

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01753 6753

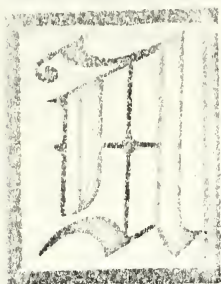
GENEALOGY

973.006

AM3529A

1915,

PT.2



M P R I T A N A

• Illustrated •



National Americana Society
131 East Twenty-Third St
New York



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/americanav10p2amer>

AUGUST, 1915

No. 2



X 696501

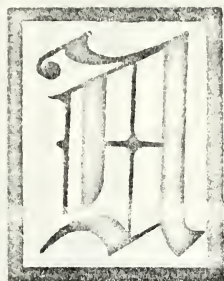
AMPRANA

• Illustrated •



National Americana Society
131 East Twenty-Third St
New York

SEPTEMBER, 1915



Americana

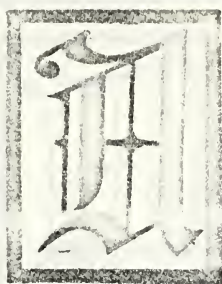
• Illustrated •



National Americana Society
131 East Twenty-Third St
New York

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 10



Americana

• Illustrated •



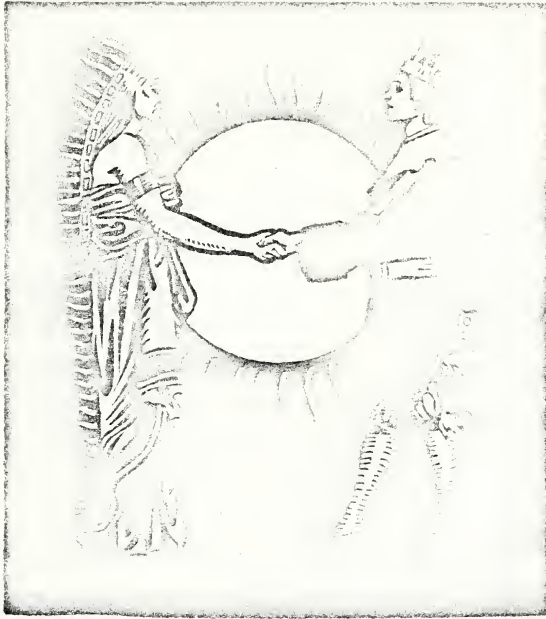
1915 - 1916

National Americana Society
131 East Twenty-Third St
New York



Americana

• Illustrated •



National Americana Society
131 East Twenty-Third St
New York

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 12

Americana

• Illustrated •



National Americana Society
131 East Twenty-Third St
New York

JULY, 1915.
AMERICANA

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence. | |
| By J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL. B. | 647 |
| Introduction. | |
| I. Hannah Arnett of Elizabethtown. | |
| II. The Tragic Fate of Jane McCrea. | |
| The Story of Old Fort Edward, and the Marking of the Site Where it Once Stood. | |
| The Hamlet at the Bouwerij. Part I. | |
| By Hopper Striker Mott | 660 |
| Journal of George Croghan, January-February, 1753-4. | |
| Contributed by John W. Jordan, LL. D. | 677 |
| The Rouse Family | 684 |
| Historic Views and Reviews | 713 |
| Paper read by Hon. John S. Applegate, President of the Monmouth Historical Association at a Joint Meeting of that Association and the Navesink Library Association held June 24, 1915, in Library Hall, Navesink, New Jersey. | |
| An Appreciation. By R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M. D., LL.D. | |

I. M. GREENE, *Editor*.

JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY, A. M., LL.B., Member Publication Committee New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, *Associate Editor*.

VICTOR HUGO DURAS, D. C. L., M. Diplomacy, Historian of the American Group of the Interparliamentary Union of the Congress of the United States, *Contributing Editor*.

Published by the National Americana Society,

DAVID I. NELKE, *President and Treasurer*,

131 East 23rd Street,

New York, N. Y.

AUGUST, 1915

AMERICANA

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Recollections of a Half a Century and More. | |
| By Andrew M. Sherman | 723 |
| I. My Paternal Ancestry. | |
| II. My Boyhood in New England. | |
| The Hamlet at the Bouwerij. Part II. | |
| By Hopper Striker Mott | 743 |
| Chapters in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia, No. II. | |
| By Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, M. A., D. | |
| C. L. | 764 |
| The Coming of the Boston Tories. | |
| Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically | |
| Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American | |
| Independence. | |
| By J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL. B. | 791 |
| III. Mrs. Robert Murray. | |
| IV. Emily Geiger. | |
| V. Lydia Darrah. | |

I. M. GREENE, *Editor*.

JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY, A. M., LL.B., Member Publication
Committee New York Genealogical and Biographical So-
ciety, *Associate Editor*.

VICTOR HUGO DURAS, D. C. L., M. Diplomacy, Historian of the
American Group of the Interparliamentary Union of the
Congress of the United States, *Contributing Editor*.

Published by the National Americana Society,
DAVID I. NELKE, *President and Treasurer*,
131 East 23rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER, 1915

AMERICANA

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| Recollections of a Half a Century and More. | |
| By Andrew M. Sherman | 793 |
| III. My Boyhood in New England (Continued). | |
| Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence. | |
| By J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL. B. | 818 |
| VI. Molly Pitcher. | |
| VII. Margaret Corbin. | |
| VIII. Anna Warner Bailey. | |
| Chapter in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia. No. III . | 828 |
| Social Life of Halifax after the Revolution. | |

L. GREENEWAY GREENE, *Editor.*

JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY, A. M., LL.B., Member Publication
Committee New York Genealogical and Biographical So-
ciety, *Associate Editor.*

VICTOR HUGO DURAS, D. C. L., M. Diplomacy, Historian of the
American Group of the Interparliamentary Union of the
Congress of the United States, *Contributing Editor.*

Published by the National Americana Society,
DAVID I. NELKE, *President and Treasurer,*
131 East 23rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

OCTOBER, 1915

AMERICANA

CONTENTS

Recollections of a Half a Century and More.

By Andrew M. Sherman 863

IV. My Boyhood in New England (Continued).

Thomas Paine.

By George R. Boynton 881

Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically
Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American
Independence.

By J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL. B. 894

IX. Nancy Hart of the Georgia "Hornets Nest."

X. Susanna Keith.

XI. Cornelia Beekman of New York.

Cushing Memorial Monument.

By S. G. Lapham 901

Commander Cushing and the *Virginus*.

By S. G. Lapham 903

Historic Views and Reviews 906

Avery Family Association Meeting.

Ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin to President-Elect
Cleveland of New York: interesting confidential letter
from the Wisconsin statesman. Contributed by
Duane Mowry.

L. GREENEWAY GREENE, *Editor*.

JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY, A. M., LL.B., Member Publication
Committee New York Genealogical and Biographical Society,
Associate Editor.

VICTOR HUGO DURAS, D. C. L., M. Diplomacy, Historian of the
American Group of the Interparliamentary Union of the
Congress of the United States, *Contributing Editor*.

Published by the National Americana Society,

DAVID I. NELKE, *President and Treasurer*,

131 East 23rd Street,

New York, N. Y.

NOVEMBER, 1915

AMERICANA

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| Recollections of a Half a Century and More. | |
| By Andrew M. Sherman | 915 |
| V. My Boyhood in New England (Continued). | |
| Boots, A Bucolic. | |
| By Rev. Charles Caverno, A. M., LL.D. | 942 |
| Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence. | |
| By J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL. B. | 954 |
| XII. Dicey Langston of South Carolina. | |
| XIII. Elizabeth Zane. | |
| XIV. Lucretia Shaw. | |
| The Historic Billopp House, on Staten Island, now to be in- cluded in a New Park. | 961 |
| The Peace Conference at the Billopp House, Staten Island, September 11, 1776. | 968 |
| Biographical Sketch of Capt. Samuel Chester of Boston, Mass., and New London, Conn., and some of His De- scendants. | |
| By Herbert Merritt-Chester of New York City | 975 |
| Historic Views and Reviews. | |
| Contributed by Duane Mowry, Milwaukee, Wis. | 978 |
| Book Reviews | 982 |
| Early History of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. | |
| Matthew's American Armoury and Blue Book. | |
| L. GREENEWAY GREENE, <i>Editor</i> . | |
| JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY, A. M., LL.B., Member Publication Committee New York Genealogical and Biographical So- ciety, <i>Associate Editor</i> . | |
| Published by the National Americana Society, | |
| DAVID I. NELKE, <i>President and Treasurer</i> , | |
| 131 East 23rd Street, | |
| New York, N. Y. | |

DECEMBER, 1915

AMERICANA

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|------|
| The Winthrop Family | 985 |
| Chapters in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia. By Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, M. A., D. C. L. | 1002 |
| No. IV. Sir John Wentworth and the Duke of Kent. | |
| Recollections of a Half a Century and More. By Andrew M. Sherman | 1029 |
| VI. My Boyhood in New England (Continued). | |
| Some of the Women Who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence. By J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL.B. | 1045 |
| XV. Martha Bratton of South Carolina. | |
| XVI. Catherine Schuyler. | |
| XVII. Mercy Warren. | |
| Honors a Distinguished Scientist—The Father of the Weather Bureau. Contributed by S. G. Lapham, Oconomowoc, Wis- consin | 1050 |
| Historic Views and Reviews | 1053 |

L. GREENEWAY GREENE, *Editor*.

JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY, A. M., LL.B., Member Publication
Committee New York Genealogical and Biographical So-
ciety, *Associate Editor*.

Published by the National Americana Society,
DAVID L. NELKE, *President and Treasurer*,

131 East 23rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

AMERICANA

(Formerly THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE)

is a monthly magazine of history, genealogy and literature. The subscription price is four dollars per annum. Subscribers failing to receive their copies should notify the publishers within thirty days after publication. The contents of each number are protected by copyright. Permission to reprint any article or illustration must be obtained from the publisher.

To Agents:--AMERICANA offers the most liberal commission of any high class monthly to agents. For special terms and inducements, make application to the Subscription Bureau. In their leisure moments school girls and boys will find it exceedingly profitable to work for us, and may easily reap a rich harvest for a little effort.

Manuscripts on all subjects of an historical, biographical or literary nature are welcome, and will be read and decided upon with as little delay as possible. It is preferred that articles should be not less than two thousand nor more than eight thousand words. Authors should write their address on the MS. itself, and not merely on an accompanying sheet; and put the number of words their paper contains plainly in sight.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

All business communications should be addressed:

THE NATIONAL AMERICANA SOCIETY

131 East Twenty-third Street,

New York City

AMERICANA

July, 1915

Some of the Women who Skillfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence

BY J. C. PUMPELLE, A. M., LL. B.

INTRODUCTION

THE writer of these sketches desires to here express his regard for the memory and his indebtedness to that true friend of his young manhood, Elizabeth F. Ellet, the poetess, and author of "Women of the American Revolution." To her and to the memory of the delightful conversations he had when a half century ago he drove with her through the lovely scenery of the Susquehanna Valley, he owes it that in his life's late afternoon he finds the inspiration within him to offer this respectful tribute to the memory of some of America's most self-sacrificing and heroic women.

In that great crisis of our Country's history there was a sentiment pervading the people, which, as Mrs. Ellet has well said, "gave statesmen their influence and armed heroes for victory. What could they have done but for the *home sentiment* to which they appealed and which sustained them in the hour of trial and success, and the feeling which wrought thus powerfully in the community depended *in great part upon the women*. Patriotic mothers nursed the infancy of freedom. They animated the courage and confirmed the self devotion of those who ventured all for the common cause."

I quote the following lines by Sarah M. Davy, the great-granddaughter of Ann Halsted, one of New Jersey's Revolutionary heroes, as they seem to be a fitting introduction to my subject:

"Not all the noble men went forth upon the battle field;
 Some must remain the lands to till, the firesides to shield;
 But when the Short Hills cannon resounds in thunderous tones,
 The fires are lit from hill to hill; then from their various homes,
 The "Minute Men" like swarms of bees assemble at their posts,
 And in a trice the Morris hills are safe from hostile hosts.
 Another *silent army* gave their husbands, brothers, sons,
 To the service of their country, when they went to man the guns.
 Were there *no heroines in their ranks*—no glorious martyrdom?
 Did they not suffer oftentimes a thousand deaths in one?
 Brave *Molly Pitcher* faltered not before the cannon's roar;
Ann Halsted donned coat, hat and gun and saved her father's stores;
 Gay Baltimore still celebrates brave *Peggy Stewart's* day;
 The matron of *Elizabethtown* unbidden went her way
 To the Council Chamber where was breached the question of the hour—
 Submission to oppression and to a hostile power;
 Standing before her husband, with firm, unflinching heart,
 She said: "If you submit, henceforth our ways do part."
 In *Morristown*, the women through the country far and wide,
 Ceased not to knit and spin from early morn till eventide,
 And many a weary soldier, when he felt the hand of death,
 Murmured blessings on their efforts with his last sad parting breath."

I

HANNAH ARNETT OF ELIZABETHTOWN

It was in the dark days of 1777, in Jersey when many were half-hearted and discouragements was paralyzing effort, and many thought it best to make their peace with the mother country. Indeed as an old inhabitant declared: "In the closing part of the year 1776 the whole population could have been bought for eighteen pence a head." The great flood of panic which overspread the land had seemed to sweep away all hope, honor, faith and patriotic sentiment. In Elizabeth where Lord Cornwallis was encamped, leading citizens actually thought of foreswearing the cause of their countrymen. Right there and in a certain town in Elizabeth several of the irresolute sort met and were agreeing among themselves how to accept the conditions offered by the enemy, when the wife of one of these men, *Hannah Arnett* by name, learning of their intention, made her way into the room, where they were assembled and demanded they should recall their decision and stand for their country. And appealing to her own husband she declared with the look and inspiration of a prophetess: "England will never conquer; I stay with my country. I married a good man and true and it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward. If you take your protection

from General Howe, you lose your wife; and I, I lose my husband and my home.”

That night in that house the solemn oath was sworn to stand by the cause. The heads that were drooping were now erect, and the eyes were bright with manly resolve. Hannah Arnett is not forgotten, mother of heroes that she was: and the man who caught fire and resolution from her inspired words are honored among New Jersey's noblest and best.

Upon the soil of New Jersey occurred the events which really decided the American Revolution. When Congress was resolving whether to declare independence, a Presbyterian Divine from Princeton invoked the guidance and blessing of God upon their decision. When disheartenment everywhere prevailed, and men were ready to yield all for life, the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth renewed hope everywhere. The blood by which the soldiers of Washington might have been traced on their memorable retreat had baptized the soil of Jersey, and her soil remained thenceforth sacred to freedom.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

Written by a great grand-daughter of Ann Halsted, a Revolutionary heroine, and dedicated to the New Jersey Society, Sons of the American Revolution, December 26, 1892.

A century and more sheds its dim and mellow rays
 Over Revolution scenes and the deeds of other days;
 But let us part the drapery, enter into memory's halls;
 And gaze with reverent spirit at the pictures on her walls.
 There's the North Church steeple with the lantern swinging to and fro,
 And the rider urging on his steed upon the road below;
 The hopes and fears that filled the soul of loyal Paul Revere
 As he sped upon his errand, were not voiced to mortal ear,
 But as he passed the word to each terror-stricken band,
 We can almost hear him saying: "God and my native land!"
 There's the Hessian camp at Trenton, December 26th.
 The soldiers idling listlessly—their arms in stacks are fixed;
 Still lingering o'er their Christmas feast, without a single fear,
 They little dream of anything but comfort and good cheer.
 But the brave and gallant leader of the now disheartened band
 Is already on the Delaware and so the time has planned
 That the mercenary Hessians are surprised and put to rout:—
 Then throughout the little army, courage takes the place of doubt;
 One thousand of the enemy yield, with cannon and with shot,
 And the nation's fate is settled upon that very spot.
 Another land and other scenes now come at Memory's call:—
 Nobles and lords—a regal court; and grand among them all,
 Plain Benjamin Franklin tells the heirs of luxury and ease
 The story of his country's needs—the land across the seas.
 They bend a listening ear to his projects and his plans

And the struggling little colony clasps the helping hand of France.

The suffering at Valley Forge, of the Camp at Morristown;

The traitor's deed; the dark, dark days before the victor's crown;—

All come before our vision as we linger in the past,

And the names of martyred heroes crowd upon us thick and fast.

SARAH M. DAVEY.

II

THE TRAGIC FATE OF JANE MCCREA

There are several versions of the story of how Jane McCrea came to her death, but the true account, is no doubt, that lately given me by Mrs. George Underwood, a loyal member of the McCrea Chapter, D. A. R. This statement was made by the soldier, Samuel Standish, in his application for pension, file No. 28889, and the same he made to Sparks, the historian, and given in his *life of Arnold*, and which Mrs. Elizabeth Ellet also relates in her "Women of the American Revolution."

Standish while on guard duty near Fort Edward in July, 1777, was captured by the Indians, and while their prisoner he saw a party of Indians coming with two women up by the hill to a spring and there they seemed to be in a quarrel, and then he saw one of the Indians shoot and scalp Miss McCrea. This is confirmed, says Mrs. Ellet, by General Morgan Lewis, one of the party who found the body of this lovely lady and superintended her funeral.

The headquarters of the division of the American Army commanded by Arnold were at the time between Moses Creek and Fort Edward, and Jane McCrea was residing with her brother, one of the pioneer settlers, about four miles from Fort Edward.

On that fatal day she was on a visit to Mrs. McNiel, a widow lady, whose house stood near the foot of the hill about one-third of a mile northward from the fort. Fort Edward then in possession of a guard of one hundred Americans was situated on the eastern margin of the river very near the water, and surrounded by a cleared and cultivated plain of considerable extent.

Mrs. Ellet, who was a much esteemed writer and friend of my family, speaks of this young woman as nineteen years of age,



MASSACRE OF JANIE MCCREA, JULY, 1777

“beautiful, with auburn hair, blue eyes, a fresh complexion and endowed with accomplishments, virtues not less attractive than her personal charms.”

It appears that unfortunately two parties of Indians had started out to attack the picket guard, commanded by Lieutenant Van Vechten stationed on a hill not far from Mrs. McNiel's house.

And all this was unknown to Captain Jones of the British forces, who had sent out some Indians to convey his affianced bride to meet him. This party presented a letter to Miss McCrea from Jones telling her she should come with them and the two women did so.

Thereafter the two parties of savages met and had a dispute over the division of the reward they were to receive for their services, the savages Jones sent, not knowing at the time the relation in which the girl stood to their employer, and so looked upon her only as a prisoner decoyed by a stratagem.

A furious quarrel ensued and in the midst of the fray one of the chiefs fired and killed Miss McCrea and then scalped her. This finished the quarrel and the Indians hurried away with their two prisoners, Standish and Mrs. McNiel toward Fort Anne.

The brother soon after arrived and took charge of his sister's corpse which was afterwards buried three miles below the Fort.

The anguish of the unfortunate Captain Jones when the bloody scalp was presented to him was increased by the reflection that his innocent bride elect had fallen a victim to her confidence in him. His grief was so severe, he lived but a few years and went down heartbroken to the grave.

General Gates reproached Burgoyne for this uncalled for murder and the description of it given by Burke in his celebrated speeches made it familiar throughout Europe and upon our own people it acted as a mighty stimulant to greater exertions for the cause of American Independence.

As the history of Fort Edward is closely related to the above it is deemed best that it should follow and make a part of the same.

THE STORY OF OLD FORT EDWARD, AND THE MARKING OF THE SITE
WHERE IT ONCE STOOD

On September 16, 1914, a boulder with tablet, appropriately marking the site of old Fort Edward, New York, was unveiled and dedicated by the Jane McCrea Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Charles Henry Wilson, Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Willard S. Augsbury, State Regent and Mrs. Joseph E. King, founder and First Regent of Jane McCrea Chapter, were present and spoke, so also did Dr. Sherman Williams of the University of the State of New York, and Hon. John Alden Dix. From the walls of this fort was witnessed the revolting murder by the Indian Chief LeLoup of Jane McCrea, when on her way to be married to Lieutenant David Jones, an English officer.

The marker consists of two huge boulders of granite, mounted on a concrete foundation, and is located on land recently purchased and owned by the Chapter. On the upper stone, on a smooth surface fortunately left by nature of the exact size desired, a bronze tablet has been placed bearing this inscription:

This Boulder
marks the site of
OLD FORT EDWARD
1755—1780
Erected by the
Jane McCrea Chapter
Daughters of
The American Revolution
1914

This having been one of the most important rallying points and centers of defence in the state and associated intimately with many of the most prominent officers of America in both Colonial and Revolutionary times, this fort deserves our most considerate attention.

To Dr. Sherman Williams I am indebted for the following facts:

In 1709 Colonel Francis Nicholson led a force of about two thousand men on an expedition against Canada. Colonel Peter Schuyler, with a special force of about three hundred men, accompanied the expedition for the purpose of erecting forts, and



136-Fort Edward, N. Y. Jane McCrea Monument.

stockades were built at Stillwater and Fort Miller, and forts at Fort Edward and Fort Ann. The latter was named Fort Schuyler in honor of the builder, and the former Fort Nicholson in honor of the leader of the expedition. Fort Nicholson was garrisoned by 450 men. A British fleet was to co-operate with Nicholson by an attack on Quebec, but it failed to appear and Nicholson returned to Albany, first destroying Forts Nicholson and Schuyler. Fort Nicholson was the first military structure of any kind erected on the Hudson at this point and it was on the site afterward occupied by Fort Edward, but was a much smaller and weaker work.

Nicholson made a second attempt against Canada in 1711 and rebuilt Fort Schuyler but not Fort Nicholson. He called the work at Fort Ann the "Queen's Fort," but later it was given the name of Fort Ann.

In 1755 four great expeditions were organized in this country against the French. The one intended for the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point was commanded by William Johnson, after known as Sir William. Colonel Phineas Lyman, of Massachusetts, was the second in command. The force intended for this expedition gathered on the site of Old Fort Nicholson. Johnson went to Lake George, so named by him in honor of a stupid and selfish king, with no title to the honor. It might far better have been named in honor of Father Jogues or kept the name that he gave it.

About 4,000 men gathered at the junction of Fort Edward Creek and the Hudson river. Captain Eyre, an engineer, under the direction of Colonel Lyman, erected a fort which was named Fort Lyman, in honor of the man under whose direction it was built. A year later Sir William Johnson changed the name to Fort Edward, in honor of Edward, Duke of York, a grandson of George II and a brother of George III.

The fort was an irregular four sided structure with bastions at three angles, the fourth being protected by the river. The fort was constructed of earth and timber, had walls 16 feet high and 22 feet thick. It mounted six cannon. It was surrounded by a deep moat on three sides, the river serving the same purpose on the fourth. The perimeter of the fort was about 1,600

feet. It enclosed several large buildings. On an island in the river opposite the fort were the barracks and storehouses. They were reached by means of a bridge.

The route from Fort Edward to Whitehall was known as the "Great Carrying Place," probably because of the unusual length of the carry, but possibly because of the amount of traffic over it. The trail followed substantially the same route that the D. & H. railroad does now. It is a noteworthy fact that the railroads of the State very generally follow old Indian trails pretty closely. Modern engineers with all their skill and knowledge have not been able to improve very much over the untrained savages in the matter of ease of grades or the saving of distance.

The importance of Fort Edward was mainly a matter of physical geography. Neither Lakes George or Champlain, the gateway to Canada, could be readily reached from the south without passing through or near Fort Edward. It was here that the trail branched, leading to Whitehall, South Bay or Lake George, as might be desired. The importance of Fort Edward as a strategic point may perhaps be best illustrated by giving a brief account of some expeditions that either gathered here or passed through this place. The expeditions of Colonel Nicholson have already been referred to. Although the place was then a wilderness the location made it important.

In 1690, LeMoyne, with a party of French attacked and burned Schenectady. They went by the way of Lake Champlain, Wood Creek, and passed down the valley formed by Fort Edward Creek. The same year General John Winthrop, of Connecticut, with a force of five hundred men from Connecticut and New York set out on an expedition to Canada in retaliation for the destruction of Schenectady. They passed through Fort Edward. On account of sickness, lack of provisions, and canoes, the greater number did not go beyond Whitehall, but Captain John Schuyler, the grandfather of Philip Schuyler, with 150 men went on to La Prairie, south of Montreal, and took some prisoners and destroyed considerable property.

In 1756 Lord Loudon gathered a large force at Fort Edward, but no fighting took place here or anywhere in this locality.

In 1757 Montcalm attacked and captured the garrison at Fort

William Henry. At this time General Daniel Webb was at Fort Edward with 1,600 men, with a thousand more available, and soon received a reinforcement of 2,000 militia, yet in the most cowardly manner Webb refused to allow anyone to go to the relief of Munro. Sir William Johnson, who soon came to Fort Edward and begged to be allowed to lead a force against Montcalm, says of Webb, "He is the only British general—in fact I may say the only British officer of any rank—I ever knew or heard of who was personally a coward." Webb sent out piteous appeals for aid and soon 20,000 men were gathered here at Fort Edward but too late to save Munro or punish Montcalm.

During the winter after the massacre at Fort William Henry, Colonel Haviland of the regular army was in command at Fort Edward, and Putnam with his rangers was on the island opposite the fort.

In 1758 General Abercrombie gathered a great army to attack the French at Ticonderoga. Early in July he had gathered a great force and a great amount of supplies at Fort Edward. Fifteen thousand men took part in the campaign, all of whom passed through this place. You know the story of the humiliating defeat. Amherst, learning of the reverse, hastened to Fort Edward with four regiments of regulars. He remained there till January, 1759. —

The fort was repaired and strengthened in 1757 under the direction of Colonel Lyman. During the time this work was being done an interesting incident took place. About 150 laborers were employed cutting timber on the low land to the east of the fort. Captain Little with 100 men was sent out to act as a guard. They were surprised by a party of Indians. The laborers reached the fort but Captain Little and his men moved more slowly and Lyman shut the gate of the fort, fearing that the Indians might force an entrance. This left Captain Little and his men on the outside, and in a perilous position. Major Putnam, who was stationed on the island with a force of men, heard the firing and forded the river with his men and ran to the relief of Little. Lyman, fearing that both Little and Putnam might be drawn into an Indian ambush, ordered the latter to stop, but Putnam remembered the massacre at Fort William Henry and he also re-

membered the cowardice of Webb, and if he heard Lyman he gave no indication of having done so, but hastened to the relief of his companions and was successful, the Indians retiring before the combined forces.

In the spring of 1759 another great army under the command of Amherst gathered at Fort Edward, not as large as that of the preceding year, but still a great force. This time success crowned the efforts of the British, and Ticonderoga and Crown Point were captured.

From this time till the beginning of the Revolution, but little of importance happened on the northern frontier and Fort Edward was allowed to become much out of repair. In fact it was almost forgotten. With the expedition of Burgoyne it once more became a place of consequence.

At the time of the invasion of Burgoyne there were not more than three or four houses in what is now the village of Fort Edward. The fort was in a dilapidated condition and practically worthless as a defence. In fact its position made it worthless at that time. Earlier when cannons were rarely used and those of comparatively short range and little power the fort at the river side was of much account, but at this time with the heavier cannon at greater range this fort on a level with the river, surrounded by higher land on nearly every side could not be properly defended unless aided by an army of considerable strength, so it did not play an important part in the Burgoyne campaign though the position at the "Great Carrying Place" was important. Fort Edward was occupied by Burgoyne on the 6th of July, 1777. It was retaken by the Americans on the 10th of October of the same year and the occupation of this position aided in making the retreat of Burgoyne to Canada more difficult and so to a minor extent contributed to the surrender of the British. With this event Fort Edward ceased to be of importance.

The water gate mentioned above was located about two hundred feet south of the old cottonwood tree so often mentioned by historians, and near a butternut tree which stands on the dwelling lot of Mrs. Rhodes, where the underground passage from the fort to the river emerged. The west and the south ramparts of the fort still exist. The unfilled hollow of the east moat, extend-

ing from Moon street south to the old channel of the Creek, still exists, and traces of the north rampart can still be seen.

There was elevated land along the bank of the river, over which a footpath ran north from the fort to the block house on the hill. There was elevated land also along the route of the old military road, although a corduroy road was built at the point where it crossed Notre Dame street. The Fort Edward swamp lay between the footpath and the military road, which was constructed to avoid the swamp.

Frequent mention has been made of the Island, and it figured in a very important manner in all the old wars. Capt. Israel Putnam and his Rangers were stationed there during parts of two years, and Lieut. Noah Grant, ancestor of our own General Grant, was also stationed there. There were a dozen or more large barrack and hospital buildings located on this Island, and innumerable relics have been unearthed by those who have tilled the ground.

A bridge crossed the river from this Island leading to the garden cultivated by the garrisons of the fort, which garden was located along the bank of the river south of the Creek. The Island during the wars was protected by the cannon mounted on the fort, and by blockhouses located on each side of the river at the river crossing at the south end, and by the Royal Block House, located on the high land on the north side of the present Moreau river bridge.

Systematic excavations were made years ago in the vicinity of the fort's mess room, and unearthed old kettles, cups, bottles, andirons, etc. There were spades, some with wooden center and iron rims, and shovels, both square and round-pointed. These useful implements did not differ much from those of the present day, except that they were larger and heavier, and coarsely wrought. There was a great variety of axes and tomahawks, both iron and stone, and flint arrowheads, skilfully wrought; huge, long spikes for fastening the heavy timbers of the fort, and cannon balls, grape shot, and ordinary shot. One of the cannon balls weighed forty pounds. These balls and iron implements were in a wonderfully good state of preservation, considering the fact that they had lain in the earth over 100 years. There

were several bayonets, some badly eaten with rust, but several that were more perfect. All these were much larger and heavier than those used at the present day. Among the collection were a few knives and forks, some with the bone handles partly preserved, and others with the handles consumed with rust. There was found, too, a pair or two of huge handcuffs, that doubtless had graced the sturdy limbs of some prisoner, or, possibly, a recalcitrant soldier.

These relics have been preserved, and some have lately been given a receptacle in the High School building near the historic spot where they so long reposed in their tawny sepulchre.

What is known as the Roque map shows fourteen structures located on the Island opposite the fort, which military records show to have been barracks and hospital buildings. But the most important fact of all shown by this map is that the mouth of the Creek then existed at the base of the south rampart of the fort, 300 or more feet north of the present mouth, thus contradicting the common belief relative to it. The Champlain Canal, built in 1818, crossed the Creek and diverted its waters to their present mouth. The remains of its embankment still prove this fact, as likewise do some of the dressed stone of its lock still lying in place. The Canal connected with the river at this point until 1832, when it was abandoned and the present Canal to Fort Miller constructed.

All authorities agree, among them Prof. Silliman of Yale University, who saw the fort in 1796, that the south side of the fort fronted upon the bank of a deep sunk rivulet which protected it from sudden attack. The authority quoted shows that the rampart, 17 feet high and 22 feet thick, sloped not only to the water's edge of the Creek but to the river. The elevated land on the south side of Old Fort street is what remains of the slope of the rampart, and at its base extending east the channel of the Creek ran to the rear of Henry Pike's house lot on Old Fort street, and from thence southerly to near Cortland street, and from thence northeasterly on its route to the summit. Had the mouth of the channel of the Creek existed during the old wars in its present location, no protection whatever would have been given the fort.

The line of the east barracks was discovered by the late William McDougall, who, near a large tree standing east of his house on Edward street, excavated seven or eight feet in depth to the floor of the fort, and found a large brick fireplace, perfectly preserved, and a pair of andirons and about four quarts of unused gun flints, some bullets, etc. A living witness of this fact is Seth Allen, who saw the fireplace, andiron and gun flints. The fireplace remains there in place at this moment, and was probably located in one of the eight rooms of the east barracks, below one of the chimneys.

The east moat of the fort intersected the Creek on the east side of the dock and on the rear of Mahon Brodie's lot on Old Fort street. It was originally, as the records state, 14 feet high and 8 feet deep. It forms a part of the cellar of Mr. Brodie's house, the wall being built on each side of it without excavation. Go stand to-day in the cellar of Mr. Brodie's house and you will be in the moat of Old Fort Edward. It crossed Fort street, and when the elder Bibbins built the Rhodes house, the younger Mr. Bibbins stated that the ditch was impassable on Old Fort street with teams. The moat also still exists on the lots of Seth Allen and Ernest H. Smith, north of Old Fort street, to the depth of five or six feet, and shows itself all the way to the blacksmith shop on Moon street.

A living witness says that the walls of the well in the old fort were built of large stone boulders, and that there was a passage way three or four feet wide near it, likewise constructed of boulders.

The Hamlet at the Bouwerij

BY HOPPER STRIKER MOTT

TRUSTEE AND TREASURER OF THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND EDITOR OF *The New York Genea-
logical and Biographical Record*.

[*To be Completed in Two Parts.*]

PART I

THE earliest purchase in the Madison Square neighborhood was made by Jan Jansen Damen. The tract which he acquired has a most interesting history. It is remarkable among city farms, because of the number of noted families which have been connected with it. Damen was a trader who settled at Fort Orange (Albany) circa 1631 but subsequently removed to New Amsterdam where he took a prominent part in the public affairs of his time. For the offices he filled vide Register of New Netherland. He was the original grantee (1644) of a large farm, extending from the Hudson to the East River, and bounded partly on Maiden Lane. The city wall cut through a part of this property when erected in 1653 and laid the green fields open; it then belonged to his heirs, for having visited the fatherland, on public business in 1651, Damen died on his return. This trip to Patria was occasioned by the controversy over Stuyvesant's alleged violent behavior to the inhabitants of the colony, against which the so-called "Great Remonstrance" was made by Van der Donck and his associates in 1649 and which led to the sending of Cornelis van Tiehoven, Stuyvesant's secretary and the latter's father-in-law, Jan Jansen Damen, his private agent, to bolster up the cause of the Director-General. In 1685 Damen's heirs conveyed

one thousand feet of land fronting on the present north side of Wall street. Measures were then taken by the provincial authorities to demolish the old fortifications and a survey of the line proposed to be established as the north side of said street was ordered this year, the thoroughfare to be of a width of 36 feet. (Valentine's History, etc.; Minutes Court Burgomasters & Schepens.)

It was as agent of Petrus Stuyvesant that Damen, while yet in Holland, acquired March 12, 1615, "for a valuable consideration" certain lands "upon the Island Manhattan, then commonly known by the name of the West Inaya Compagnes Bouwerij" containing about six score acres, and with said deed sailed for New Amsterdam the same month.*

This was one of those laid out at an early date and rented to farmers. Designated as Bouwerij No. 1 its tenant in June, 1650, was Thomas Hall. (Laws & Ords. N. N., 118). While the title was in Damen he rented it to Cornelis Aertsen. Bancroft, Vol. II:53, states that the land was of so little value that Stuyvesant thought it no wrong to his employers to purchase of them at a small price this extensive bouwerij "just beyond the coppices" among which browsed the goats and the kine from the village.

On his surrender of the Dutch possessions in 1664 this doughty warrior was called to Holland to confer with his superiors and there he was taken severely to task for the seemingly hurried way in which he yielded up his authority and possession. That he could have done aught else, under the circumstances, is confirmed by the perusal of the letter he submitted in 1666 in defence of his action. (N. Y. Hist. Coll., Holland Docs., Vol. II, 440-1). During his absence Richard Nicolls, Governor, etc., of the Province of New York, issued to him a patent of the above land, dated Nov. 6, 1667, which recited that Damen acted in the capacity of trustee for the grantee "who made payment for the same." The Nicolls map (1664-8) shows the location of the Governor's bouwerij and its buildings and its relative position

*March 12, 1651. Deed. Directors of the West India Company at Amsterdam to Petrus Stuyvesant, per Jan Jansen Damen, his attorney, of the Company's bouwerij in New Netherland with the house, barn, stock and two young negroes, lately leased to said Stuyvesant. Consideration 6400 guilders. (Calendar Dutch Mss., Register of Provincial Secretary, Vol. III:87).

and distance from the city with the lane leading to it. He returned from Holland in 1667* and retired to his mansion on the property, which stood on the north side of present 10th street, immediately west of St. Mark's church.

What was later the Bowery village came about because of an order in council, which, on May 3, 1660, permitted the houses of Wolfert Webber and Thomas Hall to remain and a village or hamlet to be formed near the bouwerij of Augustyn Heermans and that of the Director-General. (Cal. D. Mss., 196). Webber and Hall owned a tract in common near the Fresh Water. The state of affairs which determined the establishment of outlying places into which the inhabitants might gather for defence in time of danger, is shown by this quotation:

"On the Island of the Manachatas from the north even unto the Fresh Water there are no more than five or six spots inhabited at this date (1643). These are threatened by the Indians every night with fire and by day with the slaughter of both people and cattle. There was no shelter but the Fort." (N. Y. His. Coll. Holland Docs., Vol. 1, 190). This condition continued for years and at the request of the scattered residents who lived north of the Fresh Water the hamlet was formed at present Cooper Square where the inevitable tavern, a blacksmith shop, a school house which was near present 8th street and 3rd avenue, and a few rude dwellings commenced the settlement. To aid the enterprise the Governor erected the school house and also a chapel in which Domine Selyns preached Sunday afternoons in Dutch. In what year it was built we cannot ascertain. It was standing, however, when the Domine arrived in New Netherland in 1660. Just after this event he indited a letter to the Classis of Amsterdam,* wherein he mentioned that he was

*October 23. 1667. It is this day ordered by his Matie in Councill That his Royall H^{ss} the Duke of Yorke Lord High Adm^{ll} of England be and hereby he is authorized to graunt his Passe and Lycence unto Heere Peter Stuyuesant, late Generall of the New Netherlands to returne to the place formerly called the New Netherlands and now called New York, pursuant to the Passport he had and received from Colonel Nicolls for his safe goeing for Holland and return into these parts. (N. Y. Col Hist. London Docs. Vol. III. 167).

**"I serve on Sundays, in the evenings only, at the General's Bouwery, at his expense. Catechizing will not be held here [Breuckelen] before the winter; but we will begin it at the Bouwery at once, either on week days or when there is no preaching service there. The bouwery is a place of relaxation and pleasure whither people go from the Manhattans for the evening service. There are there forty

engaged to divide his services between Brooklyn and the Governor's bouwerij, the Governor rendering himself personally responsible for the proportion of the salary corresponding to the share of service rendered on his farm.* Here the Domine continued to officiate until his return to Holland in 1664. When he arrived he states there was no church organization having a distinct consistory but it must have been considered as under the jurisdiction of the church in New Amsterdam. A church organization was, however, effected by him as the following entry in the records of the Church in the City proves: "Oct. 12, 1664. In consequence of the removal of Henricus Selyns, minister on the General's bouwerij the following persons were accredited as members of this church." Among the names received from the church on the Bouwerij were Peter Stoutenburg, Elder; Jan de la Montagne, Deacon; Harmanus van Hoboken, schoolmaster and voorleeser, who had charge of the school in the hamlet in his first capacity, and visited the sick in his second.* Other communicants are to be found among the parents of those baptized there. This list was copied into the Baptism Book of the Church in the Fort, on the departure of Henry Selyns, preacher at the General's Bouwerij:

- Apr. 24, 1661. Jilles, son Martin Abrahamszen & Marritie Simons.
 July 31, Elias, son Jelis Janszen & Christina Laurens.
 Pieter, son Romeyn Servyn & Neeltie Pieters.
 Aug. 14, Hillegond, dau. D. Michiel Superiur & Anneken Duurkoop.
 Apr. 11, 1662. Margariet, dau. Hendrick Loef & Gerritje Hendricks.

negroes, from the region of the negro coast, besides the household families. There is here as yet no consistory but the Deacons from New Amsterdam provisionally receive the alms." Letters to Classis, Oct. 4. 1660. (Ecclesiastical Records, Vol. I. 487).

*Petrus Stuyvesant having been informed of the inability of the inhabitants of Breuckelen to pay Do. Selyns' salary, offers, provisionally and until their situation has improved, to pay to the Company 250 guilders yearly towards the salary of the said Do. Selyns, on condition that the Domine shall preach at his Honor's bouwery on Manhattan Island on Sunday evenings. The Council after considering the offer accepted it and with his Honor resolved to inform Do. Selyns of it.—July 5, 1660. (Col. Doc. XIV. 477-9, Council minutes).

*Oct. 27. 1661. Appointment Harman van Hoboken to be cadet and schoolmaster at the Bouwerij. (Cal. D. Mss., 231).

- Sep. 10, Sara, dau. Philip Claeszen & Maria Tine.
Anna, dau. Nicolaes Matthijsz & Barentie Dircks.
- Oct. 15, Wyntie, dau. Pieter Stoutenburgh & Aefje van Tienhoven.
Maijken, dau. Marten Claeszen & Jannetje Martens.
- June 17, 1663. Abraham, son Hendrick Gerritszen & Marritje Lamberts.
- Oct. 1, Tryntje, dau. Jan van Langestraeten & Maria Arents.
Beletje, dau. Arie Corneliszen & Rebecca Yrens.
- Jan. 27, 1664. Maria, dau. Soert Olfertszen & Ytie Roelofs.
- Mch. 16, Abraham, son Jan de la Montagnie & Maria Vernelje.
- June 2, Marie, dau. Jelis Janszen & Christina Laurens.
- July 13, Paulus, son Paulus Turck & Aletje Barents.
(*N. Y. G. and B. Record*, Jan., 1876, 22-23.)

There are no entries among marriages at the Bowery church. but in Do. Selyns' list of 1686, appear these names, which because they lived "Beyond the Fresh Water," were probably communicants:

Wolfert Webbers. His wife Geertrúyd Hassing is not listed.
Neeltje Cornelis, wife of Dirck Cornelissen.
Arie Cornelissen, and wife Rebecca Idens.
Franciscus Bastiaense and wife Barbara Emanuel, negroes.
Solomon Pieters and wife Marritje Anthony.
Daniel de Clercq and wife Grietje Cozyns.
Cozyn Gerritsen and wife VROUTJE Gerritse.
Jan Thomassen, of the Manhattans, and wife Apollonia Cornelis, m. 1665.

Pieter Jansen, of Amsterdam and wife Marritje Jacobs, of Hoorn, m. Feb. 2, 1663.

Jacob Hendrickszen Kip and wife, Maria de la Montagne of Amsterdam, m. March 8, 1654.

Nicholaes Willem Stuyvesant and wife, Elizabeth Slechtenhorst.

Egbert Fockensen, of Drenthe and wife Elsje Lucas of New York, m. March 26, 1678.

Johannes van Couwenhoven, of Amersfoort and wife Sara Frans of Haarlem, m. April 11, 1664.

(*N. Y. Hist. Soc. Colls.*, 2nd Series, 1:398; *N. Y. G. & B. Soc. Colls.*, Vol. I, Marriages.)

After the removal of Do. Selyns it was deemed expedient to rely upon the services of the minister of the Church in the Fort, especially as in the preceding year, Samuel Megapolensis, M. D., the son of the aged senior pastor, had arrived from Holland and took part in the ministry. Doubtless the minister of the church of New Amsterdam continued frequent supplies at the Bouwerij, certainly during the lifetime of Stuyvesant. (*Christian Intelligencer*, Oct. 29, 1842.)

Perhaps the earliest inhabitant of the hamlet was Cornelis Aertszen who in 1665 was dwelling on the bouwerij. He settled in New Amsterdam prior to 1641, and was the progenitor of the Van Schaick family, his sons about 1680 having assumed that surname. One of them, Arie (Adriaen) Cornelisen van Schaick held land in 1696 lying in Bloomingdale above the Great Kill. He married probably at Stuyvesant's bouwerij in 1662 Rebecca Idens. His daughter Elizabeth married Gerrit Oncklebach, son of Adam. Another daughter Belitje Adriaens van Schaick was baptized Oct. 1, 1662, at the General's bouwerij. His son Hendrick Cornelisen van Schaick, bap. Sept. 23, 1646, lived and probably died on that portion of the old Stille farm which he purchased with Wolfert Webber on Jan. 10, 1685.

By 1660 the settlement at the Bouweij was beginning to be of some consequence. We are granted a few glimpses of the earlier inhabitants in the records, three of whom were Focke Jans,* Kier Walters and Jan Jansen van de Langestraet who denominated themselves "husbandmen dwelling on the bouwerij of Mr. Petrus Stuyvesant." At a court held at the City Hall, June 15, 1665, it was resolved that the former, "living at the Bouwerij," be allowed to lay in every week half a barrel of strong beer, free of excise, in consideration of the great expense he had

*Aug. 5, 1671. Severijn Lourens, widower of Trijntje Reynders m. Grietje Hendrix, widow of Focke Janzen, both residing at the Bouwerij. (*Recs. N. A.*, 6 335).

to incur before he could get the beer to his house, inasmuch as he had "to convey it in his own wagon with his own men, also the leakage of the beer in the road." (*Ct. Mins. N. A.*, Vol. 5:253). This same Jans joined the other two individuals in an affidavit, dated Aug. 4-14, 1666, in aid of the defense of the Governor. They certified that they had been earnestly requested by His Honor to thresh, in a hurry, "as much grain as possible and carry it to the Fort and that as their hands were full of work because of the harvest, the Governor himself had as much grain threshed by his own negroes and servants and brought into the Fort every day whilst the English frigates remained in the Bay." (*Col. Mss.*, Vol. II:474.)

Wolters, the ancestor of the Kiersen family, was superintendent of the Bouwerij. He had lived, says Riker, at Gees and at Aernhout, two obscure villages in the desert-like fens of Drenthe and came here via Amsterdam. He settled at New Amstel on the South (Delaware) River where he was reported to be one of the ablest and best farmers. Flattering offers, in consequence, were made to him to come to New Amsterdam. On arrival he went into the Governor's employ. He was elected Overseer of Fences, April 16, 1667, (*Ct. Mins.*, Vol. 6, 69), but in the fall of that year removed to Haarlem where he leased de Meyer's farm at 500 guilders per annum. (*Riker*, 263). On Oct. 2, 1668, he was re-elected overseer (*Ct. Mins.*, Vol. 6:150) and again on Dec. 7, 1669, although at that latter date he had become a resident of Fordham where he took up the lease of a farm for seven years from Sept. 29, 1668 (*Riker*, 249). Having "gone away since the last election" another was chosen in his stead as Overseer Jan. 25, 1669-70. Cornelis Steenwyck, Mayor, authorized, May 16, 1670, the W. Court of the Towne of Nieu Haarlem to appoint curators of his estate. (*Ct. Mins.*, Vol. 6: 213). His son Jan Kiersen became one of the patentees of Haarlem.

There are a number of entries about van de Langestraet. He was a farmer. (*Cal. D., Mss.*, 228). "The Mayor's meeting" held Jan. 25, 1669-70 appointed him overseer of the branding of horses and cattle and on March 1, of the same year he was made overseer of Roads and Fences "on this as on the other side of the Fresh Water," to which position he was re-elected April 18,

1671. (*Ct. Mins. N. A.*, Vol. VI:215, 222, 296; *Riker's Harlem*, 273.) In 1690 he was aged about 61. (*N. Y. Col. Mss.*, London Docs., iii:741.)

The *Ct. Mins.*, Vol. 5:287, reveal another feature of life in the new settlement. Abel Hardenbroeck testified Aug. 22, 1665, that he met Denys Isaacksen on the Bouwerij road yesterday where the latter drew a knife and said—"Draw, van Leer, or I shall stab and cut you, etc., that he used such threats and abusive words that the plaintiff was obliged to save his life by seeking shelter in the house of Cosyn Gerretsen, he was so hard pressed. Whereupon the defendant answered and said that the plaintiff had challenged him the same morning in the house of Luycas Dircks, the tapster, to fight in the neighborhood of the Fresh Water and as he did not find plaintiff there at the appointed time he went further towards the bouwerij where he found him on the road and asked him: Is this the appointed place, etc." He admitted he drew a knife and told plaintiff to draw also. Plaintiff in his defense, denied the challenge and demanded proof as there were many people at Dirck's who without doubt had heard him. Not so, said the defendant, as plaintiff whispered it to him so that none of the bystanders could hear him. Tomas Lodowyck, a witness for the plaintiff, testified that as he was proceeding with Hardenbroeck and some women folks towards the Bouwerij he saw the defendant draw the knife on the plaintiff whom he pursued with many abusive and threatening words. The Mayor's Court referred the matter to the Court of Assizes and meanwhile held defendant in the sum of fl. 500 Hollands to keep the peace. The scene of the above encounter was at the junction of 4th Avenue and Astor Place where nearby Gerritsen's farm was located. It had a frontage on the Bowery, just north of Art Street, of 16 rods and a depth of 100 rods, and contained about 5 acres, or two morgen and four hundred. Together with a house and garden. Grant dated May 26th, 1668. (*Hoffman*, II:193.)

Peter Stoutenburgh's plantation (acquired in 1664) "near the Governor's bouwerij" was just north of Cosyne Gerritse's. His house and garden, however, were in the city lying "under the fortifications and bulwarks." Having just been recaptured

and renamed (New Orange) the municipal authorities in 1673 decided that buildings so located should be "instantly demolished" for defensive reasons. (*Hol. Docs.*, Vol. II:634.) Stoutenburgh's lot was valued by appraisers, together with the cost of removal, at fl. 880 wampum and the lot assigned to him in the Company's Garden No. 3, to which the house was to be removed, at fl. 460, thus making a balance of fl. 420 due him. (*Ibid.*, 636.) He was nominated as Schepen, August 16th, of this year (*Ct. Mins.*, Vol. VI:397) and took the oath of allegiance after the surrender. (*Hol. Docs.*, Vol. III:76.)

Gerrit Hendricksen, a farmer, owned a plantation nearby. He was condemned to pay the cost of the repair of the common fence in 1656, but on his statement that he had no money Burgomaster van Cortlandt paid his fine. (*Ct. Mins.*, Vol. II:92). By his will, dated Nov. 8th, 1683, he stated his wife was Margaret Moll, deceased. His children by her were Henry, Húybert, Johanes, Abraham, Isaac, Margaret and Maria Gerrits. The second wife, Josyntie Thomas, had two children, viz: Elizabeth and Peter. It was provided that, in case the bouwerij was sold the children should be put in trade. They all took the name of Gerritsen. Margaret married Lambert Hessen(?). Witnesses: John Pieterse Herring, John Tiebout and William Bogardus, notary. (*N. Y. His. Soc. Coll.*, 1892:471.)

The names of some of the later inhabitants are derived from the records of the Dutch Church, dating from nearly the original settlement. (*New York Gen. & B. Society Colls.*, I.)

1672, Jan. 21. Anthony Backers, Neger, m. Mayken Arta, negine, of Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 35.)

March 10. Geertje Couzyns. of Beyond the Fresh Water, m. Andries Jeurians of Bergen. (p. 35.)

Nov. 17. Willem Anthonissen, Neger, m. Margaret Pieters of Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 36.)

1673, July 2. Hendrick Bastiaenszen, j. m. of Cúylenbúrg, m. Marritje Hendricks, j. d. of Brevoort in the Province of Uijtrecht, now of Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 37.)

Sept. 25. Gerrit Cosynszen, j. m. of New Nederland, m. Belitje Jacobs, j. d. of Fort Orange, living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 37.)

1677, June 18. Jan Davidszen, j. m. from Sweden and Deútal-baij (Turtle bay) m. Jannetje Jans, j. d. of Leyden and the bouwerij. (p. 42.)

1678, March 26. Egbert Fockenszen, j. m. from Drenthe, m. Elsje Lucas, j. d. of New York both living at the Bouwerij. (p. 44.)

1679, April 15. Húijbert Gerritszen, j. m. of New York, m. Willemetje Ariaens, j. d. from Gelderlandt, both living at the Bouwerij. (p. 45.)

1680, Feb. 25. Michiel Manúels, j. m., m. Marie Brúijn, j. m. from London, both living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 46.)

March 31. Claes Manúels, neger, m. Lucretia Lovijse, negress, both living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 47.)

August 8. Cornelis Adriaenszen, j. m. from Thúijl in Gelderlandt, m. Anna Frans, j. d. of New Albany, both living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. "On account of the bridegroom's sickness marriage in front of the bed." (p. 47.)

Nov. 3. Frans Abrahamszen, j. m. from Bedford, m. Lucretia Hendricks, j. d. of the bouwerij. (p. 48.)

1681, Dec. 10. Pieter Janszen, j. m. of Amersfoort, m. Belitje Adriaens, j. d. of New York, both living Beyond the Fresh Water. (p. 49.)

1682, Feb. 4. Willem Anthony, widower of Margaret Pieters, m. Maria Claerce, j. d. from England, living Beyond Fresh Water. (p. 50.)

April 9. Lambert Aertzen from Thúijl in Gelderlandt, m. Margretje Gerrits, j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 50.)

July 26. Pieter van Kampen, widower of Susanna Hillarie —, m. widow Lovys Angola, both living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 51.)

1683, May 9. James Babbage, j. m. of England, m. Bersheba Torner, j. d. of Westchester, living at the Fresh Water. Married by the English minister. (p. 52.)

1684, June 12. Jan Willemszen Romen, j. m. from Cúylenbúrg, the man living here, the woman at the Bouwery. (p. 55.)

1685, June 24. Johanes Andrieszen, j. m. from Spangien, m. Agneitje Abrahams, widow of Jan Tobiaszen, both living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 57.)

Nov. 25. Gerrit Bastiaenszen, j. m. from Cuylenburg, m. Tryntze Thijs, j. d. of New Albany, both living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 58.)

1686, Sept. 29. Pieter Janszen Bogart, j. m. from Leerdam, m. Fijtje Thyssen j. d. of New Albany, the man living at Nieuw Haarlem, the woman at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 61.)

1688, June 9. Nathaniel Southfield, j. m. Barbados, m. Stijn-tje Jans, j. d. from Zúijtrivier, living next to Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 64.)

1689, May 20. Jacques Fonteijn, j. m. from Boswijck, m. Anna Webbers, j. d. of New York, both living Beyond the Fresh Water. (p. 66.)

1689, Sept. 8. Nathaniel Pittman, j. m. from Bristol, England, m. Mary Merrit, widow of Walter Dop, both living Beyond the Fresh Water. (p. 67.)

Nov. 22. (lic^d) Manúel Pieters, widower of Dorothea d'Angola, m. Marij Ken d'Angola, widow of Domingo d'Angola, both negroes and living at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 68.)

December 1. Theúnis Quíck, j. m. of New Albany, m. Vroúwtje Jans, j. d. of Stuyvesant's bouwerij, the man living here, the woman at Tappan. (p. 68.)

1691, Nov. 18. Pieter Lúcaszen, free negro, j. m. from Crome-skij, m. Marijken Jans, free negress, j. d. of Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 71.)

Dec. 9. Dirck Zlijek, widower of Anna Jans, m. Hendrickje Hendricks, j. d. of Stuyvesant's bouwerij, both living here. (p. 71.)

1696, Jan. 8. Abraham Janszen, j. m. from Maspot Kill, m. Sara Etkins, j. d. from the Bouwery, both living here. (p. 82.)

1699, April 30. Cozyn Gerritszen, j. m. of Stuyvesant's bouwerij, m. Catalina van Gúnst, j. d. of New York, both living here. (p. 89.)

April 30. Samuel's Jakaen, j. m. of New York, m. Neeltje Gerrits, of Stuyvesant's bouwerij, both living here. (p. 89.)

1700, July 14. Benjamin Quáckenbosch, j. m. of New Albany, m. Claesje Webbers j. d. of the Poor bouwery, both living almost at Stuyvesant's bouwerij. (p. 93.)

1704. April 17. Hendrich de Kamp, j. m. from N. Uijtrecht,

living on Staten Island, m. Maria de Lamars, j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 101.)*

1709, June 10. Fredrik Jacobse Woertenijke, j. m. of the Bowery, m. Divertje Quakkenbos, j. d. of Albany, living at the bouwerij. (p. 110.)

June 10. David Mandeviel, j. m. from Hempstead, m. Jannetje Jacobs Woertendijk, j. d. of the bouwerij. (p. 110.)

1710, Feb. 14. Thomas Grikson, widower of Elizabeth Wijnruit, m. Janneke Andries, j. d. both living at the Bouwerij. (p. 111.)

April 13. Cornelisz Jacobse Woertendijk, j. m. of the Bouwerij, m. Janneke Paers, j. d. of New York. (p. 111.)

June 1. Benjamin van Vegten, j. m. of New Albany, m. Jenneke Eckkisse, j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 112.)

Dec. 20. Bernardus Jansse, j. m. of Flatlands, m. Jannetje Salomons, j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 113.)

1711, Aug. 25. Jacob Koning, widower, of New York, m. Claasje Cornelis, widow of Reinier Quakkenbos, of the Bouwerij. (p. 116.)

1712, Mch. 24. Casparus Fransee, j. m. of the Bouwerij, m. Elizabeth Pietersse, j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 117.)

Mch. 8. (lie^d) Salomon Jacobsz, j. m. of Amsterdam, m. Eva Woertendijk, widow of Thomas Sjerman of the Bouwerij. (p. 117.)

1718, Nov. 25. Thomas de la Montagne, j. m. Rebecca Bruijn, j. d. living at the bouwerij. (p. 129.)

1719, Dec. 1. Adam Arré, j. m. of Raretans, m. Susanna Salomons, j. d. of the bouwerij. (p. 131.)

1722, Feb. 20. Caleb Miller, j. m., m. Apollonia Barres, j. d. Both from England living at the bouwerij. (p. 135.)

April 14. Nicolaes Thomasz, m. Jannetje janssen, widow of Thomas Gerritsson of New York, living at the bouwerij. (p. 136.)

1736, Sept. 19. Benjamin Waldron, j. m. of New Haarlem, m. Elizabeth Samman, j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 159.)

1740, July 18. Walther Edwards, j. m. of Old England, living here, m. Marijtje Dok. j. d. of the Bouwerij. (p. 165.)

*Those who lived at the Bowery at a later period, taken from the same records, follow. Without doubt some of these were from other bouwerijs (farms).

Dec. 7. Abraham Pit, j. m. of New York, m. Susanna Wood, j. d. of the bouwerij. (p. 166.)

1746, July 25. Cornelis Dykman, j. m., m. Elizabeth Gerdin, j. d., both of the bouwerij. (p. 175.)

August 30. Richard Hoppe, j. m., m. Maria Orseltown, j. d., both of the bouwerij. (p. 175.)

1747, Jan. 11. Cornelis Webbers, j. m., m. Anna Sighels, j. d. both of the bouwerij. (p. 176.)

1766, Dec. 22. Abraham Rithan, j. m. from Paramus, m. Sara Webbers, j. d. of the bouwerij. (p. 225.)

1774, June 11. Herry Crún, free negro, m. Jain, negress of John Dykman. (p. 241.)

