.
* 1630, May 24.....	Halley, Margery.....	Checkley.
* 1631, Sept. 15.....	Hawley, Richard.....	Youlgreave (Ad.).
* 1632, Sept. 3.....	Hawley or Halley, Edward	Hixton (Ad.).
† 1633, Oct. 11.....	Hawley, Catherine.....	Hanbury.
* 1634, June 3.....	Hawley, Richard.....	Yolgreave.
* 1637, April 6.....	Hawley, Francis.....	Killamarsh (Ad.).
* 1648, June 7.....	Hawley, Elizabeth.....	Hathersage.
1660, Oct. 1.....	Hawley, George.....	Denby.
1661, Sept. 24.....	Hawley, Anthony.....	Yolgreave.
1661, Sept. 13.....	Hawley, Thomas.....	Yolgreave.
1667, Sept. 20.....	Hawley, Edward.....	Ashborne.
1667, April 3.....	Hawley, Ralph.....	Winster.
1668, July 8.....	Hawley, James.....	Stockton, Bk. A, p. 215.
1667-8, March 17.....	Hawley, John.....	Chesterfield.
1669, August 10.....	Hawley, James.....	Stoneley.
1672, Sept. 13.....	Hawley, Robert.....	Castleton (Ad.).
1675, May 7.....	Hawley, George, Ann and Grace.....	Ashborne.
1683, Sept. 28.....	Halley, Anthony.....	Checkley.
1684, March 26.....	Hawley, George.....	Yolgreave.
1685	Hawley, George.....	Stowe (Ad.).
1689, April 12.....	Hawley, John.....	Checkley (Ad.).
1695, July 16.....	Halley, John.....	Aston, Birmingham.
1696, April 15.....	Halley, George.....	Yolgreave.
1698, Nov. 16.....	Hawley, Richard.....	Stony Middleton.
1684-5, March 3.....	Halley, Thomas.....	Fairfield.
1697, Oct. 11.....	Hally, Henry.....	Taddington, 71 vol. d.
1700, July 29.....	Hawley, John.....	Eccleshall.
1704	Hawley, John.....	Kniveton (Ad.).
1708, April 23.....	Hawley, Henry.....	Bakewell.

Digitized by Google

1709, June 15.....	Halley, Ann.....	Eccleshall (Ad.).
1716, Nov. 21.....	Halley, James.....	Eccleshall (Ad.).
1729, May 25.....	Hawley, Joseph.....	Eccleshall (Ad.).

PECULIARS

1634, May 22.....	Hawley, Robert.....	Hope.
1637	Hawley, Matthew.....	Tideswell (missing).
1662, Nov. 10.....	Hawley, ———.....	Millmica.
1683-4, Feb. 26.....	Hawley, James.....	Croxton.

It will be noted that, under the caption "Lichfield," the surname Halley occurs several times between the years 1532 and 1594, but, under the same heading, the name Hawley does not appear until 1596, although after that date the two surnames are used interchangeably in a given family. This lends color to the belief that the families of Halley and Hawley in Derbyshire and Northamptonshire were of identical origin. The coat armorial ("Sable, a fret and a canton argent") ascribed by John Aubrey to Dr. Edmond Halley, is by Papworth assigned also to "Hales, Hauley, co. Devon; Hawleys" with authorities as follows: "Glover's Ordinary Cotton MS. Tiberius D, 10; Harl. MS 1392, and 1459," which could, no doubt, be consulted in the British Museum. The interchangeability of the names Halley and Hawley in a single family is further illustrated by some of the abstracts of wills at Lichfield, made also by Mr. Beevor and given below, viz.:

Thomas Halley of Tayne in the parish of Checkley, April 24, 1590. Third share of goodes to wife Isabell; residue to sons Richard and Thomas. To young John Hawley one ewe and a lamb. Unto Antony Hawley my best brass pott. To John Bagnall the elder one ewe and a lamb. To young Margery Halley 11s. VId. Wife and son Richard ex.

John Hawley of the parish of Checkley, March 12, 1606: To my fyve children: An, John, Thomas, Phyllip and Edmond, four score pound. Son Anthonie, Wife Margery. Proved April 7, 1607.

John Hawley of Clowne, in the co. of Derby, taylor. Oct. 1, 1629. To Elizabeth Hawley als Thomas my sister's dau. deceased (*sic*) 12d. Cousins Christopher, Francis and Elizabeth Hawley, 6d. each. To Edmond Woodhead, my late landlord, 5s. Residue to wife, sole exix. Witnesses:—Thomas Bowyer, the elder, and Edmond Woodhead. Proved Nov. 6, 1629.

Digitized by Google

Margerie Halley of Nether Teane, widdow. Feb. 17, 1629, to be buried at Checkley. Son Anthonie, son John H., dau. Anne Brackley, My dau.-in-law Anne Halley of this house, One sheep to each grandchild. Residue between sons Philippe and Edmond. Son Philippe exr. Proved May 24, 1630.

Robert Hawlie of the Birkinlee in the parish of Hope in the co. of Derby, Jan. 22, 1633. Son Robert, dau. Marie. Supposed dau. Dyones wife of Thomas Eyre. Wife Elizabeth sole ex^{tx}. Proved May 22, 1634.

George Hawley of Denby, Free Mason. Patrick, eldest son; Richard, 2nd son; John, 3rd son; William, 4th son. Anne, eldest dau. now wife of Richard Saxton. Isabel, 2d dau., Elizabeth. Isaac, youngest son. Margaret, youngest dau.; loving wife Ann, sole exix. June 21, 1659. Witnesses: Geo. Eyre, Mary Crosse. Proved Oct. 1, 1660.

Nuncupative will of John Halley of Water Orton de la Bourne, of the parish of Aston, Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, 1695. 'Waring cloths' to brother Edward Halley; residue to wife. Marks of Al^{n} Allen, El^{ner} Chatterton. Proved July 16, 1695.

George Halley of Elton, in the parish of Youlgreave, made deed of gift of all his property to son William Halley. April 4, 1692. Ad^{mn}. granted to son and to Isaac Briddon. April 15, 1696.

Richard Hawley of Stony Midleton, in the co. of Derby, yeoman. Oct. 8, 1698. Son Richard £30 and sealed (*sic*) ring; grandson Richard Hawley, £5; dau. of son Richard, £5; Elizabeth Greene, £3 and plain ring; nephew Joshuah Hawley, 10s.; Niece Ann Hawley, 10s.; niece Martha Bland, 10s.; niece Elizabeth Hollingworth, 10s. 10s. for funeral sermon; dau. Alice Williamson ex^{tx}. and to have residue. Witnesses:—Joseph Hunt, rector of Eyam; Dennis Ragg, his mark, John Thomly.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE—In the article "Armorial Families of New England," July, 1908, attention is called to the following errata:

Vol. VIII. P. 24, line 21st from top, after "to my brother Joseph" insert "his son Thomas," making the phrase equivalent in modern English to, "to my brother Joseph's son Thomas."

P. 26, line 7th from top, for Creed read "Creedy."

P. 104, line 13th from bottom, for 1652 read "1654."

P. 105, line 5th from top, for is read "are."

GEORGE W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

ADVERTISEMENT OF JACOB ABEL, OF PHILIPSBURG, SUSSEX CO., WEST NEW JERSEY, WHO HAS "RESOLVED TO RIDE POST FOR THE GOOD OF THE PUBLIC:" DATED JAN. 15, 1776.

[A very interesting and highly historical document, showing the manner in which news was carried from place to place in New Jersey during the Revolutionary War.]

ADVERTIZEMENT.

This is to let all Gentlemen and others know, that by the incouragement I have from Several Gentlemen, That I, Jacob Abel of Phillipsburgh, in Sussex County West New Jersey, have resolve to Ride Post for the good of the Public. Intended to begin on the 5th Day of February next on Monday in every Fournight till the 5 day of Aprill, and from the 5 day of Aprill to the 5 day of December next ensuring every Monday in a Week.

Take therefore myself the Liberty to recommend myself in the favour of the Publice, Advising them that on my return from Philadelphia shall Ride to Garman Town and then turn off on York Road, crose the River at Darram[1] and purpose to Lieve my Packet at the Following Person, as

George Taylor, Esqr.	Mr. Jones
Thomas Pots Esqr.	Mr. Sprowl
Gast Barns	Arter Henry
Thomas Peterson	Straw Tavern
Jacob West	James Stewards
Joseph Mocka	William Carr.

and Seveal Packit at East-Town and Palling Skill.
The Garman Papers at Four Shillings & Six Pence a year.
The English Papers at Seven Shilling & Six Pence a year.
Desiring the prompt Payment each quarter.

Any Parsell or Letters What any Gentlemen Person and Persons

[1] Durham, Pa.

Digitized by Google

will be pleased to trust to the Rider Care, may depend they shall be Safely delivered, and if it should be required am willing, (as able,) to give Security. Any Person or Persons that is willing to give incouragement to the Rider are desire to singe their worthy Names on the Subscription Paper left in Seveal Hands & you will greatly oblige

Gentlemen Your most Ob. humble Servant

JACOB ABEL.

Philipsburgh the 15th January 1776

All Gentlemen & Others that are willing to incourage the Post Rider Jacob Abel of Philipsburgh Sussex County West New Jersey are desire to sett their Worthy Names (according to the advertizement) on this

SUPERSCRIPTION PAPER

ENGLISH NEWS		GARMAN NEWS.
Geo. Taylor [2]	£1 10 0	
for Hall & Sellers' Gazette, Bradford Journall, Humphrey's Ledger, Town's Evening Post		
Thomas Long—Dunlap's Paper		
James Gallagher—Hall & Sellers		
Hugh Orlton	ditto	
Samuel Heilborn	do	

[2] Signer of the Declaration of Independence

LETTER OF ELIZA PARKE LAW, TO ROBERT GOODLOE HARPER

[Her letters are very rare, especially so using her husband's name. Eliza Parke Custis Law was the daughter of Martha Washington's son by her first husband, John Parke Custis. She married Thomas Law, March 20, 1796. A mutual agreement to "continue separate and apart" was signed Aug. 4, 1804, and from that date she insisted upon the use of her maiden name by others, and invariably so signed it. The John Law referred to in the letter was her stepson. By his first marriage in India Mr. Law had two sons, John and Edmund. Thomas Law's only child by his marriage to Eliza Parke Custis was a daughter, Eliza.]

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1804.

My son Mr. John Law will present you this letter, he goes to study the Law, under your direction; to your care I recommend him as one of those most dear to me, he is an honorable young man, his good conduct will secure to him the esteem of all who know him. You I re-

Digitized by Google

mem'r as one of my best friends, I believe you will always remain so, unused to solicit or even accept favors, I now ask the most important service you can render me.

Afford your kind attention & protection to my beloved son—

With esteem,

I remain yr friend,

E. P. LAW.

LETTER OF JOHN PARKE CUSTIS, SON OF MARTHA WASHINGTON, TO COLONEL BURWELL BASSETT

[Custis's letters are excessively rare.]

MOUNT VERNON, October 7, 1776.

My dear Uncle:

I return you many Thanks for your Favor of the 13th Ulto,—and the obligeing Offer contained in It.—I should with the greatest Cheerfulness accepted your Offer, if Mr. Calvert had not made me a tender of a pair of his, which I was induced to accept, from a Consideration that your horses would have 150 miles to travel before I should use them, the very Friendly Conduct shown me on every occasion claims my warmest acknowledgements and I must beg of you Sir to believe, that I entertained a just sence of your kindness, and, shall gladly seize every Opportunity of evincing It, Mrs. Custis joins me in Thanks for your congratulation on the birth of our little Daughter, they are both very well—

I have no news to communicate, but a proclamation of Lord Howe's, every Thing else you must see before this reaches you,—when we last heard from N— Y—k the Genl.* was pretty well, his Army much recruited in Health and Spirits—I hope He will be able to make a good ending yet. I have sent Joe to bring up the boy, you were learning to ride at Postilion. I hope he has proved an apt scholar.—I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you at Eltham shortly—Mrs. Custis and Miss Calvert will accompany me. Mrs. Custis joins me in love to self, Aunt and all Friends.

I am dear Uncle, your most affecte.

Nephew

JOHN PARKE CUSTIS.

* Washington.

Digitized by Google

NOTES AND QUERIES

A BRAVE ARMY NURSE DEAD.

Mrs. Emily E. Woodley, who had the distinction, it is said, of being the only woman ever regularly commissioned an officer in the United States Army, and the last of thirty-five young women from Philadelphia who enlisted as nurses in the Civil War, died at her home there recently, aged seventy-three years. Mrs. Woodley was president of the National Association of Army Nurses of the Civil War, which she organized, and the only woman member of the Grand Army of the Republic. She was a widow, a Mrs. Wilson, twenty-six years of age when she enlisted in 1861. For her bravery and heroic service, President Lincoln personally conferred upon her a commission of captain in the army. She was also decorated with a gold medal by Secretary of War Stanton.

A TABLET TO QUEEN ANNE.

The celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Richmond, Staten Island, New York, which began on October 20, was continued yesterday (October 21). The church was crowded all day. Special trolley cars were run from St. George and Port Richmond.

Clergymen from all parts of the island attended the exercises. There was a service in the church at 8 A. M. This was followed by the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Queen Anne, who made a grant of 150 acres of land to the parish in 1707, the year after it was established. The work of building a church edifice was begun in 1707 and the building was completed in 1711.—*Sun*, N. Y.

FLORIDA COUNTY NAMES.

DEAR SIR:

The author of the article on the County names of Florida might have added that Governor W. P. Duval, for whom Duval County is named was the original of the character of "Nimrod Wildfire" in James Kirke Paulding's novel of that name, as also of Washington Irving's "Ralph Ringwood" in his sketch of that name (see his *Miscellaneous Papers*).

Yours,

J. R. C.

NEW YORK.

AN EARLY RAILWAY STATION.

The oldest structure in the world originally built for a railway station is the now disused Louisville & Nashville edifice in Lexington. It was begun in 1833. From the northwest corner of this building the first passenger railway car west of the Alleghanies started on its daily run to Frankfort. It has been used for almost three-quarters of a century and stands as a landmark to remind the present generation of the old order of things in Lexington and central Kentucky.—*Lexington Herald.*

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XLIX

THE BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF A RUMOR

IN order to account for some portion of the preceding details it will be necessary to go back to the period when the faithful half-breed did *not* carry the letters of our hero to the Flats, and of course returned without answers. This disappointment acting on the low state of our hero's spirits and exhausted frame produced an almost infantile weakness, and rendered him incapable of any kind of exertion for some time. Having one day, however, made more than ordinary efforts and fatigued himself greatly, he fell into a fainting fit, which his servant mistook for death, and in his fright announced it as such to the general in the presence of the young officer, as before related. The general was at that moment closing a letter to the commanding officer at Albany, and wrote the hasty postscript which Colonel Vancour saw.

That Sybrandt ever awakened from his swoon, was in a great measure owing to the persevering efforts of his friend Sir William, who happened to be coming to see him just at this moment, and whose long experience in administering to his subjects, the Indians, had made him no indifferent practitioner. He succeeded in restoring him at last, and the youth again opened his eyes to that world which at that moment he wished to shut out for ever. The campaign was now about to close. The tops of the mountains began to be tipped with snow, the shores of the lake to be laced in the mornings with borders of ice, and the deep, dark brown forest, where nothing of verdure was to be seen but the solemn evergreen pines and hemlocks, announced the near approach of the long white winter of the north.

"You must go with me to Johnstown to recruit before you return home, as I suppose you mean to do, as soon as you are able. There will be nothing done here till the spring."

"I feel no wish to leave this place. I may as well die here as any where else."

"If you stay here you will certainly die of consumption. I don't like

Digitized by Google

that hollow cough, it smells of mortality. Come, I will procure you leave of absence, a comfortable conveyance and an excellent nurse, that is, myself. Nay, no scruples of love or honour. I say you shall go, or I will put you under arrest and carry you in fetters. You would cut a pretty figure to go home to your mistress. She might lawfully break her faith on the score of your not being the same man."

"I have neither mistress nor home now," said the youth, in a voice of the deepest depression.

"What, again! at your old tricks again?" cried Sir William, holding up his finger in a threatening manner. "Are you committing suicide on your own hopes and happiness, as usual?"

"No, Sir William; the fault is not mine *now* at least, whatever it might have been formerly. I am an alien from my home, and an offcast of my mistress."

"Indeed! and by your own fault?"

"No, on my soul. I was deceived, and the moment I discovered my error, hastened to acknowledge and atone for it. But my letters were read with scorn on one hand, and unfeeling apathy on the other. I shall never return home again; at least, not till I have learned to forget and forgive."

"Tell me the particulars; remember you are talking to a friend, and that with me that name signifies the service of heart and hand."

Sybrandt then proceeded to relate what the reader already knows. The conduct of Catalina in New York, his anger and jealousy, the story of the picture, the explanation of Gilfillan and, finally, the mission of the half-breed to the Flats.

Sir William listened with kind attention, and at the conclusion mused for some time.

"Strange!" said he, at length. "The conduct of your mistress may be accounted for on the score of self-reproach, mixed with wounded pride and delicacy. But that Colonel Vancour, a man so kind-hearted and so just as I know him to be; and above all, that you good uncle-father Dennis, who you say, had treated you with such unvaried kindness from your youth upwards—that he should have made such an unfeeling speech is out of all reasonable calculation. I cannot account for it; un-

Digitized by Google

less, indeed, some one has belied you; and who could it be, except——. But that is out of the question. You are grossly deceived, and have deceived me, in the character of Miss Vancour, or it cannot possibly be her."

"I think it almost impossible. But she may have viewed my conduct in a different light from that in which I have represented it to you. The pride of the father may have been wounded, and his feelings may have reached my benefactor, over whom he had great influence."

Sir William mused again, then suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it!—I have it. My life on it, that scoundrel half-breed played you a trick. He never delivered your letters. Where is he? Let him be brought before me. I warrant I trip him in crossing his track, as these fellows say."

"I know not. He wandered away somewhere not long after I employed him in this business."

"I dare say,—no doubt—no doubt—the rascal was fearful of being detected. But we shall find out the truth before long. Have you not written since?"

"Why should I?"

"True, but you shall write instantly; at least, the very first opportunity. I am almost sure you have been cheated by that mongrel."

"I had rather not write again. To Catalina I shall certainly not write, nor to her father. Were my benefactor really my parent, I would beg his forgiveness if I had offended him, until he granted it or turned me forever from his door. But it seems to me it would be meanness to crawl on my knees to solicit—what? his charity. I cannot do it."

"You are a proud genius," said Sir William, shaking his head; "but I like a little pride; it often saves man, and woman too, from falling. I shall write myself then, when I get home, and an opportunity occurs. In the meantime, without an if or and, you are my prisoner. Be ready to accompany me to-morrow."

"I obey," said the other. "But nothing about prisoners—I go as a volunteer."

The next morning they were ready to depart, under the protection

Digitized by Google

of an escort of Sir William's Mohawks, some of whom by turns carried Sybrandt in a rude litter of boughs. There were no carriage-roads through the wilderness between Fort George and the capital of the knight's dominions, and Sybrandt was still too weak to walk or ride on horse-back any great distance. The Grand Canal was not yet dreamed of; and as for railroads, if the people of that age of non-improvement had heard the people of this would risk their necks in riding at the rate of sixty miles an hour, they would have taken it for granted they were riding to—whew!

The exercise of travelling, co-operating with the new-born hope which the suggestion of his friend Sir William had awakened, proved of great service to our hero, who arrived at the residence of that worthy knight far better than when he set out. He remained with him, occasionally hunting and shooting, and invigorating thus both mind and body, until both had in some degree recovered a healthful tone.

"As you seemed disinclined to write," said Sir William, one day, "I have done it for you. I shall send a person to Albany to-morrow. Here is the letter—read, and tell me how you like it. This is the next best thing I can think of, though my own opinion is you had much better go yourself, and see and hear with your own eyes and ears. This is the way I always do, whenever it is practicable. Half the blunders and miseries of this world arise from sending instead of going."

Sybrandt had been gradually coming to the same conclusion, and frankly answered:

"Well, Sir William, since you will turn me out of doors, there is no help for it. I will go with your messenger to-morrow; though on my soul, I had rather encounter another bush-fight."

"You are an odd fellow, Westbrook," said the other, smiling, "and seem afraid of nothing—but a woman." Accordingly all things were made ready for the morrow.

"Westbrook," said the knight, as they were taking leave, "don't forget to invite me to your wedding."

"Will you come?" asked Sybrandt, with a melancholy smile.

"It will be much that shall hinder me. Do you promise?"

"I do,—but you are far more likely to be invited to my funeral."