The Governor and later his widow and sons offered inducements to tenants who would settle near the Bouwerij and by 1702 about 400 people lived in that vicinity, mostly within a short distance of the ancestral home.

The Governor's portrait which is in the Historical Society's Building displays a strongly marked noble countenance and would at any time arrest attention even if the subject were unknown. An interesting query has arisen in reference to which leg he sacrificed to the god of war before he landed at New Netherland. There continues to be a shadow of doubt notwithstanding that the preponderance of opinion, as shown in early woodcuts, makes the right leg the wooden one. Washington Irving also seems to have taken this for granted, but this facetious native New Yorker, in his history of New York disclaims being taken seriously.

The famous pear tree* planted by the Governor grew from a slip which he brought with him on his return in 1667. How this tree could have been planted in 1647 as some historians assert passes comprehension. A mere review of the facts is sufficient to shelve such a statement. Would the Governor, just arrived, take the slip up to the site of a farm he did not own at the time, and of which presumably he had no knowledge? The tree bore fruit until November, 1867, when in crippled stateliness, it was

*The Stuyvesant Pear Tree. This venerable Tree, the object of regard to all knickerbockers, is once more in bloom. It is, if our memory serves us, about 230 years old. (*N. Y. Times*, May 2, 1853). An example of a very faulty memory indeed.

knocked over by a careless truck driver. An effort was made to preserve the shoots which put forth from the roots with no success. Forty odd years ago, however, Jesse Ryder of Ossining secured two grafts and planted them on his farm. One of them grew to be a thrifty tree and was in 1902 in good condition. So a lineal descendant of the original tree was in existence on the farm of Jesse's son, Malcolm, some three miles from that village. (F. W. Crane in *N. Y. Times* May 4, 1902.) Now and again the location of the old tree has been the cause of discussion. It is undoubtedly true that it stood on the northeast corner of 13th Street and 3rd Avenue. Numerous pictures of it have appeared in the histories of the city. The map of the village fixes its position correctly. On the house at the location above has been erected a tablet with this inscription:

On this corner grew
Petrus Stuyvesant's pear tree.
Recalled to Holland in 1664,
on his return
he brought the pear tree
and planted it
as his memorial.
"By which," said he, "my name
may be remembered."
The pear tree flourished
and bore fruit for over
two hundred years.
This tablet is placed here by
the Holland Society
of New York,
September, 1890.

It would be an instance of supererogation to recite here the particulars of Stuyvesant's administration. Sufficient is it to observe that he was fortunate to hold office during the golden age of the Colony's history and was supported by his employers in granting autonomy to the inhabitants such as was but vaguely anticipated as a hoped for happy reality. It was at his bouwerij, says the Book of General Entries, 33, that the parties appointed to agree on terms of surrender met September 6th, 1664. The Hon. Jan de Decker, Capt. Nicholas Varleth and Dr. Samuel Megapolensis, nominated by the council; Burgomasters Cornelis Steenwyck, Oloff Stevenson van Cortlandt and Schepen Jacques Cousseau, by the city were those who represented New Amsterdam and were appointed the previous day. Says Dr.

O'Callaghan: "Thus was fitly consummated an act of spoliation which, in a period of profound peace, wrested this Province from its rightful owners by means of violating all public justice and infringing all public law. The only additional outrage that remained was to impose on the country the name of one unknown in history, save as a bigot and tyrant—the enemy of religious and political freedom wherever he ruled. New Netherland was accordingly called New York."

The governor's after life was uneventful. He devoted himself to his farm and cattle and died at his country seat, having lived only eight years after his retirement from office. Had he been spared a little longer he would have had the satisfaction of seeing the flag of Patria again raised over the Fort he had been so loath to surrender. The walls of this commodious house rose among the trees of the wilderness in 1653, it is related, the same year, by the way, when the hamlet at the south end of the island became the city of New Amsterdam. Authorities differ as to the materials of its construction. Some say it was built of brick from Holland and others of wood with brick foundation. From the appearance of the view it might be either. Two stories in height, with a small attic under the curved Dutch eaves, its second story projected over the first, thus making a porch or covering for the doorway. Altogether an admirable specimen of the typical house inhabited by a well-to-do landowner, it remained standing until 1777 when it caught fire and was totally destroyed. The Memorial History fixes the date of this catastrophe as October 24th, 1778.* All authorities agree that it was during the British occupation at any rate. The grounds in front were laid out in stiff garden style arranged in geometrical figures—squares, circles and crescents—after the mode in vogue in the fatherland. Parts of the walls of this bouwerij house remained as late as 1851. One brick thereof is preserved at the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

Stuyvesant's remains were deposited in the vault which he

*The Editor of the Memorial History, Gen. James Grant Wilson, wrote me under date of September 17th, 1907, in answer to an enquiry, as follows: "There is no doubt that the Stuyvesant Mansion was destroyed Oct. 24th, 1778, as stated in my history of New York. In the Centennial sermon delivered in St. Mark's Church by its rector, the Rev. Dr. Rylance, a few years ago, that date is confirmed." An examination of the pamphlet in question fails to confirm the month and day.

himself had had constructed under the chapel. Many of his descendants have been interred near him beside that little church, and there also reposes the body of the English Governor Col. Henry Sloughter who died in 1691, (Mem. History, I:488) and that of Peter Vallet, Esq., who was designated, with Peter van Brugh Livingston, by an act of the N. Y. Assembly in 1746, a manager of a lottery to raise funds to establish a college, which is now Columbia.*

The stone which designated the location of the tomb became so weather worn that its inscription for years was almost unintelligible and in September, 1902, his descendant, Robert Reade Stuyvesant, of the line of Nicholas William II, who married Catherine Livingston, daughter of John and Catherine (Livingston) Reade, caused to be inserted in the wall on the east side of St. Mark's Church, looking towards 2nd Avenue, a new stone commemorating the burial of his ancestor which was inscribed in these words:

In this vault lies buried
PETRUS STUYVESANT
late Captain General & Governor in Chief of Amsterdam
In New Netherlands, now called New York,
And the Dutch West India Islands. Died A. D., 167½
Aged 80 years.

There is a slight change from the former inscription, the original epitaph reading: "Died A. D. 167½, aged eighty years." The old stone was not placed in the wall until long after Stuyvesant's decease and it is thought by some antiquarians that it may be only somewhat over a century old. The date of the death seems to have escaped the memory and the month was not even known until the late William Kelby, the librarian of the New

*Mr. Peter Vallet, an eminent Merchant of this City, departed this Life on Sunday last and two days after his corpse was carried out of Town on a black Hearse and entered in the Stuyvesant vault:—This gentleman was born in France but preferring a foreign Country to his own, for a Liberty of Conscience which at Home he could not enjoy; he fled that Kingdom (as did many others) in the Reign of Queen Ann. It is said he is survived but by one of all these Gentlemen Refugees who supported the French Church of New York in the Figure it made 30 years ago. Mr. Vallet affected no Noise nor Bustle but lived retired from both in the calm Exercise of all the Virtues of a Christian and Gentleman. He was universally respected while he lived and died at an advanced Age, and to adopt the emphatic Language of Scripture, the Remembrance of him is sweet. (*New York Gazette*, revived in the *Weekly Post Boy*, December 18th, 1752). Peter Vallet, of a later generation, advertised good Jamaica Rum to be sold at his home in Smith street, "by the Hogshead or Smaller Quantity," (*Ibid.*, Dec. 25, 1849).

York Historical Society, discovered that it was in February of the year 1672, under present notation. The exact day is lost. A quotation from a paper read before said Society by Benjamin Robert Winthrop, one of the Governor's descendants, is pertinent: "From the construction of the vault and the position of the entrance I have come to the conclusion that the western gable of the old church must have stood about ten or twelve feet from the eastern gable of the present edifice. [St. Mark's.] My reason for this conclusion is that what appears to have been an entrance has been closed up by brick work while the rest of the vault is of solid masonry."

Domine Selyns wrote an epitaph in the Governor's memory containing a play on the name which Henry C. Murphy (*Anthology of New Netherland*,) has translated in this way:

*Stir not the sand too much, for there lies Stuyvesant
Who erst commander was of all New Netherland,
Freely or no, unto the foe, the land did he give over.
If grief and sorrow any hearts do smite, his heart
Did die a thousand deaths and undergo a smart
Insuff'able. At first, too rich; at last too pauvre.*

An intimation that he died of a broken heart because of the surrender.

Journal of George Croghan, January— February, 1753=4

CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN W. JORDAN, LL.D.
Librarian Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

THE threatening movements of the French west of the Allegheny mountains, gave so much concern to Governor James Hamilton, of Pennsylvania, that he selected George Croghan, Andrew Montour and John Patten, who had large experience in Indian affairs, to rendezvous at Logstown, an Indian village on the right bank of the Ohio river, 14 miles below Pittsburgh, and gather what information they could, and to ascertain the status of the Indians in that locality. Col. George Washington had been previously sent on a similar mission by the Governor of Virginia.

Croghan, in forwarding his journal to Governor Hamilton of what transpired at the Logstown conference, wrote:

“By Mr. Andrew Montour and Mr. John Patten I have sent your Honor a copy of all our proceedings at Logstown, and all the news I heard worth mentioning. Your Honor will see by the Indians’ speeches that they are in high spirits and very willing to defend themselves from the enemy, provided the English Government, on whom they depend, will assist them. They expect your Honor will immediately order a house to be built to keep necessities in to enable them to carry on a war against their enemy, who has already invaded their country. Your Honor will also see by ye Indian’s speech that a part of that speech sent you by Louis Montour, must have been forged by those that wrote the speech Mr. Montour and myself brought. Joseph Campbell, who was ye interpreter of that speech, and the Indians face to face, when ye Half King proved that there was not a word of giving up their lands to pay ye Traders debts mentioned. . . .”

George Croghan was a native of Ireland, and when he came to Pennsylvania settled near Harris' Ferry, and was an Indian trader as early as 1746. Having secured the confidence of the Indians and acquired their languages, he became agent of the Province among them and served on many important missions. He was a captain in Braddock's expedition of 1755, and the year following was appointed Deputy Indian agent for the Pennsylvania and Ohio Indians by Sir William Johnson. In 1765, when on a mission to pacify the Indians in Illinois, he was attacked, wounded and taken prisoner to Vincennes, but soon released and accomplished his mission. For over thirty years he rendered valuable services in pacifying the Indians and conciliating them to the British interests until the breaking out of the Revolution. He died near Philadelphia in the Summer of 1782.

The Half King, spokesman for the Indians at the conference, was a Seneca chief then residing at Logstown, and his name is a familiar one in the Indian history of the Province, prior to his death at Harris' Ferry in October of 1754. The brothers Andrew and Louis Montour, were the sons of the equally well known Madam Montour.

GEORGE CROGHAN'S JOURNAL

Jany. 12th, 1753-4.—I arrived at Turtle Creek, about 8 miles from y^e forks of Monongahela, where I was informed by John Fresar, an Indian Trader, that Mr. [George] Washington who was sent by y^e Governor of Virginia to y^e French Camp was returned. Mr. Washington told Mr. Fresar, that he had been very well used by y^e French General, that after he had delivered his message, the General told him his orders were to take all English he found on Ohio, which orders he was determined to obey, and further told him, that y^e English had no business to trade on Ohio, for that all y^e Lands of Ohio belonged to his Master, the King of France, all to the Allegheny Mountain. Mr. Washington told Mr. F. y^e Fort where he was, is very strong, and that they had abundance of Provisions, but they would not let him see their Magazine. There is about 100 soldiers and 50 workmen at that Fort and as many more at y^e upper Fort and about 50 men

at Venango; y^e rest of their Army went home last Fall, but is to return as soon as possible this Spring. When they return, they are to come down to Logstown in order to build a Fort somewhere thereabouts. This is all I heard of Mr. Washington's journey worth relating to y^r Honour.

On y^e 13th. I arrived at Shanopen's town where Mr. [Andrew] Montour and Mr. [John] Patten overtook me.

On y^e 14th. We set off to Logstown where we found y^e Indians all drunk. Y^e first salutation we got was from one of the Shawnese who told Mr. Montour and myself, we were prisoners, before we had time to tell them that their men that was in prison in Carolina were released, and that we had two of them in our company. The Shawnese have been very uneasy about those men that was in prison, and had not those men been released, it might have been of very ill consequence at this time, but so soon as they found their men were released, they seemed all overjoyed and I believe will prove true to their alliance.

On y^e 15th. Five canoes of French came down to Logstown in company with y^e Half King and some more of y^e Six Nations, in number a Sergeant and 15 soldiers.

On y^e 16th. In the morning Mr. Patten took a walk to where y^e French had pitched their tents, and on his returning back by y^e officers' tent, he ordered Mr. Patten to be brought into him, on which word came to y^e Town that Mr. Patten had been taken prisoner. Mr. Montour and myself immediately went to where y^e French were encamped, where we found y^e French officer and y^e Half King in a high dispute; y^e officer told Mr. Montour and me, that he meant no hurt to Mr. Patten, but wondered he should pass backward and forward without calling in. Y^e Indians were all drunk and seemed very uneasy about y^e French for stopping Mr. Patten, on which y^e officer ordered his men on board their canoes and set off to a small town of y^e Six Nations about two miles below y^e Logstown, where he intended to stay till y^e rest of their Army comes down. As to any particulars that passed between y^e Officer and Mr. Patten, I refer y^r Honour to Mr. Patten.

By a Chickasaw man who has lived among the Shawnese since he was a lad and is just returned from y^e Chickasaw country,

where he has been making a visit to his friends, we hear that there is a large body of French at y^e Falls of Ohio, not less he says than 1000 men, that they have abundance of provisions and powder and lead with them, and that they are coming up y^e River to meet y^e Army from Canada coming down. He says, a canoe with 10 Frenchmen in her came to y^e lower Shawnese town with him, but on some of y^e English traders threatening to take them, they set back that night without telling their business.

By a message sent here from Fort Detroit by the Wayondotts to y^e Six Nations, Delaware and Shawnese, we hear that the Ottawas are getting together on this side of Lake Erie, several hundreds of them, in order to cut off y^e Shawnese at y^e lower Shawnese town; y^e French and Ottawas offered the hatchet to y^e Wayondotts, but they refused to assist them.

We hear that y^e Tweetwees, that went last Spring to Canada to council with the French, returned last Fall, that they had taken hold of y^e French hatchet, and had gone back to their old towns among y^e French.

From y^e 16th till y^e 26th. We could do nothing, the Indians being constantly drunk.

On y^e 26th. The French called y^e Indians to Council and made them a present of goods. On the Indians return y^e Half King told Mr. Montour and me, he would take an opportunity to repeat over to us what y^e French said to them.

On y^e 27th. We called y^e Indians to Council and clothed y^e two Shawnese according to the Indian custom, and delivered them up in Council, with your Honor's speeches sent by Mr. Patten, which Mr. Montour adapted to Indian form, as much as was in his power and mine.

On y^e 28th. We called y^e Indians to Council again and delivered to them a large belt of Black and White Wampum, in y^r Honor's and the Governor of Virginia's name, by which we desired they might open their minds to your Honor and speak from their Hearts and not from their Lips, and that they might now inform your Honor by Mr. Andrew Montour whom he had chosen to transact business, you and y^r Brethren at Ohio, whether that speech which they sent your Honor by Mr. Louis Montour

was agreed on in Council or not, and assured them they might freely open their minds to their Brethren, y^r Honor and the Governor of Virginia, as y^e only friends and brethren they had to depend on.

Gave y^e Belt.

After delivering y^e Belt, Mr. Montour gave them the goods left in my care by y^r Honor's Commissioners at Carlisle, and at the same time made a speech to them to let them know that these goods was for y^e use of their Warriors and defence of their Country.

As soon as the goods were delivered the Half King made a speech to y^e Shawnese and Delawares, and told them as their Brother Onas had sent them a large supply of necessaries for y^e defence of their Country, that he would put it in their care until all their Warriors would have occasion to call for it, as their Brethren, y^e English, had not yet got a strong house to keep such things safe in.

The 31st. A speech delivered by y^e Half King, in answer to y^r Honor's speeches on delivering y^e Shawnese.

Brother Onas, we return you our hearty thanks for y^e trouble you have taken in sending for our poor relations y^e Shawnese, and with these four strings of Wampum we clear our eyes and hearts that you may see y^e Brothers y^e Shawnese as you best wish to do, and not think that any small disturbance shall obstruct y^e friendship so long subsisting between you and us y^r Brethren the Six Nations, Delawares and Shawnese, we will make all Nations that are in alliance with us acquainted with y^e care you have had of our people at such a great distance from both you and us.

Gave 4 strings of Wampum.

A speech delivered by y^e Half King.

Brethren, y^e Governors of Pennsylvania and Virginia, you desire us to open our mind to you and to speak from our hearts, which we assure you Brethren we do: you desire we may inform you whether that speech sent by Lewis Montour, was agreed on in Council or not, which we now assure you it was in part, but that part giving y^e Lands to pay y^e Traders debts, we know nothing of, it must have been added by y^e Traders that wrote y^e

letter; but we earnestly requested by that Belt and likewise we now request, that our Brother y^e Governor of Virginia may build a strong house at y^e Forks of the Monongahela, and send some of our young brethren, their warriors, to live in it, and we expect our Brothers of Pennsylvania will build another house somewhere on y^e river, where he shall think proper, where whatever assistance he will think proper to send us may be kept safe for us, as our enemies are just at hand and we don't know what day they may come upon us. We now acquaint our Brethren that we have our hatchet in our hands to stick y^e enemy as soon as our Brethren comes to our assistance.

Gave a belt and eight strings of Wampum.

| | |
|------------------|---------------|
| Tonelaguesona, | Half King, |
| Shingas, | Skasuntia, |
| Delaware George, | Coswentaunea. |
| Newcommer, | |

After y^e Chiefs had signed y^e last speech the Half King repeated over y^e French Council which was as follows:

Children, I am come here to tell you that your Father is coming to visit you and to take you under his care, and I desire you may not listen to any ill news you hear, for I assure you, he will not hurt you. 'Tis true he has something to say to y^r Brethren y^e English, but do you sit still and don't mind what y^e Father does to y^e Brothers, for he will not suffer y^e English to live or trade on this river Ohio, on which he made them a present of goods.

Feby. 1st. By a cousin of Mr. Montour's that came to Logstown in company with a Frenchman from Venango by land, we hear that y^e French expect four hundred men every day to y^e Fort above Venango and as soon as they come they are to come down the river to Logstown to take possession from the English till y^e rest of y^e Army comes in the Spring. The Frenchman who came here in company with Mr. Montour's cousin is Keeper of y^e King's Stores and I believe y^e Chief of his business is to take a view of y^e country and to see what number of English there are here and to find out how y^e Indians are affected to y^e French.

Febry. 2d. Just as we were leaving Logstown y^e Indiaus made the following speech:

Brethren, y^e Governor of Pennsylvania and Virginia: We have opened our hearts to you and let you know our minds. We now by these two strings of Black Wampum desire you may directly send to our assistance, that you and us may secure y^e Lands of Ohio, for there is nobody but you, our Brethren, and ourselves have any right to y^e land, but if you don't send immediately we shall surely be cut off by our enemy y^e French.

Gave two strings Black Wampum.

Febry. 2d. A speech made to us by Shingas, King of the Delawares.

Brother Onas, I am glad to hear all our people here are of one mind. 'Tis true I live here on y^e river side which is y^e French road, and I assure you by these three strings of Wampum, that I will neither go down nor up, but will move nearer to my brethren y^e English where I can keep our women and children safe from y^e enemy.

Gave three strings of Wampum.

The Rouse Family

JUDGED by the fundamental test of perpetuation in an unbroken lineage from a historical period anterior to the existence of precise records, the family of Rouse (le Roux, Rufus, Rous, Rowse, etc.) is one of the most ancient in Europe. "It reaches back," says a writer on the origin of surnames, "to the Norman invasion of England, back to the Norse invasion of Normandy, and still farther back to the old Danish and Norse histories." All the principal authorities on the ancestry of the gentle families of England are agreed respecting the Norman derivation of the Rouses, the transplantation of the family to Britain in 1066 by a noble knight in the army of William the Conqueror, and its uninterrupted repute and prominence from that remote period.

Says the author of "The Norman People," quoted by the duchess of Cleveland in "The Battle Abbey Roll": "The English line descends from Turchil Rufus or le Rous, who came to England in 1066 and held lands in Norfolk from Alan Fitz-Flaad, ancestor of the Fitz-Alans. Alexander Rous appears in the *Lib-er Niger*; also Richard Rous, who held from de Albini in the eastern counties. Hugo Rufus was viscount of Norfolk in 1225. Richard le Rous of Norfolk died 1277, and had Alan, who in 1366 was lord of Durham and East Lexham, Norfolk, and had Peter le Rous of Dennington, ancestor of the Rouses of that place, from whence descend the Rouses of Henham, earls of Stradbroke."

The same author, referring to aspects of the Rouse family history subsequently to the conquest, remarks: "This family is Norman, and in 1165 held lands near Rouen from the county of Breteuil. Ralph le Roux was sent in 1119 by Henry I. to the aid of Ralph de Guader, and in 1120 was one of the nobles who perished with Prince Henry in the '*Blanche Nef*'."

Among other citations made by the duchess of Cleveland, which bear upon the early history of the Rouses, are the following:

"In Gloucestershire the manor of Dunstbourne-Rous, soon after the conquest, belonged to John le Rous, and continued long in the family. Roger le Rous held there in the twenty-second year of Edward I., and John le Rous *temp.* Edward II. He was in rebellion against that king, and was attainted and his lands forfeited, but restored in the first year of Edward III."—*Atkyns*.

"In Wiltshire Richard Ruffus or le Rous had a grant of Imber from Henry II. for his services as chamberlain. Sir Roger and Sir John attended Edward I. in his wars. After the time of Henry VI. I can find no descendants of le Rous of Imber."—*Hoare*.

"Little Mitton in Blackburnshire was granted by Robert de Lacy, third of Henry I., to Ralph le Roux, whose posterity were named for that place."—*Whittaker's Whalley*.

Thomas le Rous was high sheriff of Leicestershire in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth years of Edward II. John Rufus in time of Henry II. was seated at Ragley in Warwickshire and Lench-Randolph in Worcestershire; his last heir male, Sir Thomas, died in 1721. Another John Rouse, who died in 1491 and lies buried in the nave of Warwick Church, was, says Leland, 'of the Howse of Ragley by Alcester. He beareth three Crounes in his Armes.' The Augustinian priory of Woodbridge in Suffolk was founded by Hugh le Rous, but at what date is uncertain. The prior and convent were bound to pray and say mass for the souls of Sir Hugh, the founder, and six other knights of the same surname, registered on a table in this monastery"—*Davis's Suffolk Collections*.

From those invaluable genealogical records, the Heralds' "Visitations," by which, in early times, the arms and pedigrees of English families were officially authenticated and registered, several of the principal branches of Rouse descent may readily be traced by any one who will take the trouble to refer to the published works.

ROUS OF DENNINGTON AND HENHAM HALL

Foremost of these lines, on account of its subsequent distinction, is that of Rous of Dennington and later of Henham Hall, in the county of Suffolk. From it is descended, in the direct or eldest line of succession to estates, title, and arms, the most distinguished English family of the name at the present day, represented by George Edward John Mowbray Rous, whose titles in the peerage are earl of Stratbroke, Viscount Dunwich, and Baron Rous of Dennington.¹

Through a younger branch of the same original stock comes the American family of Rouse to which this memoir is devoted—established in Massachusetts toward the middle of the eighteenth century by I. *Benjamin Rouse*, from Essex, England, and since represented, successively, in a continuous made descent,

1. As the representative English branch of the family, and for the purpose of comparison, we give below the lineage of the earls of Stratbroke, condensed from a late edition of Burke's "Peerage":

Sir Anthony Rouse, knight, of Dennington, purchased Henham Hall, Suffolk, from Sir Arthur Hopton, and from him lineally descended (several connecting generations being here omitted):

Sir John Rous of Henham Hall, M. P., who was created a baronet, May 17, 1660, m. (2d) Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Knyvett, Esq., of Ashwell-Thorp, County Norfolk, and was succeeded by his only son,

Sir John Rous, high sheriff of Suffolk in 1661; m., 1st, Philippa, daughter of Thomas Bedingfield, Esq.; 2d, Anne, daughter of Robert Wood, Esq.; succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John Rous, M. P., at whose decease, unmarried, the title devolved upon his half-brother,

Sir Robert Rous, who m. Lydia, daughter of John Smith, Esq., of Holton, County Suffolk, and was succeeded by his only surviving son,

Sir John Rous, member of parliament for County Suffolk in 1768; m., in 1749, Judith, daughter and heiress of John Bedingfield, Esq., of Beeston, County Norfolk; d. October 31, 1771, and was succeeded by his only son,

Sir John Rous, b. May 30, 1750; member of parliament for County Suffolk from 1789 to 1796; elevated to the peerage, May 28, 1796, as Baron Rous of Dennington; created, July 18, 1821, Viscount Dunwich and earl of Stradbroke; m., 1st Frances Juliana Warter, only daughter and heiress of Edward Warter-Wilson, Esq., of Bilboa, County Limerick; 2d, Charlotte Maria, daughter of Abraham Whitaker, Esq.; d. August 27, 1827; his second son was the noted Henry John Rous (1795-1877), admiral of the royal navy, member of parliament, etc., of whom a brief notice will be found in the text. The first earl was succeeded by his eldest son,

John Edward Cornwallis Rous, second earl of Stradbroke, b. February 13, 1794; was lord lieutenant and vice-admiral of Suffolk; m. Augusta, widow of Colonel Bonham and daughter of Rev. Sir Christopher J. Musgrave, baronet of Edenhall; d. February 27, 1886; succeeded by his eldest son.

George Edward John Mowbray Rous, third earl of Stratbroke, b. November 19, 1862; vice-admiral of Suffolk, lieutenant-colonel of the First Volunteer Brigade, East Division royal artillery. Seats: Henham Hall, Wangford, Suffolk, and 33 Belgrave Square, S. W., London.

by II. *Joseph Rouse* of Boston, Mass.; III. *Benjamin Rouse* of Cleveland, O.; IV. *Edwin Coolidge Rouse* of Cleveland. and V. the late *Henry Clark Rouse* of Cleveland and New York.

The Rouse pedigree in this American line is as follows:

Turchil Rufus or *le Rous*, a knight in the army of William the Conqueror, came to England from Normandy in 1066 and held lands in Norfolk County from Alan Fitz-Flaad, ancestor of the Fitz-Alans. From him was descended.

Richard le Rous, viscount of Norfolk, died in 1277, and had 1. Alan le Rous, who in 1316 was lord of Dunham and East Lexham, Norfolk, and 2. *Peter le Rous* of Dennington, ancestor of the Rouses of that place, from whom are lineally descended the Rouses of the American family here considered and also the Rouses of Dennington and Henham, Suffolk, England, earls of Stradbroke.—This Peter le Rous of Dennington, county of Suffolk, gentleman (grandson of *Peter le Rous* of Dennington and great-grandson of *Richard le Rous* of Norfolk), married Maude, daughter and heiress of Ralph de Hobart of Dennington, time of Edward III. (1327-77).

[*Hobart*.—Coat armor (as borne by Hobart-Hampden, earl of Buckinghamshire): *Arms*—quarterly, 1st and 4th, argent, a saltire gules between four eagles displayed azure, for Hampden; 2d and 3d, sable, an estoile of eight rays or, between two planches ermine, for Hobart. *Crest*—1st, a talbot statant ermine, collared, ringed, and lined gules, the end of the line tied in a knot over the back, for Hampden; 2d, a bull passant per pale, sable and gules *bezantée*, in the nose a ring or, for Hobart. *Supporters*—dexter, a stag; sinister, a talbot; both proper and regarded, each gorged with a radiant collar and lined or. *Motto*—*Auctor pretiosa facit.*]

Succeeded by *William Rous* of Dennington, who by wife Katherine, daughter of Walter de Watre of Dennington, had

William Rous of Dennington, who by wife, daughter of John Clouting, gentleman, had

Robert Rous of Dennington; married Margaret, daughter of Richard Boys.

[*Boys, Boies, Boyse, Boise*.—This family was early settled at Bannow, County Wexford, Ireland. Several of its members rep-

resented Bannow in the Irish parliament. *Arms*—argent, on a chief three escallops proper, and two bars gules, below. *Crest*—two snakes intertwined erect.]

Succeeded by

Reynold Rous of Dennington, who by wife Joane Denarston of Dennington had

Sir Henry Rous; married Agnes, daughter of Mr. Denton of Oxfordshire.

[*Denton*.—*Arms*—quarterly of six: 1. argent, two bars gules, in chief three cinquefoils sable, for Denton; 2. argent, a fesse *dancettée* between three billets gules for De la Launde; 3. or, a lion rampant sable; 4. gules, a fesse *dancettée* between six cross crosslets or; 5. ermine, on a fesse (untinctured) three cross crosslets or; 6. argent, three goats' heads erased gules palewise between two pales sable, each charged with three cross crosslets of the field. *Crest*—a lion couchant or.]

Succeeded by

Sir William Rous, "Sonne and Heir"; married Alice, daughter of Sir John Sulyard of County Suffolk, chief-justice of England.

[*Sulyard*.—*Arms*—azure, a chief merine. Harleian Society publications, vol. xiii., p. 494; Metcalf's "Visitation of Suffolk," pp. 69, 168; Berry's "Kent Genealogies," p. 87; Paige's "History of Suffolk," p. 556.]

Succeeded by

Sir Anthony Rous, who bought Henham Hall in 1545; married Agnes, daughter of Sir Thomas Blennerhassett of Frense Hall, County Norfolk, knight.

[*Blennerhassett*.—This family originated in England, and either received its name from, or conferred it upon Blennerhassett in the county of Cumberland, where it appears to have been located for several centuries. The Blennerhassetts settled in Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and have since maintained the highest rank among the gentry of the county of Kerry, where the first progenitors, Themar Blennerhassett and his son, Robert, obtained a part of the earl of Desmond's large possessions. *Arms*—gules, a chevron ermine between three dolphins embowed argent. *Crest*—a wolf sejant proper. *Motto*—*Fortes fortuna juvat*. *Seat*—Ballyseedy, Ireland.]

Succeeded by

John Rous, second son, of Cratfield, County Suffolk, born 1560; married Margery, daughter of Thomas Ward.

[*Ward*.—The name is variously written Ward, Warde, de Warde, and de la Warde, and is of great antiquity in the county of Northumberland. As far back as the reign of Edward III. Simon de Warde sat in parliament for that shire, and Richard Ward was elected for the borough of Northampton in the ninth year of Henry VI. *Arms*—quarterly, 1st and 4th, azure, a cross dory or, in dexter chief a mullet for difference; 2d and 3d, a fesse between three mullets. *Crest*—a wolf's head charged in the neck with a mullet for difference.]

Succeeded by

Lany Rous of Bricklinsea, County Essex; married Eunice, daughter of Robert Wright of Dennington

[*Wright*.—*Arms*—or, on a chevron azure between three greyhounds courant sable, as many trefoils argent. *Crest*—a stag's head erased or, charged with three guttées in cross, gules.]

Succeeded by

Benjamin Rous of Clacton Magna in County Essex, gentleman, born 1634; married Mary, daughter of Robert Mott of Colchester, County Essex.

[*Mott*.—The surname Mott or de la Motte is of French origin. De la Motte Fenelon was the great archbishop of Cambria. Originally from France, and probably with William the Conqueror, the Motts have been prominent for several centuries in Essex, England. After a time the French prefix was dropped, although the forms De Motte and De la Motte are still retained by some branches in America and England. The Motts of Essex owned many manors, and the main line can be traced for five hundred years. *Arms*—sable, a crescent argent. *Crest*—an estoile of eight points argent. *Motto*—*Spectemur agendo*. (See the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, vol. xxv.)]

The preceding had issue: 1. Robert Rous, "Sonne and Heir," aged nine years in 1664, and 2.

Benjamin Rous, born 1670; married, November 18, 1705, Cathryn Julian.

[*Julien, Julian, Julian*.—*Arms*—azure, a lion rampant ar-

gent, wielding a sword of the last. *Crest*—a bear's paw erased holding the hilt of a broken sword proper.]

Succeeded by

Benjamin Rous; married, January 17, 1734, at South Church, County Essex, Rachel Sully.

[*Sully*.—*Arms*—or, two bends gules; a label azure. *Crest*—a goat passant argent.]

Succeeded by

Benjamin Rous or *Rouse*, born June 25, 1736, in the county of Essex, England, who came to Massachusetts and had for his second son

Joseph Rouse, born June 22, 1773; married in Boston, Mass., July 29, 1793, Mehitable Corbet, and had

Benjamin Rouse, born in Boston, March 23, 1795, removed to New York and finally to Cleveland, O., and died July 5, 1871; married Rebecca Elliott Cromwell, daughter of John Cromwell of Salem, Mass.

[*Cromwell*.—The Cromwell Family in America has been represented by a number of important branches from an early period of the settlement of the country. The New England branch, from which the above-named John Cromwell of Salem descended, was settled in Massachusetts before the middle of the seventeenth century; according to Savage there was a Philip Cromwell in Salem in 1647, who was b. in England about 1614, and the same authority mentions several other Cromwells of the seventeenth century residing in the colony of Massachusetts. An important and interesting family of Cromwells appeared in Westchester County, N. Y., during the same century, which, according to Bolton in his "History of Westchester County," was descended from Colonel John Cromwell, an uncle of the illustrious lord protector, Oliver Cromwell. There was also at an early period a Cromwell Family of much consideration in Maryland, which likewise traced its ancestry to the protectorial stock.

Indeed, it is probable that all the Cromwells of America have an origin identical with that of the family from which the great Oliver sprang. Especially at the time of the English Restoration and subsequently, when everything was done by the court and its sycophants to cast odium upon the name of Cromwell,

there were frequent emigrations of persons connected with the protector's family to Puritan New England.

The Cromwell line, says a learned writer, dates from Alden de Cromwell, who lived in the times of William the Conqueror, and his son Hugh de Cromwell, from whom descended ten Ralphs de Cromwell in as many successive generations. In the branch of the protector the Cromwell name became suspended by the marriage of his great-great-grandmother, Katherine Cromwell (1494), with Morgan Williams, of Welsh stock. This Katherine Cromwell was a sister of the renowned Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex (the Cromwell of Shakespeare's play), who was the chief adviser and minister of King Henry VIII. The son and heir of Morgan Williams and Katherine Cromwell was Sir Richard Williams, who took the name of Sir Richard Cromwell. Sir Richard, in a memorable tournament, enjoyed the distinction of defeating two of the bravest foreign champions, whereupon the delighted king presented him with a ring from his own finger. In memory of the event Sir Richard Cromwell and his descendants bore ever afterward, as their crest, a lion rampant holding up a ring in its right paw. (See "The House of Cromwell, by James Waylen, Sometime Secretary to Thomas Carlye." London, 1897). *Arms*—a lion rampant argent. *Crest*—a demi-lion rampant argent, in his dexter gamb a gem ring or. *Motto*—*Pax quacritur billo.*]

Benjamin and Rebecca Elliott (Cromwell) Rouse had

Edwin Coolidge Rouse, born in New York City, August 12, 1827, died in Cleveland, O., February 1, 1877; married Mary Miller, daughter of Joseph K. Miller, and had

Henry Clark Rouse, born in Cleveland, O., March 15, 1853; residence in New York City, Cleveland, O., and "The Ram-parts," Cape Ann, Mass.

It will be seen that, dating from William Rouse of Dennington, who married Katherine de Watre, eighteen generations are comprehended in this pedigree.

Arms—sable, a fesse *dancettée* or, between three crescents argent.

Crest—a pyramid of bay leaves in the form of a cone vert.

Supporters—dexter, a lion argent, maned and tufted or; sin-

ister, a sea-horse argent, maned and finned or, the tail round an anchor azure; each supporter gorged with a wreath of bay vert.

Motto—Jevive en espoir.

Dennington and Henham Hall, both in the county of Suffolk, are the two ancestral seats identified with the history of the Rouses of this line.

Dennington was brought into the family in the time of Edward III. by the marriage of Peter le Rous with a Hobart heiress, and the estates were subsequently increased by alliances with the De Watre and other families. Long before the acquisition of Henham Hall, the Rouses of Dennington were among the principal gentry of Suffolk. "Al the Rousis that be in Southfolk," quaintly writes Leland, "cum, as I can learne, out of the House of Rouse of Dinnington. Diverse of the Rouses of this Eldest House ly in Dinnington Paroche Chiorche buried under flat stones."

Henham Hall, a property which to-day, after nearly four centuries, is still the seat of the eldest branch of the Rouse Family in England, was anciently the residence of the De la Poles. It was built by Edward De la Pole, duke, marquis, and earl of Suffolk, who was beheaded in 1513. Later it was the home of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, upon whose decease it was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Arthur Hopton, knight. From him it was purchased in 1545 by Sir Anthony Rous, who enjoyed the dignity of comptroller of Calais, and under whom the importance of the family seems to have been greatly increased. "It was," says Suckling in his work on the county of Suffolk, "a very fine house, but was burnt down in 1773 through the carelessness of a drunken butler, who, while robbing the cellar during his master's absence in Italy, set fire to the sawdust in one of the wine-bins." Near the site of the original mansion another hall was built, which, with modern improvements, is the present residence of the earl of Stradbroke.

The Rouses of Henham Hall, unlike those of Halton in Cornwall (from which branch came the celebrated Francis Rous the Speaker) were staunch partisans of the king in the Civil War. The head of the house in those distressing times, Sir John Rouse,

was, says Suckling, so eminent for his loyalty that Charles II. wrote him a letter of thanks with his own hand. "There is [was] a venerable oak beneath the windows of the Hall which, according to tradition, saved his [Sir John's] life when a party of rebels arrived at Henham with a warrant for his arrest. It was even then hollow, and having been used as a summer house was fitted with a door so curiously contrived that no one suspected the cavity thus concealed. Into this hiding-place his wife conveyed him, and night after night stole out to bring him food, eluding the strict watch kept over her by the Roundheads."

ROUS OF ROUS-LENCH

While the line of Dennington and Henham is one of immediate interest in connection with the present memoir, other branches of the Rouse or Rous Family in England, descending from the same original ancestors, are of much genealogical and historical importance.

Distinguished among these is the family of Rous of Rous-Lench, Worcestershire, referred to as the "*clarissimae de Rous*" (illustrious family of Rous), whose heads were from a very early period lords of Rous-Lench parish. Their pedigree, taken by Clarenceaux about the year 1562, derives them from Sir Baldwin Rous, knight, of the early fourteenth century, time of Edward II. Previously to their appearance in Worcestershire they were seated at Ragley in Warwickshire, as appears by several inquisitions, thirty-seventh year of Edward III. (1364). They had half of the manor of Alecester, with lands in Kingsley, Aversley, etc. John Rous of Ragley possessed lands at Ambresley in the forty-third of Edward III. (1370). It was his son John who acquired the manor of Rous-Lench in Worcestershire, which he transmitted to his son Henricus or Henry at his death in the twentieth of Richard II. (1397).

Rous-Lench Manor continued in the possession of the family for nearly five hundred years, or from 1397 until 1876, when it passed to the Chafy Family, the Rev. W. H. K. Chafy becoming the thirtieth rector of the parish in 1881. The affix "Lench" means ridge, afterward being adopted as the name of a family.

Many monuments of the Rouses are to be seen in the parish church. One of the conspicuous characters of this branch was Sir Thomas Rous, who lived in Shakespeare's time. "Yew Avenue," planted in 1480, still survives as a memorial of the early Rouses. The history of Rous-Lench is an exceptional instance in the record of a family—a single manorial residence being retained and occupied for five centuries, throughout all the vicissitudes of domestic and national life. The arms of the Rouses of Rous-Lench are Sable, two bars engrailed argent. Their pedigree, dating from the period of Henry III. to the end of the eighteenth century, is as follows:

John Rous, *temp.* Henry III., had

Thomas le Rous, fifteenth Edward II. (1322), who had

Sir Baldwin Rous of Ragley (Warwickshire), who had

John Rous of Ragley, married Christian, thirty-seventh Edward III. (1364), and had

Henry Rous of Ragley and of Rous-Lench, married Maud or Margaret, daughter of John Throckmorton, and had

Thomas Rous, married Anne, daughter of Sir John Cheney, and had

William Rous of Rous-Lench, married Anne, daughter of Sir Humphrey Stafford, and had

John Rous of Everston, County Northampton, married Elizabeth Vavasor, and had

John Rous of Rous-Lench, married Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Montague, chief-justice, and had

Edward Rous of Rous-Lench, married Mary, daughter of Mr. Haselrigg of Noseley, County Leicester, died 1611, and had

Sir John Rous, knight, married Esther, daughter of Sir Thomas Temple of Warwickshire, died 1645, and had

Sir Thomas Rous baronet, married (1st) Jane, daughter of John Ferrers, Esq., of Tamworth Castle, died May 27, 1676, and had

Sir Edward Rous, baronet, died November 5, 1677; married, 1st, Elizabeth, daughter of John Lisle of Moxhull; 2d, Frances, daughter of David Murray. Issue: 1. Elizabeth Rous, died 1729. 2. Sir Francis Rous, baronet, married Frances, daughter of Thomas Archer of Umberslade, and died 1687. 3.

Sir Thomas Rous, died 1721, aged fifty-seven; married Anne, and by her had two sons who died in infancy. He left his estate to Thomas Philips, who took the name of Rous and died 1786 without issue, transmitting the Rous estate to Charles Boughton, who in his turn assumed the Rous name.

Of this branch of the family, while still having its principal seat at Ragley in Warwickshire, was the renowned JOHN ROUS the antiquarian, born in Warwickshire in 1411, son of Geoffrey Rous, who was a descendant of the Rowses or Rouses of Brinkelow in that county. He was educated at Oxford, and about 1445 was appointed a priest or chaplain of the chantry or chapel at Guy's Cliff (formerly called Gibeliff), near Warwick, which was built by Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in 1423. Here he resided until his death, engaged in profound and exhaustive scholastic labors.

One of his most important compilations was a record of the earls of Warwick, his patron's ancestors, written in English and Latin versions on rolls of parchment, both elaborately illustrated with portraits and heraldic devices, not only of the heads of the house of Warwick, but of many British kings anterior to Henry VII. Another book, in continuation of the same subject, was a Life of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick (now preserved in the Cotton MSS.), which was adorned with fifty-three drawings representing the earl's adventures, and other illustrations.

His most ambitious general historical work was "*Historia Regum Angliae*," written at the solicitation of his college friend John Seymour, who, being in charge of the erection of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was anxious to be informed about the exploits of kings and princes, to guide him in his selections of subjects for statues to fill the niches in that sanctuary.

Other writings from Rous's pen which have been preserved, or which, though not now extant, are ascribed to him by indubitable authority, were: "*De Episcopis Wigorniae*"; accounts of the antiquities of the town of Warwick and of Guy's Cliff; a refutation of a false history of the University of Cambridge; an unfinished treatise on the English universities; a chronicle entitled "*Veavoricum*," and a tract on giants.

He died January 24, 1491, and was buried in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, to which he left his library and other literary effects.

ROUS OF EDMERSTON, HALTON, AND COURTYRALA

Collaterally related to the two branches already considered was that of the family of Francis Rous the Speaker (1579-1659), which bore coat armor described as follows: *Arms*—or, an eagle displayed azure, pruning its wings, with feet and bill gules. *Crest*—a dove argent. *Motto*—*Vescitur Christo*. This is the line known as Rous of Courtyrala (formerly of Halton), within recent times represented by George Grey Rous, Esq., of Courtyrala, County Glamorgan (born 1818). (See Burke's "History of the Landed Gentry" and "Dictionary of the Landed Gentry.") Omitting nine antecedent generations (given by Burke), the pedigree starts from

Sir Robert le Rous, knight banneret, who distinguished himself under Edward the Black Prince in the wars with France and Spain, was governor of Cherbourg in the reign of Richard II., and was succeeded by his son,

William le Rous, married Alice, daughter and heiress of Thomas Edmerston of Edmerston, and had

William le Rous, who inherited his mother's lands of Edmerston, married Margaret, daughter of William Lower of the county of Cornwall, and had

John Rous, married Isabel, daughter of Henry Drewe of Modbury, and had

William Rous of Edmerston, married Sibyll, daughter of William Fowell of Fowelscombe, Devon, and had

Roger Rous of Edmerston, married Juliana, daughter of William Hill of Penquite and Fleet in Cornwall, and eventually co-heiress of her brother, John Hill, and had 1. Richard Rous, his successor. 2. John Rous, who inherited from his mother Halton and other lands in Cornwall, but dying without issue bequeathed those estates to his nephew, Sir Anthony Rous of Edmerston.

Richard Rous of Edmerston, elder son of the preceding, mar-

ried Eleanor, daughter of Sir Richard Mervyn of Fonthill, Wilts, one of the judges of the common pleas, and had

Sir Anthony Rous, who succeeded to the original estates in Devonshire, as well as Cornwall and other landed possessions; was twice sheriff of Cornwall, and "a man of great parts and virtues"; married, 1st, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Southcote and co-heiress of her mother (who was Grace, daughter of John Barnhouse and great-granddaughter of Edward Barnhouse of Kingston in the parish of Staverton); 2d, Philippa, daughter of Humphrey Coles, Esq.; 3d, Susan, daughter of Sir Lewis Pollard. His fourth son (by his first wife) was Francis the Speaker. Sir Anthony died in 1622, and was succeeded by his grandson,

William Rous, Esq., of Halton, member of parliament for Truro, who married Mary, eldest daughter of Richard, Lord Robartes of Truro. From them the elder branches of this family have descended to the present time.

FRANCIS ROUS, fourth son of Sir Anthony Rous (above), was born at Dittisham in Devonshire in 1579, was matriculated at Broadgate's Hall, afterward Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1593, and was graduated as bachelor of arts in 1597. Whilst at Oxford he contributed a prefatory sonnet to a eulogistic work on Sir Francis Drake, and wrote an ambitious poetical composition, "Thule, or Vertue's Historie," an imitation of Spenser in two books (originally published in 1596 and recently reprinted in the publications of the Spenser Society).

He entered the Middle Temple in 1601, but, abandoning his purpose of engaging in the legal profession, retired to Landrake in Cornwall, and for many years was occupied with theological studies and writings, publishing a number of works, which gave him the reputation of a sound Puritan controversialist.

In 1625 he became a member of parliament for Truro, and in 1628-9 sat for Tregony. He distinguished himself in the latter body by the violence of his attacks on Arminianism and popery. From 1640 until a short time before his death he was continuously in public life, figuring as one of the most important

men in the various parliaments of that memorable era. He was speaker of the Little or Barebones parliament from July 5 to December 12, 1653, was subsequently sworn of the protector's council of state, and was one of the committee appointed (April 9, 1656) to discuss the question of the kingship with Cromwell, by whom he was created lord of parliament in December, 1657. He died at Acton in January, 1659, and on the 24th of that month was buried with great state in Eton College Chapel. Portraits of him are preserved in that institution and in Pembroke College, Oxford. By his will he founded three scholarships in Pembroke College.

Francis Rous was one the most voluminous writers of his times, his works being almost exclusively devoted to subjects of religious and political disputation. The following is a partial list:

"Meditations of Instruction, of Exhortation, of Reprofe: in-deavouring the Edification and Reparation of the House of God." "The Arte of Happinesse, consisting of three Parts, whereof the first searcheth out the Happinesse of Man, the second particularly discovers and approves it, the third sheweth the Meanes to attayne and increase it." "Diseases of the Time attended by their Remedies." "Oyl of Scorpions." "*Testis Veritatis*," a reply to Richard Montagu's "*Appello Ceesarum*." "The Only Remedy that can Cure a People when all Other Remedies Faile." "The Mystical Marriage, or Experimental Discourses of the Heavenly Marriage between a Soule and her Saviour." "Catholicke Charity: complaining and maintaining that Rome is uncharitable to sundry eminent Parts of the Catholicke Church." "The Psalms of David in English Meeter" (a version approved by the Westminster Assembly and authorized by the committee of estates in Scotland, where it still retains its popularity). "The Balme of Love to heal Divisions." "The Lawfulness of obeying the Present Government." "The Bounds and Bonds of Publick Obedience." "*Mella Patrum*," a compilation from the fathers.

By his wife Philippa (born 1575, died 1657), Rouse had a son Francis who was born at Saltash in 1615, educated at Eton and

Oxford, and became a medical practitioner in London. He was the author of learned works, dying about 1643.

We append brief notices of other celebrated characters of the name Rous or Rouse, without especial reference to their ancestral connections.

JOHN ROUSE or Russe, one of the noted librarians of the Bodleian Library, was born in the county of Northampton, England, in 1574. He was matriculated at Oxford in 1591, graduated as bachelor of arts from Baliol College on the 31st of January, 1599, elected fellow of Oriel College in 1600, and became master of arts March 27, 1604.

On the 9th of May, 1620, he was chosen librarian of the Bodleian Library, and in that capacity he continued until his death, April 3, 1652, making a record for great faithfulness and efficiency.

The name of John Rouse the librarian is associated in an agreeable way with that of John Milton. Rouse and Milton were warm friends, and the former, having a profound appreciation of the poet's genius, applied to him on several occasions for complete copies of his works for the library. Milton, finally acceding to these solicitations, sent him, in 1647, two volumes, one comprising his prose pamphlets, carefully inscribed in his own hand "to the most excellent judge of books," and the other being a collection of poems. The volume of poems was, however, lost or stolen on the way, and "to this circumstance we owe Milton's mock-heroic lines to Rouse (dated January 23, 1646-7) inserted in a second copy still preserved at the Bodleian."

Rouse's life was devoted exclusively to his books, and his name is one of the best remembered of those of the scholarly men identified with the Bodleian Library.

JOHN ROUS, known as "the diarist," younger son of Anthony Rous, rector of Hessett, Suffolk, by his first wife Margery (who died 1588), was baptized at Hessett on the 20th of April, 1584. He was admitted a pensioner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1598, and graduated as master of arts in 1607. For many years he was associated with his father, who was a rector of the Established Church, also having pastoral charge of the small living of Stanton-Downham, Suffolk.

Throughout his life he kept a complete diary, replete with "news," both foreign and domestic, and interspersed with comments on the weather, the crops, and the affairs of the petty sessions, where he sat as a magistrate. He copied into it numerous popular skits and satirical verses of the times, many of which have survived only through him. A minute record of ordinary happenings and conditions for the period in which he lived, Rous's Diary is one of the highly esteemed historical authorities of its class.

He died at Downham, April 4, 1644, leaving daughters.

Coming down to recent times, the most conspicuous member of the Rouse Family in England was Admiral HENRY JOHN ROUSE, a younger son of the first earl of Stradbroke, by his second wife, Catharine Maria, daughter and heiress of Abraham Whittaker, Esq. He was born January 23, 1795, and was educated at Westminster School, but discontinued his studies when thirteen years old to enter the royal navy. During the Napoleonic wars his name was associated with several gallant exploits, and he enjoyed rapid promotion. He continued in the navy until October, 1835, when he retired. Subsequently he was successively promoted to rear-admiral and full admiral. He represented Westminster in parliament. For the last thirty years of his life he was enthusiastically devoted to racing sports, being "universally regarded as the dictator of the English turf."

Admiral Rouse died January 19, 1877. Though married, he left no issue.

The Rouse Family of the United States comprises a number of lines from early colonial ancestors, which, considered separately have no very close relation one to the other, but which nevertheless all spring from the immemorial British stock.

Savage, in his "Genealogical Dictionary of the Early Settlers of New England," mentions a number of persons of the name of Rous, Rouse, or Rowse who were resident during the seventeenth century in various localities of Massachusetts, including Cambridge, Groton, Gloucester, Marshfield, Little Compton, and Boston. One of the most prominent of these was Captain William Rouse of Boston, a mariner. Probably belonging to the same family was the celebrated Captain, afterward Commodore,

JOHN ROUS. Born in or near Boston in the early part of the eighteenth century, he became noted as an intrepid commander of vessels, and attracted the attention of the colonial authorities as one peculiarly fitted for the naval service in the wars with the French. In 1745 he was appointed second in command of the naval force in the expedition against Louisburg. In this enterprise he highly distinguished himself, capturing, with a twenty-gun vessel, a French frigate of sixty guns—one of the most brilliant feats in the history of the colonial wars. Continuing in the same career he entered the British navy, in which he attained the rank of commodore. He died at Portsmouth, England, April 3, 1758.

Another Rouse who acquired prominence in colonial times was JOHN ROUSE "the Quaker," son and heir of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Rous, a wealthy West Indian planter of the parish of St. Philip, Barbadoes, and one of the principal landholders of that island. Father and son became converts to the doctrines of George Fox, and the son, as early as 1656, published a "Warning to the Inhabitants of Barbadoes." In the following year, notwithstanding the cruel laws then prevalent in New England against all professing his religious creed, he came to Rhode Island, and began to preach and proselytize. Later he went to Boston, where he was arrested, publicly whipped, and by sentence of the court had his right ear cut off. After his recovery he went to England, and, by developing his large wealth to the promotion of the cause of the Friends in America and elsewhere, was instrumental in procuring toleration for them.

He was extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits in London. In March, 1661, he married Margaret, eldest daughter of Margaret Fell, one of the prominent promoters of the interests of the Friends. In 1695, returning to England from a visit to Barbadoes, the vessel which bore him was lost and all on board perished. He left an only son, Nathaniel (1671-1717), who married Hannah, daughter of Caleb Woody of Guildford, England.

AMERICAN DESCENT OF HENRY CLARK ROUSE

I

The American progenitor of the Rouse Family in the line treated in this memoir was

BENJAMIN ROUSE, known as "the elder," son of Benjamin and Rachel (Sully) Rouse. He was born in the county of Essex, England, June 25, 1736, removing to Massachusetts.

II

JOSEPH ROUSE, second son of the preceding, was born June 22, 1773. He was married in Boston, July 29, 1793, by Rev. Samuel West, to Mehitabel Corbet.

III

BENJAMIN ROUSE, son of the preceding, was born in Boston on the 23d of March, 1795. Deprived of both his parents at the age of six, he was for some time cared for by an aunt, and later found a home with his maternal grandmother. "While his early opportunities for acquiring an education were limited, he nevertheless, owing to his possession of great natural ability, gained an extensive knowledge of subjects of general interest." Throughout his life he was noted as a man of wide information and sound accomplishments.

When only seventeen years old he entered the military service of the United States as a volunteer in the War of 1812. At the close of that struggle he became associated with Peter Osgood of Boston as a building contractor, and in this department of enterprise he was subsequently (1824 to 1830) engaged with substantial success in New York City. Five years previously to his removal to New York he was married to Miss Rebecca Elliott Cromwell of Salem, Mass. This proved to be a union of truest mutual sympathy, devotion, and helpfulness, each sharing at all times, and earnestly coöperating, in the interests, plans, and noble and beneficent works of the other.

In his enterprises in New York City Mr. Rouse, as a man of marked capacity for business affairs, soon established himself on a prosperous footing. But from an early period of his career his aims in life had been by no means confined to the mere accumulation of wealth, and, imbued with a deep religious and philanthropic spirit, he sought to make his life conform to the purposes of usefulness to his fellow-men which he had at heart. Becoming much interested in the cause of Sunday-School and similar reformatory and educational work among certain neglected classes in the metropolis, he applied himself so actively to labors in this connection that he was urged by the American Sunday-School Union to accept a special commission in its behalf to a new field in the west. He was appointed agent of this union in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and, accepting the offer, removed with his family to Cleveland (at that time a community of only a thousand souls), where he arrived on the 17th of October, 1830. Here he resided for the remainder of his life, occupying a position of prominence, influence, and widely-recognized usefulness as a citizen. Upon the site of the modest dwelling where he established his home upon first coming to Cleveland, he erected, in 1852, the Rouse Block, which today is a substantial reminder of the early development of the city.

Conscientiously devoting himself from the day of his arrival in Cleveland to the interests of the mission with which he was charged, Mr. Rouse's efforts were rewarded with abundant success. "He opened a Sunday-School book depository, and for many years travelled through northern Ohio, holding religious meetings and accomplishing a vast amount of good. From the first he threw his whole soul into the work he had come to do, and his devoted labors resulted in the organization of a Tract Society, the Seamen's Friends' Society, and over two hundred Sunday-Schools. He was also one of the constituent members of the First Baptist Church, organized in the city of Cleveland in the year 1833, and for forty years thereafter was one of the most zealous workers in that church, in which during all that period he was deacon. His religious faith and the force of his will power were remarkable for their strength and firmness. He never shirked any task that devolved upon him, and never lost

courage. He was a man of sterling qualities, strong against temptation, and zealous in whatsoever he engaged in. . . . While very practical, he was full of sympathy, generosity, and enthusiasm. He was quick to act and certain in his course, and had the power of infusing zeal in others, his greatest joy being in doing good to his fellow man."

He died at his residence in Cleveland, July 5, 1871.

REBECCA ELLIOTT CROMWELL, the beloved and noble wife of Benjamin Rouse (to whom he was married in Boston on the 12th of August, 1819), was the daughter of John Cromwell of Salem, Mass., where she was born October 30, 1799. The following highly appreciative biographical notice of Mrs. Rebecca Elliott (Cromwell) Rouse is from a work published several years after her death.¹

"Her childhood was spent in affluence, and to a liberal education were added the refining influences of extensive foreign travel. . . . Always of a benevolent and deeply Christian character, it was a pleasure and a privilege to Mrs. Rouse to devote herself to missionary labors in a field where the work was urgent and the laborers few. Upon coming to Cleveland her first work was to make a personal visitation into every house in the village, and her success was such that a church was soon organized, she and her husband being of the original seventeen members of the first Baptist society. With anxious solicitude she watched the growth of the infant society, and it was her great joy to see it develop and become strong.

"In the wider realm of philanthropy her influence as a leading spirit was everywhere felt. She was the organizer and president of the Martha Washington Society of 1842, one of the earliest of Cleveland's benevolent associations, out of which grew the Protestant Orphan Asylum, of which she was the managing director for years. She was also a leading spirit in many other benevolent organizations of Cleveland during her active life, giving freely of her time, talents, and means towards the furtherance of all works of a philanthropic character.

"During the great Rebellion she was indeed a ministering angel. For five years she labored incessantly, earnestly, and zeal-

1. "Illustrated American Biography," by the Lewis Publishing Company.

ously, and was instrumental in collecting and distributing millions of dollars' worth of supplies for the gallant sick and wounded lying in the military hospitals. Five days after President Lincoln's call to arms (April 15, 1861), the Soldiers' Aid Society of Cleveland was organized—the first society of women that met and organized for the noble work of bearing a nation's love to a nation's army. Mrs. Rouse was the president of this society, and as such became widely known and much beloved. The enterprise achieved a national reputation, and it is but due to Mrs. Rouse to say that its success was largely owing to her wise administration of its affairs. In connection with this relief movement she made a number of highly effective and patriotic addresses, which aroused the sympathies of the women of northern Ohio, and revived the fires of patriotism in the bosoms of those who heard her. Upon several occasions she went to the front on business pertaining to the supplies sent, and visited the soldiers in the hospitals. At one time, when more buildings and supplies were needed to shelter and relieve the troops passing through Cleveland, so heavy had been the tax upon the resources of the citizens that some of the business men said that the money could not be raised. Her quiet and characteristic reply was, 'It must be raised,' and it was raised. She possessed in a very large measure that genius of common sense, that breadth and boldness of conception and wonderful executive ability, which met and mastered difficulties as they arose, and which were adequate to each emergency. In honor of her great work in behalf of the soldiers, and in grateful memory of her name, a bronze figure of Mrs. Rouse was placed upon the south side of the magnificent soldiers' monument in Cleveland, and upon an entablature within her name is inscribed. . . .

Mrs. Rouse was eminently a religious woman, governing herself by religious principles in the discipline of her family, over whom she exercised a winning and persuasive influence. Her faith, which had ever adorned her life and character, which made her actions open, honorable, and useful, shed a halo of moral beauty and glory around her declining years. Serenely cheerful, still young in her affections and sympathies and devoutly submissive, she presented a most attractive picture of

loving and venerable old age. She survived her husband sixteen years, and died December 23, 1887, at the age of eighty-eight."

IV

EDWIN COOLIDGE ROUSE, second son of Benjamin and Rebecca Elliott (Cromwell) Rouse, was born in New York City, August 12, 1827. The removal of his parents to Cleveland occurred when he was only three years old, and in that city he was reared, educated, and always resided. In early life he was a member of the wholesale drygoods house of Clark, Morgan and Company, subsequently becoming the head of the firm of Rouse, Post, and Company. The latter partnership was dissolved in 1856, and during the remainder of his business career Mr. Rouse devoted his attention almost exclusively to fire insurance, ranking as one of the foremost men of the United States identified with that important interest. He was one of the organizers of the Sun Fire Insurance Company (1865), serving at first as its secretary and treasurer, and afterward (from 1875 until his death) as its president. He was for several years manager of the Ohio business of the Continental Fire Insurance Company of New York; was for five years president of the Cleveland Board of Underwriters, and was a member, and one of the executive committee, of the National Board of Fire Underwriters from the time of its organization until his death. He was also the first president of the American District Telegraph Company.

For several months during the Civil War he was in active service as captain of Company F., One Hundred and Fiftieth Volunteer Infantry, commanding Fort Totten, one of the defenses of Washington.

He died at his residence in Cleveland, February 1, 1877, in the fiftieth year of his age.

Mr. Rouse married, at Cleveland, August 12, 1850, Miss Mary Miller, daughter of Joseph K. and Margaret (Spangler) Miller.

[Joseph K. Miller, son of William and Hannah Miller, was descended from a Maryland family, having been b. in that state on the 17th of January, 1802. In his childhood he was brought by his parents to Ohio. He d. at the age of thirty-six. M., Febru-

ary 14, 1826, Margaret Spangler (b. June 18, 1809, d. September 26, 1891), who was the daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Spangler of Canton, Ohio. Mrs. Miller has been described as "a woman of many noble qualities of mind and heart, her life being replete with acts of benevolence and charity."]

Mrs. MARY (MILLER) ROUSE was born May 25, 1832, and died January 13, 1884. Uniting mental and artistic accomplishments with an earnest religious nature and great amiability of disposition, her life was one of refined and useful influence. With her husband, who was highly endowed with musical gifts, she was a member of the First Baptist Church of Cleveland, and for twenty-nine years both husband and wife gave their gratuitous services to the conduct of the choir of that church.

V

HENRY CLARK ROUSE, only son of Edwin Coolidge and Mary (Miller) Rouse, was born in Cleveland, O., March 15, 1853. He received an academic education, supplemented by instruction under private tutors, and also enjoyed the advantage of extensive travel abroad before engaging in the active affairs of life. At the age of twenty-one he entered the office of his father, where he received a thorough business training, so that, upon the latter's death, when only twenty-three years old, he assumed the conduct of his father's large interests, being the youngest man in the country occupying so responsible a position in insurance management. He continued for a period of five years to devote himself to the insurance business, but at the end of that time, becoming interested in other pursuits, abandoned underwriting and began the career of organization and administration in the corporate and financial world in which he was afterward so strikingly successful.

He was the first man in Cleveland to conceive the idea of erecting large apartment houses adapted to the needs of the better classes, and as managing director of the Lincoln Apartment House Company (1882) carried the plans thus originated to successful execution. In the following year he became identified with the brass manufacturing industry as president of the Hayden Company a corporation operating extensive brass

works in Massachusetts and in Ohio; later he was made president of the United Brass Company of New York (then the leading concern in that industry), and also held official positions in the Britton Iron and Steel Company, the Lorain Manufacturing Company, and other industrial corporations.

This period of Mr. Rouse's business career was brought to an end by his entering the broader field of railway management; and during his last fifteen years his energies were entirely directed to the administration of railway properties. "Previously to engaging in this work," says a biographical writer, "he had devoted considerable attention to the study of railroad interests, in pursuit of which he travelled extensively over a greater portion of the continent, visiting every state and territory in this country and all the provinces included within the British possessions in America. The fund of general information thus obtained pertaining to the vast material resources of the country and their relation to trade centers and the avenues of commerce, admirably adapted him for entering upon the broad field of practical railroad administration."

In 1885 he became interested in the Chicago, Wisconsin, and Minnesota Railroad, ultimately the extension of the Wisconsin Central system from Milwaukee to Chicago, and soon after became identified with the development of the extensive railway terminals in Chicago, now known as the Chicago Terminal Transfer Railroad. In 1891, upon the reorganization of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway Company (which four years previously had defaulted the interest on its bonds, and in consequence had passed into the hands of receivers), he was offered the position of chairman of the board of directors of that company, and, accepting this responsible trust, the entire property was turned over to him by the receivers on the 1st of July of the same year. Later, he was also elected president of the company, being then but thirty-eight years of age, the youngest railroad president of that day in the United States. He was afterward annually re-elected, his entire administration having been characterized by the most brilliant abilities, resulting not only in the thorough rehabilitation of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas property, but also in developing sixteen hundred miles of dismem-

tered railway, earning barely nine millions a year, into a system of over three thousand miles, which now earns more than twenty millions per annum and affords the best service of any road in the territory that it traverses. In addition to his connection with this great corporation, he served, from August, 1893, to February, 1896, by appointment of the United States court as receiver of the Northern Pacific Railway Company. In the latter year he also took a prominent part in the successful reorganization of the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago Railway. Later he was made a member of the reorganization committee of the Texas Southern Railway. Indeed, Mr. Rouse's activities in connection with the vital interests of American railways, in addition to the particular position which principally engaged his attention, were most varied. Besides being president and chairman of the board of directors of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, and receiver of a great transcontinental line, he served as president of the following railway companies: The Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company; Winnipeg Transfer Railway Company, Limited; Cœur d'Alene Railway and Navigation Company; Helena and Jefferson County Railroad Company; Fargo and Southwestern Railroad Company; Southeastern Dakota Railroad Company; Northern Pacific and Cascade Railroad Company; Central Washington Railroad Company; Washington Short Line Railroad Company; Rocky Ford and Cooke City Railway Company; Sanborn, Cooperstown, and Turtle Mountain Railway Company; Tacoma, Orting, and Southeastern Railroad Company, and Boonville Railroad Bridge Company. He was also a member of the directorates of some twenty-nine other railroads, as well as a director in various mining, industrial and financial corporations.

Mr. Rouse was a charter member and for several years an officer of the First Cleveland Troop of Horse, organized in 1878. Accomplished as a horseman, he spent several summers (1878-82) campaigning for recreation with the regular government troops on the Indian frontiers in the Rockies, resulting in a wide acquaintance in military circles.

Besides visiting every portion of the United States and Canada, he travelled most extensively abroad. In 1886 he spent the

winter in Mexico; that of 1890 was passed in Cuba; in 1897 he went to the Mediterranean and visited Egypt, and in 1899 he made a tour of the West Indies, including Martinique and Trinidad. In 1902 he accompanied General Miles, commander-in-chief of the United States army, to the Philippine Islands, extending the trip to Japan and China and thus enjoying exceptional opportunities for seeing America's insular possessions and the Pacific littoral. While in Pekin he had the honor of an audience with the emperor and dowager empress of China. He returned home by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway in the midwinter of 1903, having travelled thirty thousand miles in a journey occupying one hundred and thirty-six days outside the United States. He spent the winter of 1905 in India, experiencing special facilities for travel through the courtesy of the railway officials of that country, where the "dead past of the western world is still a living reality." Continuing east, he stayed a fortnight in Ceylon, and, passing through the Straits of Malacca, the return voyage presented renewed opportunities for visiting points of interest in China and Japan, when completing his second trip around the world at a time when universal interest centered on the struggle for supremacy in the Pacific. He also made several European tours, beginning as a student in 1872. It may be observed that few men, even of the largest affairs, acquired so extensive an acquaintanceship with persons of note, both at home and abroad, as that enjoyed by Mr. Rouse.

In 1896 Mr. Rouse improved part of his property in Cleveland inherited from his mother, by erecting a handsome new fire-proof building, which he named the "Century," in honor of Cleveland's centennial year, on the site of the Miller block built by his maternal grandfather forty years earlier. The following year he located the "Y Ranch" in Estes Park, Col., embracing a thousand acres of meadow and stream under the shadow of Long's Peak, a delightful resort at a high altitude, where mountain trout and game abound. In 1898 he purchased a tract of land at the termination of the Eastern Point of Cape Ann, Mass., near Gloucester Harbor and not far from Salem, the historic home of the Cromwell Family, from which he was descended through his paternal grandmother. This estate of one hundred

acres, with a handsome residence built by Mr. Rouse upon the site of an old fortification occupied by a garrison in 1812 and again in 1863, is known as "The Ramparts"—one of the most interesting seaside properties in the country, and here he spent the summer months, with friends to whom he took pleasure in extending a liberal hospitality.

Mr. Rouse was an enthusiastic and accomplished yachtsman, ranking among the best-known men of the country in this gentlemanly sport. He owned, successively, ten yachts, all characterized by important special features or qualities:—the "Mystic" (1875), a thirty-five foot centre-board sloop; the "Naiad" (1881), a twenty-four centre-board sloop; the "Iseult" (1885), a thirty-foot centre-board sloop; the "Ola" (1891), a twenty-two foot cabin cat; the "Iroquois" (1894), an eighty foot schooner; the "Olita" (1895), a half-rater; the "Shark" (1897), a one-rater; the "Mistral" (1898), a twenty-one foot knockabout; the "Edjako" (1899) a twenty-five foot knockabout, and "Olita 2d" (1903), a half-rater. Several of his boats, constructed after his own ideas and under his personal supervision, were built specially for racing qualities, and won many prizes. The "Iroquois," a hundred ton schooner, he acquired for her excellence as a cruiser, and during the seven years that Mr. Rouse owned this vessel he sailed her an aggregate distance far exceeding the circumference of the globe. He became a member of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club in 1886, was elected its commodore in 1895, and continued to hold this office till 1900. He was also a member of the New York Yacht Club and the Eastern Yacht Club. His boat-house, with its adjunct of yacht float and other waterside facilities, was made, by the courtesy of the commodore, the designated "Eastern Station" of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club.

Mr. Rouse's club memberships, in addition to those already mentioned, comprehended the Metropolitan, Racquet and Tennis, Arts, Midday, and Riding clubs, and the Down Town Association of New York; the Union, Roadside, and Tavern clubs of Cleveland, and the Essex County and Myopia Hunt clubs of Massachusetts. He was a member of the Geographical Society and a companion of the Order of the Loyal Legion.

The record of the Rouse Family, as traced from remote times in England, is noteworthy for those solid and substantial traits equally of character and ability, which afford the most reliable basis and the chief sustaining power for a reputable lineage. This record presents few "sensational" aspects, but is distinguished, with remarkable uniformity, by the vital and enduring qualities of an inherent strength, vigor, cultivation, and capacity. In the American line the characteristics of the English ancestry are well preserved in each succeeding generation. Prominent in New England in the early period of its American residence, the family, with the larger development of our country, has followed the lines of that national progress, and has been conspicuously associated with the growth of the west and the inception, organization, and administration of interests of comprehensive importance; while in the persons of its representative members it has been noted for civic usefulness and devotion to the best interests of society.

Historic Views and Reviews

THE FOLLOWING PAPER WAS READ BY HON. JOHN S. APPLGATE,
PRESIDENT OF THE MONMOUTH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION AT A
JOINT MEETING OF THAT ASSOCIATION AND THE NAVESINK
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION HELD JUNE 24, 1915, IN LIBRARY HALL,
NAVESINK, NEW JERSEY.

The Monmouth County Historical Association and the Navesink Library Association meet in this hall today as affiliated corporations. I hope they may always maintain the present friendly relation. Our aims are not so widely different that we cannot do it. The quest of the Navesink Association is literary attainment; that of the Monmouth County Historical Association is historical acquisition. We travel different roads but lead to the same goal, which is culture. Thus do these two corporations become co-workers for the benefit of the community at large, and I take pleasure in extending mutual congratulations to both.

I am glad to know that the inhabitants of this portion of the Highlands are partial to Navesink. I am glad to know that the nomenclature of the lands and rivers and bays along the sea-coast has become settled and adjusted. In the beginning of European settlements in Shrewsbury and Middletown Townships there arose a diversity of geographical names occasioned by the failure of European settlers to write or pronounce Indian names as the Indians pronounced them. Thus it is we find in Colonial writings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a superfluity of such names, as for instance the following: Naversink, Narumsing, Newasunk, Newasing, Naverumsunk, Navesink. It took one hundred years to clarify this nomenclature so that of the above names only Navesink now remains.

As to the Navesink Highlands the world recognizes them today as an uncommon spot on the earth's surface. From their

summits we look down upon beautiful rivers and bays. We see to north Sandy Hook, Staten Island, Long Island, Manhattan, and many other beautiful objects in nature; to the east we confront the "deep and dark blue ocean;" to the south a chain of Municipal Boroughs that stretch from Raritan Bay to Manasquan River.

The Navesink Highlands were unknown to history until 1609, three hundred and six years ago. It was then, the distinguished navigator, Henry Hudson, entered Sandy Hook Bay in his little vessel "The Half Moon" and cast anchor. The Captain and his crew went ashore and made the acquaintance of the Indians who were of the Lenni Lenape tribe, which once inhabited a large portion of our United States. Capt. Hudson and his crew explored the hills and valleys of the Highlands and were the first white men to plant foot on the soil of New Jersey. In 1663, which was fifty-four years after Hudson's visit to the Navesinks, the first permanent settlement began, when twenty Englishmen hailed from Gravesend, Long Island, crossed the bay in a sloop and landed on the shore of the Navesink River. They hunted up Indian Sachems and made bargains with them to purchase their lands, for which later on they received a valuable consideration and delivered deeds, with their names and mark attached. They conveyed a large portion of the counties of Monmouth and Ocean. A few months afterward came Governor Richard Nicoll from England. He was an agent of the Duke of York, who was the brother of King Charles II. Governor Nicoll brought with him a patent called the Nicoll's Patent, covering a tract of land including New Jersey and part of Connecticut and the State of New York. He made a deed covering that portion of the lands of Monmouth and Ocean counties which they had purchased of the Indians. That deed is now known as the Monmouth Patent and the grantees were the Monmouth Patentees. Among them were John Bowne, sometimes called a "Nation Builder," being the leader of the Monmouth Patentees; Richard Gibbons, called Sergeant Gibbons; James Grover, the first land surveyor of Monmouth County; Richard Stout, who is acknowledged to be one of the very first settlers of Mid-

dletown, in Monmouth County; and eight other men of prominence in that day and generation.

These were great historical events happening on the shores of the Highlands of Navesink. Another event occurred on these shores of great importance. That was the wreck of a vessel compelled to land at Sandy Hook. Among the passengers was one Penelope Van Princes and her husband, who was an invalid and unable to complete the journey. They were left alone on the shore. In a short time they were discovered by Indians who slew the husband and wounded the wife, leaving both for dead. She survived and hid herself in a hollow log. A few days afterward she was discovered by some friendly Indians who bore her to their abode. She was nursed and provided for until she finally recovered. A long time afterward the white settlers on the Island, having heard of a white woman in the custody of the Indians at the Navesinks, communicated with the Navesink Indians and obtained their consent to take her away to Gravesend, Long Island. That place then became her abode for a time and her name frequently appears in the Gravesend records. Later on she married Richard Stout, one of the above named patentees. They then moved to Middletown where they spent the remainder of their lives, leaving a large family of children at their death.

In this general resume of early important events connected with the Navesink Highlands, the murder of that sterling patriot and brave soldier, Captain Joshua Huddy, should be specially noted. He was hung during the Revolutionary War on the shore of the Highlands by a party of Loyalists and Tories for no other cause than his ardent attachment to the cause of American liberty.

Many skirmishes and battles occurred in the Navesinks during the period of the Revolution; one was the Battle of Navesink, fought over a considerable area of the Navesink Highlands, possibly right here where this hamlet is located. The battle was between the New Jersey Militia and the Loyalists. There were as many as 80 men killed and wounded. An account of this battle was written up several years ago by our compatriot, Mrs.

M. C. Murray Hyde, and published in the New York Times, which was very interesting. Very little mention of the battle has been made in history, but the records on file in the Monmouth Court House and contemporary newspapers give an account of it.

A week seldom passed in the Highlands during the Revolution without a marauding party being sent out at night or day by the authorities commanding headquarters at Sandy Hook Bay and the Highlands. Their business was to plunder, capture and destroy the homes and property of the American patriots. Frequently the marauders were attacked by American militia and sometimes the marauders attacked the militia, with varying successes and defeats. Several skirmishes occurred at Black Point, just across the Navesink River, where the Shrewsbury and Navesink Rivers come together. At that point a brave New Jersey commander, Col. Nathaniel Scudder, was killed in the skirmish. At Jumping Point, opposite what is now Sea Bright, a marauding party consisting of British Refugees, Tories, common thieves and pine robbers, and murderers of the worst type to the number of seventy men, were intercepted after they had succeeded in capturing Captain Joshua Huddy at Colt's Neck, by surrounding his house and setting fire to it in the night, at a time when he and his daughter were its only occupants. Alarms were quickly given by Americans who kindled fires on the hill-tops, which brought out the militia reserves to the number of nine, who followed the mob all the way back to Jumping Point. At that place about daybreak, as the mob was crossing the river in boats, driving before them herds of cattle, sheep and swine which they had stolen, the nine militiamen, coming up with their guns, opened fire upon the robbers. The result was a panic and several of the boats capsized; on one of these Captain Huddy was a prisoner. He had been shot in the thigh by a bullet fired by an American. As he swam to the shore he called to the Americans, shouting, "I am Huddy, I am Huddy!" One John Eldridge, a militiaman only twenty-one years of age, recognizing Huddy's voice, ran down into the water and grasping his arm helped him ashore where he joined his friends. He lived two years after that event serving his country, when he was captured

again, in the Tory attack on the Blockhouse at Toms River by overpowering numbers.

There are many other tragic events that occurred during the Revolutionary War in the Highlands of Navesink and the immediate vicinity. You will find them described in New Jersey histories.

A beautiful and popular story entitled "The Water Witch," is founded and laid in the Navesink Highlands by the famous novelist, James Fennimore Cooper.

There is a vast amount of legendary lore connected with the Navesinks. Perhaps more in past generations than in the present. A large part of it has been relegated to oblivion. There is a place in these Highlands known as "Witch Hollow," and there lived in the vicinity one Samuel Bowne, who bore a nickname which was "Sam, the Witch." He was born and died in Middletown township. My father, who was born in 1789 and died in 1881, has told me that when a boy he lived at Applegate's Landing, not very far from Atlantic Highlands—perhaps a half mile west of the steamboat dock. My father's father kept a general store there. At night neighbors gathered in the store and told stories. Many of them have come down to me as told by my father. Witch Hollow was said to have acquired its name from Samuel Bowne, who told many adventures he had in Witch Hollow. He was troubled very much by witches. One time he said they rode him to "Capertoon" and carried a bushel of clams on his back, and when they got there they tied him to a hickory tree while they had a dance. Whether Sam helped to eat the clams or not has not been told, so far as I have heard the story, but certain it is that "Sam, the Witch," was entitled to some sort of refreshments after bearing so heavy a burden. A record of the above story will be found in Dr. John E. Stillwell's "Historical Miscellany," volume III, page 64, recently published.

THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF HOW THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY AND RESIDENTS OF TOMS RIVER HONORED THE MEMORY OF CAPT. JOSHUA HUDDY AND HIS FIGHT WITH THE BRITISH IN MARCH, 1782, IS GIVEN HERE AS IT HELPS TO EXPLAIN THE REFERENCE TO THIS FAMOUS JERSEY PATRIOT IN THE ABOVE PAPER BY JOHN S. APPLGATE.

On the Water Witch Monument is a tablet inscribed as follows:

“Huddy, with his company of twenty-five artillerymen, was detailed to occupy a blockhouse at Toms River, N. J. The post was one of some importance, and the people of Monmouth by special petition had requested the Legislature to give Huddy its charge. Not only did it protect valuable salt works established in that vicinity by the Council of Safety at the outbreak of the war, but it also furnished a necessary base to the privateers engaged in intercepting traffic between the loyalist Jerseymen and the British army in New York.

“At that time a deep inlet opened to the sea opposite the mouth of Toms River. The sand bar fronting the shore now covers the spot, and as the harbor thus made had but one equal along the coast it was imperative that it should be held for the coast service and for the safe-keeping of such prizes as the privateersmen brought in from time to time.

“Huddy, with his little force, had been so established in the blockhouse nearly three months, when, about March 20, 1782, news reached him of a formidable attack designed by the enemy. He immediately made all possible preparations for resistance, and four days later the blow fell.

“The British account of the affair as printed in Riverton’s paper, ‘The Royal Gazette,’ ran as follows:

“‘On Wednesday, the 20th inst., Lieut. Blanchard of the armed Whale Boats and about 80 men belonging to them, with Capt. Thomas and Lieut. Roberts, both of the late Bucks County Volunteers, and between thirty and forty of the other refugee Loyalists, and the whole under the command of Lieut. Blanchard, proceeded to Toms River from Sandy Hook, under the con-

voy of Capt. Stewart Ross, in the Armed Brig Arrogant, where they were detained by unfavorable winds until the 23rd inst.

“ ‘At about 12 o’clock on that night the party landed near the mouth of Toms River and, reinforced by the River Robber Davenport and his men, marched to the Block House opposite Toms River village and reached it at daylight. On the way they were challenged and fired upon, and when they came to the works they found the rebels consisted of 25 three-months men and the militia, apprised of their coming and prepared for a defence. The Post onto which they had thrown themselves was six or seven feet high and made of large logs with loop holes between them and a number of brass swivels on top, which was entirely open, nor was there any way of climbing over this. They had, besides the swivels, some muskets with bayonets and long pikes for their defence. Lieut. Blanchard summoned them to surrender and they not only refused but bid the party defiance, on which he immediately ordered the place to be stormed, which was done, and, though defending with obstinacy, was soon carried.

“ ‘The rebels had nine men carried in the assault and twelve under prisoners, two of whom were wounded. The rest made their escape in the confusion. Huddy surrendered because his ammunition gave out. Five of the men carried were wounded after laying down their arms.’ ”



AN APPRECIATION

My attention has been recently directed to “*Americana*” an American Magazine, published monthly by the *National Americana Society of New York*, and, deeply interested in its varied manifold excellencies, I venture to express my estimate of its attractive and unique character as a circulatory medium among persons whose tastes demand unequivocal superiority, and who appreciate the higher forms of literary expression.

First, as to the *formatio* of the Magazine; it is convenient in size and shape, light and easily handled, while the neutral color of its cover is pleasing and the cover design simple but elegant; in paper, margin and type it is all that could be desired.

A special feature of this Magazine is the vividness of its portraiture which is indeed of striking excellence in every detail of tone and finish, while as artist-proofs, copies can be supplied by the publishers either for framing or for use in extra illustration.

The field chosen for its activities is a large one and of surpassing interest, inasmuch as it represents History, Biography, General Literature and Genealogy, four attractive departments of intellectual literary endeavor and daily becoming more and more engrossing with the progressive evolution of education.

If American history does not extend backward coevally with that of European countries, it is equally interesting, and has contributed its full quota to the records of human effort,—the progress of civilization. Much of it remains unrecorded, not only with regard to our early settlers, but, from that time onwards, students are throwing light upon its forgotten pages every day, searching records in every direction as to the growth of politics and government, naval and military history, the development of law and order, traditions, folk-lore, everything in fact of historic interest, thus showing how American character and American ideals have been evolved, and how her national greatness has been achieved and established.

History may be roughly defined as a systematic written chronicle concerning the development of a nation or a community, combined with a record of events associated with human experience; what an ample field is thus afforded, and how appropriately this attractive magazine provides for every fresh discovery, and the registration of every forgotten fact!

How interesting is thus dealing with the life histories of men in their differentiated individuality,—their physical and psychological peculiarities, inherited and acquired, analytical and synthetic, in all that concerns their temperaments, dispositions and habits, and the reactions between their relative environments and their personalities!

The writers of biography are artists in words instead of colors, and in the production of word-pictures the subjects should manifest every element of a man's individuality from his cradle to his grave: of course biography is more complete when illus-

trated by artistic portraiture as is evidenced between the pages of "Americana." Those devoted to Genealogy should be perhaps, as interesting as popular, and as eagerly sought as any of the other departments which come within the magazine's scope and influence. It is a comparatively new study in America, but an earnest desire for its cultivation is being generally expressed. There are many evidences of its spreading in many directions. A short time ago the writer was told by one of the heads of a department in the Boston Public Library that he was kept busy answering inquiries as to heraldic information, and that such demands were steadily increasing. Within a recent period the writer was also told that a strong effort was being made to have a Heraldic College founded in Boston!

The articles I have read in "Americana" are well-written, very interesting and appropriate, and ably edited, while the magazine is excellent in every particular, and should be successful if merit has any claims to success.

R. A. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW, M. D., LL.D.
6 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

AMERICANA

August 1913

Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum in advance.



REV. ANDREW M. SHERMAN,
Morristown, N. J.

AMERICANA

August, 1915

Recollections of a Half Century and More

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN, Morristown, N. J.

Author of Life of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, Machias, Me.;
Phil Carver: A Romance of the War of 1812; Historic Morristown, New Jersey: The Story of its First Century;
The O'Briens of Machias, Me.; Memorials of the
Hon. Joshua S. Salmon; Historic New England Towns Revisited, Or Back on my Native Heath, etc.

I

MY PATERNAL ANCESTRY

MY paternal ancestors have been traced by genealogists to Germany, from whence they emigrated to England. Not all the Shermans, however, left Germany, for as late as the nineteenth century the name was to be found along the river Rhine and it is probable the name is still to be found in the same region of the fatherland. The names Shuman, Schuman, Schurman and Schureman now somewhat common in Germany and in this country seem to be different forms merely of the name Sherman.

It seems to have been sometime during the ninth century that the Shermans found their way to England; and from the famous Domesday Book, or Doomsday Book, "the name of one of the oldest and most valuable records of England, containing the results of a statistical survey of that country made by William the Conqueror, and completed in the year 1086," it is gleaned that

as early, at least, as the eleventh century there was a section of England known as "Shermanbury."

If the readers of *Americana* were as deeply interested in the history of the family of which I am a representative as the author of these articles I would give a verbatim transcript of a will executed by one of my old country ancestors in the fifteenth century, but as this deep interest is scarcely to be expected in the direction suggested I will simply say that the transcript of such a will, duly attested, is in our possession, thanks to the endeavors of an older brother, George W., of Lynbrook, N. Y., who has expended no small amount of money in gathering from reliable sources in this and in the old country data concerning our German and English forbears.

As near as can at present be ascertained it was about the year 1630 that our first paternal American ancestor, William Sherman, emigrated from England to these wild western shores; and there is some satisfactory evidence that he came from the old country across the sea with his "kine" in the same vessel with the Rev. Francis Higginson, the original American ancestor of the late Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, noted author as well as capable soldier, of Boston.

Several plots of land were duly granted to my ancestor by the colonial authorities in what was then Duxburrow township. It must have been about the year 1631 that the first of these plots of land was granted to "the emigrant" William Sherman, for in the earliest records of the Plymouth Colony he is mentioned as having paid taxes in 1632. "He was granted," I now quote from the Plymouth County records, "a Garden place on the Duxburrow side; five acres of land at Powder Point and a meadstead about Stony Brooke, in Duxburrow, and land towards Green Harbor in 1640." In 1641 he was chosen Surveyor of Highways of Duxburrow township.

In 1642 Marshfield (spelled, also, Marchfeeld and Marshfeeld) was incorporated, and the land owned by William Sherman was included in the territory composing the newly incorporated township set off from Duxburrow; and thereafter my ancestor was a resident of Marshfield. On the 13th of November, 1644, he was admitted an "Inhabitant of Marshfield." And it is a

fact of no small interest to lovers of our national history that from, but exclusive of William Sherman, all my paternal ancestors have been born in this old New England town; and, with the exception of one of the six generations of those ancestors, there they married, there they lived and died and were interred, and the locations of their graves are with but two exceptions certainly known to the present generation. Only my immediate family ties deter me from arranging for my own interment in this old New England town in which I began my terrestrial existence.

According to the Plymouth County, Massachusetts, Vital Records, from which I quote, "William Sherman and Prudence Hill married the XXIIIth January, 1638."

Prudence Hill, the bride of William Sherman, as seems practically certain, was the daughter of the Rev. William Hill, rector of an Episcopal Church in Mell, Somerset County, England.

Sarah Hill and Hester Hill, sisters of Prudence Hill, the wife of William Sherman, Sr., married, in old England, John Washer and Robert Marks, respectively; and that these marriages were worthy of the brides will appear from the following extracts from "Weaver's Somerset Inductions," an English authority:

"John Washer and Robert Marks, both designated 'Mr.' except in one instance, when Marks was styled 'Doctor,' were parsons, and parsons moreover of parishes not very far removed from Mells."

"Merriot—1626. Oct. 12, Robert Marks, A. M., inducted Vicar of South Petherton, 21 May, 1671. S. T. P. and Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral, went from South Petherton to Merriot, 1626, where he was incumbent until about 1660."

From the above quotations it seems that both of Prudence Hill's sisters married clergymen of the Established Church, of England.

Certain old English records which have been consulted seem to say that the Rev. Philip Bisse, D. D., of Magdalen College, Oxford, was the maternal grandfather of Prudence Hill, the bride of William Sherman, Sr.

It is probable that in Old England William Sherman and

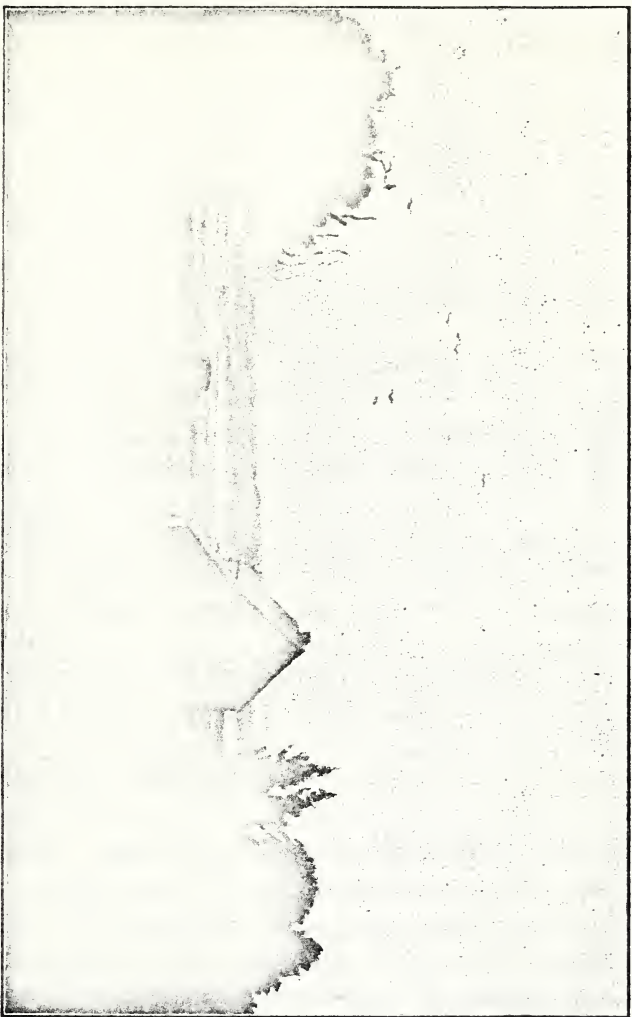
Prudence Hill were lovers; and, on her arrival in Plymouth Colony sometime between 1630 and 1638, the "twain were made one," as is learned from the colonial records at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Upon the plots of land which had been assigned at different times to William Sherman in what is now Marshfield he and his young bride established their home; and there several children were born to them, among the number being William Sherman, Jr., my second paternal American ancestor.

A part of the land assigned to my first paternal American ancestor was near that of Peregrine White, with whom he was more or less associated; and it is a great pleasure to the descendants of William Sherman to be able to locate, approximately, at least, the land once owned and tilled by this "emigrant" from across the sea before the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Among the special pleasures of my life is that of having personally examined the pages of the Plymouth Colony records. That things valuable, interesting and even curious are to be found in the well-worn pages of these ancient records is to be presumed by those, even, who have never looked upon them. As illustrations, merely, of the truly rare character of these records I will say that while scanning their pages I came across several entries of great personal interest to me. For example, I learned that in the early part of the seventeenth century there arose a disagreement between my paternal ancestor, William Sherman, and the owner of an adjacent farm in Marshfield, over boundary lines; and in consequence, the two near neighbors were for some time at loggerheads with each other. It seeming to be impossible for the two neighbors to settle the difficulty between themselves, the court at Plymouth at length authorized Captain Miles Standish to go to Marshfield and arbitrate between the two hard-headed farmers; and, proceeding to the scene of the disagreement, about eight miles from Plymouth, the doughty captain soon adjusted the long standing difficulty to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned.

The following occurrence recorded in the Plymouth court proceedings, and which I came across during my researches of



THE ORIGINAL, PEREGRINE WHITE HOUSE, MARSHFIELD, MASS.
As it appeared in the days of William Sherman, Sr., a near neighbor of Mr. White

the records, may well, I think, be classed among the curious things of those early days: The use of tobacco was forbidden in the Plymouth Colony, and the penalty for the violation of the enactment was the imposition of a fine. My ancestor, William Sherman, Sr., chewed tobacco; and he was, therefore, cited into court to answer the charge of having violated the enactment against its use. To this citation he promptly responded. He admitted using the "vile weed;" paid the fine imposed; returned to his home at Marshfield; continued the use of tobacco, and there is neither record nor tradition of his ever again being molested for his indulgence. From this and other incidents in his career one would naturally infer that the Marshfield farmer was well endowed with independence of character; and I cannot deny that some of his descendants of the present generation have inherited the same trait of character.

In one of the glass show cases arranged about the rooms in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts, may be seen numerous articles of great interest. I was somewhat startled while examining the contents of one of these cases to see the original deed of a piece of land given by William Sherman, Sr., to his son Samuel, dated June 6, 1673. Of this deed I have a copy, furnished by the officials of the Pilgrim Society, of Plymouth, Massachusetts. This deed was "Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of Peregrine White (who, it will be remembered, was the first child born to the Pilgrims after their arrival in Plymouth, in the winter of 1620) and Francis Crocker," and was acknowledged before Governor Josiah Winslow. The phraseology of the deed is decidedly quaint and interesting.

I beg to assure the readers of these articles that it is not "pride of ancestry" that moves me to mention what is to follow, but rather the thought that its mention may be a matter of interest, and perhaps, of pleasure, to them; and with these words of introduction I proceed to say, that I have the duly attested credentials to show that through my paternal grandmother, a native and lifelong resident of Marshfield, whose maiden name was Mitchell, I am descended from Edward Doty, John Alden and Priscilla Mullen; and through my great grandfather, Ebenezer Sherman, who married a Simmons, I am also descended

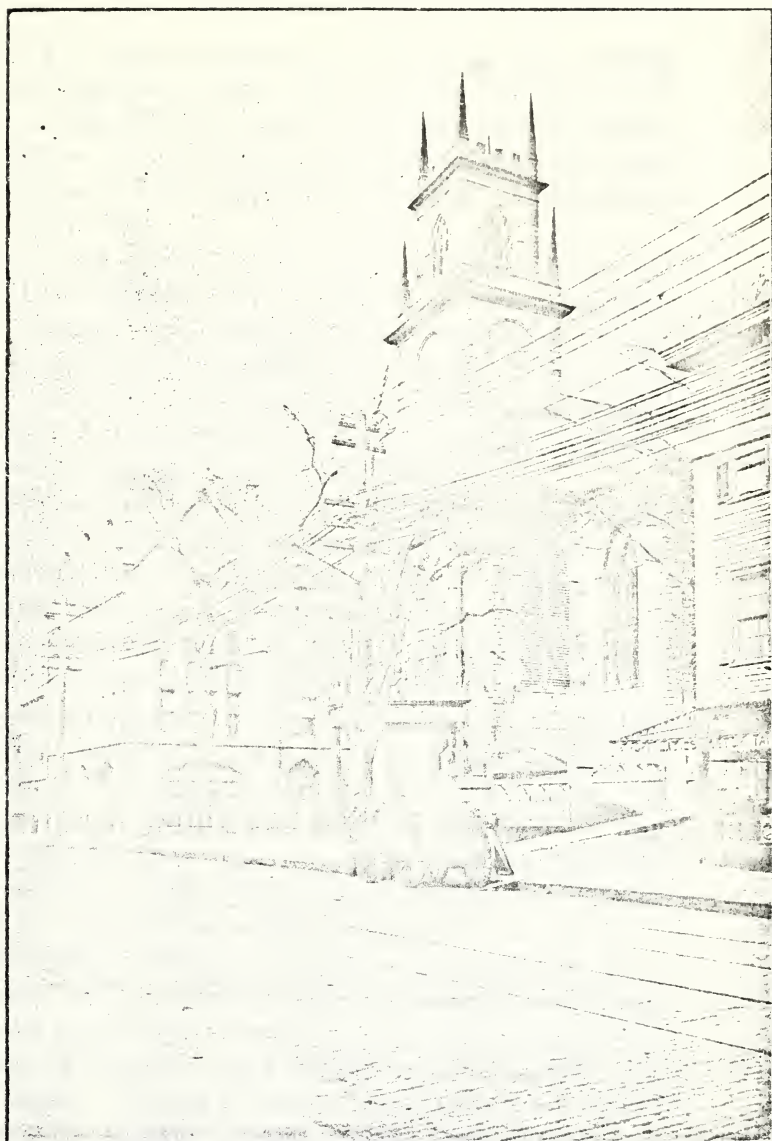
from Captain Miles Standish. Doty, Alden, Mullins and Standish were among the "emigrants" from Old England in the year 1620.

For reasons which I will not now mention I have never, however, joined any of the societies, such as the Mayflower Descendants. I cannot and will not deny that the thought of having the ancestry above mentioned is a pleasing one; but I am "fully persuaded" that "every tub should stand on its own bottom," and I am trying to cultivate that species of manly independence instead of attempting to "cling to the skirts" of my ancestors. It sometimes occurs to me that perhaps a measure of William Sherman's independence of character has come down to the author of these articles.

In Marshfield, William Sherman, Sr., and his wife, Prudence, lived until their decease. The date of the decease of the latter is not, at present, known to the descendants; but it is known that the former was buried Saturday, October 25, 1697. After prolonged endeavor to ascertain the burial places of these ancestors the descendants have settled down to the conclusion that they were both interred in the Winslow burial grounds near the Webster place, but that all traces of their graves have disappeared. The Winslow burial grounds, it should be said, are the next oldest in New England, the oldest being those on Burial Hill, Plymouth.

In the Winslow Burial grounds there stands a plain, square granite monument about eight feet in height, two and a half feet in diameter at its base and proportionately smaller at its summit. The central portion of the monument, bearing the inscription and names has a highly polished surface, which adds distinctness to the lettering. On one side of this monument is the following inscription: "In Memory of the Early Settlers of Green Harbor, Marshfield." Just below the inscription are the names of thirteen of said settlers; and on another side of the substantial testimonial are the names of twenty other settlers. At the head of the names last mentioned are those of: "William Sherman and wife, Prudence."

The circumstances under which this monument was erected are as follows: At her decease, Miss Marcia Thomas, a resident



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NORTH MAIN ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
**Which the author attended when about six years of age. He lived directly
opposite the church**

of Marshfield, left a sum of money, by will, to pay for erecting a monument to the memory of the early settlers of Green Harbor, Marshfield, in the Winslow burial grounds; and her sister, Miss Sarah Thomas, was instructed to see that the provisions of said will were carried out; and the monument was therefore erected several years ago.

The Thomases were men of note in early colonial days; and from them the Misses Thomas above mentioned were descended.

Miss Marcia Thomas, it is due her to say, was deeply interested in the early history of Marshfield, and, at her decease, left in printed form, for future generations, data concerning her native township which is invaluable, and which, but for her painstaking efforts, would doubtless have been lost.

I will not conclude this brief and fragmentary genealogical introduction without saying that representatives of four generations of the Plymouth County, Massachusetts, Shermans of my own immediate line have participated in the different wars in which this country has engaged during its highly eventful history, as follows: In one of the Indian wars in which the Plymouth colonists were engaged William Sherman, Jr., son of William Sherman the "emigrant," served as a soldier; and, as a result of witnessing the fiendish tortures, by the Indians, of some of the colonists, his health was seriously affected. In the year 1675, as is learned from the Plymouth Country Records, he was allowed twenty pounds by the colony because of injuries received by him in "the service of his country."

My great-grandfather, Ebenezer Sherman, served in the Revolution in the year 1777 in Captain John Byington's company of Colonel Nathan Sparhawk's regiment; and also in the regiment commanded by Colonel Job Cushing in an expedition to Bennington, Vermont. During a visit to Marshfield a few years since I was shown the musket carried by Ebenezer Sherman in the Revolution; it had, however, been changed from a flint-lock to a percussion-cap gun, and was used for hunting game. It was very gratifying to me to hold in my hands this musket carried by a paternal ancestor in the seven years war for national independence.

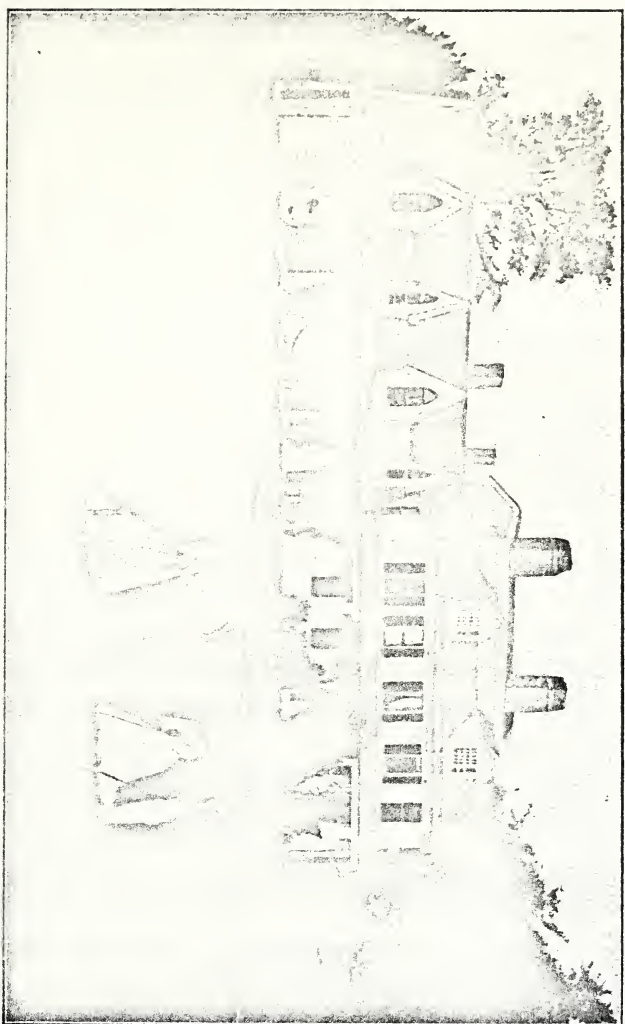
During the War of 1812 my paternal grandfather, Aaron

Sherman, commanded a company of Massachusetts militia, and my father, Aaron Simmons Sherman, a lad of about fifteen years of age, was the drummer boy for the company. When it was reported that the British purposed landing a force of redcoats at Scituate Harbor, a few miles nearer Boston than Marshfield, grandfather's company marched to the first mentioned place with a view to assisting in repelling the anticipated attack upon the excited village.

Upon reaching Scituate Harbor, however, it was learned that the British had been frightened away by two brave and resourceful Yankee girls, Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor, who, secreted behind a building near the shore of the harbor so successfully displayed their skill in blowing the fife and beating the drum that the British officers in command of the troops ready to land from vessels jumping to the conclusion that a large force of "rebels" had arrived for the defence of the place hastily left for Boston.

For many years my paternal grandfather was one of the deacons of the Baptist Church, of North Marshfield, now known for miles around as "The old skunk," from the duly authenticated fact that one of the deacons, whether my grandfather or not I have never been informed, on taking the large, old style contribution box on a Sunday morning to pass it for the usual collection, found a skunk cuddled up in said box, where the animal had evidently spent the night in undisturbed slumbers. There is, however, another version of this skunk story, and as I am disposed to do full justice to all parties concerned, I will give it; it is, in brief, to the effect that on the arrival of the faithful sexton at the place of worship one Sunday morning he discovered a skunk seated on the pulpit desk. Of the sexton's emotions on witnessing this unfamiliar scene no report has come down to the present generation.

It is a pleasure to his descendants to recall, that my father, Aaron Simmons Sherman, when a young man, made the alterations and improvements in the house in Marshfield, Massachusetts, purchased by Webster of Captain John Thomas; this was in the year 1827, and he had just returned from Machias, Maine, where he had begun his career as a "boss carpenter." Later



THE WEBSTER HOUSE, MARSHFIELD, MASS., IN 1829,
Showing the enlargement and improvements made by Aaron Simmons Sherman in 1827,
the year of its purchase by Webster from Capt. John Thomas

in life my father became a pattern maker and achieved a national reputation as a master workman at his trade.

In the Civil War five sons of my parents served, two in the infantry, one in the calvary, one in the navy and a fourth in the hospital department; and our mother, when commiserated by a sympathetic friend on having so many boys in the Union army, remarked: "If I had fifty sons I would give them all to my country!"

My paternal American line of ancestors, which may be of interest to some, at least, of *Americana's* readers, is as follows: 1. William Sherman, "the emigrant;" 2. William Sherman, Jr.; 3. Ebenezer Sherman; 4. Elisha Sherman; 5. Ebenezer Sherman; 6. Aaron Sherman; 7. Aaron Simmons Sherman, the author's father.

II

MY BOYHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

Of the date and place of my birth I confess, without the shadow of a blush, that I haven't the faintest recollection. If, however, I have been informed once, I have a thousand times, more or less, by those best qualified to impart a knowledge of the facts, that I made my advent into this beautiful world on the 5th of May, 1844, and in the ancient town of Marshfield, Plymouth County, "situate" in the easterly part of the Old Bay State; which town with its eight separate villages and hamlets and as many small postoffices, lies along the rugged shores of Massachusetts Bay about thirty miles south of Boston, "as the crow flies." I speak of Marshfield as being an ancient town; but it is of course, ancient from an American point of view, only. I will, however, say that in 1942, only twenty-seven years hence, the town will be sufficiently ancient to celebrate, as it doubtless will, the three hundredth anniversary of its incorporation.

The precise place of my birth, I take no small pride in saying was not many miles from the rock, or more properly speaking, the large boulder, on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the bleak day in the month of December, 1620; indeed, (and I am about to speak in hyperbole, that figure of speech which "lies

without deceiving'') if, at the moment of my entrance into this fair world I had stretched out my arm to its full length, my tiny, soft fingers would have touched the smoothly worn side of the now world-famous boulder whose surface, according to some historians, was first pressed by the dainty feet of Mary Chilton, the brave English maiden who afterward became the happy bride of one of the highly esteemed pilgrims from across the sea.

It was while my parents were visiting, for the first time in several years, with my paternal grandparents at the Sherman homestead, in Marshfield, on their way from Bridgewater, Massachusetts, to Providence, Rhode Island, there to establish a new home for themselves, that I made my initial appearance in this wonder-teeming world.

The house in which I first saw the light of this world, built as early, at least, as 1810, is still standing in a good state of preservation, having been constructed "on honor." It is a source of pleasure to have had pointed out to me, by an older brother who for many years has been the family historian and genealogist, to whom I am indebted for no little data given in this initial article of the present series, the identical room in which I was born.

The Sherman homestead has been removed from its original site to a point about fifty rods distant, approximately.

The Aaron Sherman homestead referred to is a one story and a-half structure of the style of architecture common in the Old Bay State and is shingled on roof and sides and ends. I do not believe the house was ever painted; but if so, the paint has been completely worn by the "play of the elements," leaving not the slightest traces of its former presence.

I confess that as I think of the house whose walls heard my first infant cry, which is now occupied by strangers, I share somewhat the sentiments of the poet, Byron, when he penned the following lines:

"He enter'd his home—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.

While an infant I was taken by my parents from Marshfield to Providence, Rhode Island, where my father had been engaged to work at his trade, that of a pattern maker, in a large concern which, as I recall, was situated near the present railroad station in the city above mentioned. The entire plant, I think, has long since disappeared.

Of the first years of my residence in Providence, a city then, as I have been informed, of about thirty thousand inhabitants, I have, of course, no recollection. My recollection, however, extends back to my fourth year; indeed, I can recall some things which occurred during my third year, but these are of a hazy and uncertain character. Of my fourth year I have a most distinct recollection. At that period I was residing on Ann street, near the Tockwatten House, a large hotel in the basement of which root beer and other soft drinks were manufactured, and dispensed to stores in the city and vicinity. I have a most vivid recollection of the fact that my frequent visits, as a "little fellow," to the aforesaid basement, were rewarded by the privilege of partaking freely of the root beer, of which I was especially fond. I have no recollection of ever having been limited by the proprietors in my consumption of that delicious root beer, presumably because of my limited stomachic capacity; and although I may be charged with again resorting to the use of hyperbole, I am constrained to say that I can, at this late day, taste the delicious beverage of which I was permitted to partake so frequently and freely in the basement of the Tockwatten House, torn down, as I am informed by a twentieth century resident of Providence, about thirty years ago.

Another incident in connection with my residence on Ann street, which is fresh in my memory, was a "big fire," which at one stage was likely to reach and set fire to the house occupied by my parents. Indeed, so rapidly did the fire spread toward our home that many of our household goods were hastily carried out on to the sidewalk preparatory to removing them to a place of safety. The roof of our house was set on fire by flying embers from other burning buildings, but we were spared the misfortune of being "burned out." When it became known that the roof of our house was on fire one of my older brothers was

hastily notified to arise and get dressed as soon as possible; and, acting upon the notification, he arose and began to dress, and finding he had the night before on retiring turned his shirt inside out he deliberately turned it right side out before donning it. Not a few times since has this brother been "jollied" over the coolness exhibited by him when the roof of our house was on fire.

There must have been coasting in Providence for I recall that on a Christmas Eve during our residence on Ann Street I received from my father what then seemed to me a beautifully painted sled; and a brightly colored worsted comforter such as were worn in those days but which were long ago discarded as a prolific cause of throat and lung complaints.

At the period of my life just referred to my light auburn hair hung in long curls down over my shoulders. This was the work chiefly, of my sister Helen, then living at home, who derived great pleasure from seeing her "little brother" thus adorned, and in exhibiting him to her young friends as they called. Nature had given me the hair and the curl in it, and sister Helen did the rest. The curling business, as I recall, became at length a bore to me; and I longed for the time when I should have "just hair on my head, without any curls."

From Ann Street we moved to North Main Street into a house directly opposite St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, a stone structure, which I am informed is still standing and presumably used for divine worship. For this church edifice I cherish fond recollections and tender sentiments, for in this church I attended Sunday School; and in the cramped burial grounds in the rear of the edifice lie the remains of a sister who died in infancy, and a leaf of ivy plucked from a vine growing in this burial place during a visit a few years ago is now among the things the sight of which revive precious memories of years long past.

As an illustration of the tenacity with which trifling events cling to one's memory I will say that while I lived on North Main Street one of my older sisters, Amelia, who had married and was residing in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, from which we had moved to Providence, paid her parents a visit; and on her re-

turn home she took me with her for a visit. I distinctly recall that while visiting with my married sister she was very fond of keeping my hair curled and exhibiting me to her friends as they called. Of her attachment for her husband I have vivid recollections which it is a pleasure to recall as "the evening shadows lengthen."

My sister's husband's father, a kind hearted man, "Grandpa," I called him, had in some way (I think by a spark from red hot liquid iron used in "pouring" in iron foundries) lost the sight of one of his eyes; and for some reason he wore a green covering or "patch" over that eye, and this "patch" was quite a wonder to my childish imagination. But in spite of the "patch" on "Grandpa's" eye I was very fond of him.

When I was between five and six years of age I used occasionally to be taken to school by a teacher of the primary department in the Grammar School on the corner of Benefit and Halsey Streets. When the school session opened this beloved teacher would carefully place me in a chair on the platform where I could watch the various classes as they came up one after another for recitation in "readin', writin' and 'rithmatic." I will not deny that while seated on that platform in the primary department of the Benefit Street Grammar School I "magnified," to employ a Pauline term, my elevated position as I looked with childish hauteur down upon the regular pupils seated on the hard wooden benches before me.

When I was about six years of age I began attending the Benefit Street School as a "regular pupil" and I was assigned to the room presided over by the teacher who had so frequently taken me to school, as a visitor, during the previous summer.

As dearly as I loved that teacher as a boy I regret to say I am unable to recall her name, which must, of course, have been known to me at the time of our association as teacher and pupil. I have many times wished I might learn of her residence and either visit her or correspond with her if she is still living; but of her present whereabouts, if now living on this "mundane sphere," I am as ignorant "as a bat." For aught I know she may have years ago gone as a missionary to the jungles of Africa or to "Greenland's icy mountains;" and she may have laid

down her life for "the heathen." Or, she may have married and had a small primary school in her own home—who knows? If she is living, which is possible, and these articles should come to her attention it would be one of the rare pleasures of my life to receive a letter from her, which I should most assuredly answer with more than ordinary promptness.

Scarcely less vivid in my memory than the teacher's fondness for the little curly-headed boy on North Main Street is the recollection of a woman well advanced in years who lived in a small, old, unpainted house, so dilapidated that to my boyish imagination it seemed likely at any time to tumble down over her head, on the opposite side of Benefit Street from the Grammar School building. This house stood at the corner of a lane or narrow street, down which some of the pupils were accustomed to go as a short cut to their homes. The fact in connection with that old house and its occupant which especially lingers in my memory is this: that the woman kept homemade molasses candy on sale in her humble home on the corner. The children of the primary and intermediate departments, especially, of the public school nearby were her principal customers. For a big copper cent, such as we had in those early days, we used to get a generous stick of unadulterated molasses candy the thought of which even now makes my "mouth water." The dear old woman must have done quite a business in the confectionery line in the days when candy manufactories were probably unknown in this country.

On the opposite side of the street from our house on North Main Street was a narrow street leading up a steep hill to Benefit Street, the latter of which ran parallel to the street on which I lived. On the lower side of North Main Street and opposite the street running up the steep hill above mentioned was a lane which ran between our house and the one next south. This narrow lane ran a long distance down toward a canal. It was a favorite sport of the boys especially of the neighborhood to coast down the steep hill beginning at Benefit Street, into the lane, and thence on toward the canal. The great speed with which the boys would come down this steep hill, shoot like an arrow from an Indian's bow across North Main Street and enter the lane leading toward the canal was enough to frighten those unaccus-

tomed to such sights. I used sometimes to borrow a small, low-built, but swift-going sled from a boy friend, and, going to the extreme summit of the steep hill come down with such force that it was with great difficulty I avoided going into the canal at the terminus of the lane. My parents soon forbade my sliding more on that hill because of its positively dangerous character.

Providence was noted for its steep and dangerous hills; and numerous stories were related of hair-breadth escapes from death, of residents and others driving down them, especially in winter. One of my mother's friends in the city was riding down one of those steep hills when the horse became frightened, ran away, and before he could be stopped the lady was thrown violently from the carriage to the frozen ground and instantly killed. A babe well wrapped in winter clothing escaped unhurt.

Another horse and carriage were coming down one of those steep hills leading into North Main Street, and, becoming frightened ran away. He dashed down the hill, shot across the street at its base, up on to the pavement on the further side of the street, and before the horse could be checked he plunged headlong through one of the large front show windows of a store, breaking it into many pieces. The poor animal was so nearly killed by the numerous and severe cuts about the face and breast that he had to be shot.

Most every boy, I suppose, has to have one or more narrow escapes from death; and I am no exception to this rule, as the following incident will show: I had gone across the canal already mentioned, on a rude, narrow foot-bridge, on to the railroad tracks, where a large number of passenger and freight cars usually stood, and where every day, many trains of both kinds of cars were made up for outgoing traffic. It was summer time. I was standing on one of the tracks wholly oblivious of the approach of a freight train making up, which was coming toward me at a considerable rate of speed. In some way my attention had been attracted in another direction; and just as the moving train was about striking me and reducing the number of the Sherman family in Providence by one an employee of the railroad company hastily snatched me from the track. It was a narrow escape, for in another moment the oncoming train would

have struck me and that would probably have meant death by mangling underneath the heavy wheels of the cars.

My timely rescuer gave me a good talking to on the folly of standing on the railroad track when trains were making up and sent me home with a "bee in my ear." My most serious trouble, however, was the fear that in some way or other my parents would hear of my having been over on the railroad tracks and punish me for disobeying them; for I had again and again been instructed and warned to keep off the tracks.

If my parents ever heard of my narrow escape from death on the occasion mentioned it must have been so long after the occurrence that they considered it too late in the day to punish me for my disobedience. Or perhaps they considered my fright a sufficient punishment. Certain it is that I never afterward ventured on to the railroad tracks where trains were making up.