Digitized by Google

"Tut! I am no true prophet if you are a bachelor this day twelvemonth. Farewell. I would thou hadst been my son."

"Farewell. Would to heaven I had such a father."

Our hero proceeded slowly on his journey, passing the first night at Schenectady, the next at Albany, for he was in no haste to get to the end where he anticipated but a renewal of his disappointments, regrets and mortifications. He staid all day in his room at Albany, and was congratulated on being alive, by the few people that saw him. "Some scurvy jest" thought he, and never asked for an explanation. In the evening he left Albany, and arrived at the mansion of his deceased benefactor in the manner we have before described.

CHAPTER L

OUR HERO RECEIVES BACK HIS UNCLE'S ESTATE WITH AN ENCUMBRANCE

WHILE the reader has been travelling backwards like a crab, the pale and gentle Catalina had been let into the secret of the ghost story by her mother. At first she became paler than ever, and could hardly support herself on her chair. Then she turned red, and a rosy blush of hope and love abided on her cheek, where for many a day it had not abided before. "I will bestow it all on him again" thought she, and her full heart relieved itself in a shower of silent tears.

That night a thousand floating dreams of the past and the future flitted before her troubled mind, and as they reigned in turn, gave birth to different thoughts and determinations. But the prevailing thought was that her cousin had treated her unjustly and unkindly, and that it became the dignity of her sex to maintain a defensive stateliness, a cold civility, until he had acknowledged his errors and begged forgiveness. She settled the matter by deciding that when Sybrandt came the next day to take his leave, she would deliver him a deed for the estate of his uncle, which her father was to have prepared for her, insist on his acceptance, and then bid him adieu for ever without a sigh or a tear. In the morning she begged that when Sybrandt came to call on her mother, she might be permitted to see him alone. Her request was acquiesced in, and she waited in trembling anxiety his promised visit. He came soon after break-

Digitized by Google

fast, and Madam Vancour was struck with the improvement a suit of military uniform, in place of a suit of master Ten Broeck's snuff-coloured cloth, produced. After a somewhat painful and awkward interview, Sybrandt forced himself to inquire after Catalina.

"She has had a long illness," said the mother, "and you will scarcely know her. But she wishes to see you."

"To see *me?*" cried Sybrandt, almost starting out of his skin.

"Ay—you—her old playmate and cousin. Is that so very extraordinary?" replied madame, smiling. "She is in the next room: go to her."

"Go—go—to her," stammered our hero; "sure, you cannot mean——"

"I mean just what I say, I assure you. She is waiting to see you in the next room. I hope you don't mean to keep her waiting much longer." And madame again smiled.

"What *can* this mean?" thought Sybrandt, while he crept towards the door with about the same eagerness a man feels who is just about to be hanged.

"I shall tell Catalina how anxious you were to see her."

"They must think I have no feeling—or they have no feeling themselves;" and the thought roused his native energies. He strutted into the next room as if he was leading his regiment to battle.

"Don't look so fierce, or you will frighten my daughter," said madame.

But Catalina was frightened almost out of her wits already. She was too much taken up in rallying her own self-possession to observe how Sybrandt looked when he walked. He had indeed been some moments in the room before either could utter a single word. At length their eyes met, and the excessive paleness each observed in the countenance of the other went straight to the hearts of both.

"Dear cousin," said Sybrandt, "how ill you look." That was what is called rather a left-hand compliment. But Catalina was even with him, for she answered in his very words:

Digitized by Google

"Dear cousin, how ill *you* look."

Pride and affection were now struggling in the bosoms of the two young people. Sybrandt found his courage, like that of honest Bob Acres, oozing out at the palms of his hands in the shape of a cold perspiration; but the pride of woman supported Catalina, who rallied soonest, and spoke as follows, at first in a faltering tone but by degrees with modest firmness:

"Colonel Westbrook," said she, "I wished to see you on a subject which has occasioned me much pain: the bequest of your uncle and mine. I cannot accept it. It was made when we all thought you were no more;" and she uttered this last part of the sentence with a plaintiveness that went to his heart. "She feels for me," thought he; "but then she would not answer my letter." Catalina proceeded:

"I should hate myself, could I think for a moment of robbing you of what is yours—what I am sure my uncle intended should be yours, until he thought you dead." And the same plaintive tones again went to the heart of Sybrandt. "But she would not answer my letter," thought he, again.

"Sybrandt," continued she, "I sent for you, with the full approbation of my father and mother, to make over this bequest to you, to whom it belongs. I am of age; and here is the conveyance. I beseech you, as you value my peace of mind, to accept it with the same frankness it is offered."

"What, rob my cousin? No, Catalina, never."

"I feared it," said Catalina, with a sigh; "you do not respect me enough to accept even of justice at my hands."

"It would be meanness—it would be degradation; and since you charge me with a want of respect to you, I must be allowed to say that I am too proud to accept anything, much less so great a gift as this, from one who did not think the almost death-bed contrition of a man who had discovered his error, and was anxious to atone for it, worthy of her notice."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed Catalina.

"The letter I sent you," replied he, proudly. "I never meant to complain or remonstrate; but you have forced me to justify myself."

Digitized by Google

"What letter, in the name of Heaven?"

"That which I wrote you the moment I was sufficiently recovered of my wounds—to say that I had had a full explanation with Colonel Gilfillan; to say that I had done you injustice; to confess my folly; to ask forgiveness; and—and to offer you every atonement which love or honour could require."

"And you wrote me such a letter?" asked Catalina, gasping for breath.

"I did—the messenger returned—he had seen you gay and happy; and he returned with a verbal message that my letter required no answer."

"And is this—is this the sole—the single cause of your subsequent conduct? Answer me, Sybrandt, as you are a man of honour—is it?"

"It is. I cannot—you know I never could bear contempt or scorn from man or woman."

"What would you say, what would you do, if I assured you solemnly I never saw that letter, or dreamed it was ever written?"

"I would say that I believed you as I would the white-robed truth herself; and I would on my knees beg your forgiveness for twice doubting you."

"Then I do assure you, in the purity and singleness of my heart, that I never saw or knew aught of that letter."

"And did—did Gilfillan speak the truth," panted our hero.

She turned her life-begetting eye full upon the youth, and sighed forth in a whisper, "He did," while the crimson current revisited her pale cheek, and made her snow-white bosom blush rosy red.

"You are mine then, Catalina, at last," faltered Sybrandt, as he released her soft and yielding form from his arms.

"You will accept my uncle's bequest then?" asked she, with one of her long-absent smiles.

"Provided you add yourself, dearest girl."

"You must take it with that encumbrance," said she,—and he sealed the instrument of conveyance upon her warm, willing lips.

Digitized by Google

"What can they have to talk about all this time, I wonder?" cogitated the old lady, while she fidgeted about from her chair towards the door, and from the door to her chair. As she could distinguish the increasing animation of their voices she fidgeted still more; and there is no knowing what might have been the consequence, if Catalina and Sybrandt had not entered the room looking so happy that the old lady thought the very d—l was in them both. The moment Sybrandt departed, Catalina explained all to her mother. "Alas!" thought the good woman; "she will never be a titled lady; yet who knows but Sybrandt may one day go to England and be knighted?" This happy thought reconciled her at once to the whole catastrophe, and she embraced her daughter, sincerely wishing her joy at the removal of all her perplexities.

"D—n it," said Ariel, "if I ever saw a more glorious wedding-supper in my life."

"Do you recollect my last words when we parted, Colonel Westbrook," said Sir William Johnson, their most honoured guest.

"I do, Sir William. You are a prophet, as well as a warrior and legislator."

"What did he say," whispered a little blushing damsel, dressed all in white and beautiful as the most beautiful morning in June, who sat by the side of our hero—"What did he say?"

"He said in less than a twelvemonth I should be married to an angel."

"Take care it does not turn out like dreams, which, you know, go by contraries," said the aforementioned blushing damsel, whose eyes looked exactly like love's firmament.

But the knight turned out a true prophet, even according to the gallant turn given to his prediction by our hero. Catalina approved herself an excellent wife, and a pattern of a mother; for she never let her husband find out she was not an angel, nor her children that she could be conquered by importunity. I grieve, however, to say, that the good Madam Vancour never had the happiness to be mother to a real titled lady. One of Sybrandt's cousins however, came over in process of time a baronet, with bloody hand, and the old lady consoled herself, that, if not the mother, she was a near relation to a near relation of a man whose

Digitized by Google

cousin could make his wife a lady. What was better than all this, the cousin was an elderly man, a bachelor, and Sybrandt was his heir-at-law.

"Who knows" thought Madam Vancour,—"who knows, but he may die single, and I live to see Catalina a lady at last." People who have any thing to expect from the death of others always calculate to outlive them. Madam was nearly twice the age of the man on whose demise she was speculating.

"Sybrandt," said Sir William, "I shall be obliged to depart to-morrow before you are up. Farewell! and happiness attend you this night, and every day, and every night. I have but one word to add—action, remember, action alone can secure the happiness of your future life, by making you useful and distinguished."

"But where is your moral, my good friend?" quoth one of my most devoted readers, an elderly lady, secretary, treasurer, directress, etc., etc., of fifty societies. "I can't find out your moral,"—wiping her specs.

"My dear madam, can't you see it through one of the glasses of your spectacles? The moral of my story is found in the last words; just as all the moral of the life of a rogue is gathered from his dying speech!"

"Action—pshaw! Remember, action! I wouldn't give a fig for such a moral—not I."

"Well then, my dear madam, if you don't like that, I will give you another. The moral of my story is a warning to all young and desperate lovers, never to go courting in a pair of snuff-coloured small-clothes, perpetrated by Master Goosen Ten Broeck."

"Pshaw! I'll never read another book of yours, that I am determined."

"Then, madam, you'll never be as wise as your grandmother."

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII DECEMBER, 1908 No. 6

JOURNAL OF THE COMMITTEE WHO BUILT THE SHIPS *PROVIDENCE* AND *WARREN* FOR THE UNITED STATES IN 1776.

(*Second Paper*)

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

May 12, 1780, Charleston surrendered to the British forces. Says Cooper, p. 108:

> Several American ships of war were in the harbor at the time under the command of Captain Whipple, and finding escape impossible, this officer carried his squadron into the Cooper river, sunk several vessels at its mouth and landed all the crews and guns for the defence of the town, with the exception of those on one ship. The *Providence*, 28 (Whipple), the *Queen of France*, 28 (Rathbourne), the *Boston*, 24 (Tucker), the *Ranger*, 18 (Simpson), and several smaller vessels fell into the hands of the enemy.
>
> Esek Hopkins' title, in commission issued to him, was that of Commander-in-Chief of the fleet. He was styled Admiral, Commodore and Captain in the various letters and orders addressed to him at the time.
>
> He was a skilled navigator, and a man of undoubted courage; at the same time he was more prudent and cautious in his movements than some others of his contemporaries.
>
> Under the circumstances of the time, he no doubt did all that could be done with prudence and safety. He could not perform miracles, and that was what some persons actually expected him to do.]

THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE COMMITTEE

On the title page of the manuscript volume we find at the top of the page this item:

> "Borrowed this book of Henry Bowen, Esquire, under a special promise that it should be returned to him.
>
> PHILIP CRAPO."
>
> January, 1837.
>
> Presented to the Historical Society by
>
> HORATIO G. BOWEN,
> HENRY BOWEN.
>
> May 26, 1837.

The title is thus displayed underneath:

Digitized by Google

JOURNAL
OF THE COMMITTEE WHO BUILT THE SHIPS
PROVIDENCE AND *WARREN*
FOR THE UNITED STATES
A. D. 1776.

PROVIDENCE, Jany. 8th, 1776.

At a Meeting of the Committee appointed to Build two ships for the Service of the Continent of America,

Present the Hon'ble NICHOLAS COOKE, Esq.[1]

NICHOLAS BROWN,[2]
JOSEPH RUSSELL,[3]
JOSEPH BROWN,[4]
JOHN BROWN,[5]
JOHN SMITH,[6]
WILLIAM RUSSELL,[7]
DANIEL TILLINGHAST,[8]
JOHN INNIS CLARKE,[9]
JOSEPH NIGHTINGALE,[10]
JABEZ BOWEN.[11]

Voted, That the Honorable Nicholas Cooke, Esq., be Chairman of this Committee, and Henry Ward, Esq., Clerk.[12]

Voted, That Jabez Bowen be Clerk *pro tempore.*

Whereas, there is a quantity of Ship-Timber now at Pawtucket Landing,[13] 'tis voted that Jonathan Jenckes, Esq.,[14] be employed to go to the people that own the same, and purchase it on the best terms he can, and that he get as much of it to be Delivered in Town as possible—the Remainder he is to get carted as soon as practicable and on as reasonable terms as may be; that he purchase One Hundred Tons of Timber more, to consist mostly of floor and rising timber, and plank loggs, on the best terms he can, to be delivered in Providence immediately.

Voted, That Capt. Barnard Eddy[15] be employed to get the Keel, Stem, Stern Post and Transom for the largest of the Ships, and that he procure the same to be carted as soon as possible; that he agree for the

Digitized by Google

said Timber on the most reasonable terms he can, and that he take as many good Carpenters and Axemen as he may think he can employ to advantage, and also that he get any other kind of Timber that may be wanted for the Building the said Ships.

Voted, That Capt. Nicholas Power [16] go to Newport and engage all the pine timber that will do to saw into plank, and all the spars and plank that will answer for the Ships; that he engage all the Ship-Carpenters in Warren [17] and Newport;[18] also that he procure as much Locust for trenails [19] as he can; that he endeavor to get Major Benjamin Talman [20] to leave the service to engage in building the Ships, and that he procure some proper person to get the Timber and spars bro't off the Island [21] as soon as possible; that he call on Mr. Langley [22] and purchase the boards he has now in this town, and that he engage all the Naval Stores that are to be sold in Newport.

Voted, That Col. William Russell go to Warren and engage Mr. Moses Tyler [23] or any other suitable person, to come to Providence for a Master Builder, to carry on one of the Ships; also that he go to Swanzea [24] and engage all the Carpenters and plankers he can.

Voted, That there be 25,000 feet of plank of 2½ Inches, engaged as soon as may be.

Voted, That the Running plank under the Whale [25] be four Inches thick.

Reckoning, 12s., L. M. T., paid by John Brown.

Meeting adjourn'd to-morrow Evening, 6 o'clock, this place.

Jany 9, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present, the Hon'ble Nicholas Cooke, Esq., Nicholas Brown, Joseph Brown, John Brown, John Smith, Joseph Nightingale, John I. Clarke, Rufus Hopkins,[26] Jabez Bowen.

Voted, That Mr. John Smith procure all the Ship Carpenters, Ship Timber and Plank he possibly can and that he employ a proper person to go to Marshfield [27] &c. to engage what carpenters are out of employ there.

Voted, That Capt. Christopher Sheldon [28] and Pardon Sheldon [29] be

Digitized by Google

appointed Clerks to take an Account of all the Timber, Plank, Iron, &c., that shall be brought into the Ship-yard, and that Nicholas Brown, Joseph Nightingale and Jabez Bowen be a Committee to agree with them for their wages, and also that they agree with Christopher Sheldon, Thurbers & Cahoone,[30] Capt. Jos. Tillinghast,[31] John Aplin's Guardeens,[32] Mr. Ebenezer Thompson [33] for the lands that may be wanted to Build the Ships on and lay the Timber.

Voted, That Joseph Brown and John I. Clarke be appointed a Committee to agree with Messers Joseph & Daniel Bucklin [34] on the terms that they will undertake the Blockmakers' bills for the Ships.

Voted, That Mr. John Brown & Joseph Nightingale be a Committee to enquire on what terms the Blacksmith work can be done for the Ships.

Voted, That Jabez Bowen and John I. Clarke be a Committee to agree with the Boat Builders for the Boats that may be needed for the Ships.

Voted, That 18 shillings per Ton be given for all Ship Timber that will measure 12 inches square at the top end and to be 40 feet in length, and 20 shillings per ton if 45 feet long and 12 inches at top, and 15 shillings for all timber that shall be 12 inches square and 25 feet long, and 16 shillings for 30 feet long and 17 shillings for 35 feet long.

Memorandum: Messrs. Brown & Power [35] agree to furnish the rigging for one of the ships certain, and as much more as they can for the other, at 54s. per Hundred.

Voted, That Messrs. Clarke & Nightingale [36] send for ten tons of Sterling Bar Iron to New York, for the use of the Ships, at the risk of the Continent. Reckoning 12s. L. M. T. paid by John Brown.

Meeting adjourned to-morrow evening, 6 o'clock.

Jany 10, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present, the Hon'ble Nicholas Cooke, Esq., Nicholas Brown, Joseph Brown, John Brown, Joseph Russell, Rufus Hopkins, John I. Clarke, Joseph Nightingale, Jabez Bowen.

Voted, That Mr. Moses Tyler be desired to go to Cambridge and the neighboring towns, and engage all the good Ship-Carpenters he can

Digitized by Google

to come here to work on the ships; that he offer them 4s-6d. per day, they boarding themselves, and that he be allowed a reasonable sum for his time and Expenses for doing the said Business. For Master Workmen a higher price will be given.

Voted, That Mr. Sylvester Bowers [87] make a draught of the larger Ship as soon as may be. Reckoning 22s. L. M. T. paid by Joseph Nightingale.

Meeting adjourned to Fryday evening 6 o'clock.

Jany 12, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present the Hon'ble Nicholas Cooke, Esq., Joseph Russell, Nicholas Brown, Joseph Brown, John Brown, Joseph Nightingale, John I. Clarke, William Russell, John Smith, Jabez Bowen.

Voted, That John Brown, John Smith and William Russell be a Committee to agree with the Ship-Carpenters for the wages they shall receive for working on the Ships. That they send them out to the different farms to cut timber immediately, and that they provide places for to Board in when they shall arrive in Town.

Meeting adjourned to Saturday evening at 6 o'clock.

Reckoning 12s L. M. T. paid by Joseph Nightingale.

Jany 13, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present Joseph Brown, John Brown, Daniel Tillinghast, William Russell, Jabez Bowen, John I. Clarke, Joseph Nightingale, Nicholas Brown, John Smith.

Voted, That Jonathan Jenckes, Esq., send Plank logs to Kent's and Atherton's [88] sawmills, and that he have them sawed into four inch plank and as long as the mills will admit: and that he provide two saw-pitts and set proper men to work in them constantly, in sawing 4 inch plank at Pawtucket Landing, and that he agree with Mill and Pitt sawyers for the price of sawing; that the same persons that bring the logs to the mill are to engage to bring the plank to Town.

Digitized by Google

Reckoning 11s. L. M. T. paid by Col. Nightingale.

Meeting adjourned to Monday evening, 6 o'clock.

Monday Evening, Jany 15th, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present Joseph Brown, Chosen Chairman, Nicholas Brown, John Brown, Daniel Tillinghast, William Russell, John I. Clarke, Jabez Bowen, Joseph Nightingale.

Voted, That Nicholas Brown and Capt. Nicholas Power write to Mr. George Scott [39] to procure and deliver 30 tons of locusts for trenails, at Bristol Ferry wharf on the Island side, and that the customary price for the same be 42s. per Ton.

Voted, That there be 2 dozen Trenail Augers of 1½ inch, 15 of 1¼ inch, 12 of 1 inch for scarping the Keel, Deck, &c., 6 of 1⅛ inch for floor timber bolts, 6 of ⅞, 6 of ¾ inch. That William Russell send to John Cruger,[40] of Uxbridge,[41] for them.

Voted, That there be 4 streaks of 4½ inch plank at the ring-heads, one streak under and one over the whale 5 inches, and that the main-deck plank be 4 inches thick, the Quarter Deck and fore Castle plank be 3 inches thick, sealing 5 inches plank for the ring-head and 4 plank wide two streaks for the clamps 6½ inches thick, all the rest 2 inch plank double.

Voted, That Mr. Caleb Bowers [42] procure two main masts of 86 feet long and 26 inches diameter, and Two fore masts 78 feet long and 23 inches in diameter, for the Ships, on the best terms he can; that he also purchase at ———* 9000 feet of 3 inch pine plank, to be delivered here on the best terms he can, and that they be as long as possible.

Voted, That there be three whales (wales) 10 Inches wide, the upper and lower whales 8 Inches thick, the middle one 8½ inches thick. The waiste and sealing for the same from 4 to 2½ Inches thick. The Floor timbers 17 Inches deep at the Throat and 12 Inches at the surmark sided 11 Inches, that they diminish from the surmark to the whale 9 Inches at the top timber heads to 6 Inches; length of floor timbers 17 feet from surmark to surmark and 18 Inches head. Dead rising 20 Inches.