One of my older brothers, of whom there were two at home at the time, concluded he would like to earn some pin money; so, with the consent of our parents, he bought a good sized handle basket, filled it with candy and nuts and fruit which he purchased of a friend at the wholesale prices, and on each Saturday morning went out to offer them for sale.

Sometimes I was permitted to go with my brother; and at such times he found me one of his best customers, so far at least, as the reduction of his modest stock was concerned. So far, however, as the profits were concerned he could not have made a very favorable report. The number of my sweet teeth increased so rapidly that he deemed it desirable to leave his curly-headed brother at home whenever he could do so without "raising a rumpus" with him.

Only two or three blocks from our house on North Main Street, as I recall, was a factory where drinking cups were made from cocoanut shells. Perhaps few or none of the readers of *Americana* have ever seen a drinking cup made from a cocoanut shell; so I will try to give them some idea as to how they were made, but before doing so I will say that the cocoanuts were purchased in large quantities, probably by the ship-load.

The cocoanuts were first sawed in two pieces and the meat taken from the shell. This meat was sold to confectioners and

others who appreciated its commercial value for cooking purposes. The delicious cocoanut cakes we used to buy for a big copper cent when I was a boy were made from this cocoanut meat purchased by the confectioners who made them without adulteration.

The half of the cocoanut shell having no holes, or eyes, in it, was put into a lathe and with sharp tools turned somewhat smooth on the outside. The edges of the shell were also straightened and rounded so as not to hurt the mouth in drinking. A long wooden handle was then fastened to the side of the cup and this made one of the nicest vessels in the world to drink from. I used to think the water drank from a cocoanut shell cup was cooler and tasted far sweeter than that drank from other cups, not excepting a silver cup.

The shop where those cocoanut shell drinking cups were made was a favorite resort of the boys from all over our part of the city, for this was the only shop of the kind in the entire city, so far as I recollect. The boys who visited this shop were given their fill of the small pieces of cocoanut meat taken from the shells; I mean the pieces that were too small to sell to confectioners and others. There were large quantities of these small pieces so that no boy who visited the factory had reason to say: "I never yet had enough cocoanut meat to eat." But many a boy, who was piggish, had abundant reason for saying he had had too much cocoanut meat, and had found it very desirable to sometimes get rid of it in great haste while mother held his head.

During our residence in Providence, especially on North Main Street, fires were of frequent occurrence. How well do I recollect being awakened in the middle of the night when I was about seven years of age by the fire alarm, which then consisted of the ringing of the church bells and the hideous cries of: "fire! fire!" on the street. All were promptly up and dressed. The fire about to be described had commenced in the cocoanut-cup factory, which, to the deep sorrow of every boy in our part of the city, who had ever been a visitor to that earthly paradise, was totally destroyed—"burned clean to the ground" as we learned in due course.

Onward the terrible fire swept toward our house. As it crept

closer and closer toward us preparations were hastily made to carry our household goods out on the street to some place of safety. Small articles were tied up in bed sheets and the other bedding was tied up in quilts and carpets. When it seemed almost certain that the flames would reach our house the household goods were expeditiously carried out, the neighbors whose houses were not threatened, in the kindness of their hearts, lending a hand in the work of removal.

After a season of great suspense, during which the women and children stood shivering in the open air, not by reason of the cold, however, but from fright and intense anxiety, it became evident that the fire had been checked; and then the household goods on the street were leisurely taken back into the house. But there was no more sleep that night, I assure you. The people all along the street sat up and over and over recalled the stirring incidents and occurrences of the fire which had destroyed an entire block, and even more.

The property owners, especially, did not forget to shower their compliments upon the volunteer fire department for their excellent work in checking the awful conflagration before its ravages had extended further; the wonder, as not a few expressed it, being that it did not "destroy the entire block in which we live!"

During our residence on North Main Street we used what was known as camphene for fuel in the house lamps. Camphene was highly explosive, and many a fire more or less serious in its consequences originated from the explosion of camphene lamps. In some way one of our camphene lamps took fire; that is to say, suddenly, and without any warning whatever, fire was discovered on the outside of the lamp as it sat on the sitting room table. An explosion, with its terrible consequences seemed imminent. At the critical moment, however, one of my older brothers seized the flaming lamp, and, at the risk of his life, threw it out of an open window—it was summer time—into the lane at the side of the house. This was the lane leading down to the canal. The burning lamp had scarcely touched the ground when it exploded with quite a noise. The sight of the burning camphene as it spread in almost every direction on the ground

from the shattered lamp was a very pretty one. My brother who threw the burning lamp out of the window was from that day considered a boy-hero.

"Come, children," mother would say, when a thunder storm was gathering, "let's get on the feather-bed, and we shall be safe from the lightning;" and then my younger brother and I would scamper for the old-fashioned cord bedstead in the sleeping room just off the sitting room. We would hastily clamber up its side, and wait for mother to come, which would be in a minute or two after we had fixed ourselves in the deep geese feather bed, with the feathers gathered about us. Mother would sit on the side of the high bedstead, with her feet just off the floor. If the storm was a long or particularly severe one mother would tell us stories to divert our attention from its terrors. It was a great relief to both mother and children when the storm abated.

One of the happiest experiences of my life as a boy while residing in Providence was an excursion, by steamboat, on a delightful summer day, down the bay to a United States fort. Our mother, as I distinctly recall, went with us—I mean my younger brother and perhaps an older brother—as father was engaged at his business and could not well get away to go with us. We had a fine sail down the bay; and were greatly pleased with the fort—Fort Adams—its big cannon, and its gaily dressed soldiers with their bright muskets, which fairly shone in the blazing sun of a summer day.

We were some little distance from the steamboat wharf when the whistle blew for the boat to leave on its return to Providence with the satisfied excursionists; and the way we all scampered for the steamboat landing must have been amusing to spectators who watched us in our precipitate haste. On reaching the steamboat landing, all out of breath from our long run, we ascertained, to our chagrin, that the bell we had heard was only the first bell; and that the steamboat would not start for several minutes.

What remains very distinctly in my memory, after the lapse of the many intervening years with their absorbing events and occurrences, is the fact that our dear mother was greatly frightened, as she thought we were going to be left by the steamboat.

Another thing that has to this day remained fresh in my memory in connection with our hasty run for the steamboat landing, is the fact that our mother hustled the children along at such a rapid rate of speed that "we got there," even though we were a little ahead of starting time; and I have often said to myself, while recalling the occurrence, "better a little ahead than ever so little behind!" and, acting upon that motto has many times in my life time prevented my being left by the steam cars.

If I should neglect to relate the following incident in connection with our residence in Providence my younger brother, now a resident of the Quaker City," might consider himself slighted, so here goes: During our residence in Providence small-pox broke out in the city. There were, as I recall, many cases of the then dreaded disease; and not a few of the cases died. All children who had not been vaccinated were required by the city authorities to undergo the operation. My younger brother and I were required to go to a small school building some distance from our home to be vaccinated, one of our older brothers going with us to see that no harm befell us. I remember, as if it was only yesterday, that my "little brother" made a great fuss about being vaccinated; the physician had to hold him by "main force." The patient kicked and struggled to get free in his evident determination not to submit to the operation. But the faithful physician "carried the day" and my "little brother" thereby became immune, as was supposed, from small-pox.

The Hamlet at the Bouwerij

BY HOPPER STRIKER MOTT

Trustee and Treasurer of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society and Editor of *The New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*.

[*To be Completed in Two Parts.*]

PART II

STUYVESANT'S will is not of record. From a recital in a deed from his widow Judith to Garret Lydecker it appears that he devised all his realty to her. She was the daughter of a distinguished Huguenot divine and reached New Netherland with her husband, the newly appointed Director-General, May 11th, 1647, accompanied by his sister, Anna, the widow of Samuel Bayard, his wife's elder brother and her three infant sons, Peter, Balthazar and Nicholas. This group, the origin of two families, may be regarded as a genealogical unit, from which double connection sprang a relationship which continued for the following century. The Bayard farm is as well known to conveyancers as is that here exploited. By the term of Mrs. Stuyvesant's will, dated January 29th, 1679 (L. 3 of wills, 67) one-half of her estate vested in her son, Nicholas Willem, born 1648, and the remaining half in the children of her eldest son, Balthazar, born 1647, deceased.

The latter, named for his grandfather, Rev. Balthazar Stuyvesant, was a staunch Dutch patriot and after New Netherland became English moved to the West Indies.* His children, who

*Nov. 15th, 1664. Letter from Vice Director Beck of Curacoa to Stuyvesant in which he promised Balthazar Stuyvesant a good tract of land.

Dec. 11, Ditto. Balthazar had arrived with letters of 12/22 October.

April 16th, 1665. Ditto describing Balthazar's plantation.

April 17th, Ditto. Account with Balthazar for his passage to Curacoa. (Cal Dutch Mss., 334.)

were born there and were in consequence aliens, preferred a claim for part of the real estate of which their grandmother died seized, which is said to have been rejected by the judicial tribunals of the Colony of New York and Nicholas Willem and those claiming under him have been in undisturbed possession of the whole premises since the death of the testatrix in 1686. (Original Abstract).

The following is an extract from her will referring to the church her husband had erected:

“And I doe by these presents farther, by form of Legasie, Give and Grant to the Ref. nether dutch Church or Congregation of the City of New Yorke, My Testacries Church or chappell seituated on my bowry or farmes, Together with all the Revenues, proffitts and Immunities As alsoe with all the Incumbrances to the said chappell belonging or appertaininge To have and to hold the said chappell and appurtenance, after the time of My decease, Unto the Overseers of the said congregacon, to the use aforesayd for Ever, with further power, iff they see cause to demolish or displace the same and to Employ the Materialls thereof to such Uses as they shall think fitt and expedient, Provided that in such case of the sayd materialls bee made and built all and whatsoever In the Inclosed Testament Is Expressst and Required, for the preservation of the tombe or vaught, which was built by my deceased husband in said Church.” The “enclosed testament” was another will, of a previous date and contained the following bequest to Col. Nicholas Bayard: “I doe further bequeath to my said cousin, Nicholas Bayard, and to his wife and child or children, (if desired), a bureing place In the tombe or vaught of my Late deceased husband In the chappell or Church att my Bowry; and in case it should happen that my sayd church or chappell did Come to decay or for any other Reason be demolished, I doe hereby declare and publish it to be my Last will and Testament, that of the materialls and Rubbage of sayd chappell be made a building Sufficient ffor a cover upon the sayd Vaught.” (Feb. 15th, 1678-9. L. 3-4 wills, 44.)

This will intimates the desire that the Consistory of the Church of New York should take charge of the chapel and ap-

propriate it to the uses for which it was originally built; or if deemed more expedient that the materials not needed for the preservation of the vault might be appropriated for similar uses. Just when services were discontinued is not in evidence; but the Consistory failed to carry out the terms of the devise for the reason, it is said, that testatrix had only a life interest in the property and suffered it to pass by default and the chapel gradually and surely fell into a delapidated condition, until little remained but the foundation.

From a list of church members in 1686, kept by Do. Selyns, we find that said Nicholaes Willem *en zyn huysvrou* (and his housewife) lived *over het Versch Water*. (beyond the Fresh Water). On the same record his mother is entered as "Juffrou Judith Isendoorn.* weduwe van do Herr Petrus Stuyvesant." After the death of his father, the son resided in the paternal mansion. A prominent citizen of the infant city he took a lively interest in the growth of his inheritance and in church work and philanthropy. He represented his ward in 1687 as Alderman and was in other respects engaged in public life. The Bouwerij Church was yet standing in 1694 in which year Gov. Fletcher wrote (Nov. 28) to Capt. Stuyvesant requesting the loan of the bell therein for the use of the garrison, the bell in the fort being cracked. (*Cal. Hist. Mss. Eng.* at Albany, 243). By his first wife, Maria, only daughter of Wilhelmus Beekman, the founder of the family in the new world, and Vice-Director on the Delaware, whom he m. May 5th, 1672, Nicholaes Willem had no issue. His second wife was Lysbett, daughter of Brandt Arent van Slechtenhorst, first Director of Rennselaerwyck, he who had so grievously antagonized the Dutch Governor, the father-in-law

*Isendoorn was a village in Guilderland. Judith Isendoorn was a different person from Judith Bayard wife of Gov. Stuyvesant. Judith van Isendoorn married Domine Eagidius Luyck. The good Domine (Selyns) has certainly confused these names. "We find in an entry of the baptism of Catharine, daughter of Nicholas William Stuyvesant, son of the Governor, in 1678, when Madame Luyck had left the country and gone back to Holland with her husband, that at this baptism Judith van Isendoorn was a witness; thus showing that there was another person of the name residing in New Amsterdam, neither the wife of Dr. Luyck nor the widow of Gov. Stuyvesant." (*Anthology of New Netherland*, 172.) Luyck was rector of the Latin School in New Amsterdam. He married 1663. Domine Selyns composed a nuptial song for the bride and groom who were married the "second day of Christmas" and another verse called the "Bridal Torch" in their honor. (*Ibid.*, 133, 137). For sketches of their lives *vide* p. 171 of that book. In 1673 Luyck held the office of Burgomaster.

of whose son he was fated to become. License was dated Sept. 15th, 1681, and they were married in the Esopus. Two sons and one daughter resulted from this union. One son Peter died in 1705 unmarried. The son Gerardus and a daughter Anna survived their father. (L. 7 Letters Testamentary, 306; also L. 8:171). Gerardus by his wife Judith Bayard, his second cousin, had two sons Nicholas William II who died unmarried at the age of 58 and Peter III. Their father's will is not of record. Upon the death of Nicholas William II, without issue, his share fell to his brother. Born in 1727 this Peter III. married Margaret, daughter of Gilbert Livingston. The latter was the fourth son of the first Lord of the Manor of Livingston and devoted himself to his estate, to reading and to social duties, says *Famous New York Families*. He married Cornelia Beekman and was the founder of the Poughkeepsie branch of the family. His most distinguishde descendant was the Rev. John Henry Livingston, D. D., LL.D., who, in his latter years, was recognized as the father of the Dutch Reformed Church in America. His memoirs were written by the Rev. Alexander Gunn, D. D., the first pastor of the Church at Harsenville, otherwise the Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Peter Stuyvesant III died in 1805.* His will is of record in L. 46:107. He had six children, two sons and four daughters. Of the latter Judith married Benjamin Winthrop, Cornelia Dirck Ten Broeck and Elizabeth Col. Nicholas Fish and became the mother of the Hon. Hamilton Fish of national reputation, while Margaret died unmarried. The sons were Nicholas William III and Peter Gerard. The former's residence, known as the "Bowery House," devised under his father's will and situated on the block between 8th and 9th Streets, 1st and 2nd Avenues, was approached by a private way from Bowery Lane. By his wife Catherine Livingston Reade, daughter of John and Catherine (Livingston) Reade, he had six sons and three daugh-

*The tablet to his memory at St. Mark's reads as follows:

"To the memory of Peter Stuyvesant at a testimony of filial love and gratitude. He was born 13 Oct., 1727 O. S., died 7 Oct., 1805, and his remains are deposited in the vault of his ancestors within the walls of this church. The kind father, the faithful friend, the honest citizen and the sincere Christian rests from his labours and his works do follow him. (*Amer. Epitaphs*, Alden, 1814, 1:270.)

ters, viz: Peter, the oldest, m. Julia Martin; Nicholas William IV. m. Catherine A. Cheeseborough; John Read m. (1) Catharine Ackerley, (2) Mary A. Yates; Gerard m. Susan Rivington van Horne; Robert Reade m. Margaret A. Mildeberger; Joseph Reade m. Jane Ann Browning; Catharine Ann, eldest daughter, m. John Mortimer Catlin; Helen C. m. (1) Henry Dudley, (2) Francis Olmsted, (3) William S. Mayo and Margaret Livingston m. Robert van Rensselaer. This was a generation of scholarly well-to-do people who devoted themselves to their estates, to study and to social affairs. The "Bowery House" was later and until 1825 occupied by Peter Gerard Stuyvesant.

Peter Gerard, born 1778, was graduated from King's (Columbia) College in 1794, was admitted to the bar and practiced law for a time. This he abandoned to devote himself to the management of his large estate. He lived on a part of the family inheritance which his father had devised to him under the name of "Petersfield" and which mansion was located between present 15th and 16th streets, east of 1st Avenue. Petersfield Lane led to it from Bowery Lane at a point just south of 12th Street. Because of the swamp lands which covered a portion of the tract the lane swung to the north in crossing 2nd Avenue and again to the south after the swamp was passed. Both of these two comparatively modern dwellings were erected before 1765.

Peter Gerard was a founder of the New York Historical Society in 1804, serving as its President from 1836 to 1840, and an incorporator of the Erie Railroad in 1832. He partially endowed the professorship of Ecclesiastical History at the General Theological Seminary and was Vice-President of the American Bible Society. Although twice married, (1) to Susan, daughter of Col. Thomas Barclay and (2) to Helen Sarah, daughter of the Hon. John Rutherford of New Jersey, he had no issue. He met a lamentable death at Niagara on Aug. 16, 1847, aged 70. As a visitor to the Falls with his wife and while the weather was warm and oppressive, he repaired to the water to enjoy the luxury of a cooling bath. Plunging beneath the surface he sank to rise no more. His large estate was left to his nephews and nieces and \$5,000 to the Bible Society. An ac-

tive business man he was possessed of great energy. (Obituary notice.)

In his will dated Feb. 21st, 1846, (L. 94 Wills, 742) he devised his residuary estate to Gerard Stuyvesant, Hamilton Fish and Stuyvesant Rutherford, the latter on condition he caused himself to be called by the surname of Stuyvesant. Chap. 342 passed October 28th, 1847, allowed the change of name. The residuary estate was partitioned in the action of Gerard Stuyvesant vs. Hamilton Fish & Rutherford Stuyvesant began February 11th, 1848. Decree was entered confirming the report of Commissioners October 24th. Map No. 163 in Register's office. The chief portion of this extensive property came into the possession of Benjamin Robert Winthrop, the Hon. Hamilton Fish and the noted astronomer Lewis Morris Rutherford. (Original Abstract). Peter III. Stuyvesant, the father of said Nicholas William III. and Peter Gerard, advertised his "Petersfield" mansion in 1706, to wit:

Peter Stuyvesant offers for rent that pleasant seat 2 miles from New York called *Petersfield*, lately occupied by Baron de Pollnitz and now in possession of Mr. Robert B. Winthrop. Also a small house and garden near the house where he lives on the Bowery road.

Feb. 13.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States the Baron owned and had his residence on the notable estate of Andrew Elliott, son of Sir Gilbert Elliott, Lord Chief Justice Clerk of Scotland, who was Receiver-General of the Province of New York under the Crown. In 1790 Elliott sold it to Robert Richard Randall and through his munificence it became the property of the Sailor's Snug Harbor.

It was Peter Stuyvesant III, who, after the marriage of his daughters, laid out streets over the Bouwerij, which were named for the members of his family. His attention was largely concentrated on the building up of his patrimony. The lanes on the map were wiped out by the plan of the Commissioners of 1807 who laid down streets without the slightest regard for

those already in existence. Only one of the original ways was preserved, the present Stuyvesant Street, which starting at the Bowery ends at 2nd Avenue, before the grounds of St. Mark's.

It is interesting to follow the course of events through which this street was saved. On January 12th, 1807, Peter G. Stuyvesant petitioned for its regulation and on March 30th, the Common Council referred the matter to Richard Harison, its Counsel, for his opinion as to whether the ground included therein had been accepted as one of the public streets. (*Ms. Mins. C. C.*, Vol. 16:360). So much history is contained in his statement, submitted April 13th, and incidentally concerning the first official map of the city, that much of the recitation is here appended. This map was used as the basis on which the Commissioners laid out the northern part of the city. From Harison's "answer" we learn that

On November 30th, 1787, Evert Bancker, Jr., had surveyed and laid out at the request of Peter Stuyvesant on his farm a piece of ground intended for a street then and since known as Stuyvesant street, that

On March 30th, 1789, the said Peter had conveyed by indenture of lease lots of ground bounded by said street to John Coutant and Gilbert Coutant, that

On the — day of — the ground on which St. Mark's in the Bowery was erected, also bounded by said street, was conveyed in fee to the Corporation of Trinity, that

St. Mark's was built in 1795, before which time and since the said piece of ground had remained laid open and had ever since been used by the public for their enjoyment and accommodation as a highway, that

The Act of the Legislature, passed May 7th, 1793, vested all the right, title, &c., of the People of the State of, in and to all lands at any time theretofore left for streets or highways in the City of New York by any person or persons whomsoever, in the Mayor, &c., and their successors for the use of streets and highways, that

The Act passed March 30th, 1799, declared that no street should thereafter be laid out except with the approbation of the Mayor,

&c., in Common Council convened and if any such street should be laid out without such permission it should be lawful for the Mayor, &c., by By-laws or Ordinances to direct the same to be stopped up and all buildings adjoining thereto be removed by the proprietors or occupants within such times and under such penalties as they should think proper and that all streets not already named and approved of by the Mayor, &c., should be considered as new streets within the meaning of that act, which had expired on March 30th, 1802, that

The Act passed April 2nd, 1803, made similar provisions to those contained in the above act of 1799 with the variation that all streets not already opened and named should be considered new streets that

On December 11th, 1797, the Corporation contracted with Goerck and Mangin to make a new map of the city from the Battery to the Sandy Hill Road at the Two Mile Stone and easterly, including the streets on which St. Mark's stands, to the East River and westerly to the North River, so as to include the Sandy Hill road and the State Prison. By the contract the map was to contain certain specific descriptions and a Field Book to accompany the same and the contractors were to deliver another map upon a smaller scale which was intended for sale to indemnify the Common Council, that

On April 10th, 1799, the Mayor laid before the Board the new map, which was referred to a Committee to examine and correct as to the names of streets and also to report a mode of obtaining subscribers to the work, that

On July 13th, 1799, it was ordered that the Committee, together with Mr. Mangin, obtain the engraving of the new map by Mr. Mavrick or other competent persons, on the best terms they could, that

On March 30th, 1801, it appearing that great inconvenience was sustained in consequence of having several streets designated by the same names, it was ordered that the Street Commissioner be directed to attend to the completion of the new map and that he be authorized to employ Richard Furman to assist him in the execution of that duty, that

On February 14th, 1804, Aldermen Joshua Barker, Philip

Brasher and John Oothout were appointed, in conjunction with the Comptroller and Street Commissioner to examine the new map then nearly ready to be published and to take such measures as would be most proper to indemnify the Board and the persons who had executed the same for the expense that had been incurred, that

A number of these maps were sold by the Corporation with the Title of a plan and regulations of the city made from actual survey by Goerck & Mangin by order of the Common Council and protracted by J. Fr. Mangin, 1800. Some alterations were also made on the map and instead of the above Title a label was substituted in these words, "Plan of the City of New York" drawn from an actual survey by Casimer Th. Goerck and J. Fr. Mangin, C. S. This plan showed the Wards as lately altered by the Legislature and designated with accuracy most of the streets and wharves and slips, &c., lying to the southward of a line beginning at the North River at Watts street, thence extending through said Street to Hudson Street, thence to Leonard Street, thence to the Broadway, from thence in a line to Bayard Street, through this street to the Bowery Road, thence to Bullock Street and through that street to the East River. Except Brannon and Spring Streets none of the streets to the northward of the above line had been ceded to the Corporation or had been approved and opened under their authority. They were therefore to be considered subject to such future arrangements as the Corporation might deem best calculated to promote health, introduce regularity and conduce to the conveniency of the city. November, 1803, that

By an act passed March 8th, 1803, entitled an act to increase the number of Wards and to equalize the same, the boundaries of the 7th were described in these words: The 7th. Ward shall begin at the southeasterly corner of the 4th. Ward * * * making the middle of Stuyvesant Street to the East River the northern boundary, that

By three acts enabling the city to raise money, passed April 5th, 1804, March 28th, 1805, and February 17th, 1806, respectively the lamp and watch district was described to be to the southwest of a line beginning at the North River at a place

called De Kleyn's ferry, a little to the northward of the State Prison, thence easterly in front of the new Banking houses to a road commonly called the Sandy Hill Road, thence along that road to the northward of Potter's Field and the house of William Neilson to the Bowery road, thence across that road to a street commonly called Stuyvesant Street and through the middle thereof to the East River, and that

The said piece of ground or street had never been actually ceded from the said Peter Stuyvesant or any other person to the Corporation. The Counsel thereupon concludes his statement by this quotation: "The following answer to return to the question as to whether this is a public street. Though there are several circumstances in this case which might lead to the idea that the ground was considered as a public street, yet I am of the opinion that they are not binding on the Corporation. The charter gives the Corporation full power and authority to establish and appoint the laying out of all streets and the altering, mending and repairing of them. This grant would be nugatory if every individual had a right to lay out streets over his grounds according to his fancy. The several acts of the Legislature do not in my opinion destroy the original power, they only restrain the Corporation from removing the buildings unless they are valued and paid for in the manner prescribed by law. I think therefore that the Corporation may if they deem it proper order this street to be shut up, provided that no act was passed at the late session of the Legislature which may deprive them of that right. The expediency of such a measure they alone are competent to decide."

Chapter 59, passed March 9th, 1831, declared Stuyvesant Street, as now laid out of the breadth of 66 feet from the Bowery Road to Second Avenue, to be a public street, and Chapter 252, passed April 23rd, of that year applied all laws relative to the opening of streets to said street in the manner as if it had been laid out under the act of 1807.

The map showing the original layout of the Bowery village, on which the streets are superimposed, was drawn by Benjamin Robert Winthrop in 1862, from recollection. Thereon is placed the governor's mansion on the north side of present Stuyvesant

street. This error was corrected by William Kelby, former Librarian of the N. Y. Historical Society, who in his researches located the house as standing approximately on 12th street, just east of Third Avenue and adjacent to the Pear Tree. The site of the ancient church is also shown on this map.

The upper story of the school-house on Nicholas William street was later used by what was known as the Bowery Village church. It was then called the Academy and there Bishop Asbury preached. A Methodist organization, it was launched in 1786 by the Rev. William Valleau, a zealous local preacher from the John Street Church. This part of his circuit was known at first as the "Two-mile-stone Appointment." The earlier meetings were held in the two story frame residence of Gilbert Coutant, on Third Avenue, between 7th Street and St. Mark's Place. The second place of worship was in the Academy.

In 1817 the first church edifice was erected on the lot adjoining the Academy and it was at this time it became known distinctively as the Bowery Village Church. It was a plain wooded structure with brick basement, having two doors opening on a porch that was reached by a flight of steps. Here the Rev. Henry J. Feltus, D. D., who later obtained great eminence as an eloquent divine of the Episcopal Church (St. Stephen's) frequently officiated, as did also the popular young preacher, Rev. John Summerfield. It was not an unusual practice of the latter clergyman to hold services in the private houses of citizens of the neighborhood. Born in Preston, England, Jan. 31, 1798, he commenced his ministerial labors in the Connection of the Wesleyan Methodists in Ireland, but employed the last four years of his life in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the U. S. He died in this city June 13, 1825. (*Earliest Churches in N. Y.*, Disosway, 236).

Some few years afterward, when the reconstruction of the streets occurred, the edifice was left in the middle of the block, and was then moved to the north side of 7th Street, near Second Avenue. Later the church was moved to two lots near Third Avenue and as the city grew up about it the old name was dropped and the Bowery Village church is known to the present generation as the Seventh Street Church—a decided loss in

picturesqueness. The venerable John Stephenson, famous the world over as a builder of cars, was one of the members of some eighty years ago and at the centenary of the organization told of the green fields he crossed on his way to service and of happy experiences and reminiscences during his connection with the church. For a history of this church and names of its early members, *vide Annals of N. Y. Methodism*, Seaman, pp. 153, 291.) The congregation consolidated in 1911 on the Hedding M. E. Church in E. 17th Street and sold its edifice on March 25, of that year.

The site of the tavern, although not shown on the village map, was near the "Two-mile-stone." It was renowned in its convivial way. The Dutch settlers were a comfortable sort of folk and the City of New Amsterdam encouraged the building of taverns in order that a considerable excise tax might be collected. The law not only regulated the price of the tankard of beer and the mutchkin of rum but the cost of beds with sheets and beds without. Early in its existence the Arie Cornelissen, above mentioned who had come from the Corlear's Hoek region, was its landlord. His house became a favorite place of resort for city people and fate made it historic. When Leisler was acting Governor of the Colony, the French and Indians raided the valley of the Mohawk, burned Schenectady and threatened Albany and the New England settlements. The whole Atlantic border was aroused, and Liesler, who was sagacious beyond his time, saw his opportunity for union and summoned delegates from the Colonies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Plymouth and Connecticut to meet his own representatives in New York. The avowed object was the invasion of Canada. Small-pox was prevalent in this city at the time the delegates were to assemble, in 1690, and the Governor fixed upon the Bowery Village as the place of meeting, the Tavern in which he described as "a good neat house kept by Capt. Arien Cornelis" (Letter from Fort William dated, March 26th, 1690. *Cal. Eng. Mss.*, 183).

In this humble tavern met the first American Colonial Congress, predecessor and pattern of all that came after and showed its successors how the people of the New World might unite for

a common object and against a common enemy. New York promised to furnish 400 men for the Colonial Army; Connecticut, 135; Massachusetts, 160; Plymouth, 60, and Maryland, 100. Rhode Island had no soldiers to spare but agreed to raise her proportion of money. The troops were raised. Boston and New York sent out fleets, the enemy were checked and the Colonies saved.

A curious sort of character became the proprietor of the tavern a few years later. A mathematician, wit and speculator, he set up the first hackney coach that had ever been provided for the public accommodation. A year later he published the first almanac that had ever been printed in New York and he was smart enough to make abundant use of it as an advertising medium. Thus under the head of June, he gave notice that "the 24th of this month, is celebrated the feast of St. John the Baptist, in commemoration of which, and to keep up a happy union and lasting friendship by the sweet harmony of good society, a feast is held by the Johns of this city at John Clapp's, in the Bowery, where any gentleman whose name is John may find a hearty welcome to join in concert with his namesakes." In a table of distances he puts his tavern down as being two miles from the city Post-Office, adding that his is generally the baiting-place where gentlemen take leave of their friends and where a parting glass of generous wine,

"If well applied, makes the dull horse feel
One spur in the head is worth two in the heel."

The location of the Bowery House and Petersfield are designated on the village map as is also the cemetery.

Verily not only did the Governor fall before the English power but his great grandsons capitulated to the attractions of the English Church. Nicholas William Stuyvesant II was a vestryman of Trinity from 1760 to 1773 and his brother Petrus held the same office from 1793 to 1799. When the former died in 1780 Petrus III became the last patroon of the name. So it was, a natural sequence that actuated, doubtless, by the same motives as his great grandfather, more than a century before,

he should propose, in 1793, to the vestry of which he had just become a member, the conveyance of the land on which the old chapel stood for the erection of a church of his faith. He offered a plot 150x190 feet, some twelve city lots and £800 N. Y. currency (\$2,000). This generous offer was taken into consideration on July 8th, of that year, when it was resolved to accept it and to "take measures for building a church accordingly as soon as the situation of the corporation will admit thereof and that Messrs. Stuyvesant, [Hugh] Gaine and [John] Jones be a committee to enquire what aid can be obtained from well disposed persons toward the same."

From *St. Mark's Memorial* we learn that Stuyvesant declined to serve and that Augustus Van Horne was appointed in his place. It does not appear that they succeeded in raising any immediate funds, for two years elapsed and then on January 19, 1795, the vestry of Trinity resolved to "raise the sum of £5000 (\$12,500) for building a church on the land of Peter Stuyvesant Esq. in conformity with his proposal," and Messrs. Nicholas Carmer, Gaine, Van Horne, and Stuyvesant were appointed a building committee. On St. Mark's Day, Saturday, April 25th, 1795, the corner stone was laid by Bishop Provoost. The work progressed very slowly, a delay having occurred, apparently in 1798, for in that year the building committee was authorized to enter into contracts for the work of construction. On Thursday, May 9, 1799, the edifice was reported finished and was consecrated the same day by the Bishop with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Benj. Moore and the administration of the Holy Communion.

A meeting of the male adult members of the congregation was held October 18th, of that year immediately after divine service at which they incorporated themselves. By vote Peter Stuyvesant and Francis Bayard Winthrop were elected church wardens and Gilbert Colden Willett, Mangle Minthone, Martin Hoffman, William Ogden, William A. Hardenbrook, George Turnbull, Nicholas William Stuyvesant and James Cummings vestrymen. The meeting then resolved that the church should be known as St. Mark's in the Bowery.

Although the body of the church has remained intact to the present day the appearance thereof in 1799 was very different

as there was neither steeple, porch nor fence and the stone walls had not yet been covered with plaster. Inside, the pews in the gallery were unfinished, there was no organ and much painting remained to be done. The light streamed freely in through the plain glazed windows and on the short winter afternoons candles furnished the illumination when daylight faded.

The building actually stood, as its name implied, on a farm—in the midst of green fields and trees. The built-up portion of the city was still far away. Maps of the period do not even indicate any streets on the east side above Houston Street and in fact no plan had yet been adopted for the region above that line, while below only straggling houses approached it. The upper part of the Island was generally in its original state of hill, morass and forest with farm houses and country residences scattered along the Albany post road and at the most picturesque points on the East River. This section was a charming rural region where people went to spend the summer. As late as 1807 Dr. Harris reported to the Diocesan Convention that the number of communicants was 60 to 70 in winter and 120 to 200 in summer. Besides the Stuyvesant farm there were several large estates so that the regular congregations consisted of a few rich families and their servants and dependents.

The first rector was the Rev. John Callahan and he has been succeeded by the Revs. William Harris, William Creighton, Henry Anthon, Alexander H. Vinton and Joseph H. Rylanee, biographies and portraits of whom appear in the above mentioned volume to which attention is called. Many noticeable tablets and windows are to be seen in the church.

Land was given by Stuyvesant—a plot 56-95—lying on the south side of Stuyvesant Street, east of Second Avenue or what is now 11th Street and thereon was erected in 1801-2 the parsonage (L. 71:358). On August, 26th, 1803, he made another munificent donation of land for a cemetery—a plot 242x190 feet opposite the rectory lots and extending eastward. (L. 71:362). In the following spring it was resolved to fence it with “neat palings in front and boards in their original state on the sides and rear.” In 1806 the movement began for the erection of the steeple which was not fully realized until 20 years later. In

the meantime Trinity donated \$500 towards it and the small bell of St. Paul's. This was hung in the low tower with which the vestry were forced to content themselves. The little bell continued to ring out over the fields until they were swallowed up by houses and the struggling country church had become a wealthy city parish. In 1837 a new bell was provided and the old donated to St. Clement's.

In 1807 the first vaults were built in the grounds adjoining the church. It was the custom in the early days for every church to have a burying ground but this remains today one of the few city churches which still preserve adjacent cemeteries. In 1811 an organ was rented, and not until 1823 was one purchased and installed. Oil lamps were substituted for candles in 1825 and a Sunday School organized the following year. When Stuyvesant Street was established up to 2nd Avenue, the steeple, the construction of which had been delayed pending the decision, was constructed. Twelfth Street was opened in 1829 and Eleventh Street afterwards. Both of these cut off corners of the cemetery and made a readjustment of the boundaries necessary which was effected by exchanges with adjoining owners. An act of the Legislature, passed February 4th, 1814, permitted such a settlement with the consent of the Chancellor. (L. 130:519; 213:159). A two story building was erected in the rear of the church for Sunday school and vestry purposes which was finished in 1835. The next year saw a vane placed on the steeple and subscriptions opened for a clock to ornament the latter. Gas was introduced in 1836 and a stone portico added as there was no longer any doubt about the closing of Stuyvesant Street and the approach to the church.

The opening of 2nd Avenue left an irregular plot of ground between the church yard and the avenue which Peter G. Stuyvesant offered to sell to the Corporation; this transfer was made May 28th, 1838. The price paid was \$10,000 and the land afforded space for 43 vaults. An iron railing was erected this year which replaced the picket fence of 1800. In 1851 it was decided to buy a plot out of town for a burial place and one was selected in the Cemetery of the Evergreens. Quit claims were obtained from 61 persons scattered through the country from

Maine to California who had interests in the old plot in order that it might be sold. The rectory which had stood for 50 years was torn down in 1891 and replaced by an apartment house. Although it was not a "stately mansion" yet, with its old fashioned gabled roof and dormer windows, it was a quaint reminder of the substantial dwellings of olden time.

On Saturday, November 1st, 1903, a window showing a full sized likeness of Governor Stuyvesant, was unveiled in the church, as an additional memorial, by the Daughters of Holland Dames. Hamilton Fish made the presentation address on behalf of the Society.

Instead of the four hundred residents of the village, who, in 1702, congregated near the Governor's mansion the city had encompassed it about during the following hundred years and the Commissioners' map fills the section with numerous habitations. New streets in the neighborhood were being opened and St. Mark's, which, in 1830, had stood for three decades, was becoming the nucleus of a rapidly built up community of substantial people. As early as 1832 schools for young ladies opened. One of the most important was that carried on by Mrs. Saffery who had a day school in St. Mark's place, with a preparatory annex under the direction of Miss Saffery. The terms per quarter for English, with its appropriate routine of Study, Needle-work, writing and Arithmetic were \$10. Special attention, at an extra individual charge, was given to "Piano-Forte Playing and Theory of Music, the Harp, Drawing, Dancing, Italian, Spanish and Latin and Geography and Theory of the Globes," ranging from \$25 for the Harp to \$4 for Latin Grammar. (Courier and Enquirer, Dec. 13.)

The attractions of the neighborhood soon drew a class of people for whose accommodation boarding facilities were required. The "spacious Mansion House and Grounds," in Albion place, at 385 Fourth Street, next door to the corner of the Bowery, was announced in the same medium, May 20, 1836, as being open for their reception. Some of the allurements mentioned were the large and commodious house, containing forty rooms, the dining hall, 65x21 feet, the "truly delightful location which was in the most fashionable and healthy part of the city."

Mrs. Warren, the landlady, stated that her establishment was "a delightful summer residence, fully equal to that of the country," and that "gentlemen will be taken to breakfast and tea if required." Access was convenient by the Bowery stage which passed every five minutes during the day. In 1837 Brower's "line of Broadway omnibuses" extended its itinerary from in front of St. Mark's church, through Eighth Street, to Broadway, leaving its terminus at half-past 8, 9, and half-past 9 for Wall Street and on the return trips every afternoon at half-past 2, 3 and half past 3 o'clock. (*C. & Eng.*, Jan. 28).

It was during the Mayoralty of Cornelius W. Lawrence. (1836-7) that Thomas E. Davis purchased some vacant lots in St. Mark's Place and vicinity in an effort to build up the locality. (*Haswell* 321). On July 30, 1836, Alex. J. Davis, Architect, with offices at 14 Wall Street and in the N. Y. University Building, advertised in the *Evening Star*, for proposals for furnishing marble, granite or light free stone for the construction of the portico of St. Mark's Church, to be 70 feet front and 25 feet deep, with six Corinthian columns 4 feet in diameter. The plans, elevations and sections were to be viewed at his uptown office.

"Splendid Private Residences" began to be constructed. The line of Second Avenue was an especial favorite because of its width. Advertisements appeared in the press calling attention to certain houses under construction. Glowing accounts of their attractiveness were narrated. They read very much as present builders advertise their wares. That some of the interior improvements may be noted, these special features are mentioned: "sliding doors of the richest polished mahogany, silver furniture intaglio, marble columns by the sliding doors, grates of the newest and most splendid pattern in the parlors, silver grates and looking glass, summer blowers, made by Ward & Goodby and elegant marble mantles by R. J. Brown." The above is part of the description of three residences just completed on the east side of Second Avenue between Sixth and Seventh Streets, each in size 26x56, on lots 125 feet deep, which had been eighteen months in building and embraced all recent improvements. (*Cour. & Eng.*, Nov. 28, 1838). It is difficult to imagine

that families could be found who would invest in such expensive habitations when the only water to be had was supplied by wells located in the kitchen.

St. Mark's place promised at one time to become one of the most fashionable residence streets and Second Avenue was a favorite locality. Rich and conservative families colonized the surrounding streets. And what aided largely in fixing and retaining for a season fashionable attention to this location was the setting apart of pieces of land on each side of that avenue for a public park. To Peter Gerard Stuyvesant, a great-great-grandson of the Governor are the city and especially the inhabitants of the east side indebted for this establishment and breathing resort.

In May, 1836, he proposed to the city authorities to convey land to them for the purpose, upon condition that it be improved and named Holland Square. At their instigation a bill was introduced at Albany setting apart the land designated. The Act passed May 18, 1836, to become effective on the cession of the property. By its terms all that part of 16th Street between the southeasterly line of Second Avenue and a line drawn parallel to and 190 feet distant southeasterly therefrom and all that part of 16th Street lying between the northwesterly line of Second Avenue and a line drawn parallel thereto and 190 feet distant northwesterly therefrom was discontinued on the map or plan of the city. (Sec. 1.)

By the second section all the land in the 16th Ward, bounded northeasterly by 17th Street, northeasterly by Second Avenue, southwesterly by 15th Street and southeasterly by a line drawn parallel to and distant 190 feet southeasterly from the southeasterly line of Second Avenue; also bounded northeasterly by 17th Street, southeasterly by Second Avenue, southwesterly by 15th Street and northwesterly by a line parallel to and distant 190 feet northwesterly from the northwesterly line of Second Avenue, was declared to be a public square, to be called Stuyvesant Square and the same was to be thereafter known as such public square on the map or plan of the city.

Spaces of thirty feet in width were to be laid out on such map and opened for public use as ways, from 15th to 16th Streets and

from 16th to 17th Streets, along the southeasterly and the northwesterly sides of such public square. (Sess. Laws, 1836, Chap. 361.)

The conveyance from Peter Gerard Stuyvesant and Helen, his wife, is on file in the Register's office in Liber 360:550, the date of record being Sept. 22, 1836, and the consideration five dollars. The conditions attached to the transfer are that an Act closing 16th Street, 190 feet on each side of Second Avenue must be procured, that a parallelogram of 190x450 feet on each side of that Avenue must be at once enclosed with a railing similar to the one to be placed around Union Place, that said enclosures must be planted and improved similar to the improvements in Washington Square and that the lands conveyed should at all times thereafter be applied to and used exclusively for the purposes of a public square. The grantor's modest request that the park should be known as Holland Square was over-ruled by the city authorities. A further deed to the City for land on Rutherfurd Place, in order to carry out his intentions, was executed by said Stuyvesant on April 1, 1846. (L. 476:71.)

After the grantor's death his executors brought action in chancery against the City. The purpose, it is to be presumed, was to compel the carrying out of the clauses in the deed and for other relief as indicated below. The papers have not been found in the office of the Corporation Council or that of the County Clerk. The Minutes of the Common Council, however, supply the details of the settlement made. On May 14, 1849, certain resolutions became valid without the Mayor's sanction which provided that, whenever said suit should be discontinued and a release or relinquishment executed of all claim for damage on account thereof, in such manner and form as should be approved by the Corporation Counsel, the Corporation of the City agreed to pay the cost of the suit and on the appeal to be taxed, together with \$2,500 for lawyers' fees paid by the executors.

By the second resolution the City bound itself on compliance with the above requirements to reduce the carriage way on Second Avenue from 60 to 40 feet, to reset the curb and gutter on said Avenue from 11th to 20th Streets; also to permit the own-

ers of lands thereon from 11th Street southwardly to 4th Street and from 20th Street northwardly to 23rd Street to reset (at their own expense) the curb and gutter so as to reduce the carriage way to the same width of 40 feet and to grant permission to such owners, between 4th and 23rd Streets to enclose 15 feet of the sidewalks within court yards, as had been permitted in the case of Fifth Avenue, of 23rd Street, etc., etc., and if necessary to obtain from the Legislature an Act authorizing such enclosures. The Corporation further agreed to place a fountain, equal to that in Union Square, in each of the enclosures aforesaid, the same to be under the control of the City officials. (*Mins. C. C.*, Vol. XVII:3). The release is not of record.

On August 4, 1849, the "widening [sic] of the sidewalks in Second Avenue, from 60 to 45 feet" and the resetting of the curb and gutter in the Avenue from 11th to 20th Streets were authorized and the question of building fountains was referred to the Croton Aqueduct Board with instructions to procure plans and estimates and submit them to the Common Council. Said Department was directed on October 11 to erect the fountains and \$7,500 was appropriated to cover the expense.

Considering the above action it is rather disconcerting that the Mayor should have approved resolutions, Jan. 5, 1850, opening as a public square the triangular piece of ground lying between and contained by the Bowery, Third Avenue and 7th Street, (Vol. XVII:566) and that the Legislature should have passed a law, March 16 of that year laying out a public place on the above plot to be known as Stuyvesant Square, (Chap. 65.) This has now become Cooper Square and lies just south of Cooper Union.

Many people of note settled around the original square. Those families which inherited parts of the Stuyvesant farm were anxious to live thereon and built substantial brick mansions along the broad stretch of Second Avenue. Their following went with them and a great deal of the social gaiety of the City was transferred away over to the East Side. There still remain many of these fine old houses where people live in comfort and it is yet a highly respectable place of residence which, although fashion has passed by, clings tenaciously to its old home charms.

Chapters in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia

No. II—THE COMING OF THE BOSTON TORIES

BY ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON, M. A., D. C. L.

“Time was when America hallowed the morn
On which the lov’d monarch of Britain was born,
Hallowed the day, and joyfully chanted
God save the King!
Then flourish’d the blessings of freedom and peace,
And plenty flow’d in with a yearly increase,
Proud of our lot we chanted merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!

“But see! how rebellion has lifted her head!
How honour and truth are with loyalty fled!
Few are there now to join us in chanting
God save the King!
And see! how deluded the multitude fly
To arm in a cause that is built on a lye!
Yet are we proud to chant thus merrily
Glory and joy crown the King!”

Loyalist Poem by the Rev. Jonathan Odell, M. D., on the King’s birthday, June 4, 1777. Printed in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*.

OF THE several provinces that constitute the Dominion of Canada, Quebec and Nova Scotia were the only ones at the time of American Revolution that could be considered settled. The nearest of the provinces to the colonies engaged in revolt was Nova Scotia, and the fact that her population had in great part only recently been drawn from New England, and that her trade was still most largely with Boston, gives this province a significance in the great strug-

gle for independence that is second only to that of the revolting colonies themselves. Political sympathies are usually most strongly determined by racial connection and commercial interest, and with a large proportion of the people of Nova Scotia at the period of the Revolution, near ties of blood and the necessities of trade naturally combined to produce a feeling of sympathy with the revolt, that showed itself strongly throughout the province, particularly in the two important but widely separated counties of Yarmouth and Cumberland. That in the Revolution the political fate of Nova Scotia "hung upon a very slender thread" is a statement that has recently been boldly made in Nova Scotia itself, and strong as the statement to many people may seem, the facts in the case we believe fully warrant the historian in making the charge that his statement implies.¹

Geographically, Nova Scotia and the adjoining province of New Brunswick, which until 1783 was reckoned as part of Nova Scotia, belong with New England, and in the commissions of several of the governors sent out as the chief executives of Massachusetts, Nova Scotia was included as part of the territory over which these officials were empowered to exercise control.² For two-thirds of a century before the Revolution, ever since England had gained the final undisputed right to rule Acadia, intercourse, political and social, between the two provinces had been of the closest kind. Massachusetts, indeed, for much of this time had been in a military way much more than a friendly

1. Edmund Duval Poole in "Annals of Yarmouth and Barrington," page 1.

2. Sir William Phips's commission, in 1692, gave this governor control of "the Old Colony, the Colony of New Plymouth, the Province of Maine, of Nova Scotia, and all the country between the last two mentioned places." See Sparks's *American Biography*, Vol. 7, p. 77. William Shirley's commission, in 1741, reads: "Whereas by a Royal Charter under the Great Seal of England, bearing date the Seventh day of October in the 3rd year of the Reign of King William the Third, the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, the Colony of New Plymouth, the Province of Main in New England, the Territory of Acadie or Nova Scotia, and the Lands lying between the said Territory of Nova Scotia and the Province of Main aforesaid were United, Erected, and incorporated into one real Province, by the name of Our Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England. . . . We reposing Especial Trust and Confidence in the Prudence, Courage, and Loyalty of you the said William Shirley. . . . do Constitute and Appoint You the said William Shirley to be Our Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over Our said Province of the Massachusetts Bay." "The Correspondence of William Shirley," edited by Charles Henry Lincoln, Ph.D., Vol. 1, pp. 28-36. The "seventh day of October in the third year of the Reign of King William the Third" was October 7, 1691.

neighbor to the more easterly province, she had, primarily of course for her own protection, used her forces unsparingly in guarding the interests of Nova Scotia against the machinations of the common foe of all the eastern American colonies, the papistical French.³ In the matter of trade the two provinces had been extremely valuable to each other, important commercial intercourse between them having begun even earlier than the time that De Razilly's warring lieutenants, D'Aulnay Charnisay and Charles La Tour, were waging their petty wars for supremacy in the Acadian woods.

As we have seen, there was no attempt at British settlement of Nova Scotia until 1749, and thereafter no further attempt until 1758, so that the political grievances of which long settled Massachusetts had come to complain had had no chance to develop in the former province. But the population of Nova Scotia, wherever population existed in the districts outside of Halifax, had been largely drawn from New England, and as has been said, and as we should expect, these Nova Scotian New Englanders soon after the outbreak of the Revolution showed unmistakable signs of close sympathy with the cause to which their relatives and friends in the colonies they had left behind had given their passionate support. At Halifax, however, matters were different, many of the most influential inhabitants of the town, it is true, were New Englanders, but society there had begun on a distinctly aristocratic plan, the governor was an Englishman, the council, into which several New England men had already been admitted, was a body which stimulated and gave exercise for the love of power which most men possess, and already a considerable number of the Boston Congregation-

3. In 1747, Governor Shirley wrote the Duke of Newcastle that "New England had furnished for years the only succour and support the Garrison at Annapolis Royal had received, and that the General Assembly of Massachusetts were growing tired of having the burden of defence thrown upon them, and desired his Majesty's more immediate interposition for the protection of Nova Scotia." Archdeacon Raymond, LL.D., in "Nova Scotia under English Rule; from the Capture of Port Royal to the Conquest of Canada, A. D. 1710-1760," published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada," Third Series 1910, p. 68.

March 28, 1750, Shirley writes the Duke of Newcastle that Nova Scotia having long been the object of his attention, appears to him "immediately to affect the safety of all his [Majesty's] other Northern Colonies, particularly those of New England, and in its consequences the interests of Great Britain itself in a very high degree." "The Correspondence of William Shirley."

alists settled in the town had conceived an attachment, stronger or weaker, for the Anglican Church. When the Revolution began, therefore, self interest for most of the Halifax men seemed to demand that whatever might come they should keep loyal to England, hence the strong censure with which any disaffection towards British control was visited at Halifax from first to last through the whole continuance of the war.

The Revolutionary conflict started in Massachusetts on the nineteenth of April, 1775, by the march of some eight or nine hundred royal troops from Boston towards Concord to seize stores of ammunition and food the provincials had collected there for use in the impending certain strife. The attempt was unsuccessful, and before long Boston, where the British forces were gathered, was completely surrounded by provincial troops and all supplies for the King's army were cut off. As soon as this fact became known in Nova Scotia, Governor Legge of this province ordered shipments of provisions from the Bay of Fundy, and likewise dispatched four companies of the 65th regiment, then stationed at Halifax, to assist the royal troops in the beleaguered town. In the Massachusetts Archives is a mass of documents which reveal with great clearness the unhappy conditions which existed both in Nova Scotia and in Massachusetts, from the prohibition of all intercourse between the two provinces by the patriot authorities of Massachusetts, throughout the progress of the strife, until the enactment of the resolve of July fifth, 1792, by the Massachusetts Great and General Court abolished privateering and put trade relations once more on a friendly basis.

Fear that the interruption of trade relations, and more especially that the close relationship that existed between a great part of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia and the people of New England, might produce a feeling of sympathy in Nova Scotia with the revolting colonies, caused the government at Halifax to bestir themselves vigorously almost as soon as the Revolution began to check any outward demonstration of disloyalty the Nova Scotians might be disposed to make. At the opening of the Legislature in June, 1775, Governor Legge in his speech said diplomatically: "On so critical a conjuncture of

affairs in America I cannot forbear expressing the great pleasure and satisfaction I receive from your steady and uniform behaviour in your duty and allegiance to the King, and in your due observance of the laws of Great Britain. Nothing can more advance the good and welfare of this people, nor render us more respectable to Great Britain, nor be more subservient to procure the favour and protection of our Royal and most gracious sovereign; as on the continuance of his protection our safety, our prosperity, and the very existence of this colony depends." The replies of the Council and the Assembly to this speech were as loyal in tone as could be asked, but the Governor soon began in letters to the Home Government to charge disloyalty to England on most of the people under his rule, clearly insinuating that even members of the Council itself were tainted with treasonable feeling.⁴ Positive orders issued both by the revolted colonies and the Governor and Council of this province prohibiting intercourse between Nova Scotia and the other colonies soon pro-

4. At Halifax the restraint of trade was of course severely felt, and a few persons there were charged by name with unfriendliness towards the English cause. A quantity of hay had been bought from Mr. Joseph Fairbanks for the King's troops at Boston, but by some means it was burned before it could be got away. Responsibility for destroying it was publicly laid on two Massachusetts residents of the town, John Fillis, formerly of Boston, and William Smith. They stoutly denied the charge, however, and the council exonerated them. In October, 1777, an order was passed in council for the arrest of Mr. Malachy Salter, one of the most prominent merchants of the town, also a native Bostonian, on a charge of correspondence of a dangerous tendency with parties in Boston, and a prosecution was ordered against him for unlawful correspondence with the rebels. In the next session of the Supreme Court Mr. Salter was tried but he too was honourably acquitted.

The Eddy rebellion in Cumberland county in 1776, led by Jonathan Eddy, John Allan, and Samuel Rogers, all of whom had been members of the Nova Scotia Legislature, is a conspicuous matter of Revolutionary history. How the news of this rebellion affected the government at Halifax a minute of the council books shows. This notable entry is as follows:

"At a council holden at Halifax, on the 17th Nov., 1776, Present the Honourable the Lieut. Governor, the Hon. Charles Morris, Richard Bulkeley, Henry Newton, Jonathan Binney, Arthur Goold, John Butler.

"On certain intelligence having been received that Jonathan Eddy, William Howe, and Samuel Rogers have been to the utmost of their power exciting and stirring up disaffection and rebellion among the people of the county of Cumberland, and are actually before the fort at Cumberland with a considerable number of rebels from New England, together with some Acadians and Indians. It was therefore resolved to offer £200 Reward for apprehending Jonathan Eddy and £100 for apprehending John Allan, who has been deeply concerned in exciting said rebellion."

A fact never entirely lost sight of by historians of Halifax is that in this Eddy rebellion in Cumberland a young Irishman, Richard John Uniacke, who in later life was to hold high positions in the local government and to found in Halifax a family of the first importance, took part against the British authorities.

duced a most unhappy state of feeling all over the province; Nova Scotia had lost her markets, privateering on both sides was rampant on the seas, so large a number of prisoners were being brought into Halifax that the prison ship in the harbour and the jail in the town were full to overflowing, and to crown all an order had gone out from Governor Legge for the enrollment of a large body of militia in various parts of the province for immediate service, if necessary in the field. Legge, who was a relative of the Earl of Dartmouth, was the most unpopular governor Nova Scotia has ever had, he was autocratic and suspicious, and in the three years that he spent as head of the government, he managed hopelessly to antagonize not only the lieutenant-governor, Mr. Michael Francklin, and the members of the Council, but the people at large of perhaps every settled township in the province under his rule. His order to the militia was received throughout the province with marked disapprobation; "Those of us who belong to New England being invited into this province by Governor Lawrence's proclamation," say the people of Cumberland, "it must be the greatest piece of cruelty and imposition for them to be subjected to march into different parts in arms against their friends and relations." Protests from Onslow and Truro speak of the hardships of the militia law, since it takes men from their avocations, and also leaves the parts of the country from which they come exposed to attack.

The movement of Loyalists from Massachusetts to Nova Scotia began very soon after the skirmish at Lexington. Many persons of comfortable fortune, in and near Boston, foresaw that if the provincials triumphed their own fortunes must lie elsewhere than in their native province, and cast their eyes on Nova Scotia as a place of refuge. Early in May, 1775, therefore, several vessels arrived in Halifax harbour with families that were glad to escape thus early from the scene of what clearly threatened to be a miserable and protracted civil war.

The first Massachusetts Loyalists that we know to have arrived in Halifax were a group who embarked at Salem on the twenty-ninth of April, 1775, in the brig *Minerva*. This group comprised Mr. George DeBlois, a local Salem merchant, a first cousin of Gilbert and Lewis DeBlois, the well known Boston

Tories who died in England,—Dr. John Prince, a Salem physician, Mr. James Grant, and a Mrs. Cottnam and her family.⁵ A little over a month later, on the eighth of June, 1775, Edward Lyde and his family of Boston left their native city, in some vessel, and sought refuge in Halifax. Edward Lyde was a prosperous iron merchant, a man of the first social position, who had managed to make himself highly offensive to the patriots, and his flight from his native town at this early period seems to have been necessary for his safety. Precisely where in Halifax he lived during the year he spent there we do not know, but when his friends from Boston arrived with General Howe, as we shall presently see, he met Chief Justice Peter Oliver, and at once took him to his house, where he kept him during his stay. Some time in 1776, Mr. Lyde embarked for London, though he did not long stay abroad. In 1779 he came to New York, where he had important business interests, and in that city he spent most of the remainder of his life.⁶ When Howe's fleet reached Halifax, among the Refugees that came with it were Mr. Byfield Lyde of Boston, Edward Lyde's father, and two or three sisters of Edward Lyde. Of these sisters, Sarah, became in 1777, in Halifax, the second wife of Dr. Mather Byles.

Very soon after the battle of Lexington, Major John Vassall of Cambridge and Boston, and his family, and Colonel Isaac Royall of Medford, sailed for Halifax, and with the latter probably went also Sir William Pepperrell, 2nd, Colonel Royall's son-in-law, and Lady Pepperrell. In Halifax Lady Pepperrell died, her funeral taking place there October eighth, 1775. Late in 1775, or early in 1776, Rev. John Troutbeck, who had been for about twenty-one years assistant minister of King's Chapel, also took refuge in Halifax, and with the exception of the Pep-

5. See the writer's "Old Boston Families, No. 1, the DeBlois Family," in the N. E. Hist. and Gen. Register for January, 1913. Mrs. Cottnam afterward kept a school for girls, first in Halifax, then in St. John. She and her daughter are occasionally referred to in the Byles correspondence.

6. Edward Lyde's movements are clearly learned from the deposition he made before the commissioners appointed to receive petitions from Loyalists for compensation for their losses in the Revolution. See "Ontario Sessional Papers," Vol. 37, Parts 11 and 12 (2 Vols., 1905).

perrells these persons were all in Nova Scotia when Howe's fleet arrived in March and April, 1776.⁷

Almost immediately after the battle of Lexington, as we have said, Boston came into a state of siege, General Gage promptly ordering the inhabitants of the town to have no communication whatever with the country around. Just before the battle of Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775), General Howe said to his troops: "Remember, gentlemen, we have no recourse if we lose Boston, but to go on board our ships, which will be very disagreeable to us all." On the seventh of March, 1776, Howe's situation "was perplexing and critical. The fleet was unable to ride in safety in the harbour. The army, exposed to the mercy of the American batteries and not strong enough to force the lines, was humiliated and discontented. The Loyalists were expecting and claiming the protection that had so often been guaranteed to them."⁸ In

7. Rev. John Troutbeck was in Boston as late as October, 1775, when he signed the address from the gentlemen and principal inhabitants of Boston to Governor Gage. When Dr. William Walter, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, arrived in Halifax we do not know, but it was probably earlier than the coming there of Howe's fleet.

Colonel Isaac Royall left his beautiful mansion in Medford (which is standing still) with great sorrow, three days before the battle of Lexington. He expected to go to Antigua, but he soon decided to go to Halifax, and in that town he remained until the Spring of 1776. Probably in May, 1776, he embarked for England, and there without ever revisiting his native country, he died in 1781. One of his daughters was the wife of Col. George Erving, another the wife of Sir William Pepperrell, 2nd.

Of Colonel Royall's house at Medford, Mr. Stark writes: "The mansion itself was inded one of the finest of colonial residences, standing as it did in the midst of elegant surroundings. In the front, or what is now the west side, was the paved court. Reaching farther west were the extensive gardens, opening from the courtyard, a broad path leading to the summer house. The slave quarters were at the south. . . . The interior woodwork of the house is beautifully carved, especially the drawing room, guest chamber, and staircase. The walls are pannelled, and the carving on each side of the windows is very fine."

This notable mansion was the scene of great hospitality. "No home in the colony," continues Mr. Stark, "was more open to friends, no gentleman gave better dinners, or drank costlier wines." Colonel Royal was a kind master to his slaves, a charitable man to the poor, and a friend to everybody. From Halifax, March twelfth, 1776, he wrote from Halifax to Dr. Simon Tufts of Medford, directing Tufts to sell some of his slaves. See Stark's "The Loyalists of Massachusetts," pp. 293, 294; and Brooks's "History of Medford," p. 173.

8. Public acts of the Massachusetts Loyalists that were particularly offensive to the patriot party were, a respectful address of the merchants and others of Boston to Governor Hutchinson, May 30, 1774, before Hutchinson's departure for England; an address of the barristers and attorneys of Massachusetts to Governor Hutchinson on the same day; an address of the inhabitants of Marblehead to Governor Hutchinson, May 25, 1774; an address to Governor Hutchinson from his fellow townsmen in the town of Milton shortly before the Governor sailed; an address presented to his Excellency Governor Gage, July 11, 1774, on his arrival at Salem; a loyal address from the gentlemen and principal inhabitants of

addition, the belief was general that no despatches had been received from the government since October." Accordingly, on the 7th of March, 1776, Howe convened his officers in Council, and in a speech, impassioned and forceful, told them that in spite of the humiliation which the action would involve, and of the losses that the Loyalists under his protection must inevitably suffer, in order to save the army he must evacuate the town. Ten days later the formal evacuation came. On Sunday the 17th, very early in the morning, the troops began to embark. "About nine o'clock," says Frothingham, "the garrison left Bunker Hill, and a large number of boats, filled with troops and inhabitants, put off from the wharves of Boston." How soon after his final decision was made to leave Boston Howe notified the majority of the Loyalists under his protection, we do not know, but the Rev. Henry Caner, Rector of King's Chapel, tells us that he himself had only a few hours given him to prepare for his flight.

Although the formal evacuation occurred on the seventeenth of March, the whole fleet did not leave Boston harbour for several days, and Frothingham says that during that time the British officers wrote many letters to their friends. On the day of the evacuation, one wrote from "Nantasket Road": "The dragoons are under orders to sail tomorrow for Halifax,—a

Boston to Governor Gage, October 6, 1775, shortly before he sailed for England; and a "loyal address to Governor Gage on his departure. October 14, 1775, of those gentlemen who were driven from their habitations in the country to the town of Boston."

In September, 1778, was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts the Banishment Act of the State, "an Act to prevent the return to this state of certain persons therein named, and others who have left this state or either of the United States, and joined the enemies thereof." In this were included many gentlemen in various professions and businesses prominent in several towns of the State. The second section of the act reads: "And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or persons, who shall be transported as aforesaid, shall voluntarily return into this state, without liberty first had and obtained from the general court, he shall on conviction thereof before the superior court of judicature, court of assize and general gaol delivery, suffer the pains of death without benefit of clergy." On the 30th of April, 1779, was passed the "Conspiracy Act," or Act of Confiscation, "an Act to confiscate the estates of certain notorious conspirators against the government and liberties of the inhabitants of the late province, now state, of Massachusetts Bay." (The term "notorious conspirators" was highly insulting to men who were honestly convinced that whatever the mistakes the British Government was then making, it was wrong to throw off allegiance to the mother land. Private letters of Harrison Gray in the writer's custody show how indignantly they resented it, and how inappropriate it really was).

cursed, cold, wintry place, even yet; nothing to eat, less to drink. Bad times, my dear friend." On the twenty-fifth of March, another wrote: "We do not know where we are going, but are in great distress." On the twenty-sixth, still another wrote: "Expect no more letters from Boston. We have quitted that place. Washington played on the town for several days. A shell, which burst while we were preparing to embark did very great damage. Our men have suffered. We have one consolation left. You know the proverbial expression, 'neither Hell, Hull, nor Halifax,' can afford worse shelter than Boston.⁹ To fresh provision I have for many months been an utter stranger. An egg was a rarity. Yet I submit. A soldier may mention grievances, though he should scorn to repine when he suffers them. The next letter from Halifax."

The whole effective besieging force that withdrew with Howe, says Lossing, including seamen, was about eleven thousand, and the number of Refugees about eleven hundred, but a list of the latter in the handwriting of one of them, Mr. Walter Barrell, Inspector General of Customs, which was long ago printed in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society," gives the number as nine hundred and twenty-seven.¹⁰ In Barrell's

-
9. "There is a proverb, and a prayer withal,
That we may not to three strange places fall:
From Hull, from Halifax, from Hell, 'tis thus,
From all these three, good Lord, deliver us!"

John Taylor (the "Water Poet"), 1580-1654; in "News from Hell, Hull, and Halifax."

The siege of Boston had been in progress for ten months when Howe evacuated the town.

10. "Proceedings of the Mass. Hist. Soc." Vol. 18, p. 266. Also Stark's "Loyalists of Massachusetts," pp. 133-136. In his "Siege of Boston," Richard Frothingham, Jr., gives the number of Refugees with Howe as "more than a thousand." Of members of Council, commissioners, custom-house officers, and others who had occupied official positions, he says, there were a hundred and two; of merchants and other inhabitants of Boston two hundred and thirteen; of persons from the country a hundred and five; of farmers, traders, and mechanics three hundred and eighty-two, and of clergymen eighteen, all of whom "returned their names on their arrival at Halifax." About two hundred others, he adds, did not return their names. Where the "return" made at Halifax, that Frothingham speaks of, was ever deposited we do not know. Nor can we feel at all certain that Frothingham's summary is correct. It is impossible, for instance, that there can have been eighteen clergymen among the Refugees. The only Massachusetts clergymen that the fleet can possibly have carried were Rev. Dr. Henry Caner, Rector of King's Chapel, Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, who had been Rector of Christ Church, Rev. Moses Badger, whose home was in Haverhill, and possibly though not at all likely, Rev. Dr. William Walter, Rector of Trinity Church. When Dr.

list we find besides Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Oliver and his servants, six persons in all, eleven members of council, and a clerk of the courts, they and their households numbering in all seventy-three,—a group of custom house officials numbering no less than thirty-seven, they and their families aggregating a hundred and thirty-two, and two hundred and twenty-eight other men, with their families, these comprising the greater number of the Bostonians in private life who were regarded as occupying the most prominent positions in the town. Among the Refugees were Hon. Harrison Gray, Receiver General of the province and member of council, Brigadier-General Timothy Ruggles, Hon. Foster Hutchinson, Col. John Murray, Col. Josiah Edson, Mr. Richard Lechmere, Col. John Erving, Mr. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, Messrs. Abijah Willard, Daniel Leonard, Nathaniel Hatch, George Erving,—and leading representatives of the families of Atkinson, Brattle, Brinley, Cazneau, Chandler, Coffin, Cutler, DeBlois, Dumaresq, Faneuil, Gardener, Gay, Gore, Gray, Green, Greenwood, Holmes, Hutchinson, Inman, Jefferies, Johannot, Joy, Loring, Lyde, Oliver, Paddock, Perkins, Phips, Putnam, Rogers, Saltonstall, Savage, Sergeant, Snelling, Sterns or Stearns, and Winslow. That several other important Boston men like Thomas Apthorp, and Major John and William Vassall, are not found in this list of Refugees with the fleet is to be accounted for by the fact that they had left, either for Halifax or directly for England, some time before.¹²

Walter went to Halifax, we have nowhere found recorded, it may have been with the fleet, or it may have been, as was the case with Rev. John Troutbeck, a little earlier. There may have been several army or navy chaplains on Howe's ships, there were no Massachusetts clergymen except those we have mentioned.

11. On page 136 of his "Loyalists of Massachusetts" Mr. Stark gives the names of thirty-six mandamus councillors appointed August 9, 1774. Of these, several, like Foster Hutchinson, Timothy Ruggles, and Nathaniel Ray Thomas, going with the fleet, settled permanently in Nova Scotia.

12. Judge Curwen, of Salem, one of the most important Massachusetts Loyalists, landed at Dover, England, July 3, 1775, and after visiting the castle there, at once took coach for London. The next evening, at seven o'clock, he arrived at the New England Coffee-House, on Threadneedle Street. He remained in England until 1784, when at the urgent solicitation of his old friends, "the principal merchants and citizens of Salem," he returned to New England. At Salem he says, "not a man, woman, or child but expressed a satisfaction at seeing me, and welcomed me back." His affairs were in so bad a condition, however, that he thought he might have to "retreat to Nova Scotia," but he staid in Salem, and died there in 1802. April 24, 1780, he writes:

"This day, five years are completed since I abandoned my house, estate, and effects and friends. God only knows whether I shall ever be restored to them,

On the thirtieth of March, 1776, so tradition has it, the Halifax people, who had had no previous notice of the action of Howe, were startled to see a fleet sailing into their harbour.¹³ Their first thought was that another French fleet bent on re-conquest of Nova Scotia had suddenly surprised the town, but the truth was soon learned, and then the greatest perplexity arose to know how to house the thousand civilians who wished to disembark from the ships, and to provide food for the more than eleven thousand soldiers and sailors that General Howe's forces comprised. To supply shelter every available spare room in the town was quickly secured and tents were thrown up on the Parade, and for food, cattle were rapidly driven in from the suburbs and slaughtered, and all shops and storehouses were taxed to the limit of their supplies. So great was the demand for food that as in all such crises the price of provisions rose to what was then an exorbitant figure, and this went on until the Governor was obliged to issue a proclamation fixing the price of meat at a shilling a pound, milk at sixpence a quart, and butter at one and six-pence a pound.

At this time, it will be remembered, Halifax was only twenty-seven years old, and its regular inhabitants numbered not more than between three and four thousand, and we can well imagine the excitement that must have prevailed in all ranks of society at the sudden descent of such a force on the town, and at the prospect of such a permanent increase to the population as the remaining there of a large number of the Bostonians would make. Towards the troops and the people who accompanied them, however, there seems to have been generally the kindest feeling shown, and however limited the hospitality the Halifaxians were able to offer, the Boston people were no doubt thankful to their hearts' core to receive it, for they had been living for months previous to their enforced embarkation in a

or they to me. Party rage, like jealousy and superstition is cruel as the grave;—that moderation is a crime, and in time of civil confusions, many good, virtuous, and peaceable persons now suffering banishment from America are the wretched proofs and instances." See Curwen's "Journal and Letters," and Stark's "Loyalists of Massachusetts," pp. 246-254.

¹³ This is the tradition, but it is also said somewhere in print that when General Howe found that he must leave Boston he dispatched Brigadier-General Robertson to Halifax to make ready for the troops.

state of apprehension and in some cases of real physical discomfort. The distress of the troops and inhabitants of Boston during the siege, some one wrote at the time, "is great beyond all possible description. Neither vegetables, flour, nor pulse for the inhabitants; the King's stores are so very short none can be spared for them; no fuel, and the winter set in remarkably severe. The troops and inhabitants absolutely and literally starving for want of provisions and fire."¹⁴

Details of the voyage of these Boston Tories to Halifax are not entirely wanting. In the Journal of Chief-Justice Peter Oliver, as quoted in Thomas Hutchinson's "Diary and Letters,"¹⁵ we have one prominent Bostonian's account of it. On the seventeenth of March, the day of the embarkation, Judge Oliver writes: "The troops at Boston embarked, and about 20 sail fell down into King's Road by 11 o'clock this morning." On the twenty-seventh, then well at sea, he writes: "I sailed from Nantasket, at 3 o'clock, afternoon, in the 2nd and last Division of the fleet, about 70 sail, for Hallifax, under convoy of the *Chatham*, Admiral Shulldham, and of the *Centurion*, Captⁿ Braithwaite—28th, A good wind. 29th, Ditto. Were on Cape Sable Bank. 30th, Wind about N. E. A tumbling sea, supposed to be occasioned by the indraught of the Bay of Fundy. 31st, Ditto. April 1st, A tumbling sea: wind at N. E. 2nd, A southerly wind and smooth sea. Made land, on a north course, about 3 o'clock afternoon, and came to anchor before Hallifax at half an hour past 7 at night. 3d, Landed at Hallifax. Edward Lyde, Esq. invited me to his house, where I tarried till I embarqued for England. I was very happy in being at Mr. Lyde's, as there was so great an addition to the inhabitants from the navy and army, and Refugees from Boston, which made the lodgings for them very scarce to be had, and many of them, when procured, quite intolerable. Provisions were here as dear as in London. The rents of houses were extravagant and the owners of them took all advantages of the necessity of the times, so that I knew of three rooms in one house w^{ch} house could not cost 500£ Sterl^s, let for £250 Sterl^s p year. Thus mankind prey upon each other. . . .

14. We can understand from this account how it was that the Old North Church, the Church of the Mathers (Dr. Increase and Dr. Cotton Mather), with about twenty other buildings, was torn down for fuel during the siege.

15. "Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson," Vol. 2, pp. 46-54.

I pitied the misfortunes of others, but I could only pity them: for myself, I was happily provided for, and was the more happy, as I had been very sea-sick during my 6 1-2 days voyage, so that I could not enjoy to my wishes, the grand prospect of the ocean covered with ships in view, and some of them so near as to converse with our friends on board them."

How Halifax appeared to the Refugees we also learn from Judge Oliver's journal. "Halifax," Oliver writes, "is a very agreeable situation for prospects, and for trade: it is situated on a rising ground fronting the Harbour and ocean. There are 6 or 7 streets parallel to each other on the side of the hill, of about 1 1-2 or 2 miles in length, very strait, and of good width. There are many others which ascend the hill, and intersect the long streets. On the top of the hill there is now a most delightful prospect of the harbour, Islands near the entrance of the harbor, and of the ocean, so that you may see vessells at a very great distance at sea: and when the woods are cleared off, there will be a most delightfull landscape, but at present there is not a great deal of cleared land.

"The harbor of Hallifax is a most excellent one, capable of containing the whole English navy, where they may ride land-locked against any storms; at this time there are 200 sail before the town; and when L^d Lodoun was here in the year 1757, there were above 300 sail of vessells in the harbor. It is above a mile wide for 3 or 4 miles, and it is deep with good anchorage, and a bold shore. Above the harbor there is a Basin which empties into it; it is 5 or 6 miles broad, and 7 or 8 miles long; a good shore, and in some places 50 fathom deep. In this Basin Duke D'Anville retired out of observation in y^e year 1745 [sic], and here he left one of his 70 gun ships, which is now at the bottom of this Basin.

"The houses of Hallifax seem to have been sowed like mushrooms in an hot-bed, and to have decayed as fast; for although they have been built but a few years, yet there are scarce any of them habitable, and perhaps a conflagration might occasion a Phoenix to rise out of its ashes."¹⁶

16. Chief Justice Oliver further says: "During my stay at Hallifax, as well as during my residence in Boston, I was treated with y^e utmost politeness, not to

Until early in June Howe's fleet lay at Halifax, the general up to this time having undoubtedly been waiting for the arrival of his brother, Admiral Lord Richard Howe, with instructions for his further movements. In June the fleet sailed for New York, and there in July the general was joined by his brother, who brought with him a large force, and came armed with the King's authority to the general and himself to treat with the rebels, who it was fondly believed could yet be cajoled into more complaisancy towards the mother country.¹⁷

Of the high standing in Boston of these Refugees with Howe's fleet, a writer in the "Memorial History of Boston," giving the names of a hundred and forty of the Loyalists proscribed in 1778 as inveterate enemies to the State, says: "When it is considered that forty-five of the above were termed esquires, nine were ministers and doctors, and thirty-six were merchants, we can form some idea of the great social changes produced by the Revolution. . . . It can easily be seen that this forced emigration must have had the effect to destroy the continuity of the social history of the town. The persons who adhered to the Crown were naturally the wealthy and conservative classes. They composed the families which had prospered during the preceding century and which had been gradually forming a local aristoc-

say friendship, by General Howe, who offered and urged me to every assistance I might wish for, and assured me, now at Hallifax, of being provided with a good ship for my passage to England; but the *Harriot Pacquet*, Capⁿ Lee, being sent to carry home Gov^r Legge of Hallifax, Mr. Legge invited my niece Jenny Clarke and myself to take passage with him; not suffering us to lay in any stores for ourselves, but to partake in his, of which he had made ample provision."

Judge Oliver then proceeds: "We accordingly embarked in the s^d Packet on y^e 12th May, having as passengers in the cabin Gov^r Legge, James Monk, Esq., Solicitor General of Hallifax, and his lady, Mr. Birch, Chaplain of a Regiment, and Miss Clarke and myself. We embarked at 8 o'clock in the morning, and came to sail at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There were six sail more in company, convoyed by the *Glasgow* Man-of-War, Capⁿ How." the voyage to England was made in three weeks, the ship reaching Falmouth harbour about midnight of the first of June.

It is probable that in the "six sail" Judge Oliver mentions went to England most of the Tories who did not wish to remain in Halifax, or that did not a few weeks later continue with Howe to New York.

17. In Dr. Ezra Stiles's Diary (Vol. 2, p. 168) we find recorded a dispatch from Halifax of June 13, 1776. The dispatch reads: "The British Fleet is gone from this place for New York; great Dissention prevailed on their Departure, among officers and soldiers. This morning about 2 o'clock two Transports foundered in a gale of wind near this place and about 300 troops perished."

racy. The history of the times which should omit these families would be fatally defective."¹⁸

A considerable group of Boston Loyalists, among these some who sailed with the fleet to Halifax, for a longer or shorter time afterwards, settled in Bristol, England. In a letter to William Pyncheon, Esq., of Salem, written April 19, 1780, Judge Curwen enumerates these as follows: Miss Arbuthnot, Mr. Barnes, wife and niece, Mrs. Borland, a son and three daughters, Nathaniel Coffin, wife and family, Miss Davis, Mr. Faneuil and wife, Robert Hallowell, wife and children, Nicholas Lechmere, wife and two daughters. R. Lechmere, brother of Nicholas, Colonel Oliver and six daughters, Judge Sewall, wife, sister, and two sons, Samuel Sewall, "kinsman to Mr. Faneuil," Mr. Simpson, John Vassall, wife and niece, and Mr. Francis Waldo.¹⁹ Some of the Boston Loyalists also seem to have located for a time, at least, in Birmingham, England, but the majority settled in London, where many of them spent the rest of their days. In London in 1776, they formed a club for a weekly dinner at the Adelphi, Strand, the members being Messrs. Richard Clark, Joseph Green, Jonathan Bliss, Jonathan Sewall, Joseph Waldo, Samson Salter Blowers, Elisha and William Hutchinson, Samuel Sewall, Samuel Quincy, Isaac Smith, Harrison Gray, David Greene, Jonathan Clark, Thomas Flucker, Joseph Taylor, Daniel Silsbee, Thomas Brinley, William Cabot, John Singleton Copley, and Nathaniel Coffin. To these names also must be added, Thomas Hutchinson, previously governor of Massachusetts, Samuel Porter, Edward Oxnard, Benjamin Pickman, John Amory, Judge Robert Auchmuty, and Major Urquhart.²⁰ In May, 1779, the Loyalists in London formed an association, evi-

18. William H. Whitmore in the "Memorial History of Boston," Vol. I, pp. 563, 564.

19. "Journal and Letters of the Late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, etc.," pp. 237, 238.

20. "Journal and Letters of the Late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, etc. (1842), p. 45. Later the members of this club must have met regularly for their weekly dinner at the New England Coffee House. On the 4th of July, 1782, Judge Curwen writes in his journal: "Went to London to the Thursday dinner at New England Coffee-House." July 11th he writes: "Dined as usual at New England fish-club dinner." July 27th: "Dined at New England Coffee-House on fish, in company with Mr. Flucker, Francis Waldo, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Goldthwait, etc."

dently for united political action, or for the improvement of their own condition, composed of representatives from all the New England colonies, and made Sir William Pepperrell, second baronet of the name, who was a leading one of their number, president.²¹

The unhappy condition of probably a good many of the Boston Refugees when they reached Halifax, is reflected in a letter of Rev. Dr. Henry Caner, of King's Chapel, written to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, shortly after the Loyalists arrived. Under date of May tenth, 1776, Dr. Caner says: "I am now at Halifax, but without any means of support except what I receive from the benevolence of the worthy Dr. Breynton. Several other clergymen, Dr. Byles, Mr. Walter, Mr. Badger, etc., are likewise driven from Boston to this place; but [all] of them have some comfortable provision in the Army or Navy as Chaplains, a service which my age²² and infirmities will not well admit of. I have indeed greatly suffered in my health by the cold weather and other uncomfortable circumstances of a passage to this place; but having by the good providence of God survived

21. The Loyalists who went to England did not lose sight of Nova Scotia. On the 18th of January, 1784, Chief-Justice Oliver writes from Birmingham: "Nova Scotia populates fast—60,000 already." February 9th he writes: "Parson Walter is arrived from Nova Scotia; many other Refugees are come. America is in a bad plight—they will lose their whale and cod fishery, and Nova Scotia will ruin the four New England governments." March 5th he writes from London: "Mr. Winslow and family are there [Halifax]. Mr. Walter is here, having left his family at Port Roseway. Col. Ruggles hath built him a large house near to Annapolis: they settle there very fast. The whalemens are leaving Nantucket for Nova Scotia, and the New Englanders will suffer extremely by overacting their importations, and English merchants will suffer by them." Again he writes: "A new Province is made on St. John's river, and called New Brunswick. Genl Carleton's brother, Col. Carleton, is the Governor, and the General to be Govr General of Canada and all. Col. Willard with a thousand Refugees, I hear, is embarking for Nova Scotia, so that that they will encrease rapidly, and I suppose that our Province will sink as they rise, for none can return to it without the expense of Naturalization." "Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson."

22. Dr. Caner was then seventy-six. He too went to England in the Spring of 1776, and when he reached there, the S. P. G. appointed him at his own request, to the mission at Bristol, Rhode Island. Whether he ever came to Bristol or not we do not know. At some time after he left Boston he married a young wife, and at one time lived with her in Wales. He died in England in 1792. In one of the record books of King's Chapel which he took with him from Boston, he wrote: "An unnatural rebellion of the colonies against His Majesty's government obliged the loyal part of his subjects to evacuate their dwellings and substance, and take refuge in Halifax, London, and elsewhere; by which means the public worship of King's Chapel became suspended, and is likely to remain so until it shall please God, in the course of his providence, to change the hearts of the rebels, or give success to his Majesty's arms for suppressing the rebellion."

the past distress, I am in hopes some charitable hand will assist me in my purpose of proceeding to England, where the compassion of the well-disposed will I hope preserve me from perishing thro' the want of the necessaries of life. If otherwise, God's will be done." A letter has reached the Society from the Rev. Dr. Byles, writes the Secretary of the S. P. G. in the Society's report for 1776, who is "now at Halifax with five motherless children, for a time deprived of all the means of support." But towards these clergymen, as indeed towards all the Refugees that needed help, not only by Dr. Breynton, but by all the leading secular officials and private gentlemen of Halifax, unremitting and thoroughly appreciated kindness seems to have been shown. "Two letters have been received in the course of the year from the Society's very worthy missionary, the Rev. Dr. Breynton," writes the secretary of the S. P. G. in the report mentioned above, "lamenting the unhappy situation of affairs in America; in consequence of which many wealthy and loyal families have quitted New England, and in hopes of a safe retreat have taken up their residence at Halifax, thereby becoming a great acquisition to the province, and a considerable addition to his congregation. For many of them, tho' Dissenters in New England, have constantly attended the service of the church since their arrival in Halifax."

Of the social life of Boston, from which these Halifax Tories were so unwillingly obliged to flee, we get glimpses in the "Annals of King's Chapel," that admirable history of the mother Episcopal parish of New England, of which so many of the Tories were members. King's Chapel, says the annalist, "saw all the rich costumes and striking groupings of that picturesque age gathered in that ancient day, within its walls. Chariots with liveried black footmen brought thither titled gentlemen and fine ladies; and the square pews were gay with modes of dress which must have brightened the sober New England life—as the ruffled sleeves and powdered wigs, and swords; the judges, whose robes were thought to give dignity and reverence to their high office as they set upon the bench; the scarlet uniforms of the British officers in army and navy,—all mingling with the beauty and fashion which still look down from old family portraits the

special flavour of an age very different from our own.'"²³ At the chapel, says the historian, writing of two decades before the Revolution, "worshipped not a few of the first gentlemen of the Province, now at the meridian of success and distinction, who in twenty years were to be swept away in the vortex of the Revolution."²⁴ "We see again the Royal Governor in his pew of state. . . . we recall the British officers of the army and navy crowding here as honoured guests; we hear the familiar prayers for King and Queen and royal family repeated by loyal lips. The Church as it was, seemed to be in some sense a part of the majesty of England. Then the sky lowers, as the blind and senseless oppressions of the British ministry change a loyal colony to a people in rebellion. For a time the church brightens more and more with the uniforms of the King's troops, as the church is changed into a garrison; till, on a March Sunday in 1776, they hurriedly depart, never to return, and the dutiful prayers vanish, to become a dim vision of the ancient world, so different from ours. A large part of the congregation went also; and at their head went their aged rector, whose pride and life-work had been with unwearied pains to ensure the erection of the noble structure to which he bade farewell as he followed his convictions of duty to his King."²⁵

Nor was the noble gravity and dignity of King's chapel as a building at all out of harmony with the character of the houses in which these Loyalists of Boston lived. On King Street, and Queen Street, and Beacon Street, and Tremont Street, as on Milk and Marlborough and Summer streets, stood fine colonial houses, that had rivals, indeed, in Roxbury, and Cambridge, and Medford, and Milton, in all which there was architectural beauty

23. "Annals of King's Chapel," by Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, Vol. I, p. 549.

24. On the registers of King's Chapel most of the names prominent in Boston before the Revolution are sooner or later to be found. Many strictly Congregational families as they rose to wealth and influence gave the Chapel more or less support. Some families of importance, however, were from the first Episcopalians, not Congregationalists. Among the King's Chapel worshippers were families of Auchmuty, Brattle, Brinley, Coffin, Cradock, DeBlois, Gardiner, Greenleaf, Hallowell, Hutchinson, Lechmere, Lyde, Minot, Oliver, Royall, Sewall, Shirley, Snelling, Vassall, and Winslow. A notable family was the large family of Mr. Samuel Wentworth, originally a Portsmouth, New Hampshire, man, but long one of the most prominent merchants of Boston. He died before the Revolution, but his wife lived, we believe, with her son, Benning in Halifax, near her daughter Lady Frances Wentworth, wife of Governor Sir John.

25. Annals of King's Chapel, Vol. II, p. 336.

and stately elegance. Some of these houses were large, two or three story mansions, with handsome approaches, dignified hall ways, wainscotted drawing-rooms, fine stair-cases with carved balusters, ample tiled fireplaces, classic mantelpieces, and walls hung with portraits and landscapes by the best American painters before the Revolution. Lady Agnes Frankland, as is well known, up to the time of the siege lived chiefly at Hopkinton, but her house in the North End of Boston, to which she came early in the siege, is minutely described by James Fenimore Cooper. The Frankland house was of brick, heavily trimmed with wood, and had a spacious hall, off which led the drawing-room, the panels of whose walls were painted with imaginary landscapes and ruins. The walls were also "burdened with armorial bearings," indicating the noble alliances of the Frankland family. "Beneath the surbase were smaller divisions of panels, painted with various architectural devices; and above it rose, between the compartments, fluted pilasters of wood, with gilded capitals. A heavy wooden and highly ornamental cornice stretched above the whole, furnishing an appropriate outline for the walls. . . . The floor, which shone equally with the furniture, was tessellated with small alternate squares of red cedar and pine. . . . On either side of the ponderous and laboured mantel were arched compartments, of plainer work, denoting use, the sliding panels of which, being raised, displayed a buffet groaning with massive plate."

In 1766, John Adams wrote in his diary: "Dined at Mr. Nick Boylston's—an elegant dinner indeed. Went over the house to view the furniture, which alone cost a thousand pounds sterling. A seat it is for a nobleman, a prince. The Turkey carpets, the painted hangings, the marble tables, the rich beds with crimson damask curtains and counterpanes, the beautiful chimney clock, the spacious garden, are the most magnificent of anything I have ever seen."²⁶

As early as 1708 John Oldmixon, an English author, after visiting Boston wrote: "A gentleman from London would almost think himself at home at Boston, when he observes the number of people, their houses, their furniture, their tables,

²⁶. "Memorial History of Boston," Vol. 2, p. 452.

their dress and conversation, which perhaps is as showy as that of the most considerable tradesmen in London." Thirty-two years later, in 1740, Mr. Joseph Bennett, another Englishman, writes: "There are several families in Boston that keep a coach and pair of horses and some few drive with four horses, but for chaises and saddlehorses considering the bulk of the place they outdo London. . . . When the ladies ride out to take the air, it is generally in a chaise or chair, and then but a single horse; and they have a negro servant to drive them. The gentlemen ride out here as in England, some in chairs, and others on horseback, with their negroes to attend them. They travel in much the same manner on business as for pleasure, and are attended in both by their black equipages. . . . For their domestic amusements, every afternoon, after drinking tea, the gentlemen and ladies walk the Mall, and from thence adjourn to one another's houses to spend the evening,—those that are not disposed to attend the evening lecture; which they may do, if they please, six nights in seven the year round. . . . The government being in the hands of dissenters, they don't admit of plays or music houses, but of late they have set up an assembly, to which some of the ladies resort. . . . But notwithstanding plays and such like diversions do not obtain here, they don't seem to be dispirited nor moped for want of them, for both the ladies and gentlemen dress and appear as gay, in common, as courtiers in England on a coronation or birthday. And the ladies here visit, drink tea, and indulge every little piece of gentility to the height of the mode, and neglect the affairs of their families with as good grace as the finest ladies in London."

"I remember," says Miss Dorothy Dudley of Cambridge, writing after the Revolution of her beloved Christ Church, in the university town, "the families as they used to sit in church. First, in front of the chancel, the Temples, who every Sabbath drove from Ten Hills Farm; Mr. Robert Temple and his accomplished wife and lovely daughters. . . . Behind the Temples sat the Royalls, relatives of Mrs. Henry Vassall, the Inmans, the Borlands, who owned and occupied the Bishop's Palace, as the magnificent mansion built by Rev. Mr. Apthorp, opposite the President's house, is called. The house is grand in

proportions and architecture, and is fitted in every respect to bear the name which clings to it. It was thought that Mr. Apthorp had an eye to the bishopric when he came to take charge of Christ Church, and put up this house of stately elegance. . . . Among his congregation were the Faneuils, the Lechmeres, the Lees, the Olivers, the Ruggleses, the Phipses, and the Vassalls. Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Lechmere, and Mrs. Vassall the elder, are sisters of Colonel David Phips, and daughters of Lieutenant-Governor Spencer Phips. The 'pretty little, dapper man, Colonel Oliver,' as Reverend Mr. Sergeant used to call in sport our sometime lieutenant-governor, married a sister of Colonel John Vassall the younger, and Colonel Vassall married his. Mrs. Ruggles and Mrs. Borland are aunts of John Vassall's. These families were on intimate terms with one another, and scarcely a day passed that did not bring them together for social pleasures. . . . I well remember the train of carriages that rolled up to the church door, bearing the worshippers to the Sabbath service. The inevitable red cloak of Judge Joseph Lee, his badge of office in the King's service, hung in graceful folds around his stately form; the beauty and elegance of the ladies were conspicuous, as silks and brocades rustled at every motion, and India shawls told of wealth and luxury."

From Copley's portraits, painted in Boston during the ten or fifteen years preceding the year 1774, when the painter finally left for Europe, we can see how richly the Boston people dressed. One of Copley's woman sitters is in brown satin, the sleeves ruffled at the elbows, a lace shawl and a small lace cap, and is adorned with a necklace of pearls. Another has a bodice of blue satin, and an overdress of pink silk, trimmed with ermine. One is in olive-brown brocaded damask, one in white satin, with a purple velvet train edged with gold, one in blue satin, a Marie Stuart cap, and a sapphire necklace, one in pink damask, open in front to show a petticoat of white satin trimmed with silver lace, and one in yellow satin, also with silver lace, and with a necklace and earrings of pearls. Hardly less richly dressed, also, are Copleys men. One full-wigged gentleman wears a brown broadcloth coat and a richly embroidered satin waistcoat, one a gold-laced brown velvet coat and small clothes,

one a blue velvet doublet with slashed sleeves and a large collar trimmed with white lace (evidently a fancy costume), one a brown dinner coat, a blue satin waistcoat with silver buttons, and ruffles at the neck and wrists, and one a crimson velvet morning gown, with white small-clothes, and a rich dark velvet cap.²⁷

Before the Revolution, as we have seen, a very considerable group of New England families were permanently settled in Halifax, the Brentons, Fairbankses, Fillises, Gerrishes, Gorhams, Greens, Lawlors, Lawsons, Monks, Morrisises, Newtons, Prescotts, Salters and others; when the Revolution was at its height, or had passed, we find the New England element permanently increased by such important families as the Blowerses, Brattles, Brinleys, Byleses, Gays, Halliburtons, Howes, Hutchinsons, Lovells, Lydes, Minots, Robies, Rogerses, Snellings, Sternses, Thomases, Wentworths,²⁸ and Winslows, with others besides.²⁹ Among well known Boston Loyalists who died at Halifax were William Brattle, Theophilus Lillie and Byfield Lyde, who died in 1776, John Lovell, the Tory schoolmaster, in 1778, Jonathan Snelling, in 1782, Christopher Minot, in 1783, Jeremiah Dummer Rogers and Edward Winslow, Sr.,³⁰ in 1784, Jonathan

27. See Mr. Frank W. Bayley's "The Life and Works of John Singleton Copley," Boston, 1915.

28. Sir John Wentworth, Bart., who was governor of Nova Scotia from 1792 until 1808, was from New Hampshire, but his wife, who was his first cousin, was a daughter of Mr. Samuel Wentworth of Boston. Lady Wentworth's brother Benning was also one of the Refugees in Halifax and for some years was secretary of the province. To this position Sir John's only son, Charles Mary, was likewise appointed, but he probably never assumed the office.

29. In a letter to his aunts in Boston, written from Halifax December 24, 1783, Mather Byles, 3d, eldest son of Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, 2d, writes: "The final evacuation of New York has taken place and many New England gentry arrived here from that place are appointed to the first offices in the Garrison. Messrs. Brinley, Townsend, Coffin, Winslow, and Taylor are among the number, so that our Refugee party will be very strong this winter." From other records we know that some of the Loyalists who settled permanently in Halifax went on to New York with General Howe, but several years later returned to Halifax. This was true of Edward Winslow, Sr.

30. Mr. Edward Winslow's funeral at Halifax in June, 1784 (he died June 8) was conducted with great ceremony. The pall-bearers were Mr. John (afterwards Sir John) Wentworth, General Edmund Fanning, then lieutenant-governor (under Governor Parr), Hon. Arthur Goold, Brigadier-General John Small, Hon. Judge Foster Hutchinson, and Henry Lloyd, Esq. The chief mourner was Colonel Edward Winslow, Jr., who was followed by the family servants in deep

Sterns or Stearns in 1798, Judge Foster Hutchinson in 1799, George Brinley in 1809, Archibald Cunningham in 1820, and Chief-Justice Sampson Salter Blowers in 1842. Of Sir John Wentworth, Baronet, the ninth governor of Nova Scotia from Colonel Cornwallis, a New Hampshire man but with a Boston wife, we shall have much to say in a later chapter of this series. Brigadier-General Timothy Ruggles, previously of Hardwick, Massachusetts, one of Gage's mandamus councillors, died in Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, in 1795, and Hon. Nathaniel Ray Thomas of Marshfield, Massachusetts, another mandamus councillor, died at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1791.

When we come to follow the fortunes of Halifax in detail after the arrival of the Boston Loyalists, we shall see how greatly the large, energetic group of these people that settled permanently there stimulated the town's activities and gave fresh colour to its social life. But the prominence in the Nova Scotia capital of these new comers was not by any means viewed with entire complaisance by the earlier settlers. There had been at the very first beginning of the settlement of Halifax," says Murdoch in his History of Nova Scotia, "something like a division between the settlers from England and those who joined them from New England, but this difference died out shortly after, without occasioning much mischief, the people being united to defend themselves against the French and their Indian allies. Now, however, circumstances had brought into the country a new and numerous population from New England, New York, etc., and a rivalry of interests sprang up between their prominent men and the older inhabitants. . . . The party division

mourning. After this walked in pairs, Sampson Salter Blowers and William Taylor, Esq's. their excellencies the Governor and the General of the forces, Gregory Townsend, Esq., and Lieutenant Hailes of the 38th Grenadiers, William Coffin, Esq., Captain Morrice Robinson, Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, Captain Addenbrooke, the Governor's aid-de-camp, and Lieutenant Gordon, major of brigade. Next came the members of his Majesty's Council, "a number of the respectable inhabitants," and many gentlemen of the army and navy. The funeral service was rendered in St. Paul's Church by the Rev. Dr. Breynton and the Rev. Joshua Wingate Weeks, and the burial was in the town burying-ground in Pleasant street, which bears the name "St. Paul's." In this cemetery a stone was erected to Mr. Winslow, which bears a lengthy inscription. See Proceedings of the Mass. Hist. Soc., 2nd Series, Vol. 3.

thus originated extended for some years to the house of assembly, and it was long before it was quite allayed. An anonymous correspondent of the *Nova Scotia Gazette* at this time alludes to it as a division into 'old comers and new comers,' or 'loyalists and ancient inhabitants.' "

One of the most serious local issues of this strife was a severe charge of maladministration of justice, brought by two attorneys, Messrs. Jonathan Sterns or Stearns and William Taylor, refugees from Massachusetts with Howe's fleet, against the Nova Scotia chief-justice, Isaac Deschamps, and an assistant judge of the supreme court, Judge James Brenton. Deschamps was of Swiss extraction and had long been in the province, Brenton was from Newport, Rhode Island, and he too had early settled in Halifax. The attorneys publicly charged that cases brought by Loyalist settlers could not get fair trial at the hands of these judges, and so strongly did they press their charges that the judges were finally impeached. For a time the lawyers bringing the charges were disbarred, but the Chief Justice resigned his office, and Judge Brenton like him for some time remained under a cloud. At last, however, in 1792, when the case had dragged along for between four and five years, the Privy Council in England, to whom it had been appealed, acquitted the judges and the matter was finally set at rest. In a letter to his sisters in Boston, in May, 1788, the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles writes: "From this day [April 2nd] to the 21st, my time was entirely engrossed by the dispute between the old inhabitants of this Province and the American Loyalists. The flame, which has been so long kindling, now blazes with the utmost violence. I first joined in a remonstrance to the Governor signed by more than two hundred inhabitants of Halifax, and when this was not properly attended to, I wrote several letters to my English correspondents recommending Sterns and Taylor, who on the 21st sailed for England as our agents, to seek that redress at White-Hall which it was impossible to obtain from a corrupt junto. They are both gentlemen of the law, my particular friends, and men of the most unblemished character; they have been grossly injured, and I hope God will graciously succeed

them. The case was so perfectly plain that I thought myself obliged to be open, active, and fearless; and I have the pleasure to learn that remonstrances similar to ours signed by many hundreds, are constantly arriving from all parts of the country.”

The coming of thousands of New York Loyalists to Nova Scotia in 1783 furnishes material for a highly interesting chapter of Loyalist history, which, since the facts all have a close bearing on Halifax history, we shall feel it necessary to give in some detail as this narration proceeds. Among the vast number of New York Tories, who finally settled in New Brunswick a considerable number of Massachusetts Tories also settled, and some of the historic families of New Brunswick, like the Blissés, Chalcners, Chipmans, Coffins, Paddocks, Sewalls, Uphams, and Winslows, have been of this stock. The most influential New York Loyalist that settled in Halifax was the Right Reverend Charles Inglis, D. D., previously Rector of Trinity Church, New York City, who in 1787 came to Halifax as the first incumbent of the newly erected Nova Scotia Anglican See. Until 1816, when he died, Bishop Inglis continued to exert an influence in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in religious and educational matters, that has not ceased to be felt to the present day.³¹

31. "An Occasional," writing in the Halifax *Acadian Recorder* newspaper for March 21, 1914, says:

"Let me remind you that Charles Inglis, the first Episcopal bishop of Nova Scotia; Sir John Wentworth, governor of this province at the beginning of this century; Edward Winslow, a member of a distinguished Massachusetts family, whose death at Halifax, in 1784, was followed by funeral ceremonies of unusual distinction; Sampson Salter Blowers and Ward Chipman, chief justices, the first of Nova Scotia, and the second of New Brunswick; Judge Sewall, of New Brunswick, an early and intimate friend of John Adams; Foster Hutchinson, judge of the supreme court of Nova Scotia; Jonathan Bliss, attorney-general of New Brunswick, and Benning Wentworth, provincial secretary of Nova Scotia, were all Loyalists, and all, with two exceptions, graduated at Harvard; that Sir Brenton Halliburton, whose life story has been well told by the Rev. Dr. Hill; Egerton Ryerson, founder of the well-known school system of Ontario; Joseph Howe, of whom no Nova Scotian can be ignorant; and Judge Stewart, of the Supreme Court of this province, were sons of Loyalists; that Sir John Inglis, the brave defender of Lucknow; Sir Frederick P. Robinson and Sir W. H. Robinson, both knighted on account of their military services; Lemuel Allan Wilmot, like Joseph Howe, a leader in the struggle for responsible government, and, like him, at one time a governor of his native province; Sir George Cathcart and Major Welsford, who fell in the Crimea . . . were grandsons of Loyalists. The late Sir Robert Hodgson, lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward Island, was also of Loyalist descent. Let me remind you of these and of many others living or dead, whose names may occur to you, with the suggestion that a study of the history of the Loyalists at large would swell the brief list given to an almost indefinite ex-

In the next chapter of this history we shall discuss the social life of Halifax after the war of the Revolution, giving also some account of the striking physical features of the town.

tent, and you may form some idea of the value of the men and of the descendants of the men who were driven abroad by the bitterness of the revolutionary victors."

In this enumeration the writer makes the mistake of supposing that it was Judge Foster Hutchinson of Massachusetts who became a judge in Nova Scotia. The Nova Scotia Judge Foster Hutchinson was son of the Massachusetts judge.

Some of the Women who Skillfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence

BY J. C. PUMPELLE, A. M., LL. B.

III

MRS. ROBERT MURRAY.

Mrs. Robert Murray, wife of a Quaker, by her diplomacy and hospitality, saved a part of the American Army from probable capture on the retreat from Long Island. General Putnam lingered in the lower part of the city and then chose the road on the west side by the Hudson, to join the rest of the army at 160th Street. A party of British twice as large as his own, was also advancing in that direction, but were in ignorance of any enemy in their front, and on reaching what is now called Murray Hill, stopped at the house of Robert Murray, where the gracious lady of the house, treated General Tryon and his officers with cake and wine, and by her courteous hospitality and bright conversation, beguiled them to stay a couple of hours, in which time the British might have easily secured at a certain turn, and cut off Putnam's retreat. The opportunity was lost and it became a common saying, among the officers, that Mrs. Murray had saved this part of the American Army from capture.

IV.

EMILY GEIGER.

Emily Geiger, a young woman of South Carolina, when acting as messenger between General Greene, near Broad River, to General Sumter, and passing on horse-back through a country

full of fierce tories, was intercepted by Lord Readon's scouts and imprisoned, and when a tory woman was sent to search her, she ate up the message. Nothing being found on her person of a suspicious nature, Emily was allowed to depart and in due time reached General Sumter and delivered the message verbally, and he was thus provided with important information and acted successfully upon the same.

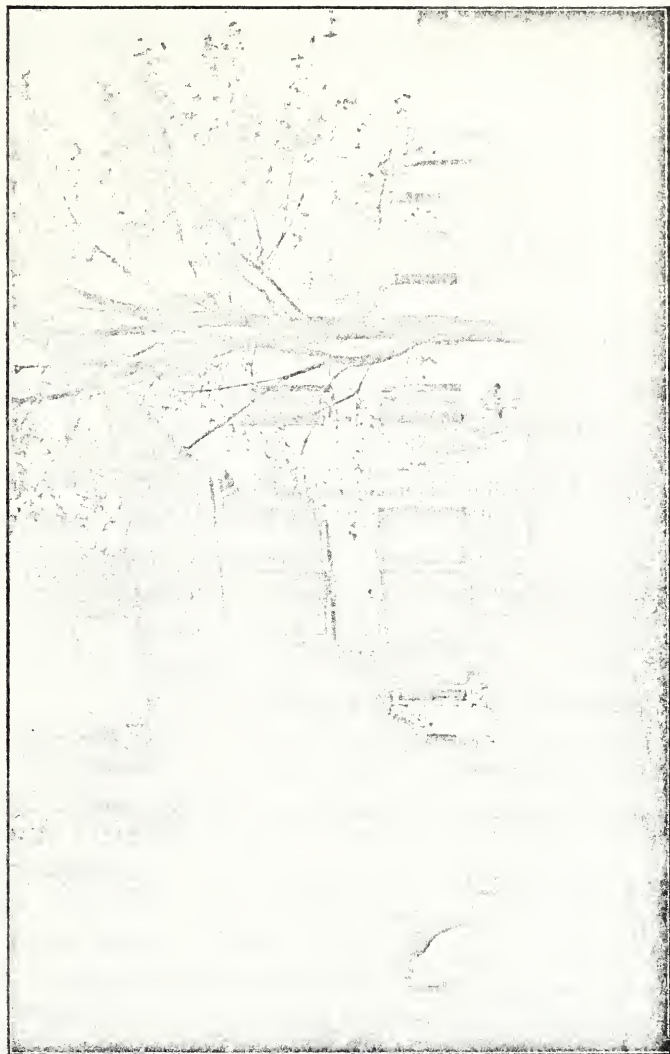
V.

LYDIA DARRAH.

Lydia Darrah, a Quakeress and her husband, Robert, were living in a house opposite General Howe's headquarters in Philadelphia in 1776, and this house was selected by the General and his officers for a conference, and she and her family were ordered to be all in bed at the time of the conference. Lydia, however, listened at the door of the conference room, and heard that the British were to quit the city on December 4th and march out and attack secretly the American Army at White Marsh. After the officers had all departed she extinguished the lights and at dawn waked her husband and told him she must go to Frankfort for flour for use in the household.

She obtained a pass from the British to go through the lines, and soon reaching the grist mill at Frankfort five miles away, she left her bag and pressed forward to the American outposts, and being met on her way by an American officer gave him the important information and thus Washington was enabled to make all needful preparation, and afterwards General Howe in asking her who had been spying upon their conference, told her that "when his force arrived at the American camp he found the cannon mounted, troops under arms, and so prepared to receive us that they had been compelled to march back like a parcel of fools without injuring the enemy in any way."

Thus this grave, demure, yet courageous Quakeress snatched from the British what would have been an important victory at a very crucial time.



The Witherell Place at "The Works," Bridgewater, Mass., as it now appears. In this house the author lived as a boy between the ages of eight and ten years

AMERICANA

September, 1915

Recollections of a Half Century and More

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

III

MY BOYHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

(Continued).

WHEN I was between seven and eight years of age we removed from Providence, Rhode Island, to Bridgewater, Massachusetts, one of the old towns of Plymouth County, about twenty seven miles south of Boston. Our parents had formerly lived in Bridgewater and they were glad to get back among old and tried friends and acquaintances. My father's business had made a change of residence desirable. We moved into the same house our parents had occupied before their removal to Providence. To me it was an interesting fact that some of my brothers and sisters had been born in that house during the previous residence of our parents there. In that house one of my older brothers subsequently died in the same room and the same bed where he was born. While serving as a volunteer fireman in Providence during our residence there he contracted a cold which terminated in consumption. This brother, a few moments before passing away, remarked to his mother who stood beside his bed: "Mother, I see Annie; she has come for me." Annie was the name of a young sister who had previously passed away. Whether the experience of my dying brother was subjective or objective is a question each one will answer according to the philosophy of life he may entertain; but our dear mother believed it to have

been objective, and from this conception derived great comfort in after years.

The house into which we moved on our return from Providence was a large, two-story and a half structure, painted white, and was always kept in excellent condition, the owner being a person of means. One end of the house faced the road on which it stood, with a small yard in front. In this front yard there grew the usual shrubbery of the time; and on either side of the walk leading up from the gate to the house was a row of flowers, in the season of flowers, which were the delight of my boyish eyes.

Connected with the house was a series of sheds and other out-buildings, at the extreme end of which was a large barn. All of these out-buildings were kept in excellent condition by the frequent paintings and repairs they received. A part of the out-buildings ran directly back from the house; and the others ran at a right angle with the house.

The extensive square yard connected with the place was unfenced and hence lay open to the road passing the house. It was a fine old New England residence. The house may have been built as early as the year 1750, hence its style of architecture can be inferred by those acquainted with the prevailing New England style of house architecture of the period in question. We occupied a part of the house, and the owner, an aged woman, lived in the other part.

Extending back from our house a long distance—it seemed to me, as a boy, to be a quarter of a mile, at least—were broad, beautiful meadows, which in the spring and early summer were covered with a luxuriant growth of the greenest grass I have ever seen, anywhere.

Whether the peculiar hue of this meadow grass was a mere fancy on my part, a fancy born of my fondness of Nature, and of these meadows in particular; or, whether, because of their having been well watered, these meadows were really greener and of more luxuriant growth than meadows in general, I will not stop to discuss—indeed, on whichever side the preponderance of evidence might seem to be, my imagination would still

clothe those meadows with a beauty and a luxuriance possessed by no other meadows in the wide, wide world!

Separating these meadows from the adjoining property in the rear of our house was a stream of water. This river, for such I will call it, was deep enough in its narrow channel for the use of flat bottom boats, of which there were not a few moored at different points along its grassy banks; and it was an exquisite pleasure for my younger brother and I to clamber over the side of these boats and seat ourselves, even though we did not move the boat from the river's bank. So active, however, was our imagination, we did, in thought, frequently row up and down the placid stream on which we had been forbidden by our parents to embark.

Water lilies were plentiful along the banks of this enchanted stream, and not a few bunches of these fragrant lilies did my brother and I take to our mother, sometimes as a peace offering when we returned from our imaginary river navigations with clothes wet and soiled.

My father had the use of the spacious barn on the place rented by him; and during the winter season, particularly, it was usually filled with hay from the extensive meadows in the rear of the house. On Saturdays, and on rainy and otherwise unpleasant days, my younger brother and I and our neighborhood chums used often to have right jolly good times playing on the immense stack of fragrant hay, sometimes with, but I fear oftener without, our father's consent. These were regular gala days with the boys!

Climbing to a high beam over the big hay-loft and then jumping off on to the soft, springy mow was a favorite sport for us; and often did one or another of the jolly jumpers bite his tongue by reason of the chin suddenly, and with great force, coming in contact with one of the knees, as we landed on the hay. It hurt, you may depend upon it, for a few minutes, at least; but we were soon up and at the fine sport again.

Digging a deep hole into the hay-mow with our hands, and then hiding ourselves from the other boys, was another kind of fun we used to have on those none-too-long gala days in father's big barn. Sometimes we would keep the boys looking for us a

long time; so long, indeed, without discovering our snug hiding-place, that they would threaten to go home if we did not come forth, and then we would begin to call to them in an unnatural tone of voice or in some bungling foreign language so as to conceal our whereabouts. Another threat, sometimes accompanied with: "honest! we'll go home, if you don't come out!" was usually sufficient to bring us forth from the deep hole we had burrowed into the hay-mow. And, then in turn, the other boys would pay us in our own coin, by hiding from us, and putting us to the trouble of conducting a hunt, more or less prolonged, for them; but as my brother and I were well acquainted with every nook and corner of the barn our hunt for the visiting boys was not of long duration.

When the spirit of mutual friendship was burning brightly in our young hearts the entire group of boys would burrow deep into the hay-mow and there fashion a large room, where we would lie, sometimes for an hour or more, building "castles in the air." Ah! the brilliant plans and schemes we then and there formulated for the time when we would "be men." And so, one after another of the boys would select the profession or business we would follow, when "I'm a man." The memory of those superlatively happy hours spent on the big hay-mow in father's barn is among the most delightful of my early boyhood. How often have I wished for their return, even for a single month! But alas! that cannot be! I can only recall those happy hours in memory!

In father's barn he kept a cow and some fowls. I had seen my father milk the cow so often that I supposed I could do so, too. When alone in the barn with the cow I several times tried my hand at milking "bossie," and succeeded in getting enough of the lacteal fluid to justify the boyish boast that "I can milk a cow." But the boast did not satisfy me; so, on a Saturday afternoon, after the cow had been brought from the pasture in a part of the meadow back of our house, and while there were several boys and girls in the barn with me, I resolved to give them an exhibition of my superior skill as a milker. I stepped up to "bossie" with the confident exclamation: "I know how to milk a cow;" and, stooping down I grasped the cow's teats,

one in each hand, and began tugging away at them, boy-fashion. The presence of the strange boys and girls in the barn, and perhaps the extreme vigor with which I tugged at "bossie's" teats, irritated the usually docile animal.

I had made but a few tugs at the cow's teats when she quietly lifted the hind leg nearest me and sent it backward so as to hit my nose sidewise. The blow, which seemed to have been tempered to my youth, was of just sufficient force to knock me over sprawling on the barn floor. While the boys and girls were laughing heartily over my mishap, I picked myself up, at the same time grasping my sore nose with my right hand to ascertain if it had been broken.

Though my nose was not broken, as I soon discovered, it began to bleed profusely. The sight of the blood frightened the children in the barn with me and they soon started for their homes. I remained in the barn until my nose stopped bleeding and then I went into the house, a wiser boy, for I never again, while a small boy, attempted to milk a cow.

It was a long time before I heard the last from my playmates, who knew of the episode just related, of my being "knocked over by a cow on to the barn floor." The favorite means of reminding me of my mishap was for some one to innocently inquire: "Say, Andy, can you milk a cow?" and the only way I could turn off the matter was to reply: "I'm learning."

My father also kept a few fowls on the place, and he allowed my younger brother and I to keep a pair of Bantams, of which we were very fond. On an extremely cold day in winter, just before sundown we fed our pet Bantams a liberal quantity of hot meal mush, thinking it would help to keep them warm during the night.

The night was a bitter cold one; the thermometer must have gone considerably below zero, which was no unusual thing in the eastern part of the Old Bay State, when I was a small boy. On going out into the barn next morning to feed our pets we were both overwhelmed with grief to find the Bantams frozen to death and lying on the barn floor under the ladder on which they had roosted, as stiff as a hickory stick. Upon making the discovery we ran into the house and almost simultaneously ex-

claimed to mother: "Mother, our Bantams are frozen to death! We found them on the barn floor under the ladder where they roosted!" and then we both burst into tears over the great calamity that had befallen our pet Bantams. It was only the ready expression of motherly sympathy that in large measure compensated us for our great loss.

My father's business—he was a pattern maker, by trade, and an expert workman—necessitated his keeping a sharp pocket knife. This knife was made of the best quality of steel, was well tempered, and was tapered off to a narrow point at the end. It was almost as sharp as a razor; indeed, it was fully as sharp as some razors I have attempted to shave with when visiting, not only on its edge, but at its point.

It was seldom that our father would allow the boys, even the older ones, to use this sharp knife; and then only as the result of importunity. His reluctance to allow the boys to use his knife was partly because they were likely to more or less dull it, which would require considerable time on his part to re-sharpen it, and partly because he was afraid they would cut themselves with it.

One day, it was spring time, after father's arrival home from business, I persuaded him to let me take his knife to use in making some willow whistles.

My younger brother and I then went down in the meadow back of the house, cut some choice willow sticks, and, sitting on a rock I began making a whistle. I had loosened and removed the tender bark from the stick, and had the stick on my left knee, cutting the notch near the whistle end, when, in an unguarded moment the knife, by reason of its keen edge, cut clear through the willow stick and my trousers leg into my knee. The point of the knife must have touched the bone just above the knee-cap, for I received, as I distinctly recollect, quite a shock as the point of the knife went into my leg; indeed, I thought I felt the knife-point strike the bone.

The leg began at once to bleed. I immediately rolled up my trousers leg, and, applying my handkerchief to the wound tried to stay the flow of blood; but the handkerchief was soon thoroughly saturated. I confess I began to get frightened; not

so much for the cut I had received, nor at the sight of the blood-soaked handkerchief, as for what my father might say on ascertaining that I had not been as careful, in the use of the knife, as I should have been. I feared he would never again lend it to me, and I should keenly feel such a deprivation.

With my knee still bandaged and bleeding freely my brother and I started for home. I was obliged to limp most of the way home, because my knee was getting stiffer and stiffer with every step I took.