* The place is left vacant.—J. N. A.

Digitized by Google

Dimensions of the 32 Gun Ship.			Dimensions of the 28 Gun Ship.		
Gun Deck	132 feet	1 Inch.	Gun Deck	124 feet	4 Inch.
Keel	110	10¾	Keel	102	8½
Beam	34	5½	Beam	33	10⅜
Hold	11		Hold	10	8

Reckoning 20s. L. M. T. paid By Col. Nightingale.

Meeting adjourned to-morrow evening, 6 o'clock.

Jany 16, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present Joseph Russell, Nich's Brown, Joseph Brown, William Russell, John I. Clarke, Joseph Nightingale, Jabez Bowen, John Brown.

Reckoning 21s. L. M. T. paid by Joseph Nightingale.

Meeting adjourned to-morrow evening, 6 o'clock.

Jany 17, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present, the Hon'ble Nicholas Cooke, Esq., Nicholas Brown, Joseph Brown, John Brown, William Russell, Danl Tillinghast, John I. Clarke, Joseph Nightingale, Jabez Bowen.

Sundry Matters were negotiated this evening for the forwarding the Business.

Reckoning 21s. L. M. T. paid by Joseph Nightingale.

Meeting adjourned to Fryday evening, 6 o'clock.

Jany 19th, 1776.

Meeting in being according to Adjournment.

Present, Hon'ble Nicholas Cooke, Esq., Nicholas Brown, Joseph Russell, Joseph Brown, John Smith, Daniel Tillinghast, John Brown, John I. Clarke, Joseph Nightingale, Jabez Bowen, William Russell.

Voted, That Benjamin Talman be Master Carpenter for the largest Ship.

Digitized by Google

Voted, That Mr. John I. Clarke go to Newport to-morrow to purchase all the cordage he can, not exceeding 20 tons, at not exceeding Nine Dollars. Also to hurry the Spars and pine logs to be got up as fast as possible; to buy all the good Barr Iron he can, to call on James Daggett [44] on his way, and engage him to get all the Timber and Plank he can; to Dispatch the Locust as soon as may be, to get what 2^{d} 3^{d} 4^{d} 6^{d} 8^{d} 10^{d} and 20^{d} Nails he can. Get all the clear pine Boards and Plank he can, and make up the quantity with merchantable to 20000 feet and as many of them in plank as he can; to engage what Iron hoops can be had in Newport at 40 Shillings, and what white Oak Staves he can at 20 Dollars per M. delivered in Providence; to purchase Cod lines, Pump and Scupper Nails and English Augers of 1 and 1⅛ inch to call on John Manly [45] what he has done respecting the spars, and purchase all Miller [46] has.

Voted, That Nicholas Brown, Esq., be Treasurer and Paymaster to this Committee.

Voted, That Nicholas Cooke, Jun.[47] and Joseph Russell,[48] Jun. go to Philadelphia and bring Sixty Thousand Dollars, at least, and as much more as Mr. Hopkins shall think proper to send by them, and that they be allowed six shillings a day and Twenty Dollars each for their Horses and their Reasonable expenses.

Voted, That Nicholas Brown, William Russell and Jabez Bowen write a letter to the Hon. Stephen Hopkins, Esq.,[49] to send by the above Young Gentlemen and that the same be signed by a Majority of this Committee.

Reckoning 22s. 6d. paid By Col. Nightingale.

Meeting adjourned to Monday Evening, 6 o'clock.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL NOTES

[1] Nicholas Cooke, February 3, 1717—September 14, 1782, was son of Daniel and Mary (Power) Cooke. Deputy Governor of the State from May to October, 1775, and Governor

Digitized by Google

until May, 1778. On his monument it is recorded: "He merited and won the approbation of his fellow citizens, and was honored with the friendship and confidence of Washington."

It was the state of his health that obliged him to decline public service. His private life was that of an honest man and true humanitarian. He was a physician and surgeon.

[2] Nicholas Brown (July 28, 1729—May 29, 1791), was son of James and Hope (Power) Brown. Like his brother John, he was very deeply interested in the East and West India trade, and in Home Industries. He was a great friend of education, a very liberal contributor to Brown University and to the Baptist Church. Being the eldest surviving son of his father at his death he was entitled, according to Colonial usage, to a double portion of the estate. Instead, however, he elected to share equally with his brothers and sisters. In all his business enterprises he was noted for his fair and upright dealings and business deportment.

[3] Joseph Russell (October 2, 1732—May 18, 1792), was son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Conely) Russell. He was thrice married and died at Woodstock, Connecticut. In partnership for thirty years with his brother William, he was a sea trader and did a large business. In religious faith an Episcopalian. He was for years a Trustee of the College here. In his business he was punctual and industrious. He, and his life-long business partner (his brother William), are buried in one grave in St. John's churchyard, Providence, under a suitable inscription recording their virtues.

[4] Joseph Brown (December 3, 1733—December 3, 1785), son of James and Hope (Power) Brown, for a time was in business, but early retired. For several years he was Professor of Experimental Philosophy in Brown University, and deeply interested in electricity. With aid of his brother Moses, he took observations of the transit of Venus in 1769. His favorite study was mechanics. With James Sumner he was one of the architects of the First Baptist Church. For several years he was a Representative in the General Assembly and Assistant.

[5] John Brown (January 27, 1736—September 20, 1803), was son of James and Hope (Power) Brown. He was an enterprising merchant, extensively engaged in the East and West India trade, and in home industries; had a large interest in the Hope Furnace, which cast cannon during the Revolution. In the affair of the *Gasper*, June 17, 1772, he commanded one of the boats. Very deeply interested in education and great friend of the public schools. For twenty years was the Treasurer of Brown University, and a liberal contributor towards its needs, and was a liberal friend of the poor.

[6] John Smith (December 14, 1735—March 23, 1817), son of William and Abigail (Dexter) Smith. Was for many years a member of the General Assembly, Corporation of Brown University and of the Committee of Safety at the time of the Revolution. In 1756 he was an officer on a privateer which engaged and captured a French vessel of superior strength. He received a bullet in the neck, which was taken out after his death sixty years afterwards, according to his request, as he said he did not wish to be buried with French lead in his body.

[7] William Russell (September 12, 1739—February 10, 1825), was son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Conely) Russell. For thirty years was associated with his brother Joseph in business. During the Revolution he was an officer of the Providence Cadets, and served in the Expedition to Rhode Island. Was a Trustee of the College for years. At the time of Lafayette's visit to Providence, August 23, 1824, he had a very affectionate meeting with the General. During his long life he was deeply interested in the welfare of his town and gave much of his valuable time to the public service.

[8] Colonel Daniel Tillinghast. In the Providence *Gazette* of September 20, 1806, the death of Colonel Daniel Tillinghast is announced in his seventy-fifth year.

Digitized by Google

The Colonel was engaged in trade at sea for a portion of his life. He took great interest in the militia. In public affairs he was frequently honored with the confidence of his fellow citizens, especially of his town.

[9] John Innes Clarke after he retired from business went to Vermont, and died at Bradford, aged sixty-three years, September 30, 1808. His remains were brought to Providence and buried in St. John's Church yard.

[10] Colonel Joseph Nightingale (September 16, 1748—November 3, 1797), married December 27, 1769, Elizabeth Corliss. He was son of Samuel and Abigail (Belcher) Nightingale. The military title he obtained in the militia service. He took a great interest in military affairs and commanded an independent military company, the Cadets.

[11] Jabez Bowen (June 2, 1739—May 7, 1815), was son of Ephraim and Mary (Fluner) Bowen, and was a graduate of Yale, 1757. He was Chancellor of Brown University thirty years, a prominent Free Mason, and in religious faith a Congregationalist. Lieutenant-Governor of the State for several years between May, 1778, and May, 1786. He held many offices of trust and responsibility. He received the degree of LL.D. from Brown in 1769 and Dartmouth, 1800. In the Convention which adopted the National Constitution he took an active part, and was one time a Judge of the Supreme Court.

[12] Henry Ward, who died November 25, 1797, in his sixty-fifth year, was for nearly forty years Secretary of State. (December, 1760, to his death.) He succeeded his brother Thomas, who was Secretary, February, 1746, to December, 1760, dying in office. His father, Richard, was also Secretary from May, 1730, to May, 1733. Thomas Martin was Secretary from May, 1733 to his death, February, 1746. It will thus be seen from May, 1730, to November, 1797, sixty-seven years, with exception of about thirteen years, a father and two sons held this office of Secretary. He was a member of a Congress that met in New York, 1765, and was a member of the Committee of Correspondence during the Revolution. He was a brother of Samuel Ward, a Colonial Governor like his father, Richard.

[13] Pawtucket Landing. Pawtucket Falls, five miles north of Providence, is the northern terminal of Narragansett Bay. Below the Falls the water is quite deep and admits vessels of below 500 tons loaded. It was about here that a shipyard was run for many years. Ship stock was taken from here and carried to shipyards where the vessel was set up. The land was first occupied about the Falls by Joseph Jenckes, a blacksmith, which business was followed by members of the family for more than two centuries. His son Joseph, was Deputy Governor, May, 1715 to May, 1727 (except one year), and Governor, May, 1727 to May, 1732.

[14] Jonathan Jenckes. There was a Jonathan Jenckes who is spoken of in the Providence *Gazette* as "late of Pawtucket in North Providence"—but then of Brookfield, Massachusetts, who died in his seventy-fifth year, April 1, 1781, and was buried at Pawtucket.

There is another spoken of in the same paper as of North Providence, but who died at Winchester, N. H., January 31, 1786. He is styled Esquire. This latter one was brobably the man here spoken of.

[15] Captain Barnard Eddy (October 11, 1729—death announced in *Gazette* of September 7, 1776), son of Jeremiah and Elizabeth (Pierce) Eddy, was a ship-builder. The *Gazette,* in announcing his death says: "Captain Eddy, who left this place some time since with carpenters to build vessels on the Lakes, died near Albany, N. Y." His son, of the same name, had a shipyard for many years at Eddy's Point, where the two frigates were built.

[16] Captain Nicholas Power (April 5, 1742—January 26, 1808), son of Nicholas and Anne (Tillinghast) Power, was a well known and enterprising merchant for many years,

Digitized by Google

trading in West India goods. As will be seen by reference to our notes he was a cousin to the three Browns already noted.

[17] Warren. At this time this place's principal industry was ship and boat building. There were several yards and the industry has been continued down to within the memory of many now living. Boat building on a small scale is still pursued there.

[18] Newport. The purchasing of these supplies was timely, as were also their being worked into a vessel. Afterwards not much ship-stock was purchased by the merchants, owing to the rumors of future occupation by the enemy. The rumor was very current at one time that the army at Boston was to be transferred here. This in a measure was later carried out.

[19] Locusts for Trenails. A Trenail or Treenail commonly speaking is a wooden nail. In shipbuilding a long round plug used in tying two pieces together at the joint. In later times the iron spike and bolt does this work. At this time wooden pins were cheaper than iron. The locust was considered by ship carpenters to be the very best wood to use for this purpose. This wood was generously used in ship building when it could be obtained.

[20] Colonel Benjamin Tallman. The Colonel's tombstone states that he was "a Shipwright, a Revolutionary Officer, a Patriot and an Honest Man. That he built two frigates and 93 sail of other vessels, one of which was of 1,000 tons and another the first vessel that sailed from Rhode Island for the East Indies. That he died June 10, 1836, in his ninety-fifth year."

In the Portsmouth Records there is a son Benjamin, given son of Benjamin and Elizabeth (———) Tallman, born September 15, 1743. If this is the same name he would have been in his ninety-third instead of ninety-fifth as given on tombstone, and in the death notice in Providence *Journal* and *Republican Herald* of this time.

[21] The Island. This refers undoubtedly to the stock purchased at Newport, which is on the island of Rhode Island.

[22] Mr. Langley. This was a common name at Newport. They were engaged in sea trade and ship supplies. We are unable to ascertain which one of the name is here referred to.

[23] Moses Tyler. We would like to know more of this man. He appears to have worked at his trade as master shipwright for many years about Narragansett Bay. I have given him the credit of belonging to Massachusetts, somewhere within the Old Colony.

[24] Swanzea, like Warren, at this time was a ship and boat building center. Their great specialty was a large boat that carried a mainsail and jib.

[25] "Whale." This is undoubtedly the word Wales. The *Shipwrights' Vade-Mecum*, London, 1805, gives this definition: "Wales: The principal strokes* of thick stuff wrought on the outside of the ship upon the main breadth or broadest part of the body, and which are called *main-wales*. Also those that are wrought between the parts which are called the *channel-wales* and middle or *sheer-wales*. The *main-wales* are the lower wales, which are generally placed on the lower breadth.

* Stroke: One breadth of plank wrought from one end of the ship to the other, either within or without board.

[26] Marshfield. This Massachusetts town was a great center for ship carpenters. They had yards here, but many made it their home and worked at Boston and vicinity during the season. Carpenters could always be picked up here.

Digitized by Google

[27] Rufus Hopkins (February 10, 1727—November 13, 1812), was eldest son of Governor Stephen and Sarah (Scott) Hopkins. His early manhood was spent in maritime pursuits. He was associated with his father and the Browns in the mining of the ore bed at Cranston, and was the manager at the works. At the period of the Revolution he filled various offices of trust; was a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and for a season in the Superior Court. For a number of years he represented Scituate in the Assembly. From 1782 until his death was a Trustee of the College.

[28] Captain Christopher Sheldon (February 18, 1712—November 17, 1799), son of Deacon Joseph and Lydia (Arnold) Sheldon. For many years he kept a store of general merchandise.

[29] Captain Pardon was a brother of the above, if we have been correctly informed.

[30] Thurber and Cahoone. The firm of Thurber and Cahoone was composed of Benjamin Thurber and Daniel Cahoone. Their store was near the old prison on Constitution Street. After the firm dissolved Thurber went to New Hampshire, where he was in business a few years. He returned to Providence and continued business until his death April 28, 1807, in his seventy-third year. Cahoone went to Lynden, Vermont. He was gored by a bull, which occasioned his death. Was in his eightieth year. See Providence *Gazette* of December 28, 1811.

[31] Captain Joseph Tillinghast, born East Greenwich, January 9, 1734-5, died Providence, November 14, 1816. Son of John and Anne (———) Tillinghast. He followed the sea for many years, and was also in business at Providence. Was a prominent Free Mason, a very energetic and prominent citizen, and held several responsible positions.

[32] John Aplin was the son of John, an attorney, who died at Killingly, Connnecticut, July 21, 1772. The name is found on the records in matters of real estate. He did not become a prominent citizen, but conducted himself more as a gentleman of leisure.

[33] Ebenezer Thompson, died December 10, 1805, in his seventy-second year. He was Naval Officer at the time of the Port of Providence.

[34] Joseph and Daniel Bucklin. Captain Joseph Bucklin, son of Joseph, Jr., and Susannah (———) Bucklin, was born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, February 20, 1719-20; died in Providence, December 27, 1790. Captain Daniel Bucklin, son of Nehemiah and Beriah (Read) Bucklin, was born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, December 5, 1731; died in Providence, May 3, 1805. His obituary notice calls him an experienced nautical commander.

[35] Brown and Power. The firm of Brown and Power was composed of Joseph Brown and Nicholas Power, for which names see elsewhere. The firm dealt in West India goods and ship supplies.

[36] Clarke and Nightingale. The firm of Clarke and Nightingale was composed of John Innes Clarke and Colonel Joseph Nightingale. (See notes of both of these men elsewhere). The firm dealt in West India goods and ship supplies. Their store was at the corner of Long Slip, now filled up and called Steeple Street.

[37] Sylvester Bowers. This man we would like to know more about. The family name is found on the Providence County Records and in Rehoboth, Massachusetts. We are under the impression that he removed from Providence soon after the Revolution. There was living a Sylvester Bowers at Pawtuxet in the early part of the last century. We have not been able to learn the relationship beween these two men.

The Rehoboth records give the marriage Intention of Captain Sylvester Bowers of

Digitized by Google

Rehoboth and Rebecca Nallingstone of Portsmouth, R. I., October 19, 1782. He was on the Rehoboth Muster Rolls, in Captain Perry's company, Colonel Walker's regiment, 1775.

[38] Kent and Atherton's Sawmills. The Kent sawmill was situated in Scituate, R. I. At this time the vicinity had much heavy timber. The sawmill is two and one-half miles above the Hope and on the north branch of the Pawtuxet river. The Atherton sawmill was at Pawtucket, near the landing.

[39] George Scott was a farmer and trader of Portsmouth. Locust timber was quite plentiful on the island, but was utterly destroyed during the occupation by the British.

[40] John Cruger was a skilled machinist, who made edge tools a specialty. The family has been called the fathers of the edge tooled industry in this part of New England.

[41] Uxbridge, Massachusetts, on the Blackstone river, twenty-five miles north of Providence, and nineteen south of Worcester.

[42] Caleb Bowers. We have not been able to learn anything further of this man.

[43] Surmark or Sirmark is the mark on the mold frame or timber to show where the beveling is to be done.

[44] James Daggett, son of John and Hopestill (Wood) Daggett, was born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, January 2, 1731-2, and died there May 27, 1806. He was a farmer and Innholder for some years. His tavern on the road from Providence towards Fall River [then Freetown], was a concurrent place for travelers to refresh themselves.

[45] John Manly made a specialty of working out spars so that when vessels came in wrecked, they could be had without long waits. Vessels properly equipped for sea usually carried them as they did extra sail and cordage.

[46] Miller. This probably refers to some small dealer, who had procured a few or a maker of them. Ship wrights when out of yard work would do such work at leisure, and then dispense of it when a chance offered.

[47] Dr. Nicholas Cooke, Jr. (January 7, 1754—May 31, 1800), son of Governor Nicholas and Hannah (Sabin) Cooke. He practiced his profession at Providence, but removed to Warwick, where the last years of his life were spent.

[48] Joseph Dolbear Russell (September 2, 1756—March 29, 1786), son of Joseph and Mary (Checkley) Russell. By one of the Orderly Books of General Sullivan, it appears that he was one of his Aides at the battle of Rhode Island, August, 1778. He pursued a collegiate course at Rhode Island College and presented that institution with a number of valuable books which he had imported directly from England for that purpose. He lived at Newport the last years of his life.

[49] Stephen Hopkins (March 7, 1707—July 13, 1785), was son of William and Ruth (Wilkinson) Hopkins. One of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. In 1755 and until 1768, with four years exception, he was Governor of the State and was Chief Justice of the State for some years.

It is recorded that in signing the Declaration he remarked: "His hand trembled, but his heart did not." He had had a stroke of palsy which left him with a perpetual tremble. He was a great reader of the English Classics. A man of good judgment and ability. Was a safe leader and took a pride in honestly fulfilling all trusts of responsibility entrusted to him.

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTESVILLE AND ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

CHARLOTTESVILLE possesses as many historical associations as Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, although little known to the world without, simply because they have had no chronicler. A short distance away is Monticello, Jefferson's beautiful home; near at hand is the University of Virginia, which he founded; down the main street, fronting a little square, stands the court house of Albemarle County, with its lofty portico supported by Grecian pillars. The modest court-room has heard the eloquence of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Wirt, and Patrick Henry.

"I have known men who saw a President of the United States talking with two ex-Presidents in our Court House Square," said an old resident, "and they were soon joined by an ex-Attorney-General of the United States, an ex-Minister to England, and an ex-Minister to France, and all residents of the county at the time."

To show the quality of reminiscences to which I have been a daily listener, note the following:

"In the Revolution the site of the present Redlands Club house was occupied by the Swan Tavern, which was the meeting place of the gentlemen of that day. It was kept by a man named Jewett. His son, John Jewett, a fox hunter, and cross-country rider, happened to be at Louisa Court House some thirty-five miles from Charlottesville, when Tarleton's cavalry, two hundred strong, passed there, galloping for Charlottesville, where Jefferson, head and front of the rebellion in Virginia lived, and where the Legislature of Virginia was then holding its sessions, having fled hither from Richmond on the capture of that city by the British.

Tarleton had sworn 'to crush every egg in that nest of treason and sedition,' as he called Charlottesville, and would have done it, no doubt putting a different aspect on the face of subsequent history, had not John Jewett leaped to his horse, once the British had passed, and galloped

Digitized by Google

across country, until he passed the British, and emerged upon the pike. Nearing Charlottesville, he met a friend, also mounted, and sent him to warn Jefferson at Monticello, while he swept in upon the Legislature.

'Fly for your lives,' he shouted, 'the British are on you, and they swear they'll hang the Virginia Legislature in a body.' The Solons fled in confusion. Jefferson sent his family to Blenheim, a neighboring plantation; told his two house servants, John and Cæsar, to pack up and conceal valuables and papers, mounted his horse and rode up Snead's mountain, which commanded a view of the town. Seeing no redcoats, he started to ride down, but after going a short distance, found he had lost his sword. He retraced his steps, recovered it, and then chancing to glance upon the town, saw it was full of redcoats, whereupon he spurred his horse over Carter Mountain, and rejoined his family at Blenheim. The troopers captured Monticello, and there are the marks of a horse's hoofs on the oak floor of the great hall, where a British trooper rode into it. John Jewett is buried somewhere in the court house square, and there is not even a stone to mark his grave. If he had lived in Boston he would have been immortalized in verse and song and story."

Judge R. T. Duke, an author and traveller, has several relics of Jefferson. He has been counsel and executor of estates for the family for many years, and these relics came to him by bequest in recognition of his services.

"Jefferson was an inventor and architect, a fact not generally known," he says. "He invented the mold board of the plough, and thereby conferred a boon on mankind. I have seen the original draft of it done by his own hands. In France he saw the clumsy wooden ploughs which the peasants used, and it occurred to him that the sod should be turned over, and on returning home he drew the proper geometric curve of least resistance, and had his blacksmith make a mold from it. He patented it in England, France and America, and received a medal from the Agricultural Society of France, and a life membership.

He also invented the rolltop carriage and the revolving chair. I have his office chair, the revolving table at which he sat, and his cushioned sofa, which he used as a foot rest. The latter was under the table, and was pulled up on its rollers when he wished it.

I have letterpress copies of Jefferson's correspondence with Madame

Digitized by Google

CHARLOTTESVILLE AND ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

CHARLOTTESVILLE possesses as many historical associations as Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, although little known to the world without, simply because they have had no chronicler. A short distance away is Monticello, Jefferson's beautiful home; near at hand is the University of Virginia, which he founded; down the main street, fronting a little square, stands the court house of Albemarle County, with its lofty portico supported by Grecian pillars. The modest court-room has heard the eloquence of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Wirt, and Patrick Henry.

"I have known men who saw a President of the United States talking with two ex-Presidents in our Court House Square," said an old resident, "and they were soon joined by an ex-Attorney-General of the United States, an ex-Minister to England, and an ex-Minister to France, and all residents of the county at the time."

To show the quality of reminiscences to which I have been a daily listener, note the following:

"In the Revolution the site of the present Redlands Club house was occupied by the Swan Tavern, which was the meeting place of the gentlemen of that day. It was kept by a man named Jewett. His son, John Jewett, a fox hunter, and cross-country rider, happened to be at Louisa Court House some thirty-five miles from Charlottesville, when Tarleton's cavalry, two hundred strong, passed there, galloping for Charlottesville, where Jefferson, head and front of the rebellion in Virginia lived, and where the Legislature of Virginia was then holding its sessions, having fled hither from Richmond on the capture of that city by the British.

Tarleton had sworn 'to crush every egg in that nest of treason and sedition,' as he called Charlottesville, and would have done it, no doubt putting a different aspect on the face of subsequent history, had not John Jewett leaped to his horse, once the British had passed, and galloped

Digitized by Google

across country, until he passed the British, and emerged upon the pike. Nearing Charlottesville, he met a friend, also mounted, and sent him to warn Jefferson at Monticello, while he swept in upon the Legislature.

'Fly for your lives,' he shouted, 'the British are on you, and they swear they'll hang the Virginia Legislature in a body.' The Solons fled in confusion. Jefferson sent his family to Blenheim, a neighboring plantation; told his two house servants, John and Cæsar, to pack up and conceal valuables and papers, mounted his horse and rode up Snead's mountain, which commanded a view of the town. Seeing no redcoats, he started to ride down, but after going a short distance, found he had lost his sword. He retraced his steps, recovered it, and then chancing to glance upon the town, saw it was full of redcoats, whereupon he spurred his horse over Carter Mountain, and rejoined his family at Blenheim. The troopers captured Monticello, and there are the marks of a horse's hoofs on the oak floor of the great hall, where a British trooper rode into it. John Jewett is buried somewhere in the court house square, and there is not even a stone to mark his grave. If he had lived in Boston he would have been immortalized in verse and song and story."

Judge R. T. Duke, an author and traveller, has several relics of Jefferson. He has been counsel and executor of estates for the family for many years, and these relics came to him by bequest in recognition of his services.

"Jefferson was an inventor and architect, a fact not generally known," he says. "He invented the mold board of the plough, and thereby conferred a boon on mankind. I have seen the original draft of it done by his own hands. In France he saw the clumsy wooden ploughs which the peasants used, and it occurred to him that the sod should be turned over, and on returning home he drew the proper geometric curve of least resistance, and had his blacksmith make a mold from it. He patented it in England, France and America, and received a medal from the Agricultural Society of France, and a life membership.

He also invented the rolltop carriage and the revolving chair. I have his office chair, the revolving table at which he sat, and his cushioned sofa, which he used as a foot rest. The latter was under the table, and was pulled up on its rollers when he wished it.

I have letterpress copies of Jefferson's correspondence with Madame

Digitized by Google

Conway, a French artist of note, and wife of an even more celebrated artist. They have never been printed. Jefferson's house at Monticello, which he designed, is a wonder in various ways. Most of the buildings for the university he designed, and Stanford White, who came down to design the new buildings of the university after the disastrous fire of 1895, told me that Jefferson's rotunda was the most harmonious and beautiful thing in brick and mortar he had ever seen.

It is remarkable the number of eminent men and women who were born or have lived and died within a short radius of our court house. Of Monticello and Jefferson every one knows. To the east a few miles on a high hill stood a plain old-fashioned residence where lived James Monroe, President of the United States. From its grounds a short two miles is the site of Blenheim, where lived Andrew Stevenson, Speaker of the United States Congress and Minister to the Court of St. James. Across the fields was the birthplace and burial place of Thomas W. Gilmer, Governor of Virginia, member of Congress, and Secretary of the Navy. Between the two homes still stands the house of Colonel Joshua Fry, of Washington's own regiment, over whose grave that great man caused to be carved, 'The Good, the Just, the Noble Fry.' The mansion still stands in which was born Edward Coles, first Governor of Illinois.

Looking from the eastern portico of Monticello, one can see Edge Hill, where lived and died Thomas Mann Randolph, Governor of Virginia. A few miles farther north is Castle Hill, the home of the explorer, soldier, statesman, and man of affairs, Thomas Walker, Jefferson's guardian and a connection of Washington. It is fronted by the house in which lived the husband of Dr. Walker's granddaughter, William C. Rives, orator and statesman, and Minister to France.

On the hillside, beyond the Rivanna, under Monticello, was born George Rogers Clark, a soldier who helped to conquer the Northwest Territory. Follow the Rivanna up nearer its source and you come to the site of the cabin where was born General Sumter of Revolutionary fame. Montpelier, the home of James Madison, is a few miles further north, and still further on toward Washington is the site of the cabin where Zachary Taylor, soldier of the Mexican War and President of the United States, was born. About four miles west of Monticello lived William West, Attorney-General of the United States. Ivy is a little hamlet seven

Digitized by Google

miles beyond the university; near it was born Meriwether Lewis, who, with Clark, discovered the sources of the Columbia."

The Clerk of Albemarle County has several documents of interest in his possession. One is the will of Jefferson, written by himself. Kosciusko's will is here also, in the same building, but in the custody of the clerk of the Circuit Court. Kosciusko was the personal friend of Jefferson, and at one time spent nearly two years with him. On leaving, he wrote his will as follows:

> I, Thaddeus Kosciusko, being just on my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend, Thomas Jefferson, to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers and mothers, husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be the defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful; and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this.
>
> T. Kosciusko.
>
> 5th day of May, 1798.

Jefferson refused to take upon himself the duties of executor, according to the endorsement on the back of the document. "There was a good reason why Mr. Jefferson should have declined," said the clerk: "Kosciusko had no property in America at the time of his death."

Another document is the parole of Earl Cornwallis, given at Yorktown, October 28, 1781.

Monticello is in plain view of Charlottesville, and the Mecca of all visitors to the city. The route to Monticello is picturesque, down into the valley of the Rivanna River, thence up the mountain side, following a series of ravines to the head of one, winding around it, crossing to another, and so by a gentle grade to the summit. At intervals there are outlooks across a wide basin to the bulwark of the Blue Ridge, closing the horizon line for forty miles or more.

By and by comes a wall of masonry, then an arched gateway and porter's lodge, the entrance to Monticello. Admittance is free to visitors. There is a half-mile of private road winding up and up, then a level plateau of greensward, and in the middle of it the mansion. Monticello is now owned by Jefferson N. Levy of New York, and its grounds are kept in the best manner.

Digitized by Google

The house fronts north, and is in appearance one story high—in reality three. In front is a lofty portico, supported by four granite pillars. In its ceiling is the first of the ingenious labor-saving contrivances with which the house abounds—the face of a compass, its pointer connecting with a weather vane on the roof, so that all the inventor had to do to learn the direction of the wind was to step to the door and look up.

Over the wide entrance is a large clock with two faces—giving the time both within the hall and outside. The weights that move the clock are six twelve-pound cannon balls, on a rope descending to the floor on either side the hall. A great crank like that of a windlass is used to wind up the clock. To reach the latter a ladder was necessary, and Jefferson devised one especially for it. What appeared to be a round pole standing in a corner by the clock weights was pulled apart by the man who showed the beauties of the house, and a perfect ladder was disclosed.

The entrance hall is a noble apartment, not disfigured by stairways. The dining-room opens from the right of the hall—a semi-octagonal apartment, with lofty vaulted ceilings and windows, and doors opening on the porch. It is a peculiarity of the house that nearly every room opens on porch or balcony by door or long French window. Above its round table hangs the Jefferson chandelier, and the mantel over the wide fireplace is embellished with Wedgewood figures. Dumb-waiters are ingeniously hidden in the sides of the fireplace communicating with the butler's pantry below.

In the rear of the hall is the grand *salon*. On either side are mirrors, "the only Jeffersoniana left in the house when Mr. Levy bought it," said our guide. "The mementos of him here now Mr. Levy has himself collected."

On the second floor are bedrooms still known as the "Washington room," the "Adams room," the "Lafayette room," from the celebrities who once occupied them. On the third floor, in the large billiard room, is the one-seated gig designed by Jefferson, in which he generally rode when abroad on business. In the basement are cells in which Mr. Jefferson imprisoned his refractory slaves.

The little family cemetery, where the sage lies buried, is in the forest, beside the drive, about half-way down to the porter's lodge. It is sur-

Digitized by Google

rounded by an iron fence, and from the gate one may read the inscription on the modest monument of the statesman:

Here was buried

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

Author of the
Declaration of Independence,
of the
Statutes of Virginia
for
Religious Freedom,
and Father of the
University of Virginia.
Born April 2, 1743, O. S.;
died July 4, 1826.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

Evening Post, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN THE REVOLUTION

(*Concluded*)

IT was the good fortune of our troops to be around the commander-in chief in the saddest epoch of the war. The regiment of our Moses Nichols had been assigned to the defence of West Point for a time. On the 25th of September, 1780, Benedict Arnold hurried from his breakfast table and fled to the *Vulture*. That evening—so relates Stephen Bohonon—Washington sent for Capt. Ebenezer Webster and requested him to order his company on guard around his tent that night. "For," said he, "if I cannot trust you, I cannot trust anybody." "You may rely on me and my men," said Webster.* Bohonon was one of those who guarded the tent while Washington passed an absolutely sleepless night in writing; and Webster lived to cast his vote for Washington as president.

When at length the time came to cage and capture Cornwallis, as had been done to Burgoyne, Washington designated two of our regiments to important posts on the Hudson, and took with himself, among his two thousand, Scammell's light infantry, and Scammell himself as adjutant-general of the army. And in order to leave the north in safety he placed the northern department in charge of Stark, although subsequently, by the incoming of Heath, his senior officer, he was obliged to report to one who was at the same time his superior and his inferior—one whom Bancroft describes somewhat too severely as "vain, honest, and incompetent." There Stark remained "in exile," as he termed it, at Albany and Saratoga, longing to be at Yorktown. Though lacking in everything—in troops and supplies, even in paper on which to report to Heath—receiving but one payment for more than two years, but himself paying two dollars and a half for a pound of sugar, and twelve dollars for a gallon of rum, he endured, for the most part patiently, while his name and fame overawed the lurking bands of neighboring Tories and cowed all the constantly threatened invasions from Canada.

—Read before the N. H. S. A. R.

* This incident is also credited to Captain Ebenezer Smith, Thirteenth Massachusetts. See the Editor's *Crisis of the Revolution*, p. 62.

Digitized by Google

These are some of the more salient points of our work in the Revolution. Many other services might be enumerated. In the winter of 1775, when the Connecticut troops had unexpectedly withdrawn from Cambridge, at the call of Washington thirty-one companies of ours, some two thousand men, promptly took their place. Our men were with Sullivan in his movement on the enemy in Rhode Island and the hot and successful battle of Butts' Hill. They were stationed on the Sound with a threefold outlook for protection. They aided in the repulse of Clinton at Springfield, N. J. Poor's brigade was one of the four that accompanied Sullivan in the memorable expedition when, in obedience to Washington's one stern command, " not merely to overrun but to destroy " the country, they fought the battle of Chemung, decided by the onset of Poor, and drove out the perfidious and murderous Iroquois from the beautiful valleys between the Susquehanna and the Genesee.

It is neither practicable nor necessary to follow them throughout the war. Enough that they never failed their commander. And they had but two questionable experiences. At the Cedars, in Canada, Bedel's regiment was surrendered by Major Butterfield, but against the remonstrances of his officers; and at Hubbardton Hale's regiment, separated seven miles from the main body, in charge of the invalids, says Belknap, and with an invalid colonel in command, was put to flight and captured by Fraser. That is all.

No less creditable was the quantity than the quality of our military contributions to the Revolution. The census of the state in 1775 showed a population of but 80,200, or some 2000 less than the present city of Worcester, Mass., and these scattered through nearly 160 townships, three-eighths of which had been incorporated less than ten years. But in 1775 there were 2284 of our men in the field, 4019 in 1776, 4483 in 1777, and during the war 18,289. The report of Secretary Knox in 1790 gives the proportion of our soldiers to the population as one in eleven, although his own figures would seem to make it greater. Massachusetts and Connecticut, from their older settlements, exceeded us with one in seven, and Rhode Island equalled us. The other states receded from one in sixteen, in nineteen, in twenty-two, in twenty-four, to Virginia one in twenty-eight, Georgia and North Carolina one in thirty-two, South Carolina one in thirty-eight. Freemen fought for freedom. No better blood was shed in the conflict than the Scotch-Irish anl English blood which flowed in the veins of the New Hampshire troops.

Digitized by Google

We lost some men of great promise, while some men of mark survived. Major McClary, with his ardent spirit, resolute purpose, popular way, ringing voice, and gigantic stature would have been heard from but for the chance shot that struck him down after the battle of Bunker Hill was over. Lieutenant-Colonels Colburn, Adams, and Connor were cut off in the desperate fights of Stillwater and Saratoga. Scammell, already adjutant-general of the army, with his education, bravery, ability, and universal esteem, should have risen higher yet but for the brutal and fatal wound inflicted by the enemy after his capture at Yorktown. It was an evil day when the chivalrous Poor fell in an affair with another officer a year before the close of the war. Cilley, who fought under Wayne in the brilliant storming of Stony Point fortress, and gained Washington's approbation by his determined stand at Monmouth, afterwards served the state in honorable posts, and the community by an admirable influence. Dearborn, who was with him at Monmouth and in gallant service elsewhere, became Jefferson's secretary of war and Monroe's minister plenipotentiary to Portugal. Sullivan, though open to criticism and the object of one military writer's constant invectives, is described by Bancroft as "not free from foibles, but active, enterprising, and able." He was more—he was an eminent figure. His errors were mostly born of his enterprise, and perhaps part of the enmities he encountered were the offspring of envy. Washington entrusted no other than Greene with so many important commands; once protested effectually against a rash vote of Congress for his suspension; and gave him the marks of his warm confidence not only through the war, but throughout his life. If he made mistakes, so did Greene, Putnam, and Wayne—not to mention Gates, Heath, and Schuyler. And Sullivan added to his military abilities in no small degree the sagacity of the lawyer, the wisdom of the statesman, the magnetism of the leader, and the capacity of the ruler. He proved his worth as fully in the council chamber as on the battle-field. Quick in discernment, prompt in action, eloquent in speech, impressive in personal presence, and every inch a patriot, his fellow-citizens invested him with every honorable and responsible post within their gift. Twice in Congress he served in committees of grave moment. At home, twice by his wisdom and firmness he saved the state from threatened riots; once when as attorney-general he donned his old war uniform and rode beside the judges to the court at Keene, and again when as president of the assembly at Exeter he faced the angry mob that barred his way with loaded muskets and the call to "fire," and that evening summoned the force that put them

Digitized by Google

to flight. Not the least useful of his deeds was his double service to his state and his country when, as president of the convention, he strongly influenced the vote that accepted the national constitution and made a United States. Having thus helped knit the Union together and the state to the Union, he resigned the chief magistracy of his state to become, by appointment of his old commander-in-chief, the first district justice of the Union in the state, and to die in office, not advanced in years but old in service and honor and worn out with cares. The last public speech of his life was when he left his sick chamber to advocate the grant of 42,000 acres of wild lands to Dartmouth College.

But perhaps the unique figure of all was John Stark, a trained, if not a born soldier. He proved equal to any emergency he ever met. He had an instinct toward the place of weakness and danger. He could lead an attack, resist an assault, storm a redoubt, stand immovable behind a barricade of hay, move calmly through a crossfire of cannon, or make a retreat as orderly as a victory. As he brought up the rear at Bunker Hill, so after the repulse at Three Rivers, which he had predicted, he and his staff were in the last boat that crossed the Sorel in sight of the enemy. He anticipated Washington's disapproval of the abandonment of Ticonderoga. He knew better than Schuyler how to deal with Burgoyne. After Stillwater and Saratoga he could cut off an escape. He knew, as did not all Washington's high officers, how to obey orders. He consented by his personal influence to recruit soldiers, when he would rather have fought battles, and in comparative idleness to report to Heath when he longed to be on the Cornwallis hunt. What might have been his success in broader commands we have no means of knowing, but he missed no opportunity, was never at a loss, and, so far as appears, made no mistakes. When all was over he modestly retired to his farm for forty-five years of quiet and of honor, and lived and died an ancient Spartan.

When the war was ended and the constitution of the United States was before the country for adoption, under intense opposition, when the question had been carried in Massachusetts by a vote of 187 to 168, while two states seemed doubtful and two were dilatory, New Hampshire again met the crisis and by her affirmative vote secured the requisite two-thirds that made a nation.

If it lay within the scope of my theme to speak of the men who in convention discussed that constitution, as well as of those who shaped

Digitized by Google

the constitution of our own state, I should present a list of patriot civilians not unworthy to be a companion piece to the roll of patriot soldiers. But I must refrain.

It is also to the special and lasting credit of this commonwealth that its officers, soldiers, and citizens were not only loyal to their country, but through all the criticism and even obloquy that were heaped upon him, to their great commander-in-chief. While Charles Lee was insolently disobeying him; while Conway, Mifflin, Wilkinson, and Gates were intriguing against him, aided for a time by Rush and Reed of Pennsylvania; while under a strange but happily transient hallucination, such eminent patriots as Congressmen Lovell, Williams, and Gerry of Massachusetts, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and William Ellery of Rhode Island were making or listening to talk for his removal; while Congress was overriding his wishes and his advice; while even Samuel Adams was " impatient for more enterprise," and stout John Adams declared himself " weary with so much insipidity, and sick of Fabian systems," and once exclaimed, " O heaven send us one great soul," I cannot learn that there was ever placed on record from a New Hampshire officer, soldier, or citizen any utterance of opposition to or disparagement for the man whom our own historian Belknap on his last page pronounced " the illustrious Washington," and whom the civilized world has since pronounced the peerless name in secular history.

I have thus imperfectly sketched the distinguished part of New Hampshire in the Revolution. Practically unanimous in the sentiment of freedom, early in its expression, determined in its maintenance, prompt in its enforcement, first to resort to arms, first to frame a constitution, foremost in the vote for independence, sharing in the six most signal battles, being in two of them the main victor, in two a great factor, and in the other two a volunteer and valiant force, present and active at the closing scene of all, ever trusty and true, enduring as well as fighting, responding to every call and always outside of her own borders, furnishing eminent and patriotic civilians, distinguished officers and fearless soldiers, clenching the clasp that riveted the union, all and always loyal to the country and the country's magnificent chieftain,—it is a heritage of which her sons, wherever scattered through the nation and through the world, may well be proud—proud to be sons of New Hampshire, and Sons of the American Revolution. A high ancestry,

Digitized by Google

"Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not what to us in plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

Swift as the summons came, they left
The plough mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give they gave;
The flowers that blossomed on their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies."