On reaching home I was glad enough to learn that our mother was at one of the neighbor's, for I thought she would chide me for my carelessness in the use of father's knife, against which she had again and again warned me. Going at once to my room I undressed as expeditiously as possible and got into bed, in the hope of keeping the knowledge of my mishap down in the meadow from mother. I had procured a clean handkerchief, and, removing the saturated one I had tied it about the wound in my knee, which, by this time had nearly stopped bleeding.

Soon after mother's return home she came to my room to kiss her two "little boys" good-night. As the result of her inquiry why I had gone to bed earlier than usual I told her the whole story about cutting my knee with father's knife. After expressing her motherly sympathy over my mishap she properly bandaged my knee, and with a extra kiss she left us. In a few minutes my brother and I were asleep.

On the next morning after my mishap the knee was somewhat sore; but the faithful application of healing salve for a few days enabled me to move about as usual, with the exception of a slight limp. Fortunately, my father did not notice my limp; or if he did, he may have attributed it to some other cause than the actual one. I do not believe mother ever told father about my mishap for he never once referred to the matter. Mother may have reasoned that I had been sufficiently punished for my carelessness in the use of the sharp knife to make me more careful in future.

Not far from our house was a large field of corn belonging to one of the neighbors; the field must have contained many acres, indeed, to my boyish eyes this cornfield seemed like a

small world. The cornstalks were much higher than my head. I could only, when in the field, see the sky and the floating clouds above me. On a warm Saturday afternoon in July my younger brother and I went over into the cornfield to "have some fun." After running about between the corn rows half an hour or so with our clothes on, playing tag and other boy's games, we concluded to take off our clothes so as to "get cooled off," for our running in the cornfield had overheated us. We ran about in the cornfield stark naked for at least an hour, which we considered great sport. When we had run to our hearts content—it was then almost supper time at home—we went for our clothes, to dress; but to our amazement we could not find them.

We hunted here and there and everywhere but could not find our clothes. We began to think we would have to go home naked, in which case we would, of course, have to wait until after dark; but we kept up the search. It seemed to us that we had gone over every square foot of that big cornfield several times in the search for our clothes; but we did not find them, and seemed just as far from it as when we began. We were becoming frightened. My "little brother" began crying; but I comforted him as best I could. It was then almost dark, and we were still stark naked in that great field of corn. Enjoining my brother not to move from the spot where I left him seated on a large stone I set out alone in the final and desperate effort to find our clothes.

Over and over the great cornfield I ran, row by row, for I knew it would soon be dark, and then it would be much more difficult, if not impossible, to find our clothes. My heart was all the time "beating like a trip hammer," such was my anxiety. Keep up the search, I must, and would; and I did. Several times I called to my brother in order to keep in close touch with him and to encourage him.

When the hope of finding the lost clothes was almost gone out of my heart, and I was disposed to give up the search as useless, I espied them a short distance ahead of me, lying in a pile, just where we had left them when, nearly three hours before, we had undressed for our run in the cornfield to "get cooled off."

I lost no time in calling to my brother that I had found our clothes.

My brother and I never again undressed in a cornfield!

Just to the rear of the cornfield of which I have spoken was a piece of woods which had not been cut for many years—a quarter of a century, perhaps. Nearly every tree was full grown. Ah! the happy hours my younger brother and I spent in those woods! It seemed as if the world could not be much larger than that piece of woods; indeed, to us it was a world, by itself! In the autumn my brother and I set our traps for rabbits, and during the same season we gathered nuts for the winter's store. In the spring, as soon as the snow was gone, we roamed these woods in search of wintergreen berries, which were plentiful. In the summer we would wander about the woods hunting for the shady spots, often sitting on the moss covered rocks and letting imagination have free play. Woods and cornfield belonged to a Mr. Baker, one of our near neighbors.

Some of the great fun we had, as boys, was breaking up hornet's nests in stone walls that in my boyhood were common in New England. We first provided ourselves with a small green switch for each hand. Then one of us poked a long pole or stick into the hornet's nest in the wall. This would bring the hornets out in force, and they immediately swarmed about us, bent on wreaking vengeance upon the ruthless invaders of their cozy home in the stone wall. But for the switches with which we were armed we would doubtless have been stung to death; for the hornets were furious in their attacks upon us. It was only by the constant and rapid swinging of the switches in both hands about our heads, while we slowly retreated backward from the stone wall, that the hostile hornets were beaten off from us; and when they had thus been beaten off they would slowly return to their home, only to find it either partially or wholly destroyed. It was not a nice thing to do, to destroy the home of even hornets, and I have often regretted doing such a thing; but, somehow, boys will do things that in after years they are sorry for. But all boys hav'nt learned that hornets have as good a right to live and enjoy a nice, snug home in a stone wall or elsewhere as we to live and enjoy our home. To any boys

who may read these articles I would say: "Be kind to the whole creation. Do not tread unnecessarily upon a worm, even; and in every way discourage unkindness to the animal creation on the part of others. Remember, that all life is but a manifestation of the Universal Life, and should, therefore, be considered sacred!"

The nearest church to our house in Bridgewater was one of the Protestant Episcopal order; and here my younger brother and I attended Sunday School. For a time I also attended the Sunday morning service. I well remember how difficult it was for me to keep awake during the long, tedious service, conducted by the dry-as-dust rector, who had long since out-lived his usefulness in that parish, but who yet clung with the tenacity of a drowning man to the none-too-remunerative rectorship.

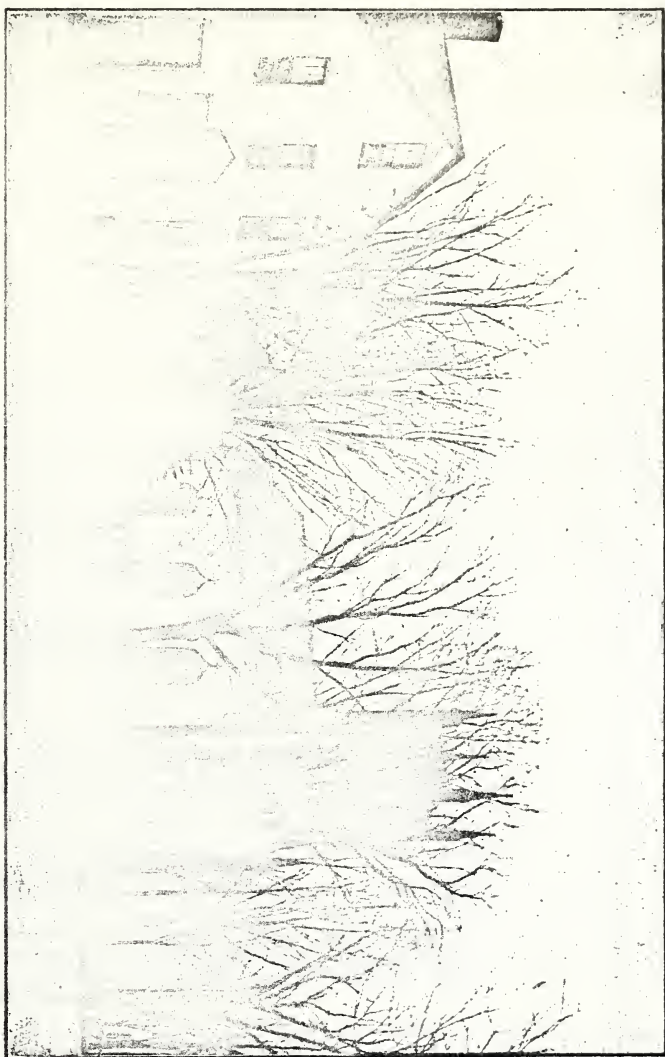
With his snow-white hair and shabby black clergyman's garb he presented a most venerable, and I may say, quaint appearance as he passed now and then through the streets of the village. While some of the boys feared the rector of the village church and some respected him on account of his advanced age and the good work he may have done in his more palmy days, it must be confessed that few loved him, because of his extreme austerity and pronounced bigotry, for he thought there was no church on earth worth attending except his own.

Adjacent to the church edifice above mentioned was an old burial ground surrounded on three sides by a substantial stone wall; the church edifice enclosing the burial ground on the fourth side. This old burial ground was so well filled with graves that it seemed impossible to find room for another; and yet, strange to say, there was always room for "one more" interment. The sexton received a small sum of money for digging the graves; whether that was the reason why he could always find "one more" spot in the ancient burial ground in which to inter those who preferred to have their remains lie in the village burial ground "at the works," I will not venture to say.

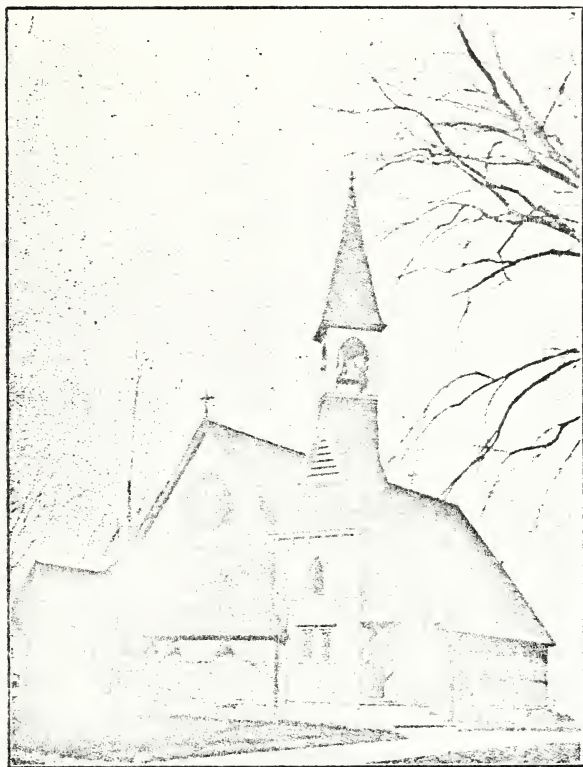
The stone wall enclosing that old burial ground on the front and side opposite the church edifice was cemented, that is to say, the openings between the stones were filled with cement; and the wall was of sufficient thickness to allow the boys to run

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND BURIAL
GROUND AT "THE WORKS," BRIDGEWATER MASS.,

Around which the author played in his early boyhood, and whose Sunday School and morning service he attended. For this building and its surroundings the author still cherishes a fond affection. A few years ago this church was taken down and a portion of the material was used in the construction of Trinity Episcopal Church which is now situated near Bridgewater village.



The Protestant Episcopal Church and Burial Grounds at "The Works," Bridgewater, Mass.



Trinity Church, Bridgewater, Mass., constructed in part of material taken from the Protestant Episcopal Church, which, in the author's early boyhood, was at "The Works "

about on the top while playing "tag" and other games which called for running. Many a happy hour did I spend, chasing and being chased around on the broad top of that wall and often through the burial ground, and sometimes over and between the graves of the village ancestors, some of whose remains had lain there for at least three quarters of a century. In our effort to get away from our pursuers we paid little heed to the sexton's kindly warnings to "keep off the graves, boys." But, alas! what heedless boys some of us were!

My! but wasn't I afraid to pass that old burial ground, alone, after dark! I'd rather take an ordinary whipping than do so; and whenever I was obliged to pass it in the night time I almost invariably had some one to accompany me. It almost makes my teeth chatter now to think of my fear in passing that old burial place of the village dead, when I was a boy of eight or ten years of age.

The church edifice of which I have spoken was in a somewhat dilapidated condition when I was a boy at "the works" in Bridgewater. The dark brown paint which was once in evidence was nearly worn off by long exposure to the elements; and if my memory is not at fault, some of the smaller window panes on the back side of the edifice had been accidentally broken out by the boys and in a few instances those broken window panes had been rudely repaired by placing a thin board over the opening.

In a big field in the rear of the old church edifice at "the works" we boys used to play what in my boyhood was known as "old cat," a game of ball similar to our present base ball. There was "one old cat," "two old cat," three old cat" and sometimes "four old cat," according the number of boys who could be got together for a game. "Old cat" was preceded by the choosing of "sides," which consisted of two boys placing their closed hands, one above the other, around a bat, until the extreme top of the bat was reached; and then, if the boy whose hand was nearest the top of the bat could, with the hold he had, swing it around his head three times without losing his hold on it, he had the first choice of a player for his side of the pending game. Of course, the best player was chosen; and

afterward, each chooser of sides tried to select the best players to support him in the game to follow. In those early days most anything answered for a bat, from a round stick of suitable size to a narrow piece of inch board with one end smaller than the other for a handle.

Ah! the happy, happy hours I spent in the rear of that old church edifice playing "old cat" and other out-door games! What cared we for the barked shins and bumped heads and gravel-scratched hands and wrists and sometimes swollen eyes received in the course of our games engaged in with the abandon of youth, if only we had "fun." Did we ever have scraps over our games? What live boys do not! But the scrappings were soon forgotten, thanks to the magnanimity of youth.

I must relate a very interesting little experience I had in connection with the field in the rear of the old church edifice in Bridgewater. We were having a lawn party; it was under the auspices of the Sunday School of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The day was a most charming one. We had played our games; we had eaten our refreshments, and many of the boys and girls were walking about over the green fields.

Among the girls of the party was one with long, dark curls—one of the prettiest girls in the village—to whom I took a great fancy; not altogether because of her beautiful curls, but chiefly because she was as "pretty as a picture." Arm in arm we promenaded around the green fields like two genuine lovers; and lovers we were, for the time, at least. I distinctly recollect the goodnatured remarks passed by the older people present, over the youthful lovemaking, as they considered our intimacy. I have still a very tender feeling for that sweet-faced, curly-headed girl, who was my partner on that beautiful summer day so long ago. Is she still living? If she is, I often wonder where she is. And does she recall the little episode of our youthful days in Bridgewater?

One of our near neighbors at "the works" was Mr. Shubell Lovell, one of most kindly men I ever knew. In the rear of his house was an apple and peach orchard. His peaches were among the finest in the village and in those days no better peaches could any where be found than in New England. Mr.

Lovell was very good to the boys in the neighborhood in sharing with them the luscious fruit of his orchard. But that did not satisfy them, judging from their conduct; so, at recess, for the district school building was only a short distance from the peach orchard, the boys would now and then steal around the back way to Mr. Lovell's orchard, and, after eating to their stomach's content they would fill their pockets? oh, no, their shirts with the luscious peaches, and then return to school eating the stolen fruit on the way thither. Usually we boys would make our exit from the orchard between two buildings belonging to Mr. Lovell, a narrow passage way allowing us to get into the street. On one occasion, which I can never forget, good Mr. Lovell, having in some way ascertained that the school boys were in his peach orchard "bent on mischief," stood just outside the narrow passage way through which they would make their exit, waiting for them to emerge; and, as the boys, one by one, emerged from the passage way our benefactor would say to us, in the kindest tone of voice: "Boys, haven't I always given you peaches when you asked me for them?" "Yes, sir," was the only reply we could truthfully make. "Then why do you steal into my orchard by the back way and take my peaches without leave? Do you think it is right for you to do so?" to which we slowly replied: "No, sir, we do not."

I cannot speak for all the other boys implicated in those raids upon our good neighbor's peach orchard, but I know of one boy in the party whom Mr. Lovell's fatherly way of addressing us hurt more than a thrashing would have done; and never again after the occasion mentioned did I steal peaches from his orchard.

Mr. Lovell used to hire my younger brother and I in the autumn to cut the tops off of his turnips, of which he usually raised a large crop, for which he paid us two cents per bushel; and we thought we were making "lots" of money.

Mr. Lovell carried on the shoe business; that is to say, he had a shop and hired several men to make shoes for him which he sold to wholesale dealers in the larger commercial centers.

Among the workmen employed by Mr. Lovell in the shop near his house was a man by the name of Lapham. Mr. Lapham was

what is popularly termed "eccentric," and the boys of the neighborhood were not slow in discovering this fact and making the most of it in the way of getting amusement out of it. The eccentric shoemaker's bench was on the back side of the shop and near a window. This window, in the summer time, was usually open as a means of comfort to the men employed in the rather small shop.

Stealing quietly up under this open window the mischievous boys would call out at the top of their voices: "Hello, Lapham!" and then scamper to a place of safety and watch developments. When the boys felt satisfied that Mr. Lapham had forgotten or perhaps overlooked their former raillery they would again steal up under his window and repeat, with such additions as occurred to them, their raillery. When Mr. Lapham could stand our raillery no longer he would seize a leather strap, and hastening out of the shop would endeavor to catch the boys who had been annoying him at his work. It was seldom, however, that he succeeded in catching his annoyers; for the inactive life he led made a poor runner of him.

Mr. Lapham did now and then get near enough to the boys who had annoyed him to hit them with his strap; and this is the way he did it: He would stand at the narrow opening between the shoe shop and an adjoining building, keeping well out of sight, and when the unwary offenders emerged, one by one, from the narrow passage way, he would deal them a quick blow with the leather strap. When he succeeded in hitting a boy the effect was not soon forgotten by the unfortunate victim. The suppressed anger of many days and perhaps weeks and of numerous offences seemed to be concentrated in the one blow of the leather strap.

The worst punishment inflicted upon the boys by the eccentric shoemaker—the worst because it was considered humiliating by their outraged pride—was being saturated with water thrown by him from the open window near his work bench when the boys were off their guard. But this was a game at which more than one could play; and consequently Mr. Lapham did not go home dry every day during the summer. Water was easily procured by the boys, and more than once during the summer

months the shoemaker was paid in his own coin, which was "a cup of cold water" externally applied. I hope the shoemaker long since forgave me for the not unimportant part I played in our boyish annoyances of him so many years ago.

About a mile down across the fields from our house "at the works" was the "very best" swimming place for the boys of the village; it was the canal or raceway which conveyed the water to the large mills for power to run them. This canal at the widest point was about fifteen feet across, and about eight feet in depth. On either side of this canal was a rudely constructed stone wall. At the lower end of the canal, however, there were no walls, the gravel sides of the canal running gradually down toward the center of "the basin," as this portion of the canal was called. This basin was fully eight feet deep in the center. Before I learned to swim I had quite an experience in this basin; it was on this wise: For some time I had been accustomed to rolling up my trousers legs to the knees and paddling about the basin on a long, two inch plank. I considered it great fun to paddle by means of a stick up and down and from side to side of this basin. To me it was a feat to be proud of; and I sometimes boasted of it to the other boys.

One day I undressed and went out into the basin on a plank, my favorite, which I kept secreted for my exclusive use. I got along very well for a time as a nude paddler; but when in the center of the basin I somehow lost my balance and fell into the water. As I fell, the plank was pushed from me and I was left struggling in the water. After struggling awhile I went to the bottom. Rising to the surface in a few moments, for up to this time I had not experienced any fear, I resumed my struggling; only, however, to go down again in a few moments. This time I remained under water a little longer than before. When I began to realize that my strength was giving out I began to be afraid I might drown. Again I rose to the surface; and there followed another and a desperate struggle, and soon, for the third time I went down, probably never to rise again, had not help come to me just "in the nick of time."

A young man, a son of Erin, was at that moment coming from one of the mills, having finished his day's work. He quickly saw

the agitation of the water in the basin above my head, and probably surmising that some one was in the water he hastily procured a pole, and, running it down under the water where he saw the commotion, he awaited developments. He did not have long to wait; for I soon caught sight of the pole and grasped it with the desperation of a drowning person, which I then realized myself to be. Perceiving that I had grasped the end of the pole he had thrust down for me the young man began pulling, with the result that in a few moments he saw me emerging from the water, walking on the ascending bottom of the basin from whose waters I had been opportunely rescued.

On reaching the shore of the basin the young man discovered whom he had rescued from a watery grave. After giving me some good advice he started for home. I sat on the shore of the basin until I had regained my breath and my self-composure, when I arose, dressed myself and started for my home up across the fields.

It was several days before my parents learned of my narrow escape from drowning.

It was not long after my rescue from drowning by the young Irishman, whom I still gratefully remember, that I learned to swim, and in the following manner: Just above the basin where I had come so near drowning, the canal was only about eight or ten feet in width, and on either side was a stone wall so imperfectly constructed that there were numerous openings all along its sides, large enough to furnish a footing for a person in the water. These walls rose about a foot above the surface of the canal. Undressing, the boys who could not swim would get a footing in the wall on one side of the canal, and then, with their feet they would shove themselves across the canal, taking two or three strokes with the hands and feet, and thus reach the opposite side. The water was fully eight feet in depth at this point of the canal, so it was literally "sink or swim," with the boys.

Going back and forth a few times in the manner described a boy would soon gain sufficient confidence in his ability to keep above water so that he would a little later strike out and swim off into the wider part of the canal. In this manner I learned to

swim; so that never afterward had I any difficulty in the water. It was a proud moment for me when I realized for the first time that I could swim; and I did not miss an opportunity of acquainting my youthful friends of the fact. The boasting, however, was mutual.

Up from the canal just mentioned was an apple orchard belonging to one of the stockholders of the immense iron works in the vicinity. In this orchard were several trees bearing sweet apples—"July Sweets," they were called. Those "July Sweets" were a special temptation to the boys and our power of resistance was by no means strong. The end of the high board fence enclosing the lower side of this apple orchard ran clear down to the canal on one side of it. When undressed and in swimming the boys would enter the orchard from the water, go up naked into the orchard and help themselves to the luscious "July Sweets," carrying away as many as possible for future consumption. Not a few times did the owner of the orchard, Mr. Jacob Robinson, a powerfully built man, chase us from his grounds, with vows of vengeance against the boys who had presumed to invade his domains. But we knew our man and were very careful to keep out of his clutches. Jumping into the water we would swim away beyond his reach, and then from the distance watch his manifestations of anger at the young fruit thieves he could not get hold of. The fact of our nudeness made it impossible for the owner of the apple orchard to recognize us, else we would have been reported to our parents, and then—

Only a few rods back from the basin where I came so near being a dead boy was a high bank composed of a clay soil which seemed to be entirely free from stones. This bank was fully twenty-five feet in height and sloped back from the base at such an angle as to permit us boys to climb up its side. In this clay bank were scores of small, round holes which were the entrances to the nests of a bird of the swallow species. The sight of these birds flying about the entrance of their nests, some entering and others making their exit, presented a very pretty sight. These birds would lay their tiny eggs so far in from the mouth of the entrance to their nests that they could not be reached by human hands—boys' hands, I mean—and, undisturbed, they

would hatch their young. The busy mothers would then go out in search for food for their young ones. The mother birds seemed to know their bird babies were safe, for they would often go a long distance from their nests in search of worms and other kind of bird food, and return leisurely to their young with what things they may have gathered for them.

We boys were very fond of climbing up the side of the clay bank and with our hands dig holes, sometimes as far in as our arms would reach, into the clay. To us this was great sport. Meanwhile, the birds would fly about our heads as if they enjoyed our presence. They would twitter, and circle gracefully around us, and seemed almost to be saying: "Its a fine time we're all having, isn't it?" Many a happy hour did I and my youthful playmates, including, often, my younger brother, spend about that high clay bank in our care-free boyhood.

Among the pleasures of my boyhood in Bridgewater was to be at the little village railroad station when the Boston evening express train would pass on its way to meet the steamboat at Fall River running between that place and New York. This express train was due in Bridgewater at "the works" station at about five o'clock in the evening, and it seldom varied more than a minute or two from its schedule time. On this train which, as its name indicates, ran with great speed, without stopping or even slowing up at Bridgewater, the Boston evening newspapers were brought to the village; and, as the train rushed past the station a well wrapped bundle in strong brown paper would be thrown out, coming from the car with such force that if it had come in contact with a person near the train it would have knocked him violently to the ground. I recollect that those who gathered at the station to watch the express from Boston to Fall River were very careful to keep at a suitable distance from the bundle as it came flying from the swiftly moving train.

The rapidly passing Boston express, the crowd that daily gathered at the diminutive rail road station, and the bundle of newspapers flying through the air and some times landing a long distance from where it should, were sufficient to attract the boys, especially, and furnish for them the excitement which their nature craved.

Living only a short distance from the railroad station above mentioned was a man—an Englishman, as I remember, ruddy-faced and good-natured—who spent much of his time when not at his work in hunting and fishing; and at these out-door sports he was a recognized expert. One of the strange things about this man was the fact that he trapped many skunks. But this was not, by any means, the strangest thing about our English townsman; he *ate skunks*. The shock that my boy-fancy received on first hearing that this man actually and habitually ate skunks is an experience never to be forgotten. I could at first scarcely believe it; but I was forced to believe it at last. The only thing that at all reconciled me to the idea of his eating skunks was the information given me by one of his acquaintances that in dressing the little animals he was very careful to give the odor bag a wide berth. Such was his great care in this respect that the dressed animal when prepared for the table, as I was informed, did not have the slightest trace of the odor which makes the animal, while alive, the dread of most hunters. Even the fact, as I was also informed, that the meat of the skunk was not only as tender but as delicious as spring chicken could wholly reconcile me to the idea of a human being eating skunks; and I always, on meeting the skunk eater on the street, avoided him, somewhat as I avoided, and still avoid, the little animal whose rear is considered far more formidable than his front.

Like most boys I was very fond of playing marbles; and usually I had a ~~well-filled~~ bag. For a few days, at least, after the beginning of the marble season, the boys carried their marbles to school with them, but we were very careful to keep them out of sight during school hours, else they would be taken away from us by the teacher and placed in the desk drawer for future consideration as to their disposal. Before the ringing of the school bell for school to begin and during recess we did little else than play marbles; the ring-game being the favorite game in Bridgewater. “when I was a boy.” Some of the boys managed to get to school half an hour or more before it opened so as to play marbles.

One noon after the bell for school had rung, my younger brother and I continued to play. It was a sultry day and we

were disinclined to going in to school; so we kept on playing, intending to go in to school at the close of the afternoon recess. We were just across the street from the school house. On the front end of the school building, the end facing the street, was a hall for the storage of wood for the stove; here, also, the school children hung their clothing and hats and caps. This hall between the schoolroom and the street prevented the teacher from seeing any children who might be on the street in front of the school house; so my younger brother and I played marbles wholly unobserved by the teacher. But we were, however, seen by one who seemed bent on making trouble for us.

We had played for some time, and were sitting on the ground, leaning against the stone wall on the inside of the gravel walk, when we looked down the street and saw two men coming. As they drew nearer to us we discovered that they were two brothers of our acquaintance who lived in the neighborhood of our home. As soon as we learned who they were we clambered over the stone wall and both crouched down on the ground to keep out of sight if possible; we were afraid the approaching brothers would report us to our parents. My brother and I kept as quiet as possible, waiting for the two men to pass, when we would resume our marble playing. These men had, however, caught sight of my brother and I as we clambered over the stone wall; and when they arrived opposite us one of them leaned over the wall and exclaimed: "Oho! playing truant, hey? I'll tell your mother about it, you little scamps!"

"Don't you do it," said the other brother. "Was you never a boy? Did you never play hooky? What do you want to squeal on these boys for?"

"I'll tell on them all right. They ought to be in school, the little scally-wags!"

When the two brothers had gone we climbed back over the stone wall. For a few moments my brothers and I stood in silence. We knew that one of the brothers who had seen us would do as he had threatened, and we were contemplating the consequences when we reached home after school was closed.

While we stood in deep thought the school was let out for recess. We joined the boys and girls in their playing, all the

time thinking of our home-going and what our mother would say and do because of our truancy.

When the bell rang for the children to return to school my brother and I went in with them. We gave the teacher an explanation of our absence during the early part of the school session which seemed to be satisfactory; but if ever two boys "sat on pins" during the remainder of the afternoon school session it was my brother Charles L. and I.

When the school was dismissed my brother and I accompanied the other children home, as usual; but our hearts "were heavy" from apprehension of "coming events."

Of course our mother called her two boys to an account for playing truant, and when informed that we were only absent from school a part of the afternoon she graduated the punishment accordingly.

About half a mile from our house was a large iron-foundry connected with the extensive iron mills of old Bridgewater. Each day after the hot liquid iron used in making moulds had been "poured" the surplus iron was turned into a shallow depression made in the ground floor of the foundry. The liquid iron was then sprinkled over with a thin covering of fine sand as a precaution against fire. When thus covered the liquid fire was invisible. I had been playing in the vicinity of the foundry—it was Saturday—and while one or more of the boys were chasing me in a game of "tag" I ran at full speed through the foundry; and, not seeing the liquid fire on the ground floor I ran through it with my bare feet, for I had on neither shoes or stockings. As soon as I ascertained what I had done—and I was not long in discovering it, I assure you—I ran immediately for the canal, and, sitting on the ground, thrust both of my burned feet into the cool water. So long as I kept my feet in the water they were comfortable, but if I removed them, even for a moment, they smarted very badly. I must have sat on the side of the canal with my feet in the cool water for nearly half an hour when my brother Nathan L. who was coming from his day's work in one of the shops on the premises saw me. It did not take him long to learn the situation. He took me on his back and carried me home, a distance of about half a mile, a part of the distance up hill, at that.

On reaching home mother put me to bed, which, to an active boy, was a great trial; but I could not stand on my feet and that was, of course, the only thing that could be done under the circumstances.

Mother did everything she could think of to heal up the burns, which she soon discovered were between each toe of both feet, as well as on the bottoms of the feet; but nothing mother could do healed the smarting burns. At last an aged lady across the street, Mrs. Cole, a friend of mother, brought over some black salve; I remember distinctly it was a black salve, and the faithful application of this salve in due course healed up the burns which had confined me to bed for about two months. That was the first and last time I ever ran through liquid fire!

I think I was never more elated, when a boy, than one day on catching a red perch in the raceway near the iron foundry just mentioned. I was fishing off a rude stone bridge with a rough railing that crossed the raceway. With the other boys of the neighborhood I had often fished off that old bridge, but I had never caught anything but small fish, such as sun fish. I had been fishing a long time on the day in question and had given up all expectation of catching anything worth carrying home, when suddenly I had "splendid bite;" my cork went under the water clear out of sight. At the proper moment I pulled the line and hook in, and behold! I found on the hook a big red perch! I was satisfied from his appearance that he would weigh at least three-quarters of a pound. The boys crowded around the "lucky fisherman," giving frequent expression to their surprise and pleasure over my having hauled in so big a fish. Then followed a series of guesses as to the weight of the fish, guesses varying from a half a pound to a pound. I took the fish home and weighed it, and it weighed a plump pound. I felt that I was a great fisherman, and I pictured to myself the other big red perch I would in future haul out of the raceway from which this one came. But I never caught another fish as big as that in that raceway. My experience in fishing off that stone bridge and at length hauling in that one pound red perch isn't a bad illustration of the saying that: "All things come to them that wait."

I think some of the greatest fun of my boyhood was ex-

perienced in connection with the hanging of May baskets and June boxes, a custom I have never known elsewhere than in dear old New England. For several days before the beginning of May the boys and girls were busy making May baskets. They were made somewhat as follows: The body of the baskets was usually made of the sheets of our old copy books, the writing of which was entirely covered in the process of making. The basket was then covered with tissue paper of different colors and shades with hanging fringe of the same materials. In the trimming of these baskets there was opportunity for the display of much artistic taste, which not a few of the youth improved.

The May baskets were of various shapes and sizes, a favorite being three-cornered in shape with the point hanging downward, and an opening at the top. To this a narrow handle—usually a strip of tissue paper—was added. Sometimes the baskets were square in shape with a cover to open at the top. These May baskets were intended, chiefly, for the boys and girls best liked by the hangers; some of the boys had their girl-sweethearts and some of the girls had their boy-sweethearts. The name of the person for whom the May basket was intended was sometimes attached, written on a slip of paper, and sometimes the person receiving the basket was left to infer the name of the giver by the handwriting designating the intended recipient.

May baskets were usually hung after dark, and therein lay much of the sport of this New England custom in my boyhood. All through the month of May this custom was kept up and the boys and girls were constantly on the lookout for baskets. Those hanging the baskets would stealthily approach the house where his or her best girl or boy lived and when they saw the coast clear would go up to the door; hang the basket on the knob or latch, ring the bell and then run as if “old Nick” was after them. If the person hanging the basket was caught by the recipient of the basket, he or she, as the case might be, must pay a forfeit of some kind; sometimes it was to receive or bestow a kiss. It has to be confessed that some of the boys were more than willing to be caught by the girl he liked best; and the same was also true of some of the girls who were caught by their boy-sweethearts. And strange to say! Some of the girls were glad

enough to be caught by their boy-sweethearts; indeed, they contributed to being caught by slackening their speed in the pursuit. Did any of the boys ever slacken their speed while being pursued by their girl-sweethearts? I know of one boy who was perfectly willing to be overtaken by "the girl he liked best;" and I do not believe he was the only one who was sometimes willing to be caught and receive or pay "the forfeit."

When the novelty of the May basket sport began to wear off somewhat the boys resorted to various ways of manifesting their dislike to those who had in any way offended them. For example: There was a certain man at "the works" whom the boys did not like, and they would find an old basket, fill it with cobble stones, hang it on to his front door, attach a long piece of twine to the bell knob, and, getting behind a stone wall across the road, pull the string. This, of course, would bring some one to the door, where they would find the basket, upon looking into which the stone contents would be seen. Woe to the boys who were caught after such a frolic as that described!

What was still more indignantly resented than a basket of stones was the following: Procuring an old chestnut fence rail the boys would stand one end of it up against the front door of a disliked neighbor, attach the long piece of twine to the bell knob, as before mentioned, and then from across the road or from some other hiding place pull the string. This brought some member of the family to the door, whereupon the rail would fall in upon them. This was a thing the boys seldom did, and the dislike of the victim of this species of boyish sport had to be very strong to induce the boys to engage in it.

At some distance from our home was a family containing three daughters, the liveliest trio in the village. These girls were very popular with the boys and we were always certain of "lots of fun" in hanging May baskets on the door of their house. Of course we hung them May baskets in their season; and we also hung them June boxes in their season. In the month of June, the season for June boxes, much more liberty was allowed the boys and girls than in May; and they made use of their extra liberty. I distinctly recollect one experience we boys had with the three girls mentioned; and this concrete illustra-

tion of June box hanging may convey a better idea of the custom than any explanation of the custom. We had hung the three girls several nice May baskets and June boxes, and now thought we boys, "we will have some rare sport!" So we caught about fifty June bugs, put them in a package of inviting exterior appearance, hung it on their front door, either rang the bell or made some noise to attract their attention to the door, and then we ran for "dear life," for we knew that to be caught by these Thomas girls, who were noted for their running capabilities, meant, under the circumstances, a good drubbing.

As we boys afterward learned, when these girls came to their front door they took the package found on the door knob into the house; and when the package was opened, the June bugs, as we had anticipated, flew all about their faces, giving them quite a fright. The girls at once rushed to their front door and out into their front yard, and, surmising the direction in which the boys implicated had taken in their flight, started on a brisk run down the side street on which they lived toward the main street of the village. On seeing the girls rush out into their front yard, knowing that my running capabilities were not equal to theirs, I quickly dodged down behind a huge stone in an opposite direction from that I felt they were almost certain to take as they emerged from their house and front yard.

Down the side street the girls sped like deer. They caught one or two of the fleeing boys and their ears, I assure you, were not in as comfortable a condition next day as on the evening of our frolic.

When I ascertained that the girls were some distance from their house in pursuit of the other boys I crawled cautiously from my hiding place, jumped over a stone wall into Mr. Ansell Robinson's apple orchard, ran at the top of my speed through the orchard, from thence out on to the main street and fortunately reached my home without encountering the girls. The way those girls ran on that evening was "a caution!"

Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolu- tion for the Cause of American Independence

By J. C. PUMPELLE, A. M. LL. B.

VI

MOLLY PITCHER

ON June 28, 1778, a hundred and twenty-nine years ago, a British army under Sir Henry Clinton was moving across New Jersey from Philadelphia to New York, closely followed in its retreat by the Americans under Washington. The two forces were equal in number, each consisting of about fifteen thousand troops; and they were practically equal in discipline, equipment, and fighting qualities, for the American soldiers had now been seasoned by three years of warfare and had been properly armed by the aid of French gold. Washington was eager for a decisive battle, and had assigned the immediate command to Lafayette; but at the last moment he put in his place General Charles Lee, an English soldier of fortune, who ranked the young French officer. Lee had been Washington's rival for the chief command, and was intensely jealous of his chief. He was a man of violent temper and intense self-conceit, and there is grave reason to question his loyalty to the cause that he was serving.

The armies came in touch at Monmouth Court-House, near the town of Freehold. The Americans attacked the British rearguard, and were conducting a successful flanking movement, when Lee ordered a retreat, to the astonishment of Lafayette and "Mad Anthony" Wayne, who were compelled, however, to obey. The American lines fell back, and disorder was fast spreading, when Washington suddenly appeared, riding his

great charger into the midst of the troops. For once, at least, his habitual austerity and calmness gave way before a wrath that was sublime. With a terrific oath he turned on Lee and demanded what this movement meant. Lee cowered before the fury of his commander, and slunk to the rear. The Americans rallied and moved once more to the attack, under the inspiration of Washington himself. All day the battle raged under a burning sun; and when night came, the Americans camped upon the field, while Sir Henry Clinton drew off his troops, having yielded the ground which he had gained through the misconduct, if not the actual treachery, of Lee.

One picturesque incident of the battle has been commemorated in the poem here reprinted. An American gunner, while serving his cannon, was shot down by a British bullet. His wife, who had followed him through the campaign, immediately took his place, and discharged his duty through the whole bloody day. After the battle, Washington directed that she should receive henceforth a sergeant's pay, and she became known throughout the army as "Sergeant Molly."

BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

'Twas hurry and scurry at Monmouth town,
For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
The British were riding the Yankees down,
And panic was pressing on flying feet.
Galloping down like a hurricane,
Washington rode with his sword swung high,
Mighty as he of the Trojan plain,
Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand to your guns!" he cried,
And a bombardier made swift reply;
Wheeling his cannon into the tide,
He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

Molly Pitcher sprang to his side,
Fired, as she saw her husband do;
Telling the king, in his stubborn pride,
Women, like men, to their homes are true.

Washington rode from the bloody fray
Up to the gun that a woman manned.
"Molly Pitcher, you saved the day,"
He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with manly praise,
While her war-brown face was wet with tears—
A woman has ever a woman's ways,
And the army was wild with cheers!



The monument commemorating this important battle is located in a beautiful triangular park of a little over three acres at the junction of Court and Monument streets, about three minutes' walk from the Court House. Its base corresponds in form to the Park, being an equilateral triangle composed of three massive spurs of granite, surmounted at the point of contact by a large drum-shaped block on which are five bronze tablets five feet high and six feet wide, illustrative of scenes of the battle. Above these is a smaller drum sloping to contact with the shaft and surmounted at the intersection with a ring of bronze shields bearing the arms of the thirteen original States. Springing from these comes the shaft proper, consisting of three sections of eleven feet each, joined together by rings of bay leaves cut in the granite. Surmounting the shaft is a composite capital, with flying eagles springing from its interstices. Upon the capital stands a colossal granite statue, "Columbia Triumphant." The height to the top of the statue is within a fraction of one hundred feet.

The design is a simple one and yet it has a distinct character in its details and general appearance, that distinguishes it from any other monument. The shaft is of Concord granite and the base of Quincy granite both fine-axed.

THE BAS-RELIEFS

The bronze tablets were designed by Mr. J. E. Kelly, and were cast at the National Fine Art Foundry in New York City. They represent, with graphic exactness, five scenes in the battle. In the delineation of the minor accessories of these pictures in bronze Mr. Kelly spared no labor or expense to obtain originals of the arms, accoutrements, furniture, uniforms, etc., of the period, many of his models having been actually used on the field, and are now cherished heir-looms in the families of the officers who wore or carried them. And so with the human figures, most of them being copied from portraits of the persons represented, the likeness being reproduced in the bronzes. As works of art these tablets are said to be unsurpassed by anything of the kind in this country. The following is a brief description of them:

RAMSEY DEFENDING HIS GUNS

This represents Lieutenant-Colonel Nathaniel Ramsey, of Maryland, in the closing effort to hold his position until the main army could be rallied. General Washington had told him he depended on his exertions, and he had promised to check the enemy. He tried with his gallant regiment to defend the guns of Lieutenant-Colonel Oswald, until, having been dismounted, he was overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the British Dragoons. In the foreground he is represented with historical accuracy in a hand-to-hand conflict with a detachment of the Seventeenth British Regiment, Light Dragoons. Colonel Ramsey's portrait is from a miniature and silhouette, both taken from life and furnished by his family. His sword is modeled from the short-bladed weapon which he actually carried and used with great effect that day, and which is still preserved. The uniform, horse furniture and all the equipments of the Dragoons are taken from the official record of the regiment. So particular has the artist been that the "death head" may be seen on the hat of the trooper of the Seventeenth Dragoons—the organization allowed to wear the same by the order of the King—with the motto "Glory or Death." In the background Oswald is directing his men in their attempt to carry off his guns.

WASHINGTON RALLYING THE TROOPS

The Commander-in-Chief is here depicted riding down the American lines on the splendid horse which had just been presented to him by New Jersey's War Governor, William Livingston, and rallying the troops after General Lee's unaccountable retreat. He is placing the regiments of Stewart and Ramsey and Livingston in position to check the advance party of the British. General Washington's head and figure are modeled from Houdin's life-cast, now in possession of Mr. Power's heirs. The model is worked on a scale, and is entirely accurate in all its proportions, from Houdin's measurements. The style of the

uniform and horse equipments of the chieftain are all from authentic sources.

MOLLY PITCHER

The head and figure of the heroine of Monmouth is an ideal woman of great muscular power. Her dead husband is at her feet, and General Knox is seen at the background directing his artillery line. A wounded soldier uses his right hand instead of left in thumbing the vent. This, it is readily seen, improves the composition of the picture. The old Tennent Church, still standing as a memorial of the battle, is seen on the extreme left of the relief.

COUNCIL OF WAR AT HOPEWELL

This tablet represents Generals Washington, Lee, Greene, Stirling, Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, Poor, Wayne, Woodford, *Patterson*, Scott and Duportail as they appeared in the important council of war held at Hopewell, old Hunterdon county, New Jersey, June 24, 1778. General Washington is listening attentively as General Lafayette, standing by the table, is urging upon the council to decide on making a strong demonstration against the British column, even if it brought on a battle. The position and general expression of other officers clearly indicate their opinion of Lafayette's appeal. General Lee, who preferred to let the British force parade unmolested across the State, looks anxious and indignant that his military experience and judgment do not entirely control the board. It is also easy to see that the foreign officers, Steuben and Duportail, want to make a strong attack, and not simply to feel the enemy. General Patterson agrees with them, and so does the true-hearted Greene. General Wayne, always ready for fight, can hardly wait until Lafayette has finished that he may speak a few words of ardent patriotism. Colonel Scammell, Washington's Adjutant-General, who afterward gave his life for liberty on Yorktown's ramparts, is here engaged in noting the opinions of the general officers for the guidance of his chief.

WAYNE'S CHARGE

This relief depicts Mad Anthony Wayne leading his troops in the final charge of the day through a trampled corn-field, and the battalions of British grenadiers falling back and trying in vain to carry away the body of their dead commander, Lieut-Colonel Henry Monckton. The parsonage of Tennent Church is seen in the background.

When as president of the New Jersey State Society Sons of the American Revolution I visited Freehold and made an address. I viewed this Monmouth Battle Monument with the greatest admiration and my memory to that day is one of the most interesting of my whole life in Jersey. The "Council of War at Hopewell" tablet had formed special value as General Patterson was the Colonel of the regiment in which my ancestors David Pixby was a Lieutenant. (See picture and full account in the Americana Magazine for July, 1912.)

The maiden name of the "heroine of Monmouth" was Mary Ludwig, and she was of German descent, born 1754 in New Jersey on a farm situated between Princeton and Trenton, and married John Hays, of Carlisle, Pa., and when he joined the Continental army, Mary went back home to live with her father. As the army came across New Jersey she visited her husband and was with him on the Sunday of the Battle of Monmouth. During which she aided her husband and the gunners in Gen. Knox's artillery by carrying water in the cannon's bucket for her husband's cannon and for the thirsty men, who in pleasantry called her "Molly Pitcher." Her husband, overcome with fatigue and heat dropped down by the cannon, when his wife jumped forward and helped to "work the gun." A bas-relief on the monument gives this scene showing her as "an ideal woman of great muscular power. Her (exhausted) husband is at her feet, and Gen. Knox is seen in the background directing his artillery line. A wounded soldier uses his right hand instead of left in thumbing the vent. The Old Tennent Church, still standing as a memorial of the battle, is seen on the extreme left of the relief." Molly after the battle nursed her husband back to his usual strength and she was complimented by Gens.

Washington, Greene, and Lafayette. Also Congress bestowed on her an annuity of \$40. After the death of her first husband she married a man by the name of McCauley. She died January, 1833, and was buried at Carlisle, Pa. Years afterwards on July 4, 1876, the citizens of Cumberland County, Pa., placed a handsome Italian marble stone over her grave. She was not a coarse camp-follower, as has sometimes been said, but a robust, industrious, kind-hearted woman, faithful as a wife and mother. Mrs. Isabella (Crater) McGeorge has written a fine sketch of Molly in the *American Monthly Magazine* of November, 1900.

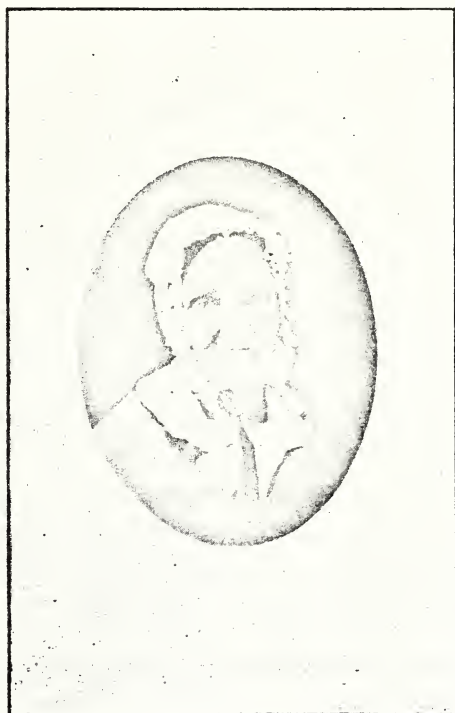
VII

MARGARET CORBIN

Margaret Corbin like Molly Pitcher of Monmouth was an Irish woman and was the first woman pensioned by our government for heroic deeds. In relation to this interesting character I quote the following from an article by Arthur P. Abbott:

"Margaret Corbin was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1751. She was the only daughter of Robert Cochran, who was killed by the Indians in 1756, his wife, Margaret's mother, being taken into captivity by the Indians at the same time, Margaret being at the time only five years of age. The reason she escaped was that she and her brother were visiting an uncle, brother of her mother. This uncle raised Margaret, who in 1772 married a Virginian by the name of John Corbin. John Corbin enlisted in the 1st Company, Pennsylvania Artillery, under Captain Francis Proctor. His wife, Margaret, having no children or other home ties, did what many other noble women of that day did, followed her husband to war and offered her services as a nurse and aid in camp life.

John Corbin was killed at the battle of Fort Washington November 16, 1776, and when he fell Margaret took his place at his gun and served it with great credit till struck down with three grapeshot, which nearly severed her arm and a part of her breast. At the surrender she was paroled to General Greene, across the river at Fort Lee, and was carried, with other sick and wounded, to Philadelphia. Here later she was formally



ANNA WARNER BAILEY

enrolled as a member of the "Invalid Regiment," the history of which is most interesting, but which space will not permit giving here. An interesting item in this connection is that Mary Ludwig, the real "Molly Pitcher," married Hayes, who was a gunner in the same regiment as John Corbin, which no doubt made her acquainted with Margaret Corbin. And it no doubt was Margaret Corbin's deed at Fort Washington that inspired the act of Mary Ludwig, or "Molly Pitcher," at the battle of Monmouth, and which placed her name in the book of immortality.

So grievous were the wounds received by Margaret Corbin at Fort Washington that they were ultimately the cause of her death, and not, as Lossing would have us believe, by a loathesome and dishonorable disease. On account of these wounds, the Supreme Council of Philadelphia, on June 29, 1779, granted her \$30 and recommended her to the Board of War for a regular pension which that body granted her, July 6, 1779.

When the Invalid Regiment was mustered out in April, 1783, Margaret, having no home to go to or hospital to receive her, turned her thoughts to the Hudson River, where her husband had laid down his life, and where, owing to the disbanding of the greatest number of soldiers, she could find the largest number of sympathetic friends. Here she found a quiet refuge, aided by the poor but grateful country on whose altar she had laid her all. She died about 1800, and, as we have already shown, was laid to rest among the hills she loved and graves of those who loved and honored her. In the Holyground Protestant Episcopal Church at 179th Street, New York, is a tablet erected in 1902 by the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in memory of the exploit of Margaret Corbin.

VIII

ANNA WARNER BAILEY

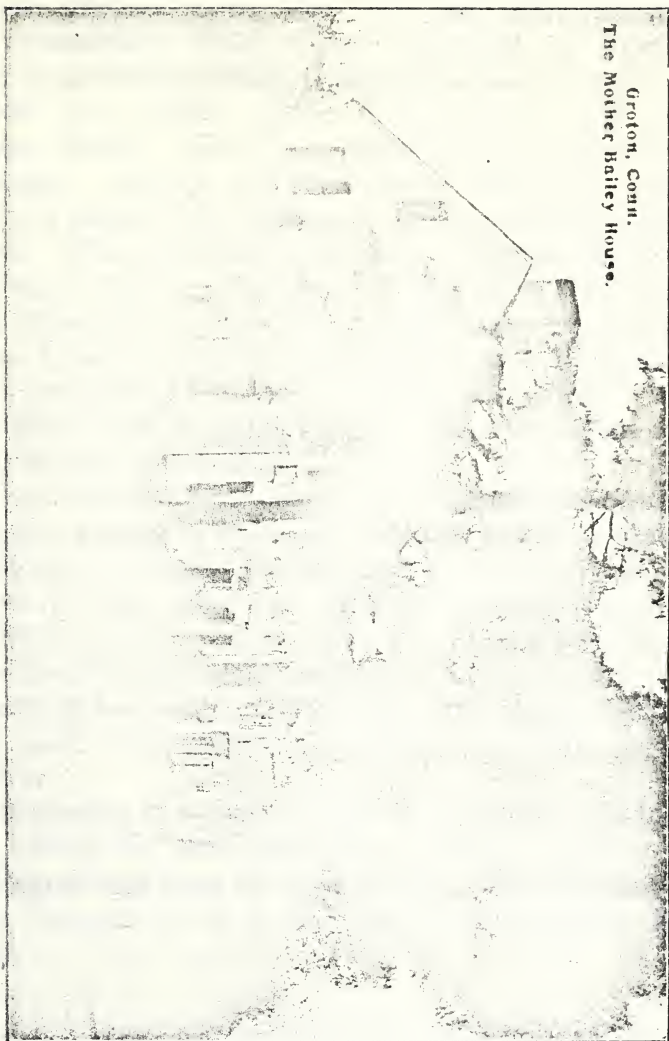
A heroine, of Groton, Connecticut:

Anna or Nancy Warner, daughter of Philip Warner and Hannah Mills, born at Groton, October 11, 1758. When about ten

years of age, she and her brother Jebez, two years older lost their parents. Anna was taken to live with an uncle Edward Mills, who lived at Centre Groton. There were no boys in the family so Anna helped care for the stock and dairy, she helped at sheep shearing and did out-door labor, in those days expected of a farmer's daughter. Thus she grew to womanhood. When the Massacre at Fort Griswold took place in 1781, she was about twenty-three years of age. Previous to this she was betrothed to Elijah Bailey. At first alarm on September 6, 1781, her uncle Edward Mills hastened to join the patriots at Groton's heights. At sunset of that day when Mills did not return Anna having performed the duties connected with the farm and home, went to the fort in search of her uncle. Anna's words "If the earth had opened and poured forth blood, instead of drinking it in, it could not have been more plentiful." After searching long she found Edward Mills, shot and faint from loss of blood, and left for dead. He escaped the torture of the ride down the hill in the wagon packed with dying patriots. In an empty cartridge box she brought water to her uncle who revived. He expressed the wish to see him wife "Oh, if I could see Hannah and the baby before I go I should die content." Anna hurried home, saddled and bridled a horse, hastened back to her uncle with the child who received the father's blessing. During these incidents Anna had obtained no trace of her lover.

Anna made bandages, brought food and water and did everything she could to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. At dawn Anna turned her weary steps towards home. She had no rest till duties of farm and home were performed. At her uncle's funeral she made a solemn vow "to hate England and the English forever." A vow she kept. Hannah Mills was left a widow with five children and Anna showed her love for her aunt by assuming charge of business affairs, gathered crops, etc. Not until her aunt was able to provide for herself was Anna married to Elijah Bailey. Colonel Ledyard, September 6, 1781, ordered Bailey to man a gun at a redoubt, a little southeast of the fort. Mrs. Bailey, years after said: "he was courting me then, boy though he was," (she twenty-three, he seventeen). A happy married life was theirs.

Groton, Conn.
The Mother Bailey House.



Housekeeping was conducted on unalterable rules, and no work that could be avoided was done on Sunday. All meals were served cold. A member of Groton Church. Every year for fifty-six years she read the Bible through. In 1813, Commodore Decatur was blockaded in New London Harbor by an English fleet. Inhabitants feared battle. Women fled into the country taking their children and valuables. "Mother Bailey" sent her effects, but remained to face the danger. Supply of flannel being short for wadding, a search was made in the village for some but not half enough was obtained. After a moment's hesitation, "Mother Bailey" seized her scissors, which every matron of that day carried at her side, quickly clipped the strings of her flannel skirt and stripping the garment from her person handed it to the messenger saying: "It is a good heavy one, but I do not care for that." The martial petticoat and its patriotic donor have ever since been renowned in our local annals.

She was honored with visits from distinguished soldiers and statesmen. Lafayette and suite called upon her in 1824. Presidents Monroe, Jackson and Van Buren, Colonel R. M. Johnson and General Cass. She was noted for her qualities as a nurse.

Mr. Bailey died in August, 1848, it is said he was the last survivor of the Fort Griswold massacre, first postmaster of Groton office held till his death and thereafter Mrs. Bailey held the office till her death three years later, January 10, 1851, aged ninety-two years.

The foregoing is a copy of some of the facts contained in an article written for the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter by Mrs. H. T. Palmer and Miss M. E. Benjamin, and published by Connecticut Chapters D. A. R. and sent to the magazine by A. A. Thomas.

Chapters in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia

NO. III

SOCIAL LIFE OF HALIFAX AFTER THE REVOLUTION

BY ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON, M. A., D. C. L.

"All hail to the day when the Britons came over
And planted their standard, with sea foam still wet,
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes,
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms."

—HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

(On the hundredth anniversary of Cornwallis's landing at Chebucto.)

"Be aristocracy the only joy:
Let commerce perish, let the world expire!"

—ANONYMOUS SATIRICAL POEM.

IN the landscape of Nova Scotia at large, to the cultivated traveller as to any impressionable native of the province, there is a strongly compelling if never wholly definable charm, that stirs deeply the romantic and poetic elements in the mind. If the romance of the early settlement of the country, which was one of the most conspicuous and treasured of the colonies of ancient Bourbon France, is ever exaggerated in the mind of the historian or the poet,—the romance of Port Royal, Pisiquid, Beauséjour, and Grand Pré,—there is yet in the varied natural charm of the landscape enough to cast an unusual spell over the imagination and quicken the soul to poetic fervor. The Nova Scotia landscape has great variety, we find in it the verdant luxuriance and apparently exhaustless fertility of the broad dyke-lands about the Bay of Fundy, the deep Italian blue of Minas Basin, the sweet, sheltered grace of the Valley of the



THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

Gaspereau, the gray lights and purple shades and wraith-like mists that pass over the steep slopes of the North Mountain, the stern aspect of Blomidon, as it looks out coldly on the restless tide, the marvellous orchard-bloom that rolls, pink and perfumed, in great waves across the landscape in early June, the red glow of the laden apple trees in October, the wide-spreading fields of red clover, the ridges of flaming goldenrod, the splendid patches of purple wild asters,—with on the Atlantic seaboard and along the rivers that flow thither, in contrast to the drowsy islands that dot the bays where these rivers empty, a tumbled wealth of rugged scenery that gives virility and strength to the whole.

Of the situation and natural setting of the capital of Nova Scotia, the city of Halifax, a graceful Canadian writer, Dr. Archibald MacMechan, has recently written: "One feature must be plain even to the least observant, the unmatched magnificence of the setting. 'Beautiful for situation,' the phrase of the Psalmist for his sacred city, fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great land-locked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right hand extends the long picturesque fiord we call the 'Arm;'¹ on her left is a second inner haven, twenty miles in circuit, called Bedford Basin. In the very centre is the hill crowned with a citadel. From this point of vantage you can see how the peaceful roofs huddle close around the base of the projecting stronghold, and how the dark blue water washes all sides of the triangular peninsula on which the city stands."

In general aspect Halifax is a gray, smoke-coloured town, largely built with wooden houses, but containing likewise a good many substantial buildings of brick and stone, the most historic

1. The "Northwest Arm" extends inward from the sea perhaps more than a mile, and is lined on both sides with comfortable cottages, occasional club-houses, and tiny bungalows for summer use. Near the head of the Arm is an islet known as Melville Island, which one reaches by a road called the "Dingle drive." On this island stands the little naval prison, where after the war with France, numbers of French sailors who had been captured on ships-of-war, privateers, and merchant vessels were for months confined. These sailors were cheerful, industrious fellows, who employed themselves by making bone boxes, dominoes, and other small articles, and it became the fashion to row over to the island in summer, or skate across in the winter, to purchase trinkets from the men. The war with the United States, of 1812, brought crowds of American prisoners also here.

of which are the Province Building and Government House. The first of these buildings Frederic Cozzens, an American author of the last generation, in his book "A Month with the Bluenoses," describes as a structure of great solidity and respectability, and this emphatically the building is. There can be few more solid or better proportioned buildings on the continent. It is constructed of rich brown freestone, its corner-stone was laid August 12, 1811, and the structure was completed in 1819, at a cost of \$209,400. For two or three decades after it was built it was often said to be the finest building, architecturally, in North America. Within its walls are the House of Assembly, the Legislative and Executive Council Chambers, and the combined Provincial and Nova Scotia Historical Society's libraries, which contain not only many valuable books, but a great wealth of manuscript records of priceless value for purposes of history. On the walls of the Legislative Council Chamber hang portraits of King George II, King George III, and King William IV; Queen Charlotte and Queen Caroline; Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, the "Hero of Lucknow;" Sir Fenwick Williams, the "Hero of Kars;" Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, Sir Brenton Haliburton, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," and a portrait by Benjamin West of Sir Thomas Andrew Strange, in scarlet gown, and wig.² This Province Building is distinguished not only as the home of the Provincial Legislature, but as having been the scene of several historic balls, one as early as 1826, in honour of Sir James Kempt, an English governor of the province, one in 1841, in

2. There are other portraits in this building besides the ones we have mentioned, notably a recently acquired one of the late King Edward. In private houses in Halifax there are also a few notable portraits, the finest being a Copley of the elder Dr. Mather Byles, of Boston, painted in 1774, it is believed, the year Copley finally left Boston for England. This distinguished Copley belongs to W. Bruce Almon, Esq., M. D., and has been reproduced, by its owner's kind permission, in the writer's latest book, "The Famous Mather Byles." In Halifax also, in the possession of Major William B. Almon, is an interesting portrait of Miss Catherine Byles, daughter of Dr. Byles, senior, which was painted by Henry Pelham, Copley's half-brother. This also, by the owner's kind permission has been reproduced in the writer's book.