SAMUEL C. BARTLETT.

Digitized by Google

GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER

(Fourth Paper)

THE effect of this success was great. It has been well characterized as one of the turning points in the Revolution.[52] It was the first success gained over the royal forces since their landing for the investment of Charles Town. It was a success won by an organized force of Americans over an enemy composed in part at least of regular British troops. Its result was to reinforce Sumter's force by six hundred additional men.[53]

The effect upon the representatives of the royal cause was equally great. They had considered the State practically conquered, and armed resistance at an end. From this pleasant dream the fight at Williamson's and the death of Huck awakened them.

They found themselves faced by an army—although small—in organized shape and led by commanders who were evidently in earnest and knew their business.

Among the British commanders who had asserted in their official dispatches that the inhabitants from every quarter had declared their allegiance to the King and that there were few men in South Carolina that were not either prisoners or in arms for the King, this unlooked-for impediment of a military force in arms against the King, which had actually defeated and dispersed a force composed in part of regular British troops, flushed with continuous success—in short, this impediment, named Thomas Sumter, "roused all the passions which disappointed ambition can inspire." They were "overwhelmed with astonishment and filled with indignation."[54]

Sumter—essentially a leader of action—did not long remain quies-

[52] McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 599.
[53] Ramsay *Rev.*, Vol. 2, pp. 135, 137; McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 600.
[54] Ramsay *Rev.*, Vol. 2, p. 131.

Digitized by Google

cent. On the first of August, 1780, he made a spirited attack upon the British intrenched post at Rocky Mount. The post was too strong to be carried without artillery and Sumter's assault was repulsed.[55]

A few days later, on the sixth of August, he attacked the garrison at Hanging Rock. That garrison consisted of five hundred men, consisting of one hundred and sixty of the infantry of Tarleton's Legion, the Prince of Wales's American regiment, part of Colonel Browne's corps of provincials and Colonel Bryan's North Carolina Loyalists. The whole was under the command of Major Carden, of the Prince of Wales's regiment. The attacking force numbered about eight hundred. The result of the action was not conclusive. The British camp was taken and plundered, but the American force finally withdrew, leaving the field in possession of the British, whose loss exceeded that of the attacking forces.

Within a space of a month the command under Sumter had had three engagements with British regular troops, and in each case the Americans had been the attacking party.

While these operations of Sumter—contemporaneously with similar operations, but on a smaller scale, by other partisan leaders—were in progress, an army was on its way from the northward to assist the hard-pressed American forces in the South. This army consisted of about twelve hundred Continental soldiers, composed of regiments from the Maryland and Delaware line, and was under the command of Baron De Kalb, but on the 25th July De Kalb was superseded in his command by Horatio Gates, the so-called hero of Saratoga. General Gates, with additional reinforcements, crossed the South Carolina line on the 4th August, and, having formed a junction with the North Carolina militia under Governor Caswell, pressed down towards Camden, where the British army lay. There Lord Cornwallis had himself taken command and was present in person. Sumter, who with the force under him had reached Gates, heard that a large convoy, with clothing and stores for the British army at Camden, was on its way to that point by the road between McCord's Ferry, on the Congaree, and the ferry over the Wateree, about a mile from Camden. He proposed to Gates that he should intercept this convoy. Gates assented and sent

[55] Moultrie, Vol. 2, p. 219; Ramsay *Rev.*, Vol. 2, p. 136.

Digitized by Google

to join him in his attack on the convoy a detachment of four hundred Continental regulars, with two brass field pieces.

Sumter's attack was made on the 15th August and was wholly successful. The entire convoy and its guard were captured, and Sumter, with his prizes and prisoners in his possession, commenced his retreat up the western side of the Wateree River.

Gates, without waiting for Sumter's return, had advanced towards Cornwallis, who, in like manner, was advancing himself. The two armies joined battle near Camden on the 16th August, and the result was one of the most complete defeats ever inflicted upon an American army.

Immediately after the battle and when Gates was in full flight, outstripping all his followers in the race, Cornwallis turned his attention to Sumter. On the morning of the 17th August he dispatched Tarleton in pursuit of Sumter. Tarleton, pressing with his accustomed celerity and vigor, came up with Sumter about midday on the 18th, and, finding Sumter's men in camp entirely off their guard and expecting the approach of no enemy, he at once formed his line and charged the camp. The surprise was complete. Little or no resistance was made and the whole camp was reduced to a precipitate flight. All the stores captured from the British were recaptured, all the British prisoners taken by Sumter were released, and Sumter's entire command was killed, taken or dispersed. He himself barely escaped with his life, rode off without saddle, hat or coat, and reached Charlotte two days later completely unattended.

This surprise is the one great blot on Sumter's career as a military commander. It seems to have been due to carelessness of the grossest military kind in neglecting the proper precautions to guard against surprise and to protect his force if attacked. At the same time it must be remembered that Sumter commanded a force of both officers and men who had little experience of regular warfare, and had not been taught that the neglect in war of what may appear to be small precautions may entail destruction. It was impossible for Sumter in command to attend to all the details of guard mount. He could give orders, and it is probable that so far as the surprise is concerned that was due to disobedience of orders and neglect on the part of his subordinate officers. Tarleton says: "Some explanation received after the action greatly diminished the mistakes which Colonel Sumter seemed to have committed." He had sent out patrols, but they had not gone far enough to discover the British approach,

Digitized by Google

and on demanding the cause of two shots fired by his videttes, who were killed by the British, was told by the officer in charge of the advanced sentries that it was the militia firing at cattle.

As a commander, however, Sumter cannot be acquitted of blame in his halting where he did. He had been warned of Gates's complete defeat. He knew of Tarleton and his restless energy, and he should have done as Morgan did later, after the battle of Cowpens, and never have halted or stayed until he had reached a point of absolute safety.

Ramsay, in his *Revolution in South Carolina,* attributes the defeat to the fatigue of the Americans. He says:

> "The Americans, having been for four days without sleep or provisions were more inclined to the calls of nature than attentive to her first law—self-preservation. Col. Sumpter had taken every prudent precaution to prevent a surprise, but his videttes were so fatigued they neglected their duty." [56]

Crushing defeats had thus in quick succession been inflicted upon both Gates and Sumter. While Gates, however, seems to have been completely overcome and incapable of rallying to meet his emergency the effect on Sumter was to stimulate his energies.

Almost immediately he gathered together such of his troops as had escaped and within a very brief space of time had established his camp again at Clem's Creek.

Whilst there engaged in reorganizing his command Colonel James Williams, who had been appointed a brigadier-general of militia by Governor Rutledge, appeared at Sumter's camp and claimed by virtue of his rank to take command.

His right to do so Sumter's men flatly refused to admit. They were volunteers and Sumter had been by them selected as their commander. In addition to this the men and officers under Sumter had strong personal grounds of objection to Williams, whom they neither liked nor respected.

Williams still insisting upon the effect of his commission, a council of the officers serving under Sumter was called to consider the effect of Williams's commission on Sumter's command.

[56] Ramsay *Rev.,* Vol. 2, p. 153.

Digitized by Google

At this point it was learned that Tarleton and Rawdon were on the march against Sumter's camp. Sumter crossed the Catawba and after a slight skirmish with Rawdon's advance, retreated to a point of greater safety—higher up the river.

It was there determined by the officers and men of Sumter's command to send a delegation to Governor Rutledge remonstrating against Williams's commission as superseding Sumter's. The delegates were officers acting as colonels under Sumter. In the meanwhile it was agreed that Sumter should retire during the absence of the delegation and that Colonel Lacey should take his place in command.

To this agreement Sumter, with true devotion to public interests and lack of selfish personal assertion, assented.

Whilst Sumter was in this retirement Colonel Lacey was informed of the movement against Colonel Patrick Ferguson, of the British army, and requested to join and co-operate. He marched at once with Sumter's command and on the 6th October, 1780, joined the forces under Campbell, Shelby, Cleveland and Sevier near King's Mountain.

The next day, the 7th October, took place the battle of King's Mountain and the death of Ferguson, with the entire defeat and capture of his force. The South Carolina force from Sumter's camp was commanded by Lacey. Colonel Williams was present and took part also in the battle, in command of a small force of his own and was killed, and any further contest on his part as to Sumter's right to command thus ended.

The delegation of officers had in the meantime met Governor Rutledge at Hillsborough and the effect of their representations was such that on the 6th October, 1780, the Governor issued a commission to Sumter as brigadier-general and placed him in command of all the militia of this State.[57]

Soon after Sumter's appointment to the rank of brigadier-general Marion also received an appointment to the same rank.[58]

HENRY A. M. SMITH.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

[57] McCrady, Vol. 3, p. 813.
[58] *Ibid*, p. 815.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

THE PRACTICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

IV—CONNECTICUT.

ANY attempt to give a complete and adequate record of the work of the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution since 1890 would be impossible within the limits of a single magazine article, and may require an extended series. This work has been so varied, so costly, so widespread, and of so enduring a nature that it deserves larger treatment than the bare statement of fact which is all that present space can afford. In their memorial and educational work, the D. A. R. have made an abiding impression upon Connecticut, and are a force to be reckoned with among the many powerful influences which contribute to the fair life and progress of the State. Wherever they have congregated in a chapter, they have aroused a higher type of patriotism and public spirit in the life of the community, and have made a record of which to be proud. They have done this, because they take their mission in life seriously, believing that the aims and objects of the great National Society, of which they are a part, are of vital necessity to the continued and vigorous life of those sacred institutions bequeathed to us by the founders and fathers of this nation. Hence their work is but an expression of their beliefs—the outcome of that earnest patriotism which is to be found in the hearts of loyal, devoted and high-minded women when working for the highest good of "Home and Country."

It is out of the question to give a detailed account of the work of each of the forty-seven chapters in the State. This method would result in little else than a directory of innumerable memorials erected, educational projects entered into, and miscellaneous gifts scattered in profusion in every direction. Both State and chapter work, therefore, must be classified and considered in broad outlines as follows: (1), work for Continental Memorial Hall in Washington, D. C.; (2), memorial work; (3), educational work; (4), literary work; and (5), miscellaneous work.

Digitized by Google

STATE WORK.

The collective work of the Connecticut Chapters, otherwise known as State work, is distinct from the individual work of the chapters, and is important enough in its results to be considered separately.

There are forty-seven chapters in the State, the oldest being Wadsworth Chapter of Middletown, organized in 1892. The total membership for Connecticut on the rolls of the National Society approximates four thousand five hundred, including a few hundred members-at-large, the largest chapter in the State having about three hundred and forty members, and the smallest about twenty. * Each chapter pays a voluntary contribution of twenty-five cents per member into the "General Utility Fund," which was established early in the history of the Society to meet the expenses rendered necessary by the collective work of the Connecticut D. A. R. This fund is applicable, not only to running expenses, but also to the maintenance of the "Ellsworth Homestead," and to any patriotic work undertaken in unison by the Connecticut chapters.

The interest of the Connecticut Daughters as a whole in Continental Memorial Hall in Washington, D. C., erected by the National Society, took definite expression during 1904, when the full amount of over $2100 was raised for the "Connecticut column." This sum was presented to Mrs. Kinney, the State Regent, at the General State Conference, in 1904, taking her completely by surprise. Announcement of the gift was made at the following Continental Congress in April, 1905, with the request to place on record the following words: "The money for the Connecticut column is given by the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution as an expression of their heartfelt love for their State Regent, Mrs. Sara Thomson Kinney; and as a token of their appreciation of her ten years of untiring devotion to the patriotic principles of this organization."

The Connecticut column will thus stand in the memorial portico of Continental Hall as an enduring monument to the woman to whose uplifting influence as a leader the Connecticut Daughters owe their harmony of action and the valuable work they have accomplished.

Another token of interest in Continental Hall was a cash collection

* The Connecticut membership also includes 102 "Real Daughters" (daughters of patriots who fought in the war of the American Revolution).

Digitized by Google

of $1200, and a pledge from the Children of the American Revolution of $25 taken up in 1902, at the State Conference in Middletown.

One great and unique memorial stands in the name of the Connecticut "Daughters." This is the home of Oliver Ellsworth at Windsor. To the initiative and enterprise of Mrs. Kinney in co-operation with Mrs. Frank Chamberlin Porter of New Haven, is due the invaluable gift of this "Homestead" to the Connecticut D. A. R., to be held in their care and custody forever, in memory of Oliver Ellsworth, third Chief Justice of the United States, and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. The suggestion of the gift was hailed with enthusiasm by the chapters throughout the State, and Mrs. Porter entered on the work of approaching the heirs and inducing them to place the property in the care of the Daughters. Within a few months one hundred and sixteen descendants of Oliver Ellsworth—being all his living heirs—generously signed away their rights in their ancestral and historic mansion, with its adjoining land, and transferred it as a gift to the Connecticut Daughters, in the first deed ever given for the property since its original transfer in 1666 to Oliver Ellsworth's ancestor, Josiah.

The house had been put in thorough repair in anticipation of the presentation, Oct. 8, 1903, every chapter in the State contributing toward these and the dedication expenses, and giving in addition a valuable piece of antique furniture or other furnishings and fittings. The seven chapters of Litchfield County furnished one entire room, and other equally valuable gifts were given by other chapters and individual "Daughters" throughout the State.

The maintenance expenses have since this time been met by the Utility Fund augmented by an income derived from admission fees to the Homestead, and by the sale of plates and post-cards. Sixteen hundred souvenir plates of blue Staffordshire ware, made especially in England, have been issued by the Connecticut D. A. R., for the maintenance of the Homestead, some having a reproduction of the portrait, by Earl, of Oliver and Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth, and some a representation of the exterior of the house. Post-cards printed in blue with pictures of the Homestead, interior and exterior, and of the portraits of the patriot and his wife, have been issued and sold by the thousand.

In summer, the Homestead is open to visitors, and has become the Mecca of patriotic pilgrimages from over twenty States in the Union, and even from Europe. The Homestead is already practically self-sup-

Digitized by Google

porting, but from the time of its acquisition until March, 1908, the drain on the Utility Fund for yearly maintenance has amounted to over $1500, exclusive of the initial expenses met by special chapter contributions. The assessed valuation of the property is about $4000.

Educational work has not as yet been attempted collectively by the Connecticut chapters, but a valuable amount of literary work has been accomplished.

In 1897, the chapters in their annual State meeting voted to publish articles on the lives of the patriotic women or "patron saints" from whom the chapters were named; but this work increased so in the making that it resulted finally in the publication in 1901 of a handsome illustrated volume of over five hundred pages entitled "Chapter Sketches: Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution: Patron Saints." The cost of publication was nearly $2500. A second volume of "Chapter Sketches," was published in 1904, uniform with the first and entitled "Patriots' Daughters." This work consisted of brief accounts of the lives of the one hundred "Real Daughters," at that time on the Connecticut membership rolls, and of their patriot fathers in the Revolution. The cost of publishing both books amounted to over four thousand dollars. These volumes contain so much historic matter never before published, that they constitute a valuable addition to the Revolutionary history of the State, and have been in great demand among the largest public libraries in the country. The editions of both volumes are practically exhausted. A solid silver tea-service was presented by the Connecticut chapters to the editor, the late Miss Mary P. Root of Bristol, in token of their appreciation of her long and patient work of over seven years in verifying innumerable data in the interests of historical accuracy.

In 1907 another illustrated book of 109 pages was published under the title of "The Ellsworth Homestead, Past and Present," being a full account of the presentation ceremonies of October 8th, 1903, with all the speeches delivered on that occasion, supplemented by a full list of gifts to the "Homestead," with donors' names and such historic associations as might belong to them. This volume is also historically valuable, and cost the Society over five hundred dollars. In 1908 a pamphlet entitled "The Making of America" was published for the use of D. A. R. committees on "Patriotic Education" and also for children's clubs. The total expenditure by the State on its literary work has amounted to five thousand dollars. Besides this, a Bureau of Exchange

Digitized by Google

of literary and historical papers is maintained, whereby the chapters derive mutual benefit from any address of value or distinction which may be written by the members.

During the Spanish War the Connecticut chapters united in organized relief work, apart from the Red Cross, under the direction of the State Regent, and contributed $7158.37 in cash, besides thousands of garments and other articles for hospital use of unestimated value.

Many other miscellaneous objects have been recipients of the bounty of the Connecticut D. A. R. A contribution was made to the Mary Washington Memorial Association, making the State Regent a life member thereof.

Contributions of $75 have been made toward a statue of Nathan Hale, in St. Paul, Minn.; of $100 toward the purchase and preservation as a museum, of the famous "Shaw mansion" in New London; and of $50 toward the dedication ceremonies of the Hartford Bridge in October, 1908.

Roughly speaking, the sum total spent by the chapters of Connecticut on their collective work approximates $21,000, this being below rather than above the actual figures.

INDIVIDUAL CHAPTER WORK.

WORK FOR CONTINENTAL HALL.

Every chapter in the State has made liberal contributions toward the building fund of Continental Hall in addition to giving the Connecticut column. Two chapters, the Sabra Trumbull, of Rockville, and the Mary Floyd Tallmadge, of Litchfield, have each besides other contributions, given one pair of the ten pairs of memorial mahogany doors that are to lead from the lobby into the auditorium. A member of the Mary Clap Wooster chapter of New Haven has given through that chapter the sum of $6000 for the completion and furnishing of the Board Room.

A total of nearly $22,000 has been contributed.

MEMORIAL WORK.

In considering the memorial work accomplished in their own localities by the individual chapters, one stands confused as to where to begin. The State has been sown thick as a field of grain, with almost every form of memorial known to man, but the harvest of patriotic thoughts, impulses and sentiments which is the fruit of this sowing will endure longer than the brass or marble, granite or bronze. Cemeteries have been re-

Digitized by Google

stored and walls built around them; the inscriptions have been deciphered and copied, and the stones reset; historic places of every description have been marked; men and women patriots of the Revolution have been memorialized in bronze and marble, and stained glass; historic houses have been rescued from demolition; memorial trees have been planted; and memorial fountains built. Almost every chapter has erected some form of memorial, from the simplest markers on Revolutionary soldiers' graves to some ambitious work costing thousands of dollars and years of work. At the risk of turning this account into the directory referred to above, a few of these works must be noted somewhat more in detail, but as briefly as possible:

Almost all the chapters care for the graves of their Revolutionary soldiers, if not cared for in other ways, and many have undertaken the continual care of entire cemeteries, often restoring them at a great cost. Eunice Dennie Burr chapter spent $2500 in restoring the old Revolutionary Burial Ground of Fairfield; placed a bronze tablet bearing the names of the Revolutionary soldiers interred there, on the memorial lich-gate which had been erected by a member at a cost of $3000, and built the handsome stone wall now surrounding the cemetery. This chapter has also restored the old Revolutionary "Powder-House" in its locality, and has placed a quartz boulder on the green with bronze tablet giving the dates of the chief historic events of Fairfield. The old cemetery of Stratfield has been placed in the care of Mary Silliman chapter of Bridgeport, which restored and cleaned the stones at a cost of $2000, and induced the city to appropriate $900 for a retaining wall. At Stratford this chapter also erected a beautiful stone gateway, costing over $1200, at the entrance to the cemetery; collected the broken stones from the lost and obliterated graves, arranged them decently on a mound, and now keeps the cemetery in repair. Faith Trumbull chapter has erected handsome iron gates at the entrance of the Revolutionary cemetery of Norwich, which were unveiled with impressive ceremonies in 1903, while Fanny Ledyard chapter of Mystic dignified the entrance of their old cemetery known as "White Hall," with gates of steel. A wall has been built around the old cemetery of Derby by Sarah Riggs Humphrey chapter, which had restored it at a time when more than half the stones were underground and invisible when work began. Three chapters—Ruth Hart, of Meriden, Sibbil Dwight Kent, of Suffield, and Katherine Gaylord, of Bristol, have entirely restored the historic cemeteries in their respective localities, the latter having also made copies of all in-

Digitized by Google

scriptions and epitaphs, and drawings of all the headstones, which it proposes to publish in list form. Nathan Hale Memorial and Lucretia Shaw chapters have continual care of the old cemeteries in East Haddam and New London, while Sarah Whitman Trumbull chapter has built a wall around the Revolutionary cemetery in Watertown, which has cost this little chapter of thirty-three members more than $1200. They also propose to do some expensive grading within the wall next year, and to place bronze tablets on the gate posts with the names of the Revolutionary soldiers who rest in the cemetery.

The crowning work in behalf of the historic cemeteries of the State has been achieved by Ruth Wyllys chapter of Hartford, which literally rescued from destruction the old "Gold Street Cemetery" in the rear of the Centre Church, and induced the City Fathers to widen Gold Street, condemning and tearing down the battered tenements which had been an eyesore and a disgrace for many years in the midst of the fairest part of Hartford. The chapter was responsible for the expenditure of over $80,000, of which $35,000 came out of its own treasury, or passed through its own hands in aid of the work. This cemetery, its stones all cleansed and restored, where lie the founders of Hartford, among them Thomas Hooker and John Haynes, first Governor of Connecticut, is now a beautiful garden-spot, facing on the Capitol park and a redeemed and regenerate Gold Street, and is surrounded by artistic wrought-iron palings twelve feet high, designed by McKinn, Mead & White, Litchfield, Conn.

ELIZABETH C. BARNEY BUEL.

State Vice Regent, Connecticut D. A. R., and Honorary Regent, Mary Floyd Tallmadge Chapter of Litchfield.

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

(*To be continued*)

Digitized by Google

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PYKE, ETC.

(Second Paper)

SOME of Dr. Edmond Halley's ancestors are known to have resided at Alconbury, from the parish register of which the rough notes following were made. They are subject to verification, as to details, with the exception of entries relating to persons surnamed Halley, which were carefully checked.

BURIALS:

Katherine Halley, wife of Humphrey, buried Sept. 12, 1668.
1672. John Cawthorne, Sen[r]. Apr. 30.
John Pike, son of Henry and Barbary, Sept. 17.
Thomas Mewes, Dec. 3.
John Cawthorn, son of William and Elizabeth, accidentally drowned, 8 Jan.; bur. Jan. 13.
1673. Elizabeth Cawthorne, wife of John, Sept. 28.
1674. Sarah C., wife of John, Sept. 29.
Mary C., dau. of John and Sarah, Oct. 12.
1676. Humphrey Halley, gent., May 26.
1684. Francis Pike, widower, Nov. 6.
1685. Humphrey Cawthorne, Nov. 29.
1685-6 Henry Pike, Feb. 6.

MARRIAGES:

1625. Thomas Mewes and Joana Take, 20 Oct.
1633. John Pike and Sarah Plackett, 30 Oct.
1654. John Pike and Frances Wakfield, pub. Apr. 16, 23, 30; mar. May 4.
1657. Francis Pike and Alice Coke, Dec. 15.
1672. John Ward and Mary Norman, June 17.
1674. John Ward and Eliz. Martin, April 20.
1675. John Ward and Mary Clifton, Sept. 20.
1685. John Ward and Katherine Housen, widow of Sawtry.
1691. Thomas Clerk, widower, and Sybilla Rhemington, widow, Nov. 5.

Digitized by Google

As Francis Halley in his will (dated June 28, 1698; proved Sept. 8, 1702; P. C. C., reg. Marlboro, fo. 126) mentioned his "sister Mary Ward, wife of John Ward," as well as "Nicholas Wright of the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate," search was made by Mr. Beevor in the P. C. C. Index, 1710-1729 (wills only, not all the administrations) for John Ward, with this result:

1710. Ward, John, London; August, 194, (citizen and clothier, mentions great grandchildren.)
1710. Ward, John; "pts." 235 (a seaman).
1711. Ward, John; London, (*Adm.*)
1713. Ward, John; (*Adm.*)
1713. Ward, or War, John; Surrey; Aug. 197.
1716. Ward, John; London; Oct. 199. (Barber-Surgeon; wife Elizabeth.)
1719. Ward, John; Essex; July, 138.
1719. Ward, John; Sussex (*Esq.*); July, 138.
1720. Ward, John; "Pts." Feb. 47.
1721. Ward, John; Essex; Sept. 171. (?)
1722. Ward, John; London, Dec. 247.
1726. Ward, *Sir* John; London, March 63.
1726. Ward, John; Northants; 135.
1727. Ward, John; Mid.; May (*Adm.*)
1729. Ward, John; London; 60.
1729. Ward, John; Mid.; 352.

"No Nicholas Wright will during this period."

The 1726 testator of Northants was of Bozeat, widower and yeoman; he mentions dau. Mary and sons Abraham, Isaac and John; perhaps he is the one sought. Bozeat is about five miles south of Wellingborough.

Lower, in *Patronymica Britannica,* says of the origin of the surname Halley, that it is local but he cannot name the place. A London correspondent writes thus: "Incline to think that Halley, Whalley and Hawley are variants of one name and that . . . a place-name . . . 'Wh' and 'h' are sometimes equivalent; living examples being found in 'who,' and 'whole,' etc., and obsolete ones in 'whot' for 'hot,' 'whome' for 'home,' etc. (*See* Aldis Wright's Bible Word-book.) Also the surname 'Hipple' became 'Whipple,' and 'whist' and 'hist' are

Digitized by Google

equivalent. I used to pronounce Halley with a short 'â,' having probably picked up that use when a child; but I suppose it should be like Hawley."

Another English scholar remarks: "I think that in the Seventeenth Century, in Derbyshire, 'Halley' was pronounced 'Hawley' . . . There were Walleys or Whalleys in Derbyshire but I am not confident that the two families are connected." (There is indeed a marked difference between all coats armorial of Whalley and Halley or Hawley, but the two latter families may be relateed to each other.

At the Public Record Office, London, in the Index of Fines for 1653, Trinity Term, occurs this (perhaps irrelevant) item: "Edm. Pyke, gent., plnt. and Hump. Lenn, in ffanchurch streete." This, however, is of some passing interest because it is the only known case in which the Christian name "Edmund" occurs in the Pyke family as connected with Fenchurch Street.

In the Index to Chancery Proceedings, 1714-58 (Public Record Office) occurs: "Halley *vs.* Kaye, bundle 2006 (1724)" but this upon examination was found irrelevant.

The Index of Chancery Proceedings, 1758-1800, Division 4, shows: "Halley *vs.* Sugar, 1777; br. r. bundle 378." "Halley *vs.* Beresford, 1777; Dep. bundle 394."

The "Index to Prerogative Wills of Ireland, 1536-1810," by Sir Arthur Vicars, F. S. A., (Dublin, 1897) contains many interesting entries under the surnames following: Bruce, McDonald, Pike and Stewart or Stuart; also a few under Halley and McPeake. The entry of will of one Edmond McDonald, 1790 (on page 302) is, however, incorrect, according to private advices from Dublin, for the Christian name of the testator was "Edward," not "Edmond."

All the wills, intestacies and marriage licences in Ireland are indexed for each Diocese from about 1600 to 1858. In a few cases they begin a little earlier than 1600, while in others they are somewhat later than that date. There are several McPikes in the Index of the Diocese of Connor, Co. Antrim. Vicar's Index is of wills of the Prerogative Court only.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

Digitized by Google

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER

(Second Paper)

NOTWITHSTANDING these discouraging apprehensions and the dangers attendant upon his advanced position, Colonel Moultrie preserved the "easy temper habitual to him," inspiring his men to final victory. The traverse for the protection of the rear of the fort had been finished, but the work was in an incomplete condition when the British men-of-war opened their broadsides upon it. Dr. Drayton [4] furnishes the following description of the fort at the time of its memorable bombardment.

"The fort was a square, with a bastion at each angle, sufficiently large to contain, when finished, one thousand men. It was built of palmetto logs laid one upon the other, in two parallel rows, at sixteen feet distance, bound together, at intervals, with timber dove-tailed and bolted into the logs. The spaces between the two lines of logs were filled up with sand, and the merlons were walled entirely by palmetto logs, notched into one another at the angles, well bolted together, and strengthened with pieces of timber. They were sixteen feet thick, filled in with sand, and ten feet high above the platforms: and the platforms were supported by brick pillars. The fort was only finished on the front or southeastern curtain and bastions, and on the southwest curtain and bastion; the northeastern curtain and the northwestern curtain and bastions were unfinished; being logged up only about seven feet high. Necessity, however, devised an expedient for making the unfinished parts tenable against an escalade by placing thick, long planks upright against the unfinished outside wall, but inclined and projecting over it, which raised the height ten or fifteen feet more, and through which loopholes were cut for the use of rifles or musketry. The platform therefore, as finished, only extended along the southeastern front of the fort and its southwestern side. Upon these platforms the cannon were mounted. On the southeast bastion the flagstaff was fixed, bearing a blue flag with a white crescent on which was emblazoned the word LIBERTY; and three eighteen- and two nine-pounders were mounted there. On the southeast

[4] *Memoirs of the American Revolution, etc.*, Vol. II., p. 290. Charleston, 1821.

Digitized by Google

curtain six twenty-six French pounders and three eighteen English pounders were placed; and on the western bastion connected with it, three twenty-six French pounders and two nine-pounders were stationed. On the southwest curtain six cannon were mounted, twelve- and nine-pounders. Connected with the front angle of each rear bastion of the fort lines of defense, called cavaliers, were thrown up for a small distance on the right and left of the fort; and three twelve-pounders were mounted in each of them: so that the whole number of cannon mounted in the fort and cavaliers on each side was thirty-one; of which only twenty-five, at any possible time, could bear upon the enemy stationed in front of the fort; and even then four nine-pounders on the two inner sides of the front bastions could be scarcely used. Narrow platforms or banquettes were placed along the walls, where the plank was raised against them, for the men to stand upon and fire through the loopholes. Such was the situation of Fort Sullivan on the 27th day of June; and its garrison consisted of the Second South Carolina regiment of infantry, amounting to 413 of all ranks, and a detachment of the Fourth South Carolina regiment of artillery of 22, amounting together to 435: the whole being under the command of Colonel Moultrie of the above Second regiment."

Between the 4th and 8th of June, thirty-six of the enemy's vessels crossed the bar and anchored in Five-Fathom Hole. Simultaneously, Major-General Clinton effected a landing on Long Island with some three thousand infantry, and under a flag of truce sent a characteristic proclamation—dated June 6th, on board the *Sovereign* Transport—in which he exhorted an immediate return to duty, and offered in his Majesty's name free pardon to all who would lay down their arms and submit to the laws. This proclamation was addressed to "the magistrates of the Province of South Carolina, to be by them made public." It is scarcely necessary to state that this august document failed to produce the slightest impression upon the minds, or in any wise to modify the action of the patriots.

On the morning of the 28th of June, the British squadron bore down upon Fort Sullivan. Between ten and eleven o'clock the engagement was opened by the *Thunder* bomb-ship, covered by the *Friendship*, of twenty-six guns. Soon afterwards the *Active*, of twenty-eight guns, the *Bristol* and the *Experiment*, of fifty guns each, and the *Solebay*, of twenty-eight guns, came into position and participated in the bombardment. The *Syren* and the *Actæon*, each carrying a battery of twenty-

Digitized by Google

eight guns, and the *Sphinx,* of twenty guns, forming a line parallel with and in rear of the first, and opposite the intervals, united in the heavy cannonade against the low-lying palmetto fort from which issued a deliberate, sure, and destructive return fire.

After a bombardment of more than an hour failing to silence the fort, the British commander ordered the *Actæon,* the *Sphinx* and the *Syren* to pass the work and occupy a position in Rebellion Roads towards the cove of Sullivan's Island, whence the front platforms of the southeast curtain and its two bastions, the fire from which had been particularly damaging to the attacking ships, could be enfiladed. Had this movement been accomplished, there is little doubt that the cannoneers would have been speedily driven from their guns and the pieces themselves dismounted. In attempting, however, to stand well over towards the lower Middle-Ground opposite the fort, so as to pass clear of the front line of ships, then closely engaged, these vessels became entangled on the shoal. There the *Actæon* remained immovably fixed in the sand, having first run foul of the *Sphinx* and caused the loss of her bowsprit. Freeing themselves from their dangerous situation, the *Syren* and the *Sphinx* retired behind the line of battle and beyond the range of the fort's guns, until they could fit themselves for a renewal of the contest. After throwing some fifty or sixty shells, which caused no material injury to the fort, the recoil of the heavily-charged mortars so shattered their beds and endangered the ship that the *Thunder* bomb-vessel became useless for further service. Meanwhile the engagement had been vigorously maintained at short range by the *Active,* the *Bristol,* the *Experiment* and the *Solebay.* During the afternoon their fire was again reinforced by that of the *Syren* and the *Friendship.* Slackening with the setting sun, the cannonading on both sides ceased entirely at half-past nine o'clock. Slipping their cables at eleven o'clock, the British ships,—their decks wet with blood, and their hulls battered with the well-directed shots from the fort,—silently and sullenly retired with the last of the ebb to their former station near Five-Fathom Hole. The native palmetto had withstood the assault of foreign oak. The new levies of an unformed Republic had repulsed the attack of the boasted mariners of England. General Clinton, who purposed a descent upon the northeastern end of Sullivan's Island defended by Colonel Thomson, supported by Colonel Muhlenberg, perceiving that his difficult advance would be stoutly disputed abandoned his intention and remained a passive spectator of the action.

Digitized by Google

The attention of the fort was mainly directed to the *Bristol* and the *Experiment*, both fifty-gun ships, and the former the flagship of Sir Peter Parker. They encountered a loss of one hundred and sixty-four in killed and wounded. Among the latter was Sir Peter himself. But for the scarcity of powder in the fort, the damage inflicted upon the enemy would have been far greater. Officers and men behaved with the utmost coolness and courage.

During the severest stage of the bombardment the flag-staff of the fort, formerly a ship's mast, from the head of which floated the garrison flag eagerly watched by the thousands who lined the Battery in Charleston, anxious spectators of the exciting scene, and by those who held the fortifications in the harbor, was shot away, and fell with the colors outside the fort. Sergeant Jasper, perceiving the misfortune, sprang from one of the embrasures, and deliberately walking the entire length of the front of the fort until he reached the fallen colors on the extreme left, detached them from the mast, called to Captain Horry for a sponge-staff, and having with a thick cord lashed them to it, returned within the fort and amid a shower of balls planted the staff on the summit of the merlon. This done, waving his hat, he gave three cheers, and then shouting "God save Liberty and my country forever," retired unhurt to his gun [5] where he continued to fight throughout the engagement. This flag so

[5] Bancroft thus commemorates this occurrence: "In the fort, William Jasper, a sergeant, perceived that the flag had been cut down by a ball from the enemy and had fallen over the ramparts. 'Colonel,' said he to Moultrie, 'don't let us fight without a flag.' 'What can you do,' asked Moultrie, 'the staff is broken off.' 'Then,' said Jasper, 'I'll fix it on a halberd and place it on the merlon of the bastion next the enemy,' and leaping through an embrasure and braving the thickest fire from the ships, he took up the flag, returned with it safely, and planted it, as he had promised, on the summit of the merlon.—*History of the United States*, Vol. VIII., p. 406. Boston, 1860.

—During the second day's bombardment, (1861) about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, while the enemy's solid shots were battering the walls of Fort Pulaski, and mortar shells bursting above, within, and around, were scattering their fragments everywhere, the halyards of the garrison flag which floated from the staff planted upon the parapet just over the sally-port were carried away by a hostile projectile and the colors fell. Lieutenant Hussey of the Montgomery Guards, and Private Latham of the Washington Volunteers, advancing along the parapet, swept at all points by deadly missiles, and freeing the flag from its fallen and entangled position, bravely bore it to the north-eastern angle of the fort where, rigging a temporary staff on a gun-carriage, they again, amid the smoke and din of the conflict, unfolded in proud defiance the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. After a lapse of more than three-quarters of a century history repeated herself, and that right valiantly, on a kindred shore. Until we cease to admire the constancy of Edward de Almeyda, the gallant standard-bearer of Portugal, and forget to praise the devotion of those trusty Northmen who perished in the defense of the land-waster of Harald Hardrada, these brave incidents will never be effaced from our grateful recollection.

Digitized by Google

gallantly reinstated had been designed by Colonel Moultrie, and consisted of a blue field with a white crescent on which was emblazoned the word LIBERTY. Its restoration revived the hopes of many at a distance who, ignorant of the cause of its disappearance, feared the fort had struck.

As Sergeant McDaniel of Captain Huger's company lay dying at his gun, summoning his last energies he exclaimed: "Fight on my brave boys; don't let liberty expire with me to-day."

Dr. Gordon[6] tells us that Sergeant Jasper, when removing from the blood-stained platform the body of his dead compatriot, cried out to the powder-begrimed cannoneers, "Revenge this brave man's death."

Although the fort was struck by many shots, the spongy texture of the palmetto logs received them without giving off splinters, and consequently less injury was encountered than would otherwise have occurred. Only twelve of the garrison were killed and twenty-five wounded.

More than forty years afterwards, perpetuating the impressions of this signal victory, Dr. Drayton[7] thus paints the scene. "The morning of the 29th of June presented a humiliating prospect to British pride. To the southwest of the fort, at the distance of near a mile, lay the *Actæon* frigate fast ashore on the Lower-Middle-Ground. Below the fort, about two miles and a half, the men of war and transports were riding at anchor opposite Morris's Island, while Sir Peter Parker's broad pennant was hardly to be seen on the jury main-top-mast considerably lower than the fore-mast of his ship. And on the left General Clinton was kept in check by the troops under Colonels Thomson and Muhlenberg. On the contrary, how glorious were the other points of view! The azure colors of the fort, fixed on a sponge-staff, waved gently on the winds. Boats were passing and repassing in safety from and to the fort and Charleston, and the hearts of the people were throbbing with gratitude and the most exhilarating transports."

Congratulations upon this important victory flowed in from every quarter. General Lee, on the 30th, reviewed the garrison and in person thanked officers and men "for their gallant defense of the fort." The wife of Major Barnard Elliott presented to the Second regiment "an elegant pair of embroidered colors." They were received by Colonel William Moultrie and Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Motte. In tendering

[6] *History, etc., of the United States,* Vol. II., p. 287. London, 1738.
[7] *Memoirs of the American Revolution, etc.,* Vol. II., p 304. Charleston, 1821.

Digitized by Google

them "as a reward justly due" she said, "I make not the least doubt, under Heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty." Colonel Moultrie promised "that they should be honorably supported and never tarnished by the Second Regiment." He then handed one of them to Sergeant Jasper, who, smiling as he received the precious emblem, "vowed he would never give it up but with his life." [8] How nobly he afterward redeemed this pledge the sequel will show.

CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

[8] Horry's *Life of Marion*, p. 43

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

MINOR TOPICS

THE GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

THE wildest and most beautiful mountain region of the Far Northwest will be converted into a national park, if the recommendation of the secretaries of the interior and of agriculture are favorably acted upon next Winter by Congress. The proposed park comprises about a million acres of the famous Lake McDonald region of northwestern Montana, which for the wild beauty and rugged grandeur of its scenery is unsurpassed in the United States. Here lofty snow-capped mountains lift their craggy heads above the main chains of the Continental Divide and the Livingston Range, while some sixty glaciers give meaning to the name of this attractive spot.

Lake McDonald, ten miles long, is the largest of the 250 lakes within the area. Reconnaissance surveys of the proposed park have been made by topographers of the United States Geological Survey, who report that the region is inhabited by many wild animals. In the higher barren rock area the fast disappearing white goat is found in considerable numbers, while slightly lower down, the Rocky Mountain bighorn makes his home. In the valleys and on the lower spurs, deer, moose, and other animals abound, and the great grizzly roams through the entire area, the acknowledged monarch of these wilds. If protected by law, these game animals, it is believed, will increase to such an extent as to furnish in their overflow from the park a perpetual supply to sportsmen.

The region is of no agricultural value, and contains no valuable mineral deposits which would be lost or neglected by the creation of the park. At one time copper prospectors flocked into this section, but found nothing to warrant the belief that copper ore existed here. Indications of oil have also been noticed, but none of the explorations for this have proved productive.

The numerous passes through the higher ranges were at first the routes of game trails that led from valley to valley. Following the game, came the Indians, and, still later, looking for easy routes of travel,

Digitized by Google

came the hunter and trapper. Then followed the government engineers, exploring and mapping, and, finally, the region was visited by the hardier of the tourists and lovers of nature. Most of these passes are closed for many months of the year; some of them are available for travel only with the use of the axe to give footing on the hard ice of glaciers that lie close to the divide; but one or two may be at length available for wagon roads, by which persons unfitted for the strenuous efforts now necessary to reach the higher country may have an opportunity to penetrate this magnificent region.—*United States Geological Survey Bulletin.*

IMMIGRANT SHIPS LIKE SLAVERS

Few persons in the United States realize that negroes from Africa are coming to Massachusetts in considerable numbers year by year. During the five years to January 1, 1908, about 3,500 colored immigrants entered the port of New Bedford, while the number entering that port during the past six months exceeds one thousand.