A highly important and very complete resumé of paintings and engravings done in Halifax by Robert Field, William Valentine, and others, who worked in this province, has lately been published by Mr. Harry Piers, the able archivist and local historian of Nova Scotia, in the eighteenth volume of the Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

honour of Prince de Joinville, and one, the best remembered of all, in 1860, in honour of his late Majesty, King Edward Seventh, then Prince of Wales.

The first Governor's House in Halifax was a small wooden building, the frame of which, as we have seen, was ordered from Boston, which stood on the site of the present Province Building, its primitive defences being cannon mounted on casks or hogsheads filled with gravel. Whether this house was completed as early as October, 1749, we do not know, but by the fourteenth of that month Governor Cornwallis had removed from his ship to the shore, and the Council was meeting in his "apartment." In 1758 Governor Lawrence built a new residence on the same spot, to which Lord William Campbell added a ball-room, later governors still further enlarging and beautifying the house. In 1800, on the site of an old wooden building on Pleasant Street long used to shelter field officers and for other military purposes, the corner-stone of the present Government House was laid, and here ever since it was finished successive governors have kept their little courts, holding state levees, giving state dinners and balls, and more quietly entertaining hospitably not only native Nova Scotians but many distinguished foreign guests as well. This Government House is an exact copy of the famous London Lansdowne House, and for many decades it was naturally the chief centre of Nova Scotia's smartest social life.³

3. The governors of Nova Scotia in succession, from 1749 to 1800, all of course during their terms of office residing at Government House, were: Col. the Hon. Edward Cornwallis; Col. Peregrine Thomas Hopson; Col. Charles Lawrence; Henry Ellis, Esq.; Col. the Hon. Montagu Wilmot; Rt. Hon. Lord William Campbell, fourth son of the fourth Duke of Argyle; Major Francis Legge; John Parr, Esq.; Sir John Wentworth, Bart. From 1800 to 1900 they were: Sir John Wentworth; Lt. Gen. Sir. George Prevost, Bart; Gen. Sir John Coape Sherbrook, K. B.; Lt. Gen. George Ramsay, ninth Earl of Dalhousie; Lt. Gen. Sir James Kempt, G. C. B.; Gen. Sir Peregrine Maitland, K. C. B.; Major Gen. Sir Colin Campbell; Viscount Falkland; Sir John Harvey, K. C. B.; Hon. Augustus Constantine Phipps, 2nd Marquis of Normanby and Earl Mulgrave; Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, K. C. M. G.; Sir William Fenwick Williams, Bart., K. C. B. a native Nova Scotian, hero of Kars; Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, K. C. M. G.; Hon. Joseph Howe, a native Nova Scotian, whose father was John Howe, the Boston Loyalist; Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald, K. C. M. G., a native Nova Scotian; Matthew Henry Richey, Esq.; Archibald Woodbury McLellan, Esq.; Hon. Sir Malachy Bowes Daly, K. C. M. G.; and Hon. Alfred Gilpin Jones, a Nova Scotian of New England descent, who was appointed August 7, 1900, and died in office March 14, 1906.

In a later chapter of this history detailed account may be given of the defences of Halifax, the great Citadel, surrounded with its moat, the various shore batteries along the harbour, the forts on McNab's and George's islands and at Point Pleasant, Fort Clarence, on the Dartmouth side of the harbour, and York Redoubt, far out in the bay. Until about 1870 two regiments of the line were always stationed here, but Egypt and Ireland needing more troops, one was finally withdrawn, and for perhaps thirty years before the Imperial troops were removed there was but one Line Regiment, with the force of Artillery and Engineers about equal in number to a full regiment. There has always been, likewise, in Halifax, a corps of Submarine Engineers specially trained by Imperial officers for manning the harbour defences. As a matter of course there are in the vicinity of the Citadel extensive barracks for the accommodation of soldiers and their families, and quarters for those officers who, unmarried, are not living in rented houses in the town. Not far from the centre of the city, towards the South, is Bellevue, now an officers' mess, a large wooden house which was long the residence of the General in command, and in the far northern part of the town, overlooking the Dockyard, stands what was "Admiralty House," where until the Dockyard was closed, from May to December of every year the Admiral of the Fleet on the North American station gave a succession of agreeable dinners and balls. The beginning of the Citadel was a block-house with a parapet, built in 1753, on the summit of the hill, then eighty feet higher than now, that overlooks the town. This block-house has port-holes in its sides for cannon, and all around it a ditch and ramparts of earth and wood, strengthened by palisades or pickets driven close together. In 1795 his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent caused the old fortifications to be removed and began the erection of the present Citadel, which has accommodation within for a regiment, and has always had ready signal communication with the harbour forts. For many decades in the past, with measured march, from the eastern entrance of the fortification little companies of soldiers would often be seen issuing, while on extraordinary occasions, as for church parades, the greater part of the regiment, with its band playing,

would magnificently march down the side slope of the hill. Below the glacis, directly facing the middle of the town, is still the old square clock-tower, another conspicuous memorial of the residence in Halifax of the Duke of Kent.

The Dockyard, which was begun in 1758, nine years after Halifax was founded, occupies half a mile of the harbour front, and within its guarded walls anciently stood the Commissioner's residence and other houses for the several employees whose official duties included the landing and shipping of naval stores. The final inclosure was made, as the figures over the central gate announce, on the line of the present wall, in the year 1770. In 1815, one of the historic loyal celebrations of Halifax took place here, after the victory of Waterloo, and many a time the Dockyard has been the scene of brilliant aquatic contests, of which many have been held in Halifax harbour, in earlier or later times. Until late in the nineteenth century, throughout the summers there was hardly a week that several war-ships of the British fleet were not flying their flags in the harbour, hardly an evening when the music of magnificently trained ships' bands did not float from mid-stream across the water to the Halifax or Dartmouth shores. Halifax, as we have intimated, was the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the North American Naval Station, from the middle of May till the latter part of October; then the war-ships took their departure for Bermuda, Nassau, or Jamaica. During their stay society was always in a whirl of dinner giving and dancing, and this gayety was often still further increased by the visit, for longer or shorter time, of some German, French, or American man-of-war.

The closing of the Garrison Chapel in the north end of Halifax made one of the greatest losses the town suffered by the removal of the Imperial troops. From the time when it was opened, the year 1846, until 1905, it was the authorized place of worship for the British soldiers who were not Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, and nothing could exceed the heartiness of the service performed there.⁴ From the Wellington Bar-

4. The corner-stone of the Garrison Chapel was laid in October, 1844, the Rev. Dr. John Thomas Twining then being chaplain. The chapel was closed in 1905, and the next year was purchased by the congregation of Trinity Church, which until 1907 worshipped in a church in Jacob Street. This congregation

racks, from Artillery Park, and from the Citadel, on Sunday mornings, the troops, with bands playing, would march to the church for a crisp military service, for when the twelve o'clock gun fired the prayers and the short sermon must promptly be done. To civilian worshippers it was always an inspiration to hear the soldiers' firm responses, and their hearty singing, as accompanied by the organ and several instruments of the band they rendered the familiar chants of the Prayer-Book and the "Ancient and Modern" hymns. Soldiers who were Presbyterians as a rule went to St. Matthew's Church, and Roman Catholics to St. Mary's Cathedral, on Spring Garden Road. Not infrequently in the quiet Halifax streets would be heard the dull beating of the muffled drum which headed the sad funeral procession of some private soldier or soldier's wife or child, who as the waning sun threw purple shadows round the Citadel, in barracks or hospital had breathed his last on earth and gone into the unseen. On a low gun-carriage the still form would now be passing to Camp Hill Cemetery, or the Military Burying ground at Fort Massey, or to the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, there to be laid away to moulder slowly to dust. From the burial, the band, according to custom, would always return, playing no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but the liveliest popular airs the bandsmen knew. In these Halifax burying grounds where soldiers and soldiers' families lie are touching inscriptions to the memory of men of all ranks in the service, lieutenant-colonels, captains, ensigns, colour-sergeants, staff-sergeants, and corporals, and to many a hard-working soldier's wife or sweet little one, who in the long, cold Halifax winter, perhaps rendered more susceptible to the climate by previous residence in Bermuda or India, had sadly drooped and died.

has occupied the Garrison Chapel since 1907. A newspaper notice at the time of the laying of the corner-stone of the chapel reads: "Yesterday afternoon, October 23d, 1844, at three o'clock, the corner-stone of the new Military Chapel was laid. The troops were in attendance, accompanied by the band of the Royals. Sir Jeremiah Dickson, Colonel Calder, Colonel Bazelgatte, and Major Tryon, and other officers belonging to the military department were in attendance.

"A part of the 90th Psalm was sung, and the Reverend Doctor Twining offered prayer. Sir Jeremiah Dickson performed the ceremony of laying the stone, on which was a suitable Latin inscription. Reverend Doctor Twining remarked in the course of his address that he had held services in no less than eleven different buildings." For a brief sketch of Dr. Twining, see Eaton's "History of King's County, Nova Scotia," p. 851.

A highly picturesque feature of Halifax has always been the "Green Market," held on Wednesday and Saturday mornings on the sidewalks, near the Post Office and the Market Slip. All summer through, as regularly as these mornings came, a mixed company of "Chezzetcookers" and negroes, the former some of the dark-skinned descendants of the old Acadians, have been accustomed to troop into town, across the Dartmouth Ferry, their rude wagons laden with farm produce, poultry, flowers, and domestic small wares of various sorts, and ranging themselves along the side-walks unobtrusively offer their goods for sale. The negroes, descended from slaves who at the time of the Revolution or in the war of 1812 escaped from the Southern States, are so like those one may see still in Portsmouth, Virginia, or Charleston, South Carolina, that watching them squatted on the pavement in motley garments and gay head coverings, and listening to their thick negro dialect, one might easily imagine one's self in far more southern climes. Describing the buyers at this open-air market, some writer of early in the nineteenth century whose name is unknown to us said: "Here we can see the regimental mess man, the smart gun-steward from the Dock-yard, the caterer for the ships, and the natty private soldier who has just set up housekeeping with a newly made wife from the servant class of the town, jostling gentlemen's servants in livery and eager-eyed boarding house keepers, or even the mistress of some aristocratic mansion, who in fresh morning gown has thriftily risen early to do her own marketing for the day."

The Halifax fish market, too, has always been liberally supplied and well patronized,—salmon, cusk, halibut, pollock, mackerel, lobsters, herring, gaspereaux, and trout being abundant and cheap. A story is told of a certain naval captain of old days, new to the station, who, probably better accustomed to the prices which ruled at Billingsgate than at Halifax, once gave his steward a sovereign to buy lobsters for the cabin dinner. The man returned with a small boat load of the crustaceans in two or three wheelbarrows and presented them to the captain, whose surprise can be easily imagined.

The residences of the wealthier Haligonians have in large part been built on the sloping wooded shores of the beautiful

“Arm,” but they have not by any means been confined to these charming outskirts of the town, they have been scattered through the city, some even daring to show themselves far in the mostly unfashionable extreme “north end.”

Another interesting feature, added to Halifax in the nineteenth century, is the large park, at Point Pleasant, in the south part of the city, the point where the Arm opens in from the Atlantic below the steep, heavily wooded shore. The Park comprises several hundred acres in an almost natural state, but with nature's primeval ruggedness judiciously softened and refined. The Halifax Public Garden, too, has been for years a spot of unusual beauty, in artistic arrangement and marvellous wealth of shrubbery and floral bloom easily rivalling the finest public gardens of the old or the new world.⁵

These were some of the attractive physical features of the Halifax of the nineteenth century, as they are of the Halifax of to-day,—who, it will be asked, were the people who actually created and gave character to the finished town? The negative answer to that question is that they were not, save in a few cases, the original British settlers that came with Colonel Cornwallis in 1749.⁶ To no small extent they were native-born Bostonians, or other New Englanders, who almost immediately after Halifax was founded, drawn thither through previous knowledge of the province, or by the fresh fame of the Cornwallis enterprise, brought their families here, and in official positions, or in trade,⁷ or both, soon rose to influence, and in some cases to a

5. The able director of the Halifax Public Garden for many years has been Mr. Powers. One often wishes that the Boston Public Garden could have had the benefit of his artistic skill.

6. The character of many of the settlers of Halifax Governor Cornwallis brought with him from England was not by any means pleasing to this eminent leader in the British colonization of Nova Scotia. On the 24th of July, 1749, he writes the Lords of Trade that the number of men among the colonists fitted to carry on the settlement creditably is very small. Some were “idle and worthless persons who had embraced the opportunity to get provisions for a year without labour, or sailors who only wanted a passage to New England” and had embraced the opportunity afforded by the expedition to obtain passage free to American shores.

7. Almost immediately after his arrival at Halifax, though the precise date we do not know, Governor Cornwallis entered into an agreement with Messrs. Charles Apthorp and Thomas Hancock, influential merchants of Boston, to furnish the new colony with supplies, and this contract evidently lasted for years. At some early period, Messrs. De Lancey and Watts, of New York seem to have shared in furnishing Halifax with supplies.

much wider prosperity than had found opportunity to gain in their native provinces. The great migration of Bostonians to Halifax, as we have seen in an earlier chapter of this history, came when Boston was evacuated by the British in March, 1776, but from 1749 to that period probably not a year had passed in which some native of Massachusetts, usually of Boston, had not transferred himself, and his family if he had one, permanently to the new Nova Scotia capital. Among very early influential families in Halifax, it is true, were such families of immediately British origin as Best, Bulkeley, Collier, Nesbitt, Piers, Pyke, Wenman, etc., but from Massachusetts, chiefly from Boston, much before the Revolution came the Belchers, Binneys, Blagdens ("Blackden"), Cleavelands, Fairbankses, Fillises, Gorhams, Grays, Greens, Howes, Lawlors, Monks, Morrisises, Newtons, Prescotts, Salters, Sandersons, Shaws, Tidmarshes, and others, almost all which families had been people of excellent standing among the New England commercial gentry to which they belonged. At, or following in the wake of, the Revolution came another for the most part highly connected group of permanent settlers from New England, families named Blowers, Brinley, Brown, Byfield, Byles, Clarke, De Blois, Gay, Greenwood, Halliburton, Hart, Howe, Lawson, Minns, Nutting, Robie, Sawyer, Snelling, Stayner, Wentworth, Winslow, and Wylde; while in the same movement came from New York the Inglis family, and the Lynch, Pryor, Thorne, Tremaine, and Wilkins families; from New Jersey the Boggs, Cunard, and Odell families; from Maryland the Stewarts; from Virginia the Wallaces; and from Georgia, through the island of Jamaica, the Johnstons. A large number of Halifax families of note in the nineteenth century did not trace to the United States, but came independently and singly at intervals, before the end of the eighteenth century or in the early part of the nineteenth, directly, or in some few instances through other British colonies, from Great Britain or Ireland. Such were the Allans, Allisons, Andersons, Archibalds, Beckwiths, Blacks, Bowies, Bremners, Breyntons, Brymers, Bullocks, Butlers, Campbells, Cochrans, Crawleys, Creightons, Crichtons, Cunninghams, Dalys, Donaldsons, Doulls, Duffuses, Fancklins, Francklyns, Frasers, Georges, Grahams, Grassies, a second

family of Grays, the founder of the Hare family, the Henrys, two families of Hills, the Hostermans, Kennys, Macleans, McDonalds, McNabs, Mitchells, Morrows, Murdochs, Oxleys, Parkers, Richardsons, Richeys, Ritchies, Slayters, Stairses, Sterlings, Thomsons, Tobins, Twinings, Uniackes, Woodgates, and Youngs, some of whom, however, like the Archibalds, Macleans, and Ritchies had settled first in other counties of the province. Of important American names that came into Halifax through the migration from New England to other parts of Nova Scotia in 1760, we have Albro, Chipman, Cogswell, Collins, De Wolfe, Harrington, Hunt, Longley, Starr, Troop, Whidden, and Wier. The Almon family, always of high social standing in Halifax, was founded here by Dr. James William Almon, a physician, born probably in Newport, Rhode Island, though on his father's side of Italian origin, who married after the Revolution the eldest daughter of the noted Tory clergyman, who fled here from Boston, the younger Dr. Mather Byles.

The character of the social life of Halifax throughout the town's whole history, has depended of course very largely on the town's commercial prosperity, and for a small, remotely situated eastern American town the prosperity of Halifax for many decades was rather unusually great. Along the water front of the city stand many staunch granite warehouses, where before the days of steamships not a few considerable fortunes were made in the United-States or the British-West-Indian trade. In Halifax, as is well known, the Cunards early established a business that laid the foundation of their world-renowned enterprise, the great steamship line that bears their name.⁸ In

8. Mr. Frederick P. Fairbanks, a native Haligonian, from whom this chapter will hereafter quote liberally, writes:

"In 1838 Samuel Cunard was a prominent merchant in Halifax and agent for the East India Company. In response to certain circulars sent out by the British government he went to England and became associated with George Burns and David MacIver; and together they raised money and started the Cunard Service. Then they made a contract with the government to carry the mails for seven years between Liverpool and Boston, and Halifax and Boston; and they got a subsidy of \$80,000 per annum for this service. They were to employ four steamers; these were at first the *Britannia*, *Acadia*, *Calendonia*, and *Columbia*. The *Britannia* sailed from Liverpool on Friday, July fourth, 1840 and inaugurated the service. The facts connected with this service are very interesting; the above ships were followed by the *Hibernia*, *Cambria*, *America*, *Niagara*, *Europa*, *Asia*, *Arabia*, *Persia*, and *Scotia*. These ended the paddle wheelers. The *Britannia* took 14 days and eight hours to cross.

1825 a group of merchants of local note, of whom Samuel Cunard (afterward Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart.) was one, founded here the first joint-stock banking house in the province, and one of the founders of this bank, the Honorable Enos Collins, of a Cape Cod, Massachusetts, family, son-in-law of Sir Brenton Halliburton, finally died in the town worth six and a half millions of dollars, a very great fortune for the days in which it was acquired.⁹ Nor did the town's commercial prosperity cease when sailing ships gave place to steamships on the busy seas, after that period, as is true of it to-day, Halifax became a chief distributing port for almost the whole of British America.

Given a certain amount of commercial prosperity, the overshadowing and largely controlling influence in the social life of Halifax in the nineteenth century was undoubtedly exerted by the presence of the army and navy. But even this influence, strong, and foreign to practical American social ideals, as it was, could not change the fact that fundamentally Halifax was, as it had been from the beginning, essentially an American town. Up to the Revolution, Boston had been virtually an English provincial community, but with an independence of spirit and a power of creating fresh ideals that belonged strictly to the new world rather than the old. From the start, Halifax drew much of its best life directly from Boston; its earliest trade was with the Massachusetts capital, and the frames of its first public buildings came from there, from Boston shops the necessary household stores of its people were replenished, and almost immediately after its founding, as we have seen, Boston people of

"In my younger days the arrival of what was then generally designated 'the English steamer' was a matter of public importance. All vessels were signalled from the citadel. The first signal was by balls signifying a large or small steamer, then would come the Cunard private signal showing that it was coming to the Cunard firm, then the distinctive flag denoting the 'English Mail'; so the people would breathe sighs of relief. This experience would be repeated every fortnight right along through the year."

9. The other founders of the bank besides Cunard and Collins were John Clarke, Joseph Allison, William Pryor, James Tobin, Henry Hezekiah Cogswell, and Martin Gay Black. (Eaton's "History of King's County, Nova Scotia, p. 481). Sir Samuel Cunard died worth five millions of dollars, Mr. William Murdoch worth over a million and a half, and Mr. Charles Murdoch worth a million. Many persons in Halifax in the 19th century accumulated from seven or eight hundred thousand down to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Chief Justice Sampson Salter Blowers (a Boston born man) died worth four hundred thousand, and Chief Justice Sir William Young worth three hundred and fifty thousand.

influence poured into the town. When a judiciary needed to be established for the province, as of course was quickly the case, an able Boston born lawyer of eminent family, Mr. Jonathan Belcher, was called to be the chief justice, and in the determined movement of the Halifax people soon after for representative government, Mr. Belcher, in opposition to the governor, as became a man reared in a province where representative institutions largely prevailed, was the chief mover. When the first Assembly was actually created, an overwhelming number of the members elected were, like Mr. Belcher, Boston born men.¹⁰

In structure and general tone, Boston before the Revolution was much more aristocratic than it was after the struggle. And it is a great question whether with the passing of the town's control into the hands of men steeped in the democratic spirit, Boston did not suffer forever the loss of some of her very finest ideals. In Halifax there was no Revolution, and here we may say emphatically, the best social ideals and most hospitable customs of pre-Revolutionary Boston, for many decades after the Revolution continued to prevail. It is quite true that the general intellectuality, that increased rather than diminished in Boston after the Revolution, was always sadly lacking in Halifax, and that the people, divorced from libraries and having little to stimulate them to think world-problems out, absorbed themselves largely in business and pleasure and petty politics, and that in religion, when they felt the power of religion, they accepted without question common traditional orthodox views. For a long time, both before and after the Revolution, we know, strict moralists deplored the frivolity of Halifax, and censured in scathing terms the low moral standards of its smart social life.

Of the controlling power of the army and navy in Halifax, no visitor to the town in the whole of the nineteenth century could fail to be aware. About the time of the Crimean war, probably

10. The strength of the New England element in Halifax in 1758, is shown by the fact that probably no less than twelve of the nineteen members elected in that year to the first House of Assembly were from either Massachusetts or Connecticut. These were: Jonathan Binney, Robert Campbell, Joseph Fairbanks, Henry Ferguson, John Fillis, William Foye, Joseph Gerrish, Philip Hammond, Henry Newton, William Pantree, Joseph Rundle (probably Randall), and Robert Sanderson. The last of these, Sanderson, was elected Speaker. From the first appointment of members to the Council, Boston men figured largely in that body also.

very soon after the fall of Sebastopol, when Nova Scotia, always, to the present moment, staunchly loyal to England, was more than usually aglow with military ardor, Frederic Cozzens of New York, visiting Halifax, wrote of the town: "Everything here is suggestive of impending hostilities, war in burnished trappings meets you at the street corners, and the air vibrates from time to time with bugles, fifes, and drums." "But O," he adds, "what a slow place it is. Even two Crimean regiments, with medals and decorations, could not wake it up."¹¹ Though Cozzens speaks strongly in praise of the hospitality of Halifax, the morals of the place, so far as we remember, he does not criticize. It is a matter of common knowledge, however, that popular British military and naval stations, for obvious reasons, are universally places where superficial love of pleasure and often easy virtue in social relations, among the commoner classes at least, are apt to prevail. Of the comparative slowness of Halifax in anything besides pleasure, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a quarter of a century earlier than Cozzens, had made his Yankee "Clockmaker" in answer to the question "What do you think of the present state and future prospects of Halifax?" Say: "If you will tell me when the folks there will wake up, then I can answer you; but they are fast asleep."¹²

The only important connected study of Halifax social life in the first half century of the town's history that to our knowledge

11. Frederic Swartout Cozzens, "Acadia, or a Month with the Bluenoses." New York, Derby and Jackson, 1859. "That the Haligonians are a kind and good people, abundant in hospitality," Cozzens says, "let me attest. One can scarcely visit a city occupied by those whose grandsires would have hung your rebel grandsires (if they had caught them) without some misgivings. But I found the old Tory blood of three Halifax generations yet warm and vital, happy to accept again a rebellious kinsman, in spite of Sam Slick and the Revolution." (Cozzens does not remember that some of the Massachusetts patriots would have hanged the Tories with right good will; it is not at all clear that the reverse was the case).

12. "The Clockmaker: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," first printed as a series of sketches in the *Nova Scotian* newspaper in 1833, soon afterward published in book form. Judge Haliburton, whose books are many, was of New England descent, but was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia. His family in Nova Scotia belong to the New England migration to that province in 1760. A United States author who has mentioned the external features of Halifax is Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing." This book "a narrative of a journey to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton," was published in Boston by James R. Osgood and Co. in 1874.

has come into print was made about 1860 by the Rev. Dr. George William Hill, then and for long after, Rector of St. Paul's Church in Halifax, in his memoir of Sir Brenton Halliburton, Kt., the seventh chief justice of Nova Scotia.¹³ After describing the public buildings and the external features in general of Halifax, and giving some important facts of the town's

13. Sir Brenton Halliburton (who was knighted when he was very old) was born in Newport, Rhode Island, and came to Halifax with his parents at the Revolution. His father, John Halliburton, was born in Scotland, but married in Newport Susannah Brenton, whose brother (Judge) James Brenton settled early in Halifax, as did also did her sister Mary, wife of Hon. Joseph Gerrish. The importance of Hon. Jahleel Brenton and his family in Newport has often been mentioned in print. Mr. George Champlin Mason in his "Reminiscences of Newport (1884)" says: "Jahleel Brenton was fond of society and kept an open house, both at the homestead [on Thames Street], and at Hammersmith [near Fort Adams], where he was always prepared to entertain a large number of guests. He was public-spirited, gave the clock that hangs in Trinity Church steeple, was one of the original members of the Artillery Company, and one of the committee to build the State House. But however well off in landed property, he was at times crowded for ready money, and when he died, in 1767, his estate was encumbered" (p. 369).

Of Dr. Halliburton, Mr. Brenton's son-in-law, Mr. Mason writes: "At the foot of the Parade, where there is now a modern brick building, there stood until within a few years a large gambrel-roof house that dated far back in the last century. When the ground on which it stood was wanted for other purposes it was removed to Bridge Street, where it still does service for shops and tenements. On its old site it was occupied in succession by a number of physicians, all of whom doubtless found it a good location. The first was Dr. Thomas Rodman, who came from Barbadoes in 1680, and here resided up to the time of his death in 1827. His son Thomas, also a physician, was his successor. After him came Dr. William Hunter, a Scotch physician, who was eminent in his day, and whose worth has been frequently dwelt upon. Dr. John Halliburton was the next physician to occupy the house. He was residing here when the war broke out, took sides with the Crown, and in 1781 was suspected of keeping up a secret communication with the enemy. So strong was the evidence against him that he left hastily in a boat and made his way to New York early in 1782; for in one of his letters now before me, dated New York, March 17, 1782, he speaks of his sudden departure and expresses regret at having to leave one of his very sick patients, Mr. William Tweedy. In this letter he urges his friends in Newport to see that his wife and children were sent to him by the first flag. When his family joined him, he removed to Nova Scotia and settled there; but for a time at least his position in his new home was not a comfortable one, for in a letter dated at Halifax, September 8, 1782, he writes: 'A few casual acts of civility I have now and then experienced, but that sincere and generous hospitality that was formerly practised in Rhode Island is seldom to be met with in any country. . . . There are a few agreeable and courteous people here, from whom we have received some civilities, but whether for want of a proper knowledge of us, or from whatever cause, they want that cordial and generous confidence, that smiling ease and cheerful communication which alone make civilities palatable.' In time this feeling was changed; there was a better understanding between the doctor and the people of Halifax, who had learned to know and esteem him highly. He died in 1807. Mrs. Halliburton, who was a daughter of Jahleel Brenton, died in 1818. Their son Brenton Halliburton, chief justice of the province, was honored with Knighthood." (pp. 28, 29).

Rev. Dr. George Hill's "Memoir of Sir Brenton Halliburton" (207 pp.) was printed in Halifax by James Bowes and Sons in 1864. It may be found in Boston libraries.

history, Dr. Hill says: "The private dwellings were usually small, covering a very limited area, and seldom more than one story in height, finished above with an attic. Although the town was laid out in squares, each containing sixteen lots, of forty feet in width and sixty feet in depth, each individual obtained, if he could, except in the central part, more lots than one. Thus the residences of many were quite detached, and ample scope afforded for gardens, which were assiduously cultivated by the proprietors. . . . Not a few planted trees before their doors, under the shade of which the dairy cow loved to ruminate during the hot days of summer, and to lie down at night, to the inconvenience and danger of the pedestrian.

"The furniture in the dwellings of those who possessed means was of a far more substantial character than that now used by persons of the same class, and was considerably more expensive. . . . It was usually made of a mahogany wood, of a rich, dark color; the dining-room table was plain, but massive, supported by heavy legs, often ornamented with the carved resemblance of a lion's claw; the side-board was high, rather narrow and inelegant; the secretary, or covered writing desk, was bound with numberless brass plates at the edges, corners, and sides; the cellaret, standing in the corner, which held the wines and liquors brought up from the cellar for the day's consumption, was also bound elaborately with plates of burnished brass; the chairs, cumbrous, straight-backed, with their cushions covered with black horse-hair cloth, were as uncomfortable as they were heavy; the sofa, though not common, was unadorned but roomy; the great arm-chair deserved its title, for it was wide enough and deep enough to contain not only the master of the household, but, if he pleased, several of his children beside. These for the most part comprised the furniture of the dining-rooms of the upper classes. That contained in the bed-room was built of the same wood, and of a corresponding style. The bedsteads were those still known as four-posted, invariably curtained, and with a canopy overhead. . . . The chests of drawers and the ladies' wardrobes were covered with the ubiquitous brazen plates, and being kept bright, gave the room an air



of comfort and cleanliness. In almost every hall stood a clock, encased by a frame of great size. . . .

"The kitchen department in those early times was of the greatest importance. The day's labor began at early morning with the often unsuccessful attempt to produce fire from flint and steel; baking and brewing, as well as ordinary cooking, were for the most part attended to at home, and all was done for many years at the open hearth, on which hard wood was burned for fuel. . . .

"It was the habit to dine at an early hour, and take supper between eight and nine o'clock. The fashionable dinner hour was three o'clock, and on some state occasions it was made as late as four.¹⁴ As a consequence of this custom, business ceased to be transacted, at least by the public offices, soon after mid-day. It was too late to return when the somewhat lengthened meal was over. In the ordinary course, a custom prevailed of walking on a fine day, after dinner, sometimes towards the Point, sometimes to the North, and in less favorable weather to the Market, for a promenade beneath the balcony. On returning home, those whose resources in themselves were small, usually played cards until supper was laid; while among the more intellectual it was the admirable custom that the gentlemen should read aloud while the ladies worked at embroidery. The standard English authors were their text books on these occasions; they had but few, but these were the works of the ablest historians and the more distinguished poets. Few are aware how well informed, in spite of many disadvantages, were the upper classes of society in those early times. . . . The full and accurate acquaintance of many ladies with History, ancient and modern, with Milton and Shakespeare, with Pope and Dryden, and with others of equal fame, may yet be traced through a few of their daughters who survive—themselves old ladies now—to adorn their native land. Many of them learned the French language, and both wrote and spoke it fluently."

Later in his description Dr. Hill says: "It is quite indicative of the general ease and lack of urgent business in the community

14. Speaking of food, Dr. Hill tells us that porcupines were much used as game.

that even as late as 1796, . . . there were no less than twenty-four holidays, during which the public offices were closed." Levees at Government House, he adds, were very frequent, on which occasions the streets leading to the executive mansion were filled with gentlemen in powdered hair, and silk stockings, and with silver-hilted swords.

Full dress for the women of the period was commonly a stiff brocaded silk or heavy satin gown, with a long prim waist, from which the ample hooped skirt spread off like a balloon, the sleeves being tight to the arm. Over the neck and bosom a lace handkerchief was likely to be spread, fastened by a heavy jewelled pin. For church a richly wrought apron, and spangled white kid shoes, with peaked toes and high heels were worn. The hair, dressed with pomatum, was drawn over a cushion perhaps twelve inches in height and sprinkled thickly with powder, a white rosebud or other natural flower crowning this extraordinary dome. In these days there were few hair dressers in Halifax, so people were obliged to begin very early in the day to prepare for afternoon or evening entertainments, and very clever must the fashionable hair-dresser have been who managed to keep all his patrons in good humour as he went his slow rounds from house to house. Full dress for men consisted of knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, a white neckerchief of great thickness, a straight-collared coat with large buttons, a brilliantly coloured waistcoat, and the silver-hilted sword or rapier we have spoken of.

Many of the large dinners of early Halifax were given at a three-story wooden hotel at the corner of Duke and Water streets, known as the "Great Pontac," a house built before 1757. For dinners the cooks of the war-ships were often called into requisition, and when naval officers themselves were the hosts the dishes would be brought up to the windows of the hotel by ships' stewards, rowed by sailors in spotless white, and handed in for the several courses. In 1757, before the second taking of Louisburg, Generals Wolfe and Amherst were entertained at the Great Pontac, and for many years thereafter few distinguished men visited Halifax who did not find accommodation within its hospitable walls.

About 1790 there was but one closed carriage in Halifax, and the owner of this vehicle was so gallant that on the evening of grand balls he was accustomed to send his servant round for many of the ladies of the smart set, in turn. For a long time sedan chairs were commonly used in the town. An advertisement in a newspaper in 1794 announces that sedan chairs may be ordered in Barrington Street at one shilling, one and three-pence, and sixpence a ride. For church on Sundays the price was an eighth of a dollar; to Dutchtown, near the Arm, the price was a shilling.¹⁵

In a former chapter we have described in some detail the remarkable accession to the population of Halifax that came with the exodus from Boston in 1775 and 1776 of almost the whole of that town's acknowledged aristocracy. As the Revolutionary spirit in Massachusetts grew, the position of those who felt compelled to take strongly the British side became more and more intolerable, and as early as the spring of 1775, singly or in small groups, Boston and Salem families of importance began to seek shelter in the Nova Scotia capital. When the formal withdrawal from Boston of General Howe's troops was positively determined on, the British sympathizers who had always lived in the town, and those who from other places had recently sought refuge there, also hastily prepared to leave, and on the seventeenth of March, 1776, families and single men to the number of between nine and eleven hundred persons embarked with

15. As we have shown in the first chapter of this history, a considerable number of Germans came to Halifax in the wake of the Cornwallis English settlers. Many of these removed to Lunenburg, but a considerable group remained in the north end of Halifax. Among these Germans some picturesque social customs prevailed. At their weddings the bridal party walked to church in procession, led by the bride and groom elect, the women dressed in white with white caps and ribbons, the men wearing white trousers and round blue jackets. At the conclusion of the ceremony all went to a tavern, and partook of refreshments, after which they went home for two or three days' feasting and dancing. For one German wedding, in Halifax, the good things provided, included several sheep, eighteen geese, soups, hams, puddings, pies, cakes, and wines in abundance. The best fiddler that could be found was secured and the people danced all night and perhaps all the next day. It is said that the host and hostess generally insisted on the guests staying until all the food was eaten up. One quaint custom observed at these weddings was for some guest at the wedding supper, on the first day of feasting, to ask the bride to take off one of her shoes, which he then passed round to each of the party for a coin as a gift to the lady. Usually guests gave a dollar apiece, and sometimes the shoe was sold at auction to the highest bidder, who returned it to the bride, together with the purchase money.

the fleet. The arrival in Halifax of this bruised and heart-sick multitude, the straits to which they were put to find even temporary comfortable lodgment on shore, the departure of many of them in a few weeks for England, and of some of them later with the fleet for New York, their reinforcement before long by others of their sort from the middle and southern colonies, the introduction of many of those who settled permanently in the town into the highest public positions, and the natural jealousy felt towards such by the older inhabitants—these are incidents in the progress of the history of Halifax that we have already tried to describe. The establishment of an Episcopate in Nova Scotia, and the consequent founding there of a college in which Anglican principles should be taught, were two of the results of the coming of the Loyalists, and the appointment in 1787 of Rev. Dr. Charles Inglis as bishop, and in 1792 of Mr. John Wentworth as governor, tended soon to make these later comers to Nova Scotia well nigh supreme in the councils of church and state.

What gave especial brilliancy to the social life of Halifax in the last decade of the eighteenth century was the presence there for part of this time of His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, later Queen Victoria's father, who was then in chief command of the King's forces in British North America. To this residence of Prince Edward in Halifax we shall devote an independent chapter as this history goes on. Giving, as it did, a great and lasting stimulus to the loyalty of Nova Scotians to the British Crown, it likewise tended strongly to stimulate gayety in Halifax, and the accounts of social entertainments, in the town while it continued are highly interesting to read. John Wentworth was governor from 1792 until 1808, and for much of that period of sixteen years he made Government House the scene of great festivity. Early in 1795 he was created a baronet, and after that notable event in his career, as before, he, and his wife Lady Frances, a woman of unusual charm and accomplishment, devoted themselves with energy to making Halifax social life as hospitable and gay as they could. "There have dined at Government House between 12 December, 1794, and 29 October, 1795," writes young Nathaniel Thomas, a cousin

of Lady Wentworth (son of Nathaniel Ray Thomas, the well known Massachusetts Loyalist, who spent the rest of his life after 1776, and died, in Windsor, Nova Scotia), "two thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven persons." On the evening of Thursday, December twentieth, 1792, says a newspaper of the day, "the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Wentworth gave a ball and supper to the ladies and gentlemen of the town and the officers of the army and navy, which was altogether the most brilliant and sumptuous entertainment ever given in this country." Describing in detail the features of the entertainment, the newspaper pays a highly enthusiastic tribute to the "elegance and superiority of manners" of Mrs. Wentworth, and the "hospitality, perfect good breeding, and infinite liberality, which so distinguish the character of our beloved and adored governor." On this magnificent occasion, says the article, "everything tended to promote one sympathizing joy, and never was there a night passed with more perfect harmony and luxurious festivity."

From year to year, as the history of Halifax in the time of the Wentworths goes on, we read of social events that surprise us with their luxury and brilliancy, for the town was then, we remember, less than fifty years old. The visits of royal personages were always the signal for elaborate functions and great display. On the fourth of October, 1786, Prince William Henry, afterwards King William the Fourth, arrived in H. M. ship *Pegasus*, and his visit was twice afterward repeated in 1787, Magnificent, indeed, were the doings on these occasions, the presence of a son of the Sovereign making the people almost wild with joy. Notable also were the celebrations of the birthdays of royalties, especially of that of King George's rather staid and exceedingly proper queen. On the eighteenth of January Queen Charlotte was born, and every year as the day came round, Halifax echoed with the thunders of cannon, while levees and balls, with brilliant illuminations of the houses, enlivened the cold and somewhat dreary town. In 1794, the birthday of Prince Edward, the exact date of which was November second, came on Sunday, and the popular customs precluded any gayety on that sacred day. Accordingly there was only a salute from

the citadel and a quiet levee at Government House. Monday night, however, there was a magnificent ball and supper at the Governor's, for which three hundred invitations were issued. On Tuesday night the town was illuminated, and over the gate of Government House appeared a crown and the initials P. E., "enclosed by a blaze of lights." On the twelfth of August, 1796, the Prince of Wales's birthday was celebrated, with parades, salutes, and all the military pomp possible. A banquet at Government House, "at which Prince Edward, the army and navy officers, and chief gentlemen of the town were guests of Sir John Wentworth, concluded the festival."

On Tuesday, the thirteenth of September, 1796, Lady Wentworth gave a ball and supper at Government House to Captain Beresford, of one of his Majesty's war ships, who had "successfully beaten off a superior French ship, supposed to be a vessel of the line." "Most of the ladies and gentlemen of the town," Murdoch says, "were invited, and the officers of the army and navy. As a compliment to the captain, all the ladies wore navy blue cockades, and many had on *bandeaux* and ornaments of blue, on which his name was inscribed in gold letters. Splendor and taste were predominant, and gayety reigned supreme. The merry dance was not deserted till the small hours of the morning came on."

Nor did the loyal celebrations of Haligonians lose any of their fervor after the nineteenth century opened. On Friday, April seventh, 1820, George the Fourth, who had been nine years regent, was proclaimed King at Halifax. "At half past ten, A. M., the governor went in state to the council chamber. The members of His Majesty's council, the speaker and several members of the assembly then residing or remaining in town, the justices of the peace in Halifax, grand jurors, and many of the inhabitants, and the officers of the army and navy, had previously assembled there. The governor having taken his chair, the provincial secretary read the official despatches notifying the demise of the late king and the accession of his eldest son and heir. A proclamation of the new king's reign was signed by the governor, councillors, and other chief persons present. His Excellency having appointed David Shaw Clarke, Esquire, to

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

be herald at arms, that gentleman read the proclamation aloud in a distinct and clear voice. At this time the Royal standard was hoisted upon citadel hill. The herald proceeded from the council chamber in a carriage, accompanied by the sheriff, to the front of the Province House, to the market square, to the door of St. Paul's Church, and to the new parade on Brunswick Street, near the North Barracks, escorted by troops and attended by the populace, and at every place repeated the proclamation. At the North Parade the garrison were drawn up under arms, and a salute of twenty-one guns fired from six field pieces. The procession then returned to the Province House, and the proclamation was again read in the Supreme Court room, now the Legislative Library. At one P. M. the Royal standard was lowered to half mast, and minute guns were fired from the fort on George's Island, which was continued the remainder of the day, in memorial of the deceased sovereign. On Sunday, sermons suited to the occasion were delivered in the different places of public worship."

In 1830 was published by Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, in New Burlington Street, London, an interesting volume, called "Letters from Nova Scotia, Comprising Sketches of a Young Country," by Captain William Moorsom, of the Fifty-second Light Infantry, which was written in Halifax in 1829, while the author was officially engaged "in various tours undertaken for the purpose of gaining some military information relating to the province."¹⁶ In describing Halifax the author says: "The garrison forms about one-eighth of the population, and of course materially influences the tone of society. A young officer in whose head conceit has not previously effected a lodgment stands every chance of undergoing a regular investment, siege, and assault from this insidious enemy on joining his corps in Halifax. He finds himself raised at once to a level above that accorded to the scarlet cloth at home—his society generally sought, frequently courted, and himself esteemed as a personage whose opinions are regarded with no little degree of attention. It is not the fault of the inhabitants if Halifax be not a pleasant quarter for a stranger, and particularly for a military

16. The book has nineteen chapters. It also may be found in Boston libraries.

stranger. Hospitality, unbounded in comparison with that which such a person will experience in England, is offered to his acceptance. . . . The general tone of intercourse is somewhat analogous to that we meet with in Ireland; it is in fact such as naturally prevails where the circle is not very extended, where the individual members have been long acquainted, and where military have long been stationed with few internal changes. . . . There are no regular public assemblies in Halifax. A theatre, conducted by amateurs, is opened five or six times during the season, but a dearth of female performers renders it not particularly attractive. Quadrille cards have lately been issued every fortnight by one of the regiments in garrison, and have been received in the light they were intended, as an earnest of social harmony and amusement. Picnic parties in summer and sleighing excursions in winter complete the scale of *divertissemens*. . . . Whenever a fine day and a well-formed road combine their attractions, from a dozen to twenty of the members of the sleigh club may be seen with tandem, pair, four-in-hand, or postillions *à l'Anglaise*, first making the tour of the streets, to the open-mouthed admiration of all the little truant ragamuffins, and the dashing out of town along the fine 'Bason road' to partake of a *dejeuner à la fourchette* at some country inn a few miles off. Each *preux chevalier* is accompanied by the lady of his choice, while some in double sleighs are so unconscionable as to monopolize three or four. The only *sine qua non* of propriety seems to be that the *signorine* shall be matronized by some one. Strange as it may appear, while hosts of the *unqualified* are ready to the moment, matronly volunteers are rarely to be found; and the one who is eventually pressed into the service usually finds her numerous charge as perfectly beyond all control, as the necessity for which control is perfectly trivial."

Elsewhere Moorsom says: Were an Englishman "placed in the midst of the party at the Governor's weekly soireé, he would not conceive himself to be elsewhere than in some English provincial town with a large garrison. In fact there cannot be any town out of Great Britain where this similarity is so complete as at Halifax." "The winter is here," he continues,

"as in other places, the season for gaiety similar to that we find prevalent elsewhere, in the shape of dinner and evening parties, rational and irrational, festive, sober, and joyous, insipid, dull, and stupid. How far individual *gout*, or rather *dégout*, may act to give a 'jaundiced eye' I know not, but it seems to me the general tone of these social meetings indicates a stage of luxury rather than of refinement, of gaiety rather than its combination with that intellectual foundation which renders such gaiety truly delightful."

In 1842 and '43, an educated Italian named Gallenga, who afterward wrote many books under the pseudonym of L. Mariotti, spent some time in Nova Scotia and saw much of Halifax society. In a very entertaining book he wrote called "Episodes of my Second Life,"¹⁷ he says, evidently with great pleasure in the recollection: "Picnics at the Duke of Kent's Lodge, reunions at Government House, balls given in turn by the officers of the garrison at the Assembly rooms or by the naval officers on board the Admiral's frigate, were almost daily occurrences—balls with such a show of beauty as hardly any other town of the same size and pretension could exhibit, and to the charms of which, I,

17. In 1842, "Luigi Mariotti" came out from England, where he had just declined the position of private secretary to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, to be professor of modern languages in King's College, at Windsor. Lord Falkland was then governor of the province, and Dr. John Inglis, bishop of the diocese, and Mariotti gives very graphic pictures of these dignitaries and of the other chief personages of the Province at that time. The Bishop, he says, was a dapper little man with a lively face on which the sense of what was due to his prelatial dignity was perpetually struggling to check the impulse of his bustling activity. There was in him something of the look and manner of Dean Stanley. The Bishop's wife and "four thin, and not very young daughters," he describes as having stateliness enough for the whole Episcopal bench in the House of Lords. The new professor seems not to have been the most contented person in the world, and he was very much disappointed in King's College, his position for one thing proving far more of a sinecure than he either expected or desired, but he soon set up a modest establishment, bought a horse, engaged a black groom, and embarked on the sea of Windsor and Halifax society. With Dr. McCawley, the president of the college, and his wife, he was at once on good terms, and speaking of some of the girls he met at Windsor, he says that the Miss Haliburtons, the Miss Heads, and the Miss Uniacakes "wanted neither prettiness nor animation and showed no invincible objection to a little flirting." He does not deign to tell us to whom it was, but he confesses that he lost his heart in Windsor, and when later he settled in Halifax, and was a frequent guest at Government House (although the beautiful Lady Falkland was then "in deep mourning for her brother, the Earl of Munster"), at the officers' mess, and at assembly balls, and hops on the Admiral's frigate, he used regularly on Saturday to saddle his horse and ride forty miles over a rough road to spend Sunday in the college town with the fair captor of his affections.

An edition of "Episodes of my Second Life," was published in London by Chapman and Hall, in 1884. The book may be found at the Boston Public Library.

though I never danced, could not be blind—the charms of the acres of dazzling-white bare necks and shoulders of the Arch-deacon's strapping daughters, of the bright eyes and elegant figures of the four Miss Cunards, of the fair complexions and sweet expression of the four Miss Uniackes, two of them stars of the first magnitude—all of whom whirled before me as creatures of another orbit, happy in the arms of the red-coated or blue-jacketed gallants encircling their waists."

In recollection of his boyhood and young manhood in Halifax, Mr. Frederick P. Fairbanks,¹⁸ a bachelor of arts of King's College, Windsor, much of whose later life has been spent in the neighborhood of New York City, has written the following pleasant description of the social life, as he remembers it, of his native town. "Halifax," he says, "had exceptional advantages for social recreation. Being the summer headquarters of the fleet of the British and North American squadron and being garrisoned by two regiments of infantry, several batteries of artillery and a corps of engineers, the military and naval element were largely in the ascendant, and aided to a considerable degree in the entertainment of the citizens. This element brought with it as residents the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in America, and the Admiral of the fleet, with their respective staffs, and Halifax being the place of residence of the Governor of the Province, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and all the executive officers of the government, as well as the Bishop of the Diocese, naturally furnished excellent material for tea parties and other social events. The respective regiments and ships of war offered a lavish hospitality to the townspeople, to which the latter did not fail to make satisfactory response, and hardly a week passed that cards were not out for a General's, Admiral's, or Governor's ball, or a dance on board ship, or by invitation of the military officers or some one of the prominent citizens.

"Then to fill in, there was a constant round of driving parties,

¹⁸ Mr. Frederick Prescott Fairbanks, Barrister, of Passaic, New Jersey, a warm friend of the writer, is one of the few Haligonians who have ever taken the trouble to describe the social life of their native town as it was about the middle of the nineteenth century. His manuscript is a notable one and we are glad to reproduce so much of it here.

yachting, garden, skating parties, or picnics, the participants in which generally returned to the house of the patron for an improvised dance. Military reviews and parades, and sham fights, too, were very frequent, concerts by the military bands were given twice a week at the public gardens during the summer, and all kinds of out door sports were in vogue, which were largely attended by spectators. For example, it was not uncommon on a fine winter day, when the ice was good on the North West Arm, to find assembled there on skates the best representatives of all classes of society. High officials of the government, judges, lawyers, rectors, and curates, and even the dignified Bishop joined hands with the crowd; colonels, majors, captains, and middies were all on skates, and naturally the fair sex of the city were out in force to greet them. When the sun shone and the ice was smooth, there was good fellowship and enjoyment which could hardly be excelled.

“In all social festivities, the heads of the house of Fairbanks indulged and encouraged their children to indulge. They accepted invitations and made bounteous return. For many years at Briar Cottage they kept open house and entertained freely, until all the daughters but one were married and that one had retired from society. Briar Cottage was seldom quiet in the evening. Both parents and children were fond of company and liked it best at home. Large and small dances, family dinners, dinners to politicians, high teas to clerical friends and the people of the church, card, charade, round game, and children’s parties were interspersed with an occasional ball, when everybody in the Army, Navy, or Citizen force considered properly entitled to an invitation would get one. A feature of these receptions was the absence of formality. Our parents made no pretension to style, the ladies wore no dazzling jewels or costly attire, and a man’s income was never regarded as the measure of his eligibility. Everything, however, was comfortable and pleasing. The girls looked well, the military came in full dress uniform with plenty of scarlet and blue and gold-lace, so attractive to the feminine fancy, and the young men of the city were so well looked after that they could not feel otherwise than at home during the whole of the event.

“On such occasions the two back parlours were opened for dancing, the drawing room was reserved for *tete-a-tetes* and conversation, and the supper was served in the front sitting room, where it was laid early in the day, the room not being opened till midnight or thereabout. During the evening, refreshments were served from the pantry or the sideboard in the dining room. Wine and ale were always provided, and the supper was of a substantial character, generally comprising boned turkey, chickens, salads, and sweets of various kinds.

“The greater part of the time the daughters had friends visiting them, and as men callers were always welcome in the evenings, many improvised dances were often got up. Every night before retiring we had supper, even when the family were alone, and a good bottle of ale was considered, both at supper and dinner a *sine qua non*. In these days a guest was never allowed to depart without partaking of some refreshment—a very good custom, and one which our children would do well to observe.

“At Christmas there was always a family gathering at Briar Cottage. On such occasions the little front sitting room was made to do duty for the children, and the recollection of that room can never fade from their minds. While the children were allowed their stockings in bed in the morning, they had to wait until after breakfast for any further inspection of their Christmas gifts. Then the family adjourned to the sitting room, where on a round table (trees were not in vogue with us in those days) the presents were displayed. This little front sitting room could tell many a tale, if it had a voice, for it was the room reserved, as well, for the daughters of the house when they were about to be married. Often at such momentous times the boys would receive the strict injunction: ‘Don’t come in without whistling.’ ”

In a later manuscript Mr. Fairbanks writes:

“The principal public functions of Halifax were held at Government House, Admiralty House, the Commandant’s residence, the Provincial Building, and Masonic Hall. The balls on shore had no distinctive feature, but were like all balls; it may be noted, however, that by whomsoever the entertainment was given one was sure to be treated most lavishly as far as the inner man was

concerned. The hospitality of Halifax is proverbial, and one's host was never lacking in his desire to regale one with the very best that the market afforded or that the most pronounced epicure could desire.

"The most popular of all the social events that took place in those days, were, I think, the hops on board the ships of war. This was possibly owing to some extent to the fact that they possessed certain novel features not met with on shore. The ships lay out in the stream some distance off the dockyard, and a constant stream of boats manned by the sailors in holiday dress, and commanded by midshipmen, moved back and forth taking the guests from the dockyard to the ship. Once on board, the most diffident could not but feel at home; he was free to dance, smoke, sleep, eat or drink, or amuse himself by doing nothing; there was simply no restraint, and abundant opportunity was furnished for having a good time in the way one wished. There was a beautiful deck in the finest condition for the dance; there were the ward room and gun room below for those who desired to indulge in mild dissipation; and there were numerous nooks all over the vessel to be used as desired. There was most deferential attendance, there were eatables and drinkables in profusion; and you were away from the hum of the city, floating serenely on the placid waters of the great harbour, with some of the finest ships of the British navy in close proximity, and your surroundings in all ways pleasing. The water of the harbour was often an intense blue which enhanced the beauty of the vista from the shore, and there was plenty to look at in the stream from the deck of the man-of-war.

Of certain popular regiments, Mr. Fairbanks says:

"I remember the arrival of the 62nd and 63rd regiments which came directly to Halifax after the Crimean war. They presented a very ragged appearance as they disembarked from the troop ships and marched to their barracks. The 62nd was very popular in Halifax and a number of its officers married Halifax girls. Another very popular regiment was the 78th, which took part in the relief of Lucknow. It was customary at that time, and I believe still is, to have concerts by a military band in the Public Garden (then the 'Horticultural Garden,'

once or twice a week). There was a musical composition entitled 'The Relief of Lucknow' if I remember rightly, which the 78th's band used sometimes to perform. One part of the band occupying the stand was supposed to be in the fort, and while it was playing, another portion of the band was heard a long distance off in a remote part of the garden playing 'The Campbells are Coming.' As soon as this became distinct, the band on the stand took up the air and the two divisions played it in unison till the relief party marched into the 'fort,' when there was tremendous enthusiasm among the spectators. The Fourth (King's Own) was also a very popular regiment in Halifax.

"A feature of the arrival of troops in the city was that the town crier turned out, ringing his bell and 'crying down credit'—that is crying to the effect that all persons were prohibited from giving credit to the members of her majesty's —th regiment, and that the government would not be responsible if they did. I remember one of the town criers very well, I often heard him cry 'Lost; Strayed; or Stolen!' etc., etc.

"An extremely popular social organization in my day," this writer adds, "was the Halifax Archery and Croquet Club, a large and interesting club to which many of the army and navy men as well as civilians belonged. A portion of the Horticultural Garden was set apart for its use, and on field days the gathering was most animated and gay. At that period tennis had not come into vogue. A few years ago when in Halifax I saw an aquatic carnival on the Arm. It was said that there were about a thousand boats on the water. It was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. The Governor General of Canada, Earl Grey, was then on a visit to Halifax, and this and many other interesting social events were arranged in his honour."

In another manuscript by a native Nova Scotian we read: "When an old regiment was ordered off the station there was always sorrow in the drawing rooms and deep regret in the Halifax Club, while on the part of the private soldiers and their sweethearts there were presumably many tender farewells indulged in and many bitter tears shed. When the last echoes of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' however, had died on the air, and

the new regiment, after disembarking from the ships, with flying colours had marched into the town, a fresh round of acquaintanceships, usually equally pleasant with the old, began to be made, fresh dinners and dances loomed on the near social horizon, and the feminine heart, in high circles and low, was athrob with the anticipation of new triumphs in the matrimonial line. While imperial troops continued to visit Halifax, the general ambition of girls in the smart set was to marry officers, and few families of fashion in the town but succeeded, sooner or later, in allying themselves with families of greater or less note in England by marrying their daughters to young officers of the army or navy. Of these two sets of officers, the latter, on the whole, had more popularity than the former, for there is usually a more open confidingness in sailors than in soldiers, and it used to be felt that naval officers at large had the higher breeding of the two departments of the British service of public defence.

“The entertainments common in Halifax in the nineteenth century were tennis, badminton, polo, lobster-spearing, tobogganing, skating, dinners, luncheons, hops, kettledrums, balls, picnics, and fairs. The balls given by the naval or military officers were often especially brilliant affairs, the uniforms in evidence including those of the line regiments, the artillery, the engineers, and the various war-ships then on the station.”

In one of his essays, Charles Dudley Warner says of the dramatic social plantation life of the southern States before the abolition of slavery: “Already, as we regard it, it assumes an air of unreality, and vanishes in its strong lights and heavy shades like a dream of the chivalric age.” The old picturesque eighteenth and nineteenth century life of Halifax has largely disappeared too. For better or for worse, probably much for the better industrially, certainly much for the worse in point of dramatic interest, under the influence of insistent modern practical demands, it has utterly changed. One of the things that helped give it and that helps it still retain a certain flavor of the old England which it loves to copy, and in whose traditions it has a persistent feeling of somehow having a right to share, was and is the bestowal of occasional knighthoods on Halifax

men. For special service to the Empire, Britain has always thus rewarded her sons, and thus she will probably long continue to reward them. Of such easily given honours, that very likely tend to keep dignity in the popular life, and that even in a thoroughly democratic province such as Nova Scotia now is, cannot at least do much if any harm, Halifax will always, probably, as long as Britain remains in name a monarchical country, receive and welcome from the sovereign a modest share.

APPENDIX

Nova Scotians, many of them Haligonians, who have received titles. Several of these names appear in the Dictionary of National Biography.

SIR ADAMS GEORGE ARCHIBALD, K. C. M. G., June 6, 1885 (C. M. G., 1872, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the North West Territory, 1870-1873; of Nova Scotia, 1873-1883).

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER ARCHIBALD, K. C. M. G., Aug. 26, 1882, British Consul for some years at New York.

SIR THOMAS DICKSON ARCHIBALD, Kt. Bachelor, Feb. 5, 1873, Judge of the Queen's Bench, London and Baron of the Exchequer, brother of Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald.

GENERAL JOHN CHARLES BECKWITH, C. B., ITALIAN KNIGHTHOOD (order of Sts. Maurice and Lazarus, received from King Charles Albert, of Italy, Dec. 15, 1848. He was born at Halifax, Oct. 2, 1789, a nephew of Sir Brenton Halliburton, Kt. Bach.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD BELCHER, R. N., K. C. B., March 13, 1867 (Kt. Bach., 1843). He was born at Halifax, in 1799, son of Hon. Andrew Belcher, M. E. C., and his wife, Marianne Geyer (of Boston), his grandfather being Chief-Justice Jonathan Belcher, of Nova Scotia, and his great-grandfather Governor Jonathan Belcher, of Massachusetts and New Jersey.