These negroes come from the Cape Verde Islands, which lie about 300 miles off the west coast of Africa. They are more or less mixed with the Portuguese and call themselves "Portugee," the name by which the Azorean immigrants, who are scattered about Cape Cod towns, are also known. The fact that both peoples are from Portuguese territory, and call themselves by the same name, gives rise to the popular notion, even in the minds of many among whom they settle, that both are but slight variations of the same racial stock.

There is, however, a wide difference between the immigrants from the Azores and those from the Cape Verde Islands. The former are of pure Latin descent, with perhaps a slight strain of other European blood, due to their being a maritime people. The Cape Verders—or Bravans as they are sometimes called, from the name of their chief city—are either negroes or negroids, the latter from mixture with the Portuguese settlers, and in particular, the Portuguese garrison, in the islands.

Some time ago the people of Norwich protested against the admission of Cape Verders to the public schools. In some of the Cape Cod towns the colored settlers number from ten to twenty per cent. of the population. Wareham, a small cape town, contains more than four hundred Cape Verders, most of whom form a separate colony known as Fogo,

Digitized by Google

from the Cape Verde town of that name. The reason for the present influx of Africans is a drought in the islands and scarcity of food.

Unlike the Azoreans, who come to Boston in the White Star steamships that touch at Punta Delgada, the Cape Verders sail across the 3,500 miles of ocean in little schooners of two hundred tons' burden, taking from a month to fifty days for the passage. Because of the regulation which requires a ship to carry a physician if fifty or more passengers are aboard, these schooners bring as a rule forty-nine persons, with such sheep, pigs, goats, and chickens as are necessary for food, and which are kept on deck to roam about at will.

Accommodations on these little caravels are primitive in the extreme. The passengers sleep on mattresses in the hold, and eat food which the cook hands from the galley. One who visits the half-dozen of these craft that are regularly tied up at the New Bedford wharves can well imagine the character of the slave ships of a century ago, and the conditions that attended the "middle passage."

The ships are manned and captained by colored Bravans, who are great navigators, and traders as well. In the Fall and Winter most of these craft trade between the Cape Verde Islands and the mainland of Africa, carrying cargoes of fruits to the French settlements at Goree and thereabouts. It is a three days' sail from the islands to the Continent. There they get their firewood to burn in the galley stove on the voyage back to the islands and thence to America. Provisioning of the schooners is also done on the mainland, and consists, in addition to the animals, principally of coarse rice.

Returning to the Cape Verdes from America, the schooners carry furniture, oars, oil, logwood, flour, dress goods, hominy, and even cordwood for use in the islands, their own timber supply having been depleted.

The Cape Verde immigrants either settle in the tenement district of New Bedford, where there are some 1,800 of them, or else go down the Cape, there to find work at the sawmills or on the cranberry bogs. This latter work seems to be almost entirely given over to the Cape Verders, and explains their large numbers in towns like Wareham, Carver, and Harwich. Some of them return to Africa in the Fall in the same manner in which they came, but many become permanent residents, often securing a small patch of land and building a shack in which to live. There are

Digitized by Google

cases of highly respected Cape Verders, one of whom, for instance, has a store and does a good business.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

A RELIGIOUS JOURNAL'S CENTENNIAL

The pleasant old New Hampshire town of Portsmouth, where John Mason and his followers landed from Portsmouth, England, in 1623, has just celebrated an event in our history, which, unlike Mason's temporary stay, has been a perpetual source of good to the American people. This event, occurring in September, 1808, was the publication in Portsmouth of the first religious newspaper on the Western Continent or in the whole world. This journal, the *Herald of Gospel Liberty,* has continued its publication without interruption till the present time, although the place of publication has changed several times within the century and is now located at Dayton, Ohio, in which State the Christian denomination, in whose interest the paper is issued, is a very strong body.

This only centenarian among our religious weeklies invited all other papers of its kind to unite with it in a three days' celebration of its birth in Portsmouth. The response to this invitation has been very general and gratifying to all concerned. Representatives of most of the leading denominations in the United States and Canada were present and took part in the exercises.

Elias Smith, an elder in the Baptist Church, was the founder of the journal, the birth of which the convention was to celebrate. Elder Smith was born in the town of Lyme, Conn., in 1769, and was so confined to the hard service of his father's rocky farm that he found scant opportunity to acquire an education. He was a man of remarkable energy and an untiring seeker after truth. Before his death he had been a member of the Universalist denomination, and finally of the Christian body. He found his way to Portsmouth in 1802, and in January of the next year he organized in that city the first of several churches in different towns in New England and the Middle West, which owe their existence to his consecrated zeal. His son, Matthew Hale Smith, who was widely known under the nom-de-plume of "Burleigh," was for many years the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal.* This more famous son of Elder Smith caught his rare newspaper gifts from his father's example, for the father gave from the first a vital and commanding tone to his little seven-

Digitized by Google

by-nine-inch journal which never failed to draw readers to its columns. At the time of its first issue in 1808 there were only six other papers published in the Granite State.—J. T. Trowbridge, in *The Advance*.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE SUBMARINE CABLE.

Wednesday, August 5, 1908, was the fiftieth anniversary of the union of America and Europe by submarine telegraph. The first cable successfully laid extended from Valentia Island, off the coast of Ireland, to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, about 2,000 miles.

The cable was landed on the American side on August 5, 1858, but was not ready to use till August 16. About seven hundred short messages were sent through it, but it entirely failed within a month. The fact was demonstrated, however, that direct communication under the ocean was possible, although few persons at that time believed that a submarine telegraph couuld be used for business purposes. Cyrus W. Field, to whose enterprise was due the laying of the first cable, thought differently. Not discouraged by this and other failures, he continued the work he had planned, interested London capitalists in it, and, in 1866, succeeded in establishing submarine communication, which has never since been interrupted.

Before Mr. Field became interested in the project to connect the Old World and the New by telegraph, there had been much talk about submarine cables; but it was not taken very seriously, except by a few enthusiasts, like those who are now predicting that, in a few years, the aeroplane will be as common as the automobile. In 1845 Jacob Brett registered in London the "General Oceanic Telegraph Company," whose object was "to form a connecting mode of communication by telegraph from the British Islands across the Atlantic Ocean, to Nova Scotia, the Colonies, and Continental kingdoms." Mr. Brett could interest nobody in his plan.

In 1854 F. N. Gisborne took up seriously the idea of connecting the two countries by cable. He received no support in England. The following year he came to New York, and laid his plan before Mr. Field, who studied it carefully, and, after consultation with his brother, David Dudley Field, decided that it was practicable. He went to Newfoundland and obtained a charter for landing the proposed cable on the shores of that island. He then set to work to build a telegraph line through Newfound-

Digitized by Google

land, to form the connection between the terminus of the cable, the Maritime Provinces, and the United States, which work was successfully accomplished in 1856.

Mr. Field started for England in the same year, with the purpose of placing the scheme before the British public, and obtaining capital for the enterprise. After much hard work, he succeeded in raising sufficient money, and the Atlantic Telegraph Company was formed in December, 1856. Two ships were engaged to lay the cable—the *Agamemnon,* belonging to the British government, and the United States steam frigate *Niagara.* The ships left Valentia Island on August 7, 1857, and the cable was paid out successfully until August 11, when it broke in 2,000 fathoms of water, after about 355 miles had been laid.

Mr. Field's financial supporters were discouraged by this failure, and he was obliged to make another effort to raise funds. In the spring of 1858 he made two more attempts to lay the cable, and both proved unsuccessful. He would not give up the project, however, and finally he succeeded in landing the cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

When the news spread throughout the country that the cable had been successfully landed, there were celebrations in nearly every city and town, and Mr. Field was overwhelmed with congratulations.

From President Buchanan: "I congratulate you with all my heart upon the success of the great enterprise with which your name is honorably connected. Under the blessing of Divine Providence I trust it may prove instrumental in promoting perpetual peace and friendship between kins and nations."

Archbishop Hughes of New York, said: "Under the blessing of Almighty God you have accomplished a great work. But your merit, if not your human glory, would have been the same, in my estimation, if you had returned to us what they would call a disappointed man, in whose scales of judgment enthusiasm had preponderated over common sense."

Edward Field, Bishop of Newfoundland, wrote: "Allow me to offer you my congratulations on the successful completion of the great enterprise which you have labored with so much and such admirable perseverance to carry through, in the midst of so many hindrances and discouragements."

Digitized by Google

From John I. Mullock, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland: "God from time to time sends men like you and Columbus for the good of humanity, men with the head to conceive and a heart to execute the grand ideas with which He inspires them. You have now completed what Columbus commenced, and posterity will link your names together."

The New York *Herald* of August 9 said: "The cable is laid, and now the most honored name in the world is that of Cyrus W. Field, although yesterday there were none so poor as to do him reverence. Bells are rung, and guns are fired, and buildings are illuminated throughout the land in his honor. The nation is proud of him, the world knows him, and all mankind is his debtor."

It was reported in some newspapers, the day after the cable was landed, that Queen Victoria had sent a cable message to President Buchanan. Of course, the report was untrue, as no messages of any kind were sent until August 16.

After a few hundred private communications had gone under the ocean, it was found that the cable could be no longer worked, and it was never open for public business. Three years later the Civil War broke out, and Mr. Field found it useless to make any further attempt to carry out his project until 1865. He had not lost faith, and when the war ended he revived the company. The steamship *Great Eastern* was chartered to lay the cable. It was coiled in tanks on board the great ship, which started from Valentia on July 23, 1865, and after many mishaps, the cable was laid to within 600 miles of Heart's Content, Newfoundland. On August 2 the cable parted in the deepest water of the Atlantic. Attempts to recover it were fruitless, and were abandoned till the following year.

Through Mr. Field's indomitable energy a new company was formed, and in July, 1866, the *Great Eastern* was again chartered and began paying another cable from Valentia. This attempt was successful, and the cable was landed at Heart's Content on July 27. Moreover, the *Great Eastern* recovered the cable that had parted in the previous year, and carried it to the Newfoundland terminus. Europe and America were then connected by two submarine cables, and Mr. Field's success was universally recognized. Congress voted to him a gold medal, with the thanks of the nation. The Paris Exposition of 1867 bestowed on him its

Digitized by Google

highest prize, and the British government showed its appreciation of his skill, courage and perseverance.

Queen Victoria, through Lord Derby, after bestowing honors on Englishmen prominent in the cable enterprise, paid a high compliment to Mr. Field. In a letter to the chairman of a banquet, given in Liverpool, Lord Derby wrote: "If, among the names submitted to and approved by Her Majesty, that of Cyrus W. Field does not appear, the omission must not be attributed to any disregard of the eminent services which from the first he has rendered to the cause of transatlantic telegraphy, and the zeal and resolution with which he has adhered to the prosecution of his object, but to an apprehension lest it might appear to encroach on the province of his own government, if Her Majesty were advised to offer to a citizen of the United States, for a service rendered alike to both countries, British marks of honor which, following the example of another highly distinguished citizen, he might feel himself unable to accept."

The development of submarine telegraphing since 1866 has been remarkable. As has been said, 247,888 miles of cable are now in operation. Sixteen of the cables are under the Atlantic Ocean. Seven other cables under the Atlantic have been abandoned since 1866, because they could not be repaired satisfactorily. Among these are the original cables of 1858 and 1866.

A brief sketch of the man who united the Old World and the New by submarine telegraph, and made it possible to communicate with London, and receive a reply within five minutes, may be interesting in conclusion. Cyrus W. Field was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1819, and was the son of the Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field.

He came to New York when he was sixteen years old to seek his fortune. He brought with him eight dollars given to him by his father. He was first employed as an errand boy in the store of A. T. Stewart, which was then the greatest mercantile establishment in New York, and received for his services the first year $50, and the second year $100. He paid $2 a week for his board in a house in Murray Street, near Greenwich. His elder brother, David Dudley Field, lent him sufficient money to pay his board, but it was all repaid with interest before he was twenty-one years old.

While he was employed as a clerk at Stewart's, Cyrus studied book-

Digitized by Google

keeping, and, in 1838, he decided to go to Lee, Mass., to become bookkeeper for his brother, Matthew D. Field, a paper manufacturer. There he learned all about the paper business, and was often sent to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and New York. In 1840 he went into business for himself as a manufacturer of paper, and later became a partner in the firm of Root & Co., in Maiden Lane. Root & Co. failed, and the firm of Cyrus W. Field & Co., with offices in Cliff Street, was formed.

He was successful in business, and in 1853 he retired temporarily and spent several months in South American travel. In 1854 he returned to New York, and became interested in the proposed submarine cable, with results described above. After his Atlantic cables were in operation he gave his attention to laying cables between Europe, India, China, Australia, the West Indies, and South America. Later he was the head of the movement to construct elevated railroads in New York city.

In 1869, Mr. Field was the representative of the New York Chamber of Commerce at the opening of the Suez Canal. He made a trip around the world in 1880, and afterwards settled down on his estate at Ardsley, Irvington-on-Hudson, where he died July 12, 1892.

W. L. R.

Evening Post, N. Y.

GRANDMOTHER'S REMEDIES.

We were walking through the dim twilight of pines and balsams, into which filtered the occasional glancing light of a cloudless September sky, when the Out-of-Door Lady, my cicerone in these forest walks, stooped to pick a short-stemmed bit of green, crowned with a whorl of lanceolate, jagged-edged, dark, glossy green leaves. Flower, if flower there had been, was gone, but perfection of detail and the sheen of the coloring made it an exquisite bit of woodland beauty.

"Prince's pine, my dear," she said at my inquiring glance. "How well I remember it from the long ago, and how many times I was sent out into the woods of early Spring to hunt it for mother, who had learned its use from her mother. Its use? You evidently didn't have an old-fashioned grandmother, so your early education in household remedies has been neglected. The dear old woman brewed a tea, not very palata-

Digitized by Google

ble, I must confess, and this we drank before breakfast for two weeks running, "to get our blood into good condition" after the Winter's wear and tear. How we youngsters hated it, but how inexorable was the daily draught that flavored even our pancakes and molasses," and she made a comical grimace at the recollection.

No; I had never had prince's pine tea, but I had known an old-fashioned grandmother, and the word molasses was the "open sesame" to my own book of the past. Evidently the canny dames of dead and gone generations had differed, like modern medicos, as to the efficacy of certain remedies.

For I, too, could lay claim to having taken a spring medicine. But mine had been sulphur and molasses, mixed to a sickly yellow, pasty consistency, and served in a tablespoon; also before breakfast. There were three days of reluctant dosing, three days of welcome respite, and so on for two or three weeks, as the case seemed to demand. It was as inevitable as spring cleaning, and far more unalterable than any decree of vanished Mede or Persian.

The Out-of-Door Lady recalled the sulphur and molasses remedy, but clung to prince's pine as the more effective and less objectionable, and we argued the question valiantly as we looked out through a vista of evergreens to the glowing reds and yellows of the maples that fringed the roadside. For I had discovered that prince's pine was an acquaintance of botany classes, the pipsissewa, and that somehow seemed to invalidate its claim to healing properties. In addition, I cited that worthy matron, Mrs. Squeers, as authority on my side. How vividly I recall the first time I awoke to the fact that the brimstone and treacle of Dotheboys Hall was my old friend sulphur and molasses. I squirmed in unaffected sympathy whenever a ladleful reached its destination, as I read the harrowing chapter.

But the prince's pine had started a train of thought that led me back to the "yarb" remedies of our grandmothers. What wise women they were, with their brews and their simples, doctoring childish ailments unerringly, with a remedy for every possible ill, and assisting the infrequent visits of the doctor by their practical knowledge of the properties of medicinal herbs. It was a serious case, indeed, that failed to yield to their treatment.

Into one old-fashioned garden I strayed in vagrant fancy, my errant

Digitized by Google

self, in pinafore and brass toed shoes, wandering by syringa and multiflora roses, past the trumpet vine that swayed over the back porch, 'neath pear and peach trees, under the grape arbor, as beautiful as any pergola that ever opened a vista to delighted eyes, and then around the more pretentious beds of geranium and china asters into that part of the garden that was grandmother's very own. We have all seen it, although your picture and mine may vary in photographic detail.

You loved the posies, of course, and picked them, as you dared not pick the flowers in the front yard, by grandmother's permission, for, somehow, her flowers always bloomed the better for much culling. Beyond the borders of candy-tuft and sweet alyssum there bloomed lady slippers and bleeding heart, maid-in-a-mist and ragged robins. Did ever flowers have more fascinating names, names that fairly told stories of themselves? Sweet william and columbine were there, and larkspur and phlox, Canterbury bells and Star of Bethlehem, while ribbon grass waved in the background.

Lovely as they were, there was another corner equally fascinating, a corner that smelled, not sweet, but strongly pungent, a little acrid, and suggestive of bitter and sweet together. This was the herb garden. By grandmother's stooping figure you squatted or sat tailor-fashion on the dry tanbark, as she told you what each green patch was and why it grew in her garden. There was the familiar grayish green of catnip. You had made a ball of it for your pet kitten just yesterday, and now you learned that there was nothing better than outward applications of catnip fried in lard to scatter an abscess or to drive away certain sorts of skin diseases.

"Much better than a poultice, my dear," said the soft, old voice. "Remember that. I don't hold with poulticing as much as some. Just once in a while does one need to use it. And when I use a poultice, I find flaxseed best of all. Your great-aunt Matilda stuck to bread poultice, but in my experience the flaxseed works quickest."

And to this day I find myself ranged against great-aunt Matilda because of the dear old woman in the gold-bowed spectacles who taught me all I know of homely, old-fashioned cures.

Beside the catnip there grew thoroughwort and boneset. Once, just once, you are thankful to say, you had waked in the high four-poster to feel hot and cold by turns, with head and bones aching.

Digitized by Google

" Chills and fever, Huldah," said grandmother to the " help," who came at her call. " Make a cup of strong boneset tea, and she'll be all right in a jiffy."

When it came and the kindly voice said, " Drink it all, dearie, for granny," you did it somehow or other, though it seemed as if the bitterness of the whole world were concentrated in the half-pint of black fluid that poured itself down your resisting throat. But it worked, did that boneset, and when you waked after a long, long nap that lasted till late afternoon, you found a ready-made appetite for the toast and hot milk that Huldah had got ready for you.

But the memory of the dose stayed with you, and you wondered that anything so dreadful to the taste could look so harmless as it grew.

Tall tansy bushes ranged themselves along the fence. A really decorative plant is the tansy, not humble and dull of coloring as befits so modest a creature as the average herb, but bold and flaunting, with spreading foliage and yellow flowers, looking as if they had lost their petals prematurely. Excellent for colds and congestions, I learned. I had seen the broken sprays spread out to dry in the sun, with catnip and boneset and their inconspicuous neighbors, before being laid away in the dry, warm garret. There, on convenient shelves, they waited for Winter, with bunches of herbs wrapped in brown paper and conspicuously labelled.

But not all of the herbs that grew in that fascinating garden were meant for the ailing. Near the bitterness of boneset bloomed the odorous thyme and mint, sweet marjoram and sage. How I loved the story, heard each year on my visit to the old homestead, of the days when sage tea had replaced for a time the more palatable Oolong or flowery Pekoe from the merchant ships that had been to China. Grandmother's grandmother—fancy that!—had told her the tale, for she had been a stately dame when the Liberty Bell had proclaimed a new nation, and fiery partisan that she was, had joined in wearing print gowns with crude likenesses of Washington replacing the customary flower patterns; arranging her hair in thirteen curls, and drinking confusion to the British in cups of honest, home-grown sage. It thrilled me through and through, this seeming nearness to the beginnings of patriotism; and never, as a child, did I pass that bed of sage without plucking a leaf or two, crushing it in my hand, and sniffing the odor that proved me conclusively an inheritor of that fervent love of freedom.

Digitized by Google

There was another spot in the garden where anise and caraway and coriander grew. The names always suggested Bible days. When the Sunday came on which the minister took for his text the resounding words of the Great Teacher recorded in the twenty-third verse of the twenty-third chapter of the Gospel as written by Matthew, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith," the truant spirit of the small girl in the senior ruling elder's pew fluttered out of the wide open windows into the herb garden. "Mint, and anise, and cummin," anise, and caraway, and coriander, "gold and frankincense, and myrrh"! They belonged together. There was something Oriental and spicy in the very words that conjured up visions of Esther and Ruth, of Miriam and the heroic daughter of Jepthah, of Judith and Deborah. The "trailing clouds of glory" dimmed into the commonplaceness of grandma's pantry, and a second vision replaced Eastern splendors, a vision of brown stone jars, lined with red and white napkins, and filled to the brim with cookies that were sprinkled with sugar and little brown seeds.

From flaxseed there was brewed another drink that served as a "night cap" when sore throat had laid one prostrate. A thickish fluid, like half-cooked jelly, it was sweetened with sugar and then soured with lemon, until it slipped down swollen throats most gratefully and soothed into slumber.

Generous as was the garden space devoted to herbs, some refused to domesticate themselves, and were to be found only in their native wilds. So each summer meant frequent visits to fields and woods to search for those needed to complete the family medicine closet. Mullein leaves Grandmother used, and we gathered the great whitish-green things, thick and rough, like coarse homespun woollen. But for sassafras we had to dig, and it was not so easy to find. Of course, we knew the stunted trees with the two-formed leaves, some eggshaped and others three-lobed, but they were not common in the nearby woods, and as only the root would serve grandmother's purpose, it meant hours with the kitchen knife and the broken-bladed jackknife that were our only tools to secure an adequate supply.

Down by the springhouse, in the marshy ground through which the overflow found its way to the creek, grew sweetflag, another treasure. In this case the root responded more easily to childish tugging, and we har-

Digitized by Google

vested a large crop for winter use. Grandmother cut it into strips and preserved it in sugar, after the fashion of foreign ginger, but grandfather liked it best dried, and he was never without a piece in his vest pocket. It served him instead of tobacco and discussions over crops or politics with neighbors were flavored by a bit of calamus, as he called it. The more dignified name was a remnant of his academy days, when he had dipped into botany through the medium of a weighty volume of one Gray, whose dark bulk filled a goodly space on the bookshelves, and put to shame the more frivolous pages of the modern forms of "Botany Made Easy."

They are few and far between nowadays, the herb gardens and the herb-scented garrets of our foremothers. An occasional tradition remains to tell us of the time of their glory. And, infrequently, in the market houses of cities fortunately near to country districts, one may see, tucked between prosperous butchers and rotund market women presiding over butter and eggs, that wraith of the past, a bent and withered "yarb" vender, offering scented bundles to unheeding passersby.

Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF WILLIAM WHIPPLE TO JOSIAH BARTLETT. (BOTH "SIGNERS.")

BALTIMORE, Feby. 7, 1777.

I have received your favor of the 2d Dec., but not till the 26th Jan'y, what occasioned this delay in the posts, I know not, but suppose the fault must lay with the Post Master Genl he has lately had a Rap, which I hope will have a good effect, * * * I am sorry you want any thing to keep up Your Spirits. I sh'd think the Glorious cause in which we are engaged is sufficient for that purpose. The prospect of laying a foundation of Liberty & Happiness for Posterity & securing an Asilum for all who wish to enjoy those Blessings is an object in my opinion sufficient to raise the mind above every misfortune. The loss of Forts Washington & Lee, is not I hope to be imputed to Treachery, or Cowardice, but rather to want of Experience, this defect time will supply, & the enormous ravages committed by the Enemy wherever they have passed will teach the People wisdom & inspire them to Noble Deeds. * * * There is more unanimity in Congress than ever, the *little* Southern jealousies have almost subsided & the Dickinsonian Politics are Banished, J. Adams & Lowell are arrived from Massacts. and exceeding good representatives from Virginia, and a new member from N. Carolina, (one Mr. Burke †), who I think is the Best man I have seen from that country. * * * I suppose you have seen the British Tyrant's speech, but least it may have escaped you I enclose it, I don't know how it may strike your fancy, but it pleases me much, He now thinks the Contract Arduous, & notwithstanding the assurances of amity from the several Courts of Europe he thinks it necessary to take care of himself. I fancy the wretch begins to see his danger. Authentic Acct's of the Cruelties exercised by the Enemy in New Jersey are collecting & will soon be Published—We are now sending off about 600 men to suppress a Tory faction in two of the counties of this State on the Eastern Shore, this business I expect will soon be effected when the troops are marched on to join Genl Washington. &c., &c.

Your obt. Servt.,

WM. WHIPPLE.

† Ædanus Burke.

Digitized by Google

JOINT LETTER OF WILLIAM WHIPPLE AND JOSIAH BARTLETT, TO MESHECH WEARE, PRESIDENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

PHILA., June 26, 1776.

Sir:

The repeated misfortunes our army in Canada have met with, make it necessary that a Strong reinforcement should be sent there as Speedily as possible. The Many Disadvantages we shall Labour under by the Enemies being in full Possession of that Country & the Lakes, is so obvious, it is needless to mention them.

By the last accounts Genl Burgoyne with a strong Army, was as high up the St. Lawrence as Three Rivers, where he had defeated a detachment of 2000 men under Genl Thompson & taken him Prisoner, Sickness and other disasters have much dispirited our men, unless they are speedily supported by a strong reinforcement it is uncertain what will be the consequence. The New England Colonies & New York will be more immediately affected by our misfortunes there, than the other Colonies, & from their Situation its likely will be able to offer the earliest assistance for these reasons Congress have come to the Resolutions that are transmitted to you by the President Requesting that a Regiment in addition to that which was some time ago Requested, may be sent with all Possible despatch from our Colony to join the Army in Canada, if these troops can be raised soon it will have a tendency to raise the spirits of those already in that country, and will in our opinion, be the only method of securing the frontiers of our Colony at the expense of the Continent—We shall be exceedingly glad to know from time to time, how you succeed in raising, those Troops, it will also be very agreeable & serviceable, could we be informed of other Public transactions, in the Colony—Please send by first opportunity a Copy of President Cutts Commission, also any papers shewing Gov. Wentworth's authority for Granting Lands westward of Connecticut River.—We understand Mr. Langdon * intends to resign his seat in Congress, if that sh'd be the case we hope some body will be immediately appointed in his Room.

We have the Honor to be
With Great Respect
Sir, Your Most Obt. Servt.
JOSIAH BARTLETT,
WM. WHIPPLE.

* John Langdon, the noted patriot.

Digitized by Google

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF CARTER BRAXTON, THE "SIGNER."

WEST POINT, VA., Nov. 1, 1777.

Your contradiction to the account we had received of Burgoyne's total overthrow, gave us great uneasiness. The town had been illuminated and universal Joy diffused itself through all Ranks. The Governor and Council have even ordered a Day to be set apart for thanksgiving on this great occasion. But alas if it is false, how we shall be ridiculed in every part of the world.

The distress of Mr. Willing * as an Individual, I should not much pity, as he had no Business to throw himself into the Possession of the Enemy; but when I find it is in Consequence of the Partnership concern it really grieves me, because I fear Mr. Morris † will be much involved in it and it may possibly bring on a division of the House. I cannot conceive what Bills they could be and if you gain any further insight into this affair will you explain it to me.

We had been also taught to believe that Philadelphia was in our Possession and that Howe was meditating a flight, which it seems also proves false. What are we to believe and how is the truth to be gained. I own I shall give Credit to nothing more in Politics until it is reduced to an absolute certainty * * * * *

Your high Prices for Goods tend to ruin our Cause. Three hundred per cent. on a West India Invoice for dry Goods is enough, and is what I sold the *Hero's* for. Indeed many Complaints were made against me even at that. How the *Hero's* Cargo is to be expected to net 25,000 is a Mystery to me, when our Share of her Load which half is in 21 Hogs'd. Tobacco. If such Prices and exorbitant demands are made it will certainly soon draw down the Vengeance of the Legislature and the People too, and probably all our Money and Credit will end as the Mississippi scheme did and then the Tyrant of Britain will lord it over us without Control. Let us be content to receive moderate rewards for our Labours and recollect that the People who ultimately pay these prices are the poor Soldiers and Officers who are fighting for us and exposing their lives while we are trading and growing Rich, etc., etc.

* Thomas Willing, a leading Philadelphia merchant.
† Robert Morris, the Signer.

Digitized by Google

NOTES AND QUERIES

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS WEST OF MISSOURI.

The first printing press in the United States west of the Missouri was set up at Santa Fé early in the last century. History does not disclose the date or its origin or its ownership, but there are extant printed proclamations dated 1821 and having the Santa Fé imprint, antedating by fourteen years the first newspaper, *El Crepusculo,* prophetically named the *Dawn,* which was first published in 1835 at Taos and was in the main a periodical tract to make propaganda for the peculiar religious and moral ideas of Padre Martinez. The first English newspapers in New Mexico appeared in 1847, shortly after the occupation of Santa Fé by General Kearny. They were the Santa Fé *Republican* and the Santa Fé *New Mexican,* both published at Santa Fé.—*New Mexican,* SANTA FE.

UNIVERSITY FUNDS IN POCKETBOOKS.

The pocketbook in which Dr. W. H. Duncan, curator and secretary of the University of Missouri in 1841, carried all of its funds, was recently found and presented to the State Historical Society. With the old-fashioned leather purse was a memorandum in which Dr. Duncan kept the accounts of money received and paid out for the University. At the time that Dr. Duncan was secretary, there were no banks available, and it was necessary for him to carry the entire funds of the University with him until he could go to St. Louis and make a deposit.

THE CENTENNIAL OF *America.*

The week October 18-25, was notable for the number of celebrations in Newton (Mass.), and Boston, of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, author of "America." On October 18, the Newton churches observed the occasion more or less in their services, and there was one feature of the week, in Boston, which attracted the attention of thousands to the quiet fame of the patriotic preacher; from the belfry of Park Street Church four buglers led hundreds who stood, bareheaded, in the street below at the busiest hour of the day, in singing the noble air. It was a most impressive scene, arranged for by one of Boston's most loyal citizens, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, to whom it had been suggested by a similar incident in Germany. The belfry was not only an excellent vantage point, but an especially appropriate place as well, for the hymn was first sung in this historic edifice.—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

Digitized by Google

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
JAN 14 1909

VOL. VIII No. 6

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

DECEMBER, 1908

WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK

Published Monthly $5.00 a Year 50 Cents a Number

Digitized by Google

THOMAS POWNALL, M.P., F. R. S.,

GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1757-1760
AUTHOR OF THE LETTERS OF *JUNIUS*, 1767-1772

Royal 8vo, about 560 pages, with 30 Portraits and Facsimiles of original letters, Views of Boston and of New York in the XVIII Century, and reproductions of old maps of that period showing how North America was divided among the Indian tribes.

BY CHARLES A. W. POWNALL

Thomas Pownall was made Governor of Massachusetts by William Pitt, whom he instigated to the despatch of Wolfe's expedition to Quebec. He played an important part in the struggle with France for supremacy in America, which is here described from a new point of view—the personal experiences of the Governor of Massachusetts. In the same way the conditions of life in Boston and New York are dealt with and particulars are given of many of the leading personages, among them Benjamin Franklin, who was an intimate friend of Pownall's for thirty years. New light is also thrown on the events which led up to the War of Independence which Pownall, almost alone, strove to avert during the years he was in the English Parliament. In 1774 he almost succeeded in doing so by detaching Lord North, the English Prime Minister, for a time from the policy of King George III. As a branch of this political work, Pownall employed Sir Philip Francis to write the *Letters of Junius* from his drafts or dictation, and was thus the *real* author of those *Letters*. whose origin has never hitherto been known.

Publishers, Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles, 39 Great Russell Street, London, from whom any bookseller can obtain a copy if instructed to do so; or they will send one direct, post free, on receipt of money order for $4.00.

Subscriptions also received by the MAGAZINE.

Copyright in the United States by the Author.



Digitized by Google

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. VIII DECEMBER, 1908 No. 6

CONTENTS

JOURNAL OF THE COMMITTEE WHO BUILT THE *PROVIDENCE* AND *WARREN* (*Second Paper*) JAMES N. ARNOLD 311

CHARLOTTESVILLE AND ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS . CHARLES BURR TODD 324

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN THE REVOLUTION (*Concluded*) (*The late*) REV. SAMUEL C. BARTLETT 330

GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER (*Fourth Paper*) HENRY A. M. SMITH 336

PRACTICAL WORK OF THE D. A. R. IN CONNECTICUT . . (*First Paper*) MRS. E. C. B. BUEL 341

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES (*Second Paper*) . . EUGENE F. MCPIKE 348

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER (*Second Paper*) . . . . (*The late*) CHARLES C. JONES, JR. 351

MINOR TOPICS:

The Glacier National Park 357
Immigrant Ships Like Slavers 358
A Religious Journal's Centennial 360
Fifty Years of the Submarine Cable. 361
Grandmother's Remedies 365

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS:

Letter of William Whipple to Josiah Bartlett 371
Joint Letter of William Whipple and Josiah Bartlett, to Meshech Weare, President of New Hampshire 372
Extracts from a Letter of Carter Braxton 373

NOTES AND QUERIES:

The First Printing Press West of the Missouri 374
University Funds in Pocketbooks 374
The Centennial of *America* 374

Entered as Second-class matter, March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Act of Congress March 3, 1879

Digitized by Google

Original Narratives of Early American History

Each volume, 8vo, cloth bound, about 450 pages **$3.00 net**

(Postage 24 cents)

This important series is prepared under the auspices of the American Historical Association, and under the general editorship of J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D., Director of the Department of Historical Research in the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and President of the American Historical Association.

The volumes are designed to provide scholars and other individual readers of history, and the libraries of schools and colleges, with a comprehensive and well-rounded collection of those classical narratives on which the early history of the United States is founded.

The editorial apparatus is varied and full.

"The special appeal of the new series lies in its very attractive form, its thorough editing and indexing, and its inclusion in future volumes of certain rare incunabula. Dr. Jameson is admirably fitted to edit such a series of reprints, and his thorough knowledge of early Americana has enabled him to choose only the best texts. The special instructions and running annotations of the sub-editors are simple, scholarly and in every way satisfactory. The series is sure to receive the delighted approval of all students of American history."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

FOUR VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE NORTHMEN, COLUMBUS AND CABOT, 985-1503. Edited by JULIUS E. OLSON and EDWARD GAYLORD BOURNE.

EARLY ENGLISH AND FRENCH VOYAGES, Chiefly out of Hakluyt, 1534-1607. Edited by REV. DR. HENRY S. BURRAGE, of the Maine Historical Society.

THE SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES. 1528-1543. Edited by FREDERICK W. HODGE and T. H. LEWIS.

THE VOYAGES OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN. Edited by W. L. GRANT, of Toronto.

NARRATIVES OF EARLY VIRGINIA—1607-1625

Edited by PRESIDENT L. G. TYLER

Of the College of William and Mary

$3.00 Net. Postage 24 cents.

CONTENTS

Observations, by Master George Percy (1607).
A True Relation, by Captain John Smith (1608).
Description of Virginia and Proceedings of the Colonie, by Captain John Smith (1612).
The Relation of the Lord De-La-Warre (1611).
Letter of Don Diego de Molina (1613).
Letter of Father Pierre Biard (1614).
Letter of John Rolfe (1614).
Proceedings of the Virginia Assembly (1619).
Letter of John Pory (1619).
The General History of Virginia, by Captain John Smith (1624).
The Virginia Planter's Answer to Captain Buller (1623).
The Tragical Relation of the Virginia Assembly (1624).
The Discourse of the Old Company (1625).

WITH 3 MAPS AND PLANS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

MONEY WILL STRETCH

At least it will go further if spent in the right place. 50 PER CENT SAVED BY OUR BIG OFFERS. We can stretch your money and save a full 50 per ct. LOOK! Here are the most remarkable Magazine Clubs ever offered.

SPECIAL OFFERS

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Cosmopolitan	$1.00	$1.25
Designer	.50	
Total	$1.50	

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Metropolitan	$1.50	$1.50
Pearson's	1.50	
Total	$3.00	

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Pearson's	$1.50	$1.50
Paris Modes	.50	
Woman's National Daily	1.00	
Total	$3.00	

Metropolitan, Sunset or Bohemian, can be substituted for Pearson's in this club.

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Woman's National Daily	$1.00	$1.00
Paris Modes	.50	
National Home Journal	.50	
Total	$2.00	

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Outing	$3.00	$2.25
Sunset	1.50	
Total	$4.50	

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Pearson's	$1.50	$3.00
Metropolitan	1.50	
Sunset	1.50	
Bohemian	1.50	
Total	$6.00	

Outing can be included in any of above Clubs at $1.50

Any two $1.50 Magazines in above Clubs will be sent to one or different addresses for $1.50

PARIS MODES, THE GREATEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD, WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ONE YEAR FOR 25c.

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Everybody's	$1.50	$2.00
Delineator	1.00	
Total	$2.50	

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
Outing	$3.00	$2.00
Success	1.00	
Total	$4.00	

REGULAR PRICE PER YEAR		Our Price
National Home Journal	$ .50	50c
Paris Modes	.50	
Total	$1.00	

Paris Modes 50c
National Home Journal 50c
and your choice of Pearson's, Metropolitan, Bohemian or Sunset, to one or more addresses for one year, only $1.50.

Big Bargain Prices On Single Yearly Subscriptions

	REGULAR PRICE	OUR PRICE
Outing	$3.00	$1.50
Bohemian	1.50	.75
Pearson's	1.50	.75
Smart Set	3.00	2.50
Paris Modes	.50	.25
National Home Journal	.50	.25
Woman's National Daily	1.00	.60

Our prices are lowest. Should any Agency or publisher quote or advertise better or different offers, send your orders to us at their price.

We always acknowledge every order. This is very seldom done by any other agency.

These offers are good to old as well as new subscribers.

If you don't want all of the papers sent to one address, you can split the club and have them sent to any number of different addresses.

REFERENCES: North Memphis Savings Bank, Memphis; or any business house in Memphis, or any magazine in our clubs.

ALWAYS ORDER BY NAME OF CLUB AND SEND ALL ORDERS DIRECT TO

JONES BROTHERS COMPANY

600-606 GOODWYN INSTITUTE
DEPT. 219, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Send for Our Large Price List---It is free to any address

WE WANT AGENTS AND REPRESENTATIVES in every city, town and village in the United States to take subscriptions to our clubs. Send for our big agent's offer.

Digitized by Google

Original Narratives of Early American History

Each volume, 8vo, cloth bound, about 450 pages **$3.00 *net***

(Postage 24 cents)

This important series is prepared under the auspices of the American Historical Association, and under the general editorship of J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D., Director of the Department of Historical Research in the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and President of the American Historical Association.

The volumes are designed to provide scholars and other individual readers of history, and the libraries of schools and colleges, with a comprehensive and well-rounded collection of those classical narratives on which the early history of the United States is founded.

The editorial apparatus is varied and full.

"The special appeal of the new series lies in its very attractive form, its thorough editing and indexing, and its inclusion in future volumes of certain rare incunabula. Dr. Jameson is admirably fitted to edit such a series of reprints, and his thorough knowledge of early Americana has enabled him to choose only the best texts. The special instructions and running annotations of the sub-editors are simple, scholarly and in every way satisfactory. The series is sure to receive the delighted approval of all students of American history."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

FOUR VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE NORTHMEN, COLUMBUS AND CABOT, 985-1503. Edited by JULIUS E. OLSON and EDWARD GAYLORD BOURNE.

EARLY ENGLISH AND FRENCH VOYAGES, Chiefly out of Hakluyt, 1534-1607. Edited by REV. DR. HENRY S. BURRAGE, of the Maine Historical Society.

THE SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES. 1528-1543. Edited by FREDERICK W. HODGE and T. H. LEWIS.

THE VOYAGES OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN. Edited by W. L. GRANT, of Toronto.

NARRATIVES OF EARLY VIRGINIA—1607-1625

Edited by PRESIDENT L. G. TYLER

Of the College of William and Mary

$3.00 Net. Postage 24 cents.

CONTENTS

Observations, by Master George Percy (1607).
A True Relation, by Captain John Smith (1608).
Description of Virginia and Proceedings of the Colonie, by Captain John Smith (1612).
The Relation of the Lord De-La-Warre (1611).
Letter of Don Diego de Molina (1613).
Letter of Father Pierre Biard (1614).
Letter of John Rolfe (1614).
Proceedings of the Virginia Assembly (1619).
Letter of John Pory (1619).
The General History of Virginia, by Captain John Smith (1624).
The Virginia Planter's Answer to Captain Buller (1623).
The Tragical Relation of the Virginia Assembly (1624).
The Discourse of the Old Company (1625).

WITH 3 MAPS AND PLANS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

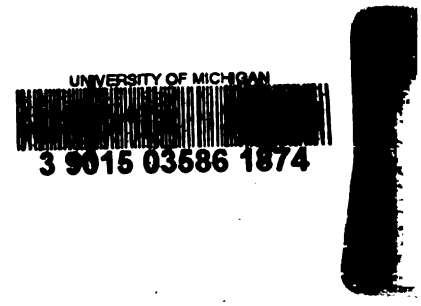
JUN 5 1963

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 03586 1874

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JUN 5 1903



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google