SIR FREDERICK WILLIAM BORDEN, K. C. M. G., 1902, born in King's County, Nova Scotia, May 14, 1847. He was for some years Minister of Militia in the Dominion Parliament.

RT. HON. SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, K. C. M. G., 1914, born in King's County, Nova Scotia, June 26, 1854. Premier of Canada at the present time.

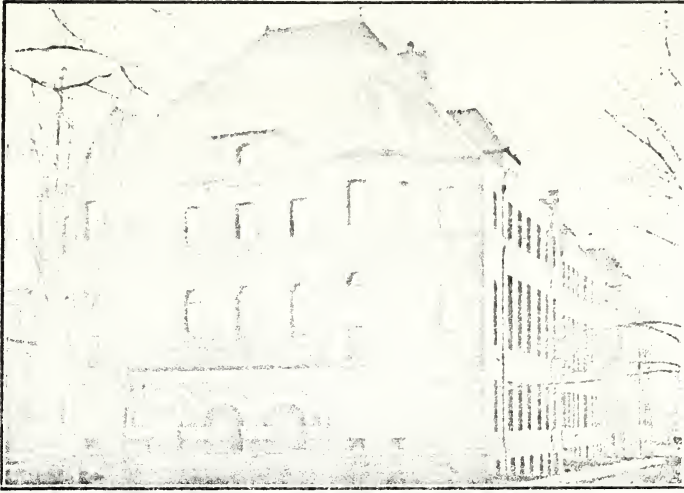
SIR JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, K. C. M. G., May 21, 1898, born Oct. 24, 1857, died Oct. 13, 1902. He was Clerk of the Dominion House of Commons, and a literary man of distinction.

SIR JAMES COCHRAN OR COCHRANE, Kt. Bachelor, March 12, 1845. He was born at Halifax, June 2, 1794, and was Chief-Justice of Gibraltar from 1840 to 1877. He was an uncle of Sir John Inglis, K. C. B. He died at Gibraltar June 24, 1883.

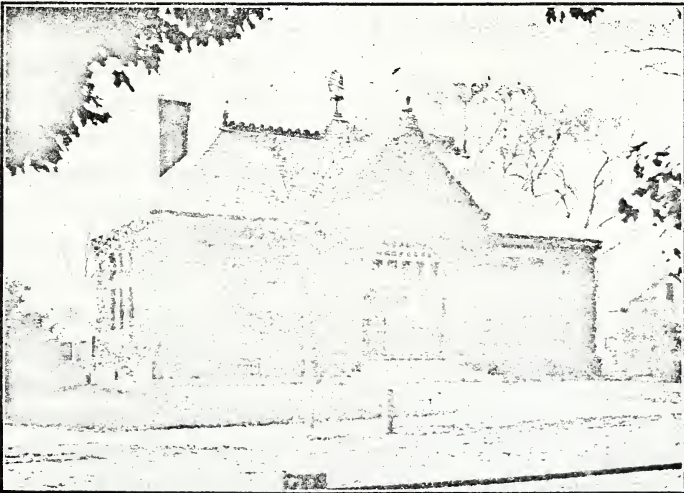
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILLIAM GEORGE COCHRAN OR COCHRANE, C. B., brother of Sir James Cochran, was born in Halifax April 19, 1790. He was a distinguished military man, serving in the Peninsular War.

- SIR SAMUEL CUNARD, BARONET, March 9, 1859, was born in November, 1787. In 1840 he successfully inaugurated ocean travel by establishing the Cunard Steamship Line. His son SIR EDWARD CUNARD, born January 1, 1816, succeeded to his title April 28, 1865 and died in 1869. SIR BACHE EDWARD CUNARD, born May 15, 1851, succeeded as third baronet in 1869.
- SIR MALACHY BOWES DALY, K. C. M. G., was Governor of Nova Scotia from 1890 to 1895, and again from 1895 to 1900.
- SIR JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON, K. C. M. G. September 11, 1834 (C. M. G., 1881), was an eminent geologist and President of McGill University. He was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, Oct. 13, 1820.
- COLONEL SIR WILLIAM F. DE LANCEY, K. C. B., a native of New York (son of Stephen De Lancey) came with his father to Nova Scotia about 1783. He entered the army, died at Waterloo, and was buried at Brussels. His father became Chief-Justice of the Bahamas, and later Governor of Tobago. Sir William's daughter, Susan, was the wife of Sir Hudson Lowe, Governor of St. Helena when Napoleon was captive there.
- SIR SANFORD FLEMING, K. C. M. G., 1897 (C. M. G., 1877) was born in Scotland, but was for many years a summer resident of Halifax, where he owned valuable property. Sir Sanford was long one of Canada's most useful public men. He died at Halifax in July, 1915.
- BARON HALIBURTON, 1898, (SIR ARTHUR LAWRENCE HALIBURTON), youngest son of Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, was C. B., 1880, K. C. B., 1885, and G. C. B., 1887, and was raised to the peerage in 1898. He died childless and the peerage is extinct. Lord Haliburton was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, Sept. 26, 1832.
- SIR BRENTON HALLIBURTON, KT. BACHELOR, April 13, 1859, was a son of Hon. John Halliburton, M. D., and his wife, Susannah Brenton (of Newport, R. I.). He was Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia from 1833 to 1860, when he died.
- SIR JOHN EARDLEY WILMOT INGLIS, K. C. B. January 21, 1858, was a son of Bishop John Inglis and grandson of Bishop Charles Inglis. He was born November 15, 1814, and was knighted for successfully defending the Presidency of Lucknow in the Crimean War, in 1857. He is popularly known in Nova Scotia as the "hero of Lucknow."
- SIR EDWARD KENNY, KT. BACHELOR, Nov. 3, 1870, was born in Ireland in 1800, but was long a resident of Halifax. He was successively President of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, Receiver General of the Province, President of the Privy Council of Canada, and a member of the Dominion Senate.
- SIR JAMES MONK, KT. BACHELOR, born in Boston in 1746, removed with his parents to Halifax early in the history of the town, and by 1774 became Solicitor General of Nova Scotia. After 1777 he removed to Montreal and there became Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He was knighted late in life.
- SIR WILLIAM JOHNSTONE RITCHIE, KT. BACHELOR, May 24, 1881, Chief-Justice of the Dominion of Canada, was born at Halifax Oct. 28, 1813.
- SIR THOMAS ANDREW STRANGE, KT. BACHELOR, March 14, 1798, was Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, June 6, 1791, to Sept. 9, 1797. He was afterward Chief-Justice of Madras, India.

- SIR JOHN SPARROW DAVID THOMPSON, K. C. M. G., Sept. 10, 1888, was Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada, and later Premier.
- SIR CHARLES JAMES TOWNSHEND, Kt. BACHELOR, was eleventh Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, from Nov. 2, 1907 until some time in 1915.
- RT. HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BARONET, 1888 (C. B., 1867, K. C. M. G., 1879, G. C. M. G., 1886). Sir Charles was the most distinguished statesman Nova Scotia has produced. Like several others in this list he was of New England origin. He died in England, October 30, 1915.
- SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, K. C. M. G., 1893, son of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was born August 3, 1855, and became Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada.
- REAR-ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, G. C. B., May 24, 1873 (K. C. B., 1860), was born at Halifax, April 12, 1791, and died February, 1892. He had a distinguished career in the Navy, and was long known as the "Father of the Fleet." It was he who conducted the Chesapeake into Halifax in 1813.
- SIR ROBERT LINTON WEATHERBE, Kt. BACHELOR, 1906, tenth Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, from 1905 to 1907, was born in Prince Edward Island, April 7, 1836, and died at Halifax in 1915.
- SIR JOHN WENTWORTH, BARONET, 1795, was Governor of Nova Scotia from 1792 to 1808. He died at Halifax April 8, 1820, when his son, Charles Mary succeeded to the baronetcy. The latter died childless in England, April 10, 1844, when the title became extinct.
- VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE AUGUSTUS WESTPHAL, K. C. B. (?), April 7, 1824. He was born July 26, 1785, and died January 11, 1875. He was wounded at the battle of Trafalgar.
- MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, R. A., G. C. B., May 20, 1871 (C. B., 1852, K. C. B., 1856), was distinguished in the Crimea. He is known as the "hero of Kars." He was born at Annapolis Royal, probably in 1799, and died unmarried in London, England, July 26, 1883.
- SIR WILLIAM ROBERT WOLSEY WINNIETT, R. N., K. C. B., June 29, 1849, was born at Annapolis Royal, in 1794.
- SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, Kt. BACHELOR, 1868 or 1869, was Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia from 1860 to 1881. He died at Halifax May 8, 1887.
- [Since this list was compiled, another Haligonian, Dr. Charles Frederick Fraser, has been knighted for conspicuous public service. He was made Kt. Bachelor, June 3, 1915.
- Our list does not include either New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island men who have received titles].



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, BRIDGEWATER, MASS.



PUBLIC LIBRARY, BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

AMERICANA

October, 1915

Recollections of a Half Century and More

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

IV

MY BOYHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

(Continued)

I USED, when a boy, to be very fond of ripe tomatoes, or "loveapples" as they are sometimes called by the sentimental; and many mornings I would go out into the garden and while the dew was still on the vines pick and eat the bright red or delicate yellow tomatoes with as keen a relish as ever I ate the most luscious peach or pear in their season.

One morning during the season for tomatoes one of my schoolmates and playfellows, John Lambert was his name, but the boys called him just "Johnnie" for short, was taking a small cart load of tomatoes from a neighbor's garden to his own home for his mother to make into catsup, as I now recall. As we were warm friends and as I had frequently shared with him apples and peaches and other fruit in their season I took one of the tomatoes from the top of the load he was hauling and began to eat it. For some reason "Johnnie" was not in the best of humor on that morning, and he flew into a perfect rage over the loss of a single tomato from his load and threatened to chastise me, or to repeat his exact words, he exclaimed: "Hey! Put that tomato back, or I'll lick you!" And I think he would have licked me, for he was older and stronger than I; and beside, I knew I had

no right to take the tomato, hence I could hardly have mustered pluck to defend myself as I could and would have done had I been conscious of being in the right. So I at once put the tomato back on the load with the prints of my teeth in its shining side, and, as best I could I attempted to smooth over the matter. It was several days before "Johnnie" resumed his friendly relations with me.

The little episode just related occurred in front of what used to be called the "old church," a building once used for religious gatherings before the Protestant Episcopal Church was erected; this "old church" may be seen in the illustration of the Protestant Episcopal Church at "the works" appearing in connection with the article just preceding this, at the left of said church. The "old church" had been made into a dwelling house and "Johnnie" Lambert's parents occupied a portion of it at the time of the tomato episode.

"Johnnie" and I in due course resumed our friendly relations and subsequently had many a fine time together, swimming and skating and romping the fields and woods and in playing on the big haymow in father's barn.

My friend and playmate, I must not omit saying, nobly died in defense of "Old Glory" in the immortal sixties of the century just past; and his remains now lie in an unknown and hence unmarked grave in southern soil. In the early part of the Civil War "Johnnie" enlisted in a Massachusetts infantry regiment which served under Grant in Virginia. In one of the series of bloody battles fought in the wilderness during the spring of 1864 my old playmate was severely wounded and with many others was left helpless on the field where he had fallen. The woods in which the Union wounded lay took fire from the incessant discharge of cannon and musketry and the flames were soon sweeping mercilessly over the grounds where the brave boys in blue lay, and my old playmate and schoolfellow of many years ago was burned to death; and the remains of his charred body still rest in Old Virginia.

I cannot on Memorial Day drop a spring flower upon the grave of my old playmate in dear New England, whose remains quietly sleep in the sunny South, but I can and do recall his ardent devo-

tion to the country which gave him birth and for which he sacrificed his young and promising life in the War for the Union—a war which immeasurably transcended in importance the war now being waged in Europe, where millions of the flower of the countries involved are being sacrificed!

Before I was twelve years of age I had two narrow escapes from untimely death; one of these I have already mentioned, and the second was as follows: It was winter time. The stream, or river, as the boys called it, that fed the raceway that furnished water power for the mills “at the works” had been frozen over for several weeks and the boys and girls had greatly enjoyed the fine skating. But at length there came a thaw and the ice became very tender; so tender, indeed, that some of the older boys quit skating until there should be “another freeze,” and the ice should again become safe for skating. One day, before the “freeze” came, some of the younger boys and girls were on the stream skating near the shore; and getting bolder, several of them ventured out into the middle of the stream. Not satisfied with skating, the boys started a game of “tiddly-bender,” which, as most boys know is running, and jumping up and down on the tender ice until it fairly bends beneath their feet; and the girls are sometimes persuaded to join in the dangerous sport. The girls had joined the boys on the occasion I am now describing. We ran back and forth on the ice, becoming bolder and bolder with each successful crossing, until it seemed as if the ice would collapse beneath our feet; and still we continued our running and jumping. Suddenly, when we were near the center of the stream, and over the deep channel, the ice began to crack and snap “at a great rate” and the boys and girls began at once to scatter in various directions to points of safety. For some reason, which I do not exactly recall, I did not get away as quickly as the rest, and the ice gave way under me. Gradually the ice sank beneath me, and, opening, let me into the cold water below. I scrambled for a spell to get back on the ice but the more I scrambled the more the surrounding ice gave way. Exhausted from my desperate struggles to get back on to the ice I finally gave up the struggle. My clothes by this time were thoroughly soaked and with shoes and skates on my feet I felt my body being dragged

down, down into the channel, which was running with considerable velocity. Meanwhile the boys and girls who had escaped were standing on the banks of the stream looking helplessly on. Once I went to the bottom of the stream, but I rose to the surface and made a desperate effort to grasp the ice. Again the crumbling ice mocked my endeavor to use it as a means of rescue, and for the second time I was going down, having given up all hope of escaping from a watery grave.

Just as I began to go down for the second time one of the boys on the shore shoved out a big plank to me; the plank was nearly twelve feet in length and it was long enough to reach from one side of the opening in the ice to the other, and to lap over one or two feet on each side. I first caught sight of the plank as my head was about going under the water, and reaching up my hands I grasped it. Hope began to revive, and the sudden revival of hope gave me new strength in my entire body. I was able to pull my body up on the plank although it took me some time to do so; but at length I was flat on the top of the plank. The boys and girls had meanwhile been cheering at the prospect of my being rescued; and I cannot describe how the cheering helped me to get up on the plank above my head. But for the cheering I might not have been able to lift myself and my water soaked clothing on to the plank. As I lay on the top of the plank long enough to "get my breath" I felt the plank moving; and it did not take me long to ascertain that the resourceful boy who had so opportunely shoved the plank out on to the ice for me had fastened a rope to one end of it, and with the aid of other boys present I soon found myself on "dry land."

Many a time since my narrow escape have I played "tiddly-bender," but I never again broke through the ice into the cold water.

Until I was quite a good sized boy the immediate neighborhood of our home seemed, to my boyish imagination, to comprise the whole world. I can distinctly recollect when I first began to "get my eyes open" to the fact that the world was larger than the neighborhood in which I lived. By permission of my mother I went one beautiful spring morning for a ride with the butcher with whom we traded over a part of his weekly route. As I

passed out of the sight of my home and the new houses began one after another to appear; and as the new scenes along the route greeted my wide-open eyes it seemed as if I was passing through some enchanted region. This fresh dawning upon my mind of the fact that the world was a much larger place than our immediate neighborhood was an important revelation to me, for it was enlarging my mental no less than my physical vision. Up to that spring morning of my early boyhood the experience I am relating was the most delightful of my life.

And then, such an indescribable sense of freedom as came over me after I had lost sight, for the time, of my home! The thought of being, even for a few hours, released from my "mother's apron strings," good and indulgent as was that dear mother, is still vivid in my memory.

I returned from that ride fully resolved that as soon as possible I would see more of the world whose greatness was beginning to dawn upon my young mind.

Attending the same district school "at the works" with my younger brother, Charles L., now of Philadelphia, Pa., and I, was a big, overgrown boy who was a bully, and like most bullies he was a generally conceded coward.

For some reason he had gotten in the way of abusing my younger brother when I was not about. At length this bully kicked my brother in the abdomen. This was of so serious a character that my brother told me about it. The next time I met this bully I called him to account for his abuse of "Charlie," and he at once struck an attitude of defiance, which meant: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Notwithstanding this bully was older and much larger than I, I resolved then and there to let him know what I would "do about it." I therefore "went for him." I threw him on the ground, after striking him several blows, and getting astride of his prostrate body I gave him the soundest pummeling with my clenched fists he ever received before or afterward. He never again abused my "little brother;" and he took special pains to cultivate my acquaintance after the episode just related.

The most interesting phase of this occurrence, however, is the fact that about twenty-five years ago, while visiting in Bridge-

water, I had occasion to go to that portion of the Bridgewater iron works known as "the forge." In this department of the iron works the former bully was employed; and after ascertaining where he could be found I made myself known to him. We had a pleasant chat, for I perceived the change that had taken place in his character. Before parting with my old schoolmate I asked him if he remembered the thrashing I gave him when "we were boys," to which he pleasantly replied. "Yes, Andrew, and I deserved it!" It is perhaps needless for me to say that we parted with the most kindly feelings each toward the other. He has since passed over the narrow stream "twix't the two words."

It was while attending the district school at "the works" taught for several terms by a Mr. Caldwell from an adjoining town, whom I remember as a most excellent teacher, that I first participated in what were termed "spelling matches," which were usually conducted on Friday afternoon. The larger scholars, boys and girls, having been chosen, one by one, by the "leader" on either side of the school room for their proficiency in spelling, the two rows of scholars engaged in the spelling match faced each other ready for the friendly contest. Words were then given out alternately by the teacher to the two rows of contestants. When a scholar missed correctly spelling a word given to him or her he was required to take his place at the foot of the row in which he stood; and when a scholar correctly spelled a word given him or her he was permitted to take his place at the head of the row in which he stood. It was an interesting and often an exciting exercise, and many of the scholars anticipated with much pleasure those weekly spelling matches. The author of these articles was not far behind the most proficient spellers in Mr. Caldwell's school at "the works" in old Bridgewater.

In Mr. Caldwell's school was a girl about my own age—she lived next the district school—to whom, as a boy, I took a particular fancy. She may have taken a fancy to me, also, for when I was about eight years of age she gave me a pretty book mark made of perforated cardboard and bright colored worsteds with a piece of colored silk ribbon as a background. It was doubtless highly prized by the donee.

A few years before my mother passed away, and during a visit

to her home in Lynbrook, N. Y., she brought out her "treasure box" containing various souvenirs, and, taking therefrom the book mark above mentioned, about which I had entirely forgotten, she said: "There is a book mark given to you, when a boy, by Carrie Guild; I wish you to have it." I took the book mark and it is now among my souvenirs.

The school girl who made and gave me the book mark long since "crost the bar," having, while crossing, I trust, seen her "Pilot face to face."

I must tell my readers about a strange character I knew in my boyhood in New England. He lived in an old, unpainted house near the railroad running from Boston to Fall River. This man kept fowls, and also bought and sold them as a speculation. It was common talk that he once stole from one of his neighbors a fine rooster. He kept the fowl for a while; and when this neighbor, wishing to replace the missing rooster, went to Mr. Jones, as I will call him—for I do not wish to mention his actual name—to purchase another rooster, Jones, having previously painted the feathers of the stolen rooster, sold him to his customer. It did not require more than one or two rains to wash off the paint from the rooster's feathers; upon which the purchaser discovered to his amazement that he had bought and paid for his own missing fowl. Of course there was "bad blood" between the two townsmen ever afterward.

Mr. Jones daily walked the railroad tracks for several miles out and back and with a long straight stick with a sharp pike at one end he would pry off all the loose pieces of iron from the rails on either side. The rails were then made of soft iron, and in consequence of the constant running of trains over them they wore away quite rapidly. This old iron thus collected Jones would deposit in a bag which he carried with him on his daily trips, and when a sufficient quantity was procured he would sell it for old iron; and at that time old iron brought something like five cents per pound. Mr. Jones' income from the sale of old iron, therefore, was not to be despised.

He was one day walking on the some tracks where for several years he had faithfully plied his peculiar business, when, by reason of his age and deafness, he did not discover the approach

of an express train from Boston until it struck him, threw him down the high embankment, instantly killing the eccentric old man. The worst feature of the case was that his body was so fearfully mangled that he was scarcely recognizable when picked up. In these catastrophic days the incident just related seems insignificant, but in "the good old days" of my boyhood and to my boyish thought the death of Mr. Jones seemed horrible and made an impression on my mind from which I did not recover for several years afterward.

I must not forget to speak of the first silver quarter of a dollar I ever earned; it was when I was a small boy in old Bridgewater. Like many boys of our age my younger brother, Charles L., and I were fond of talking, and I suppose we may sometimes have taken up more of the time than belonged to us as "little fellows." At any rate, one day, after our tongues had wagged more than usual, John C., son of Mr. Shubell Lovell, of whom I have already spoken, more for a little fun than for anything else, offered to give twenty-five cents to the boy—there were only my brother Charles and I present—who would keep quiet the longest; the time fixed was five minutes. So my brother and I each seated himself in a chair, and, at a signal from Mr. Lovell, began the contest.

Scarcely three minutes had elapsed before Charles inquired: "Is the time up, John?" Charles did not, of course, win the twenty-five cents; and it was therefore awarded to me, for by a truly strenuous effort I had succeeded in keeping quiet the prescribed length of time. That silver quarter, when it came into my possession, seemed "bigger than a cart wheel."

What boy does not like to ride horseback? I did, that is certain. I had quite a unique experience riding a horse when about eight years of age, it was as follows: One of the neighbors, a Mr. Leonard, had built a new house. In the front yard, or rather in the place where he wished to have a front yard, there was a deep hole which, during a portion of the year had considerable water in it. Indeed, I used to kill frogs in the water which accumulated there, and this mud-puddle, for that was about all it really was, although to me, a small boy, it seemed to be quite a pond, had, of course, to be filled; and it was done with the aid

of a scoop-plough. Mr. Leonard held the two strong handles of the scoop-plough and a small boy rode the horse that drew the scoop-plough. It fell to me on a certain day to ride the horse and I was as proud a boy as ever wore a jacket or walked in shoes, although on the occasion referred to I was barefoot. While the horse was driven round and round the mudhole to be filled Mr. Leonard would turn the scoop-plough inward, and thus, little by little, throw the surrounding earth into the hole. It seemed to me a slow, tedious process. I got along very well for some time, but becoming a little careless about guiding the horse she got too near the center of the remaining hole, the result of which was that she suddenly sank nearly to her belly in the soft soil. If I wasn't frightened no boy ever was! It was with considerable difficulty that the horse was gotten out of the soft soil into which she had sunken. Mr. Leonard scolded me some and I afterward paid stricter attention to the business in hand. Before noon of the day there was no hole to be seen in front of neighbor Leonard's new house; and before the close of summer no one would have dreamed on looking into his front yard that the frogs ever peeped where flowers and shrubbery were then growing in rich profusion.

In Bridgewater, when I was a small boy, was a young man who had for several years followed the sea, part of the time, at least, on "a whaler," which as every "Yankee" knows, is a vessel engaged in capturing whales, usually off New Foundland, and extracting oil from their carcasses and preserving such of their bones as are suitable for "whalebones, and other uses." This young man had followed the sea long enough to have acquired all the ways of a sea-faring man, even to the swagger of the typical sailor; and I will also add that he had not forgotten the grog-drinking habits acquired on the "briny deep." Nevertheless, he was well liked by people in general, and carried around with him a warm heart that moved him to not a few good deeds, especially on behalf of those who were in trouble.

At the time of which I am about speaking this young sailor was "on shore;" that is to say, he had recently returned from a sea-voyage and was at home on a visit. Because of this sailor's acquaintance with one of my older brothers he invited me, on a

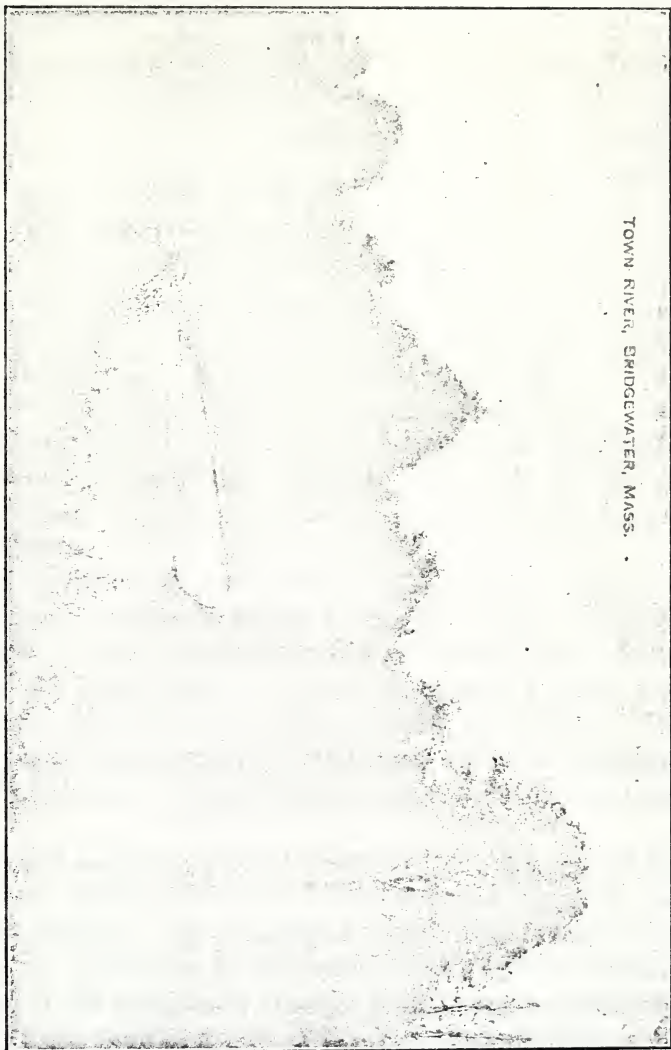
fine day in the summer time, to accompany him in a boat row down the river which ran sleepily through Bridgewater southward. This river, "Town River," by name, was and is one of the crookedest streams I ever saw; indeed, it might very properly be called "Serpentine River," so far as its decidedly winding course is concerned. The scenery along the banks of this crooked river, however, are beautiful and varied. In some places, for example, the trees form an almost complete arch across the stream, thus affording a most delightful and refreshing shade on a hot, sultry day. Sometimes the stream runs through broad meadows covered with rich green. For a considerable distance the river's bank is high and almost perpendicular and covered with dense woods. The numerous curves in the river form pretty little bays, into which, every now and then, the boatman is tempted to turn his boat and sit and dream, and dream. While tarrying in these tiny bays the boatman has to cling to the overhanging tree-boughs to prevent his craft from swinging out again into the stream. As one tarries in these shady nooks and enjoys their peculiar quiet he will lazily watch the fish dart about in the deep waters of the temporary miniature harbors in which he moors. Meanwhile, the birds, seated on the overhanging tree-boughs sing their sweet songs, apparently oblivious to the presence of the boatman so thoroughly absorbed and delighted with the enchanted place in which he fain would dwell forever.

The sailor's invitation to accompany him in a trip down "Town River" was gladly accepted by the author, who, at the time, had never seen but a small section of the stream.

As we moved down that crooked river, which seemed like a fairy land to my boyish imagination, our trip appeared like a journey out into the wide, wide world; indeed, it opened up to me a new and hitherto unexplored country! Our summer trip, which was really only two or three miles, seemed to me to be ten times that distance.

Not the least interesting feature of our trip down "Town River" on that delightful summer day, was the sight of the sailor in his dark blue, low-neck shirt, and long, flowing black neck-tie, the ends of which were blown hither and thither by the cool breeze that swept up the river. The perfect ease with which

TOWN RIVER, BRIDGEWATER, MASS.



the apparently happy sailor rowed the boat, while I sat in the stern taking in, like one in a dream, the passing scenes along the route, was to me quite a wonder; and I then and there resolved that I too, would at no distant day become as expert an oarsman as the sailor in the bow. The thought that again and again came to me that I was taking a trip with a "real" sailor, in a "real" sailor suit, was a most delightful experience to me; and I had the feeling that I would like to spend my whole time on the water.

Several times the sailor and I went ashore, sometimes to gather wild flowers; again to cut some sweet birch to eat, and again to cut some cat-o-nine tails to carry home. Ah! that was a great day for me, the boy of about eight years of age; and the only regret I experienced was, that the day did not last an entire week!

When I was between ten and eleven years of age we moved into another school district. Our removal was made necessary by the decease of the aged woman who owned the house we had been occupying, and the inheritance of the property by an only child, a son, who wished to spend the remaining years of his life on "the old homestead" where he was born and where he had spent his happy childhood.

The house we moved into was an old-fashioned one, which had once, in the distant past, been painted a pretty shade of yellow; but long exposure to the elements had so far worn the body of the paint from the house that the color had become a faded yellow. This gave to the house a decidedly shabby appearance. The owner of the place was apparently contented with the neglected appearance of the house; but be that as it may, nothing was done to improve it.

In the back yard and only a short distance from the rear of the house was a well with a long well-sweep for drawing the cool water from its depths. My younger brother and I were very fond of riding up and down on the well-sweep; and we usually took advantage of the landlord's absence from home by indulging in this sport. If our landlord was about home and discovered us riding on the well-sweep, which he once in a while did, the surrounding atmosphere was anything but red or white.

The district school my younger brother and I attended while living in the "Willis Place," so named from the fact that the

house was once owned and occupied by a family of that name—indeed, the maiden name of the landlord's wife was Willis—was about two miles distant on the main road leading to the next large village; and we had to walk it during the regular school terms.

Soon after my brother "Charlie" and I began attending "The Alden School," so called because there were several families of the name of Alden living in the district, the school committee for that district made their annual visit to the Alden School for the purpose of ascertaining what progress, if any, the pupils were making. The teacher, as usual, upon such occasions, brought up several classes for recitation, among them the first class in reading to which I belonged. The text book used by this class was "The American Common-School Reader and Speaker," dedicated to John Quincy Adams. The reader I then used is now (1915) in my possession with my name scrawled on one of the fly leaves. To say that I prize this old reader would be almost superfluous.

On the occasion just referred to, we were required by the committee to read, one after another, a few paragraphs from Bryant's poem entitled "Thanatopsis." At the conclusion of the afternoon's exercises I was publicly, and by name, declared by the school committee to be the best reader in the class, and that was equivalent to declaring me the best reader in the school.

From that hour my troubles began; and in those troubles my "little" brother "Charlie" shared. That a new pupil, a boy neither born nor reared within the precincts of the Alden School District should have been publicly declared by the august school committee to be the best reader in "The Alden School," was more than some of the boys—and girls, for that matter—who were "to the manor born" and who had always attended that school could stand; and several of the boys—acting, I presume, by proxy for some of the girls—whose envy had been aroused, almost immediately began a systematic persecution of my brother and I which for several weeks made existence anything but happy for us. At every opportunity and in various ways these boys annoyed "Charlie" and I; and one boy in particular, by the name of Churchill, did his best to provoke me to a quarrel with him.

Foreseeing, however, the consequence of an encounter with half a dozen or more boys—for that was what a quarrel with Churchill meant—I avoided being drawn into such an encounter. Still, I confess, I was fully resolved to “get even” with Churchill at the first opportunity.

The boys of the Alden School made it so disagreeable for my brother and I that we both lost our interest in school; about the only pleasure we had was in going off together into the woods near by during the noon-hour and there partaking of our lunch, which, owing to the distance to and from school we brought with us in a tin pail each day. Several times my brother and I laid our troubles before the teacher of the Alden School; but either because she could not or would not she did nothing to make our attendance at her school more agreeable. At length “Charlie” and I concluded we would not try to go to school; in other words we resolved between us to “run away from school.” So day after day for a period of several weeks we would start from home in the morning with our dinner pails as if to go to school; but instead of attending school we would play “hookie.” On some days we would spend the whole time in the woods making beautiful bowers by bending down and fastening together at the tops with strong cords, the small trees. Inside these bowers we made rude seats and there in the quiet of the woods with only the sweet songs of the birds to break the silence my brother and I would sit and talk over the fine times we used to have in the school district from which we had removed.

When we had talked ourselves out we would leave the bower and run hither and thither through the woods. Playing Indian was a favorite sport that furnished the excitement a boy’s nature craved. More than once I as a “big Indian” captured “Charlie” whom I imagined was a white boy and carried him off to my wigwam—the bower we had constructed in the woods. and confined him until, while “big Injun” was off on a hunting expedition, he escaped.

Then we would go in bathing, sometimes in the swiftly-flowing river near by, and sometimes in a mudhole close to the bower where the bloodsuckers would fasten themselves on the bottom of our feet and put us to no little trouble in extracting them.

As the hour for the afternoon session of school to close drew near we would go off to the fields and fill our tin pails with berries to take home as a sort of peace offering to our mother; or rather as a peace offering to our own consciences for the wrong we were doing in running away from school. And still, under the circumstances, we felt that we were more than half justified in doing so. When we caught sight of the school children going home from school my brother and I would join them and, together we would proceed toward our home. Of course mother was very glad to get the berries.

It was a month or more before our mother discovered that her two boys were running away from school; and it was because of a visit of the school teacher to our home to ascertain the reason of our absence from school. When our mother was informed of our repeated absence from school and learned of our truancy she was very much displeased; and although my brother and I tried to explain the cause of our truancy our mother punished us severely. I thought at the time and still think that if our mother had known all the facts in the case her punishment would have been less severe, at least.

The teacher of the Alden School was requested by our mother to inform her at once if we were again absent from school without written permission; and with that understanding between the two, "Charlie" and I were sent off "bright and early" to school on the following day.

Our persecutions at school again began; if anything, Churchill was worse than ever before. I did not mind so much his annoying me, but he could not let my brother alone; he hadn't a minute's peace when Churchill was around. I stood it as long as I could and then I made up my mind that whatever the consequences I would give Churchill a good thrashing. I resolved, however, to wait until he should again annoy "Charlie;" and I hadn't long to wait.

The scholars were coming out of the schoolhouse for their nooning. As my brother stepped on the ground just outside the door Churchill put out his foot quickly in front of my brother and tripped him so he fell sprawling on the gravel walk leading from the schoolhouse. As "Charlie" fell his dinner pail flew from

his hand, the lid came off and his dinner was spilled on the ground. He began crying; not altogether because of the loss of his dinner but because of the bruises his hands had received from violent contact with the gravel walk.

Without speaking a word I rushed up to Churchill and with the flat of my right hand gave him a smart slap in the face. By this time the teacher was standing in the doorway of the school-house. "Andrew, what are you doing to Churchill?" she inquired.

I should not have known the teacher was in the doorway had she not sang out, as I gave Churchill another slap on the other side of his face: "Andrew Sherman, stop fighting, or I will report you to your mother!"

My attack upon Churchill had been so sudden, and to him, unexpected, that he was at a loss to know just what to do; but the presence of the teacher in the doorway and her sharp reprimand of me seemed to brace him for a resentment of the blows I had given him.

With clenched fists he rushed at me and was in the act of sending his first into my face when I stepped quickly to the right, at the same moment grappling with him. I knew he was stronger than I, but I also knew he was in the wrong, and that I was in the right, and that double knowledge added to my strength. As I bore Churchill to the ground the teacher again sang out, or rather screamed: "Andrew Sherman, you naughty boy, don't you hurt Churchill!" When, a few moments later, the teacher saw me astride of one of her pet pupils and witnessed the blows I began to shower upon his head and face, she rushed out of the doorway, ran up to where he was helpless on the ground, and again screamed: "Andrew Sherman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be pounding a schoolmate in that way! Stop! Stop! I say, or I'll report you to the school committee!"

Churchill seemed to take fresh courage from the continued interference of the teacher; for with a desperate movement he came very near getting me off his prostrate body. But I was not to be prevented from punishing him until he would promise to let my younger brother and I alone in future; and, with a well directed blow of my right hand in his face I had the satisfaction

of seeing him give up any further attempt to release himself from me.

As I still sat upon his body I inquired of him: "Will you promise to let 'Charlie' and I alone if I will let you up?"

I think Churchill was about ready to make that promise, but just at that moment one of the larger girls of the school, Mary Ryder, was her name, as near as I am able to recall, a big, strong girl, came up to where he lay on the ground underneath me, and, seizing me by the jacket collar, exclaimed in her almost masculine voice: "Andrew Sherman, you let him up! Let him up, I say! You'll kill him, and then you'll be arrested!"

Mary Ryder's special interest in Churchill is explained by the fact that he, a relation, and an orphan, was a member of the family to which she belonged, and they seemed almost like brother and sister.

Mary Ryder grabbed me with both her hands and made a great effort to pull me off of Churchill, but I clung to him like a bull dog.

By this time most of the pupils of the school were gathered about Churchill and I. Again Mary Ryder attempted to pull me off of Churchill, but without succeeding. When she became convinced she could not get me off of Churchill by the use of force she began to coax me to let him up; but I was determined not to let him up until he had promised to quit his persecutions of "Charlie" and I. After waiting a few minutes for Churchill to say something I again inquired of him: "Churchill, will you let my brother and I alone if I get off of you?" He may have begun to realize that he had been in the wrong, for he said between his sobbing: "Yes, Andrew, I promise; now let me up." Being certain that I could depend upon him to keep his promise I sprang to my feet. Slowly Churchill arose to his feet, and, accompanied by the Ryder girl he went into the schoolhouse.

While my brother and I were sitting under a big elm tree in the schoolyard eating our dinner, Churchill came out where we were, and, putting out his right hand, said: "Andrew I'm very sorry I annoyed you and 'Charlie,' and I ask your forgiveness. I will try to make you both feel at home in the Alden School while you are here."

Of course, I forgave him, and so informed him. And, sitting down under the same big elm tree just north of the schoolhouse we ate our dinners together "in peace."

When the school bell rang for the afternoon session we went into school together.

From that day Churchill was one of my best friends; and among the rare pleasures of my boyhood life afterward were my occasional visits, on Saturdays and during vacations, to his home, where I was made welcome, even Mary Ryder warming to me.

It was during one of my visits to Churchill's home that I learned that he was a descendant of John Alden, of Plymouth.

Our scrap in the schoolyard was, therefore, Pilgrim against Pilgrim, for I, too, am descended from John Alden, and from Priscilla Mullin, also.

Down in the fields back of the Alden School, at the terminus of a narrow roadway lined on either side with splendid shade trees, was an old, abandoned house, which in its day had been a very comfortable home for its occupants. If the house had ever been painted the paint had entirely disappeared; and no one would have thought, to look at it, that a paint brush had ever passed over its exterior.

It had for some time been a favorite sport with the school children to go down to this old house and play about it at recess and at noon; our special delight being to throw stones at the windows, and so complete the destruction of the few remaining panes in the dilapidated sash. In consequence of our sport the ground about the house was littered with pieces of glass of various sizes and shapes.

While in the act of throwing a stone at one of the windows I accidentally stepped on a piece of glass. At the moment I supposed I had simply cut my foot slightly; so I paid very little attention to the cut, my mind being so completely absorbed in the sport in which we boys were engaged that it seemed but a mere trifle.

By the time the school bell rang for the afternoon session my wounded foot began to be quite sore; and so on my arrival at the schoolhouse I informed the teacher of my mishap down in the fields by the old house. After looking at my wounded foot she

advised me to go straight home and have it attended to. With my younger brother, who was permitted to go with me, I started for home. My foot, the right one, hurt me more and more at every step I took; indeed, it was difficult for me to walk. Most of the distance home I walked on the heel of my right foot, the one that had been cut.

After reaching home the wound was dressed. I was obliged to remain at home several days.

The sequel to this little episode will appear at a later stage of my story.



Thomas Paine

BY GEORGE R. BOYNTON

INTRODUCTION

“WHEN Count Joseph de Maistre said, ‘For three centuries history has been an uninterrupted conspiracy against the truth,’ he might have improved the sentence by leaving out the time limitation.” I am indebted to the New York *Times* editorial page, August 12th, 1915, for the foregoing. The title of the article is “History, Lies and Guesses,” and has for a motive in part a “protest by Mr. J. L. Graham over the utter misapprehension of the place ancient Ireland occupied in civilization.” The editorial is most interesting and quotes in verification Fronde, Gibbon, Dr. Nordeau and Mathew Arnold. Those who are interested in history should by all means read it.

My subject does not relate to Ireland, ancient or modern, or to any one of its many distinguished men, but to a certain solitary Englishman, and his unselfish and untiring efforts for the cause of American Independence.

Several years ago I came across a quotation from him which made a deep impression. It was forceful, humanitarian in sense, and a religious fervor pervaded it. The discovery was a revelation. As a result I have devoted a liberal part of my spare time to research and study of the doings and writings of this remarkable man, and in my humble opinion, he must have been one of the most unique characters ever connected with American history, and especially the Revolutionary period.

Probably no man was ever more misunderstood, misrepresented, vilified, hated and abhorred than he. In the British Museum are more than three hundred entries of books on his life,

and in not a few he is represented with horns and a tail. The man was Thomas Paine.

Paine came to America less than two years before the revolution, and it was due to the influence of his pen and personality as much if not more than to any other that the Revolution was precipitated and a demand was made for separation and independence.

Was it not most natural that the Mother Country should have had a feeling for her erring son scarcely akin to love? I shall explain a little later why he was a thorn in the side of his own sect, the Quakers; and why the politicians and the slave holders of the South detested him.

Paine, doubtless, was the greatest political pamphleteer of his day. Though his enemies said that he was "nothing but a shallow, if not illiterate scribbler," yet so powerful was the impression made by his first pamphlet, "Common Sense," that the authorship was attributed to Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams and others of eminence. An eminent English historian wrote: "He (Paine) saw beyond precedents and statutes and constitutional facts or fictions into the depths of human nature."

. . . Andrew Jackson said, "Paine needs no monument erected by human hands. His monument is in the hearts of all true lovers of liberty."

Following the American Revolution Paine returned to England. His theories on monarchy and republicanism soon made him most popular with the masses; but the publication of his "Rights of Man," a political controversy with Burke, soon caused such grave apprehension to the government that he was prosecuted, convicted and adjudged an outlaw. His effigy was hanged and burned and he was declared a dangerous man.

Most opportunely a committee arrived from France to request his presence and counsel in framing a constitution for the new republic. For a time he was influential and popular, but later in a vain endeavor to save the life of Louis he very nearly lost his own. He was in prison for nearly a year, where he wrote the first half of "The Age of Reason." The publication of this work gave his many enemies their opportunity. He had taken issue with the

Church of England on certain of its dogmas, among other things, and he was a doomed man.

He returned to America a disappointed, broken hearted man.

He died in New York City, and on June 8, 1809, his remains were given a temporary resting place at New Rochelle, N. Y., where a monument has since been erected to his memory.

G. R. B.

As an introduction to my subject "What Thomas Paine did for American Independence," I shall give you two quotations; the first is from Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk."

The second is from Paine himself:

*"The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

Thomas Paine a man of about thirty-eight years of age arrived from England towards the close of the year 1774, and, with a letter from Benjamin Franklin, presented himself at the office of one of our publishing houses in Philadelphia. A few months before, Paine had met Franklin in London, and a brief acquaintance had soon ripened into a warm friendship. Franklin, recognizing the natural abilities of the younger man, and believing that he had a future, urged him to come to America.

The early youth and manhood of this unique character, who was so soon to become one of our foremost and ablest advocates of the cause of American independence, demand more than a passing allusion; but lack of time, and matters of greater importance prevent my giving you more than a glimpse—a bare outline.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, England, in 1736. His parents were Quakers and very poor. Up to the age of thirteen years he was under the tutelage of a Rev. William Knowler, when he was taken out of school and taught the art and mystery of

*Quotation referred to in introduction.

making stays. In after years, speaking of his boyhood days, he says: "My parents were not able to give me a shilling beyond what they gave me in education; and to do this they distressed themselves. My father, being of the Quaker profession, it was my good fortune to have an exceedingly good moral education, and a tolerable stock of useful learning. The natural bent of my mind, however, was to science."

Paine soon tired of his father's trade, and drifted from one place to another; but his love for books and study soon brought him to London, where for many days and weeks he was in actual want. During one of these periods of depression, he very fortunately met Franklin, who was engaged in some electrical experiments, and, I imagine, Paine may have been of service to him. At any rate, as a result of the acquaintance, we find him a little later as assistant editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* at Philadelphia, now the *Saturday Evening Post*. For eighteen months he edited this paper, and probably there never was an equal amount of good literary work done on a salary of fifty pounds a year!

One of his first articles was a protest against dueling. In a short time there appeared another against the slavery of Africans. A little later appeared a poetic protest against cruelty to animals. In his August number, 1775, is found the earliest American plea for woman.

But Paine's pen was soon to be engaged on lines of thought and action which as yet he little dreamed of. There had been angry mutterings and bitter controversies between the mother country and her colonies; but few, if any, had thought of war, or of separation and independence. The idea that America was, or could be, a host unto herself lay dormant. In Paine's mind, however, we see the first awakening. In the opening essay of his magazine, written a month after his arrival, he speaks of America as a "nation," and says: "America has now outgrown the state of infancy. Her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood; and while proud antiquity, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius, sickened and disgusted with the phantom, comes here for recovery."

Paine was a unique character. Born and brought up a Quak-

er, it would seem perfectly natural that he should have more than an aversion to war. Besides, at this time, it apparently was contrary to all his worldly interests. He was thirty-nine years of age; his prospects were growing brighter. Does it not seem natural that he might have thought of possible future literary fame, or of achievements in science, of which there is abundant evidence of his aptitude and love? In July, 1775, he says: "I am thus far a Quaker, that I would gladly agree with all the world to lay aside the use of arms, and settle matters by negotiations; but unless the whole world wills, the matter ends, and I shall take up my musket, and thank Heaven it is in my power."

Paine's service for the cause of independence may now be more clearly defined. After the Lexington massacre, separation was talked of by many. Had it then occurred, America might have become another kingdom. The members of Congress were of the rich, conservative "gentry," or royalists. Had he not been a patriot, Peyton Randolph, our first president, would probably have borne a title, as his father did, and Washington might have been knighted. The war having begun, and separation become probable, Paine hastened to connect it with humanity and republicanism. As the abolitionists resolved that the Civil War should sweep slavery out of the country, Paine made a brave effort that the Revolution should clear away both slavery and monarchy.

During the autumn of 1775, Paine wrote his pamphlet "Common sense." Judged by the results, this pamphlet was the most powerful and effective piece of literature written during the Revolutionary period. Its praises have been sung by the intellects of every nation. It appeals to the reason. It quickens patriotism. It points out the line of duty. It impels action. It inspires a religious fervor.

"We may as well assert," he says, "that because a child hath thrived on milk, it is never to have meat" . . . "or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the following twenty." Among other things, he says: "But England has protected us, say some. That she hath *engrossed* us is true, and defended the continent at *our* expense, as well as her own. But she would have defended Turkey for the same motive,

viz: for the sake of trade and dominion." "But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame on her conduct. Even beasts do not devour their young, nor savages make war on their own families. But Britain is not the parent country, or only partly so; Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America." . . . "This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every* part of Europe. Hither hath they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster. It is so far true of England, that the same tyranny that drove the emigrants from home, pursues their descendants still."

"By procrastination, we leave the sword to our children. We lose the opportunity of making this continent the glory of the earth. England consults the good of this country no further than it answers her own purposes. But some say, where is the king of America? I'll tell you, friend, He reigns above! The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the Guardians of His Image in our hearts."

A thousand copies of this famous pamphlet were ordered at once from Virginia, and many more followed. In the short space of three months nearly half a million copies were sold. At that time it was not generally known that Paine had donated the copyright to the Colonies for the cause of Independence. The author thus gave away a fortune, for those days, in the pamphlet alone. Nor was that all, for there is a bill extant showing that he was in debt to the publisher on account of this transaction to an amount of nearly thirty pounds, a sum equal to three-fifths of his previous year's salary. Washington said: "Without this pamphlet of Thomas Paine's, the hearts and minds of the people would never have been prepared to respond to our call for troops." Paine also gave to the Colonies the copyright of his "Crises," (thirteen numbers), for which he never asked or received a penny.

While most of our colonies had instructed their delegates in Congress to vote for Independence, the powerful ones, New York and Pennsylvania, hesitated. News had come of the approach of Lord Howe, bearing from England the "olive branch." Con-

gress, in consequence of this and other considerations, adjourned, thus postponing decisive action until July 1st. It has been said that this delay was decidedly perilous to independence. At this juncture Paine issued one of his most effective pamphlets. He points out that France only awaits our declaration of independence to come to our aid, and that America teems with patriots, heroes, and legislators who are impatient to burst forth into light and importance. He also points out that the commercial apprehension of New York and Pennsylvania are groundless. He says: "Your dependence upon the crown is of no advantage, but rather an injury to the people of Great Britain as well, as it increases the power and influence of the King. The people are only benefitted by your trade, and this they may have after you are independent of the Crown."

I shall diverge from the chronological path, for a moment, and introduce a very small part of one of Paine's papers, found in the Pennsylvania Historical Society. This paper was probably not published during the Revolutionary period. Paine had anticipated the Declaration of Independence by more than eight months with one of his own. Nearly every salient point in the historic Declaration is found in this paper. The portion I propose to call to your attention relates only to the abolition of slavery, one of Paine's chief objects, first and last. It so clearly reflects the humanitarian and religious side of the man's nature it will be of interest. He says: "And when I reflect on the use England hath made of the new world, that the paltry dignity of earthly kings hath been set up in preference to the great cause of the King of kings . . . that instead of Christian examples, she hath employed herself in the most horrid of all traffics, that of human flesh, hath ravaged the hapless shores of Africa—When I reflect on these, I hesitate, not for a moment to believe that the Almighty will finally separate America from Great Britain. Call it Independency, or what you will, if it is the cause of God and humanity, it will go on. And when the Almighty shall have blessed us, and made us a people dependent only on Him, then may our first gratitude be shown by an act of continental legislation, which shall put a stop to the importation of Negros

for sale, soften the hard fate of those already here, and in time procure their freedom.”

Eight months later our Legislators had completed the Declaration of Independence, and while they were affixing their signatures, a procedure which reached from August 2nd to November, Paine had resigned his position on the magazine, taken a musket on his Quaker shoulders, and gone to the front.

A little later we find him at Fort Lee, under General Greene, who very soon recognized his abilities, and promoted him to Volunteer Aid-de-Camp.

Every one is familiar with the vicissitudes of the patriots at that time. By November 22nd the whole army had retreated to Newark, where Paine began writing his first “Crisis.” Washington was in desperate straits, as his private correspondence of that period clearly shows. In a letter to his brother, he writes:

“I am worried almost to death with the retrograde motion of things.” In another:

“Your imagination can scarce extend to a situation more distressing than mine.” And yet in another:

“You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation.” Many of his soldiers were nearly naked, and most of them so thinly clad as to be unfit for service. The inhabitants of New Jersey by hundreds were offering submission, and taking protection from Lord Howe. Just a few days before, one of Washington’s Generals, Lee, had been taken prisoner. Washington, as a forlorn hope, had now planned to attack Trenton. Paine’s first “Crisis” with the familiar and often quoted head line: “These are times that try men’s souls,” was being printed in Philadelphia, and evidently was looked for with some concern, for, though it did not arrive until after dark, on the night of the proposed attack, a copy was given to every corporal’s guard, for the purpose of stimulating the half-starved, half-frozen patriots. “Not a cord of faith or love or hope was left untouched. With skillful illustration of lofty principles, three of the most miserable weeks ever endured by men were raised to epical dignity.”

Following the victory at Trenton, Paine was, for a short time, a resident of Philadelphia. He probably knew that his own sect, the Quakers, were sympathizers with the British. But when he

discovered that whenever opportunity offered, they were giving surreptitious aid, he devoted a portion of his time to a treatment of this problem. The Quakers must be practically dealt with. He proposed an "oath of affirmation," renouncing allegiance to the King, and pledging support to the "*United States*," and, at the same time he adroitly suggests a tax of ten, fifteen or even twenty per cent. to be levied on all property. But all persons who would take the oath, and pledge themselves to render service to the cause, might be exempt!

About this time Paine was invited to procure regular and constant intelligence of the proceedings of Washington's army. The succession of mistakes, surprises and panics which occasioned the defeat before Philadelphia, and ended in the occupation of that City by the British General, seriously affected, for a time, the reputation of Washington. Never was aid more tactful than that Paine's pen now gave our commander. The allusions to him are incidental; there is no account of advocacy. While mentioning the unabated fortitude of Washington, Paine lays a laurel on the brow of Gates, on that of Herkimer, and even on the defeated, while belittling all that Howe had gained. . . . He reunites Washington and Gates in the public mind, by showing the manouvers of the one near Philadelphia, a part of the other's victory at Saratoga. "It is easy for modern eulogists of Washington to see this, but when Paine said it, the sentence was a sunbeam parting a black cloud."

Coming from an author of reputation and a member of General Greene's staff, from the military correspondent of the Pennsylvania Council, and the Secretary of the Congressional Committee of Foreign Affairs, for Paine was now all of these, his optimistic view of the situation had an excellent effect.

I have now arrived at what is called the "Paine-Deane Controversy." I will but briefly touch upon this subject. Paine having discovered such unmistakable evidence of fraud connected with the finances of the Government, he very promptly and positively called attention to it. His bold, if not politic utterances resulted in his being censured by Congress, and losing his secretaryship. Too many men, high in position, might be somewhat embarrassed. It would never do to pry too closely into their

private affairs and motives. It might affect their honor.(?) Paine was dismissed, but his loyalty saved to the American cause a quarter of a million of dollars.

Would it not be remarkable if this courageous man of stern patriotic principles, this enthusiast, this idealist, this seer, this dreamer of dreams had not been hated by the politicians, the slave holders of the South, the hypocritical sanctimonious element in the north interested in supplying the demand and his own sect, the Quakers, during the remainder of his life? After more than a century we have scarcely recovered from the misrepresentations and prejudices of that day. The counterfeits and biographies of his contemporaries are in our text books, our histories and encyclopedia; but seldom this man's; and generally not at all. The information is limited and frequently unreliable and sometimes false.

As far as I have been able to discover, Paine had received for his services up to this time not a penny. For want of the bare necessities of everyday life he was now obliged to take a subordinate position in a law office. His enemies certainly had triumphed, and he was temporarily disgraced. But shortly after, the Council of Pennsylvania, recognizing the services Paine had rendered the cause and missing the influence of his pen, elected him its clerk. This incident, though seemingly trivial at the time was most fortunate for the cause as we shall see later on.

"The times that try men's souls" had come again. Facing us was an impoverished treasury, an incompetent, intriguing Congress, a mutinous, half-fed, half-clad army, and commanded by officers devoured by petty jealousies. More than ample cause for grave apprehension to our great commander and to every thoughtful patriot.

The New Year, 1780, found Washington amid much distress at Morristown. The enemy, having discovered the sufferings of our soldiers, circulated leaflets, inviting them to share the pleasures of New York. Nor were they entirely unsuccessful. On May 28th was penned the gloomiest letter Washington ever wrote. It was addressed to Reade, President of Pennsylvania, and Paine read it to the Assembly.

"I assure you," said the Commander's letter, "every idea you

form of our distress, will fall short of the reality." And further on he says: "And we see in every line of the army the most serious features of mutiny and sedition." There was throughout the letter a tone of desperation that moved the Assembly profoundly. At the close there was a despairing silence, amid which a member arose and said: "We may as well give up first as last." Doubtless there were others in that assembly and many throughout the country and in the army who for a long time had thought "We may as well give up first as last." But England would be no lenient enemy to rebels. They might be recipients of indulgences not altogether to their liking. Is it any wonder that thoughtful men's faces blanched at the prospect?

Several days had elapsed since the reading of Washington's letter to the Council, but that body had done nothing definitely to relieve the situation or, so far as is known, even formed a plan. But on a certain morning Blair McClenahan, a Philadelphia merchant, received a vigorous letter from Paine enclosing five hundred dollars (\$500), a large part of his salary as clerk, to head a subscription for a relief fund.

I have not been able to trace this most important paper outside the State of Pennsylvania. If it came to New York, or not, I cannot say. But certain it is that within an incredibly short period of time there were raised *three hundred thousand pounds*. The Bank of Pennsylvania, later known as the Bank of North America, was started with these funds, and Washington's army received assistance from this source, during the remainder of the campaign. The Secretary certainly demonstrated beyond a doubt that he could meet a crisis as well as write one. In after years, speaking of this subscription, Paine called it his "mite."

For some time before, and especially during this memorable year of 1780, Paine urged the necessity of asking France for loans to assist us in our struggle for Independence. Much correspondence between him and various leading men of that day is extant on this subject. Finally, Colonel John Laurens, a member of Washington's staff, was appointed to visit France and explain the military situation. Laurens demurred at first, but finally accepted on condition that Paine should accompany him. According to Lamartine, Laurens so far made a failure of the

mission, that Franklin and Paine interferred, and finally a loan of six million livres was confided to them. We are all familiar with the happy ending of the enterprise. The re-equipment of Washington's army, and, later, the surrender of Cornwallis.

Paine's work for the cause is nearly done. He is now to touch on a very delicate and sensitive subject with the colonies. They were jealous of their "sovereignty!" but he must intimate the necessity of surrendering it. He manages to say that "each state (with a small 's') is to the 'United States,' what each individual is to the state he lives in. And it is on this great point, this one center, that our existence as a nation, our happiness as a people, and our safety as individuals depend."

Before the Declaration, Paine minted the phrases "Free and Independent States of America," and "The Glorious Union." He says to Lord Howe: "'The United States of America' will sound as pompously in the world of history, as the Kingdom of Great Britain."

I have given you barely an outline, a little more than a suggestion of what this remarkable, indefatigable, noble man did for the cause of American Independence. Nearly every line of his life was given to the uplift and the betterment of humanity. "Free and Independent States of America," "The Glorious Union," "International Arbitration," the rights of woman before the law and in the home. Freedom for the slave, and the loving care and protection of our dumb friends.*

"What brilliants would our modern reformers have contributed to a coronet for that man's brow, had he not presently worshipped the God of his fathers after the way theologians of that day called heresy! "Be not righteous over much," saith cynical Solomon, "Neither make thyself overwise; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?"

Following the American Revolution, Paine made a brief sojourn in England. In answer to a letter from America, announcing the marriage of a young lady whom he had known as a little girl at Bordentown, N. J., he wrote: "I have lost my tide. It passed by while every thought of my heart was on the

*Paine must have lived a century in advance of his time!

wing for the salvation of my dear America. To Captain Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson, and to you, my dear Kittie, and your partner for life, God bless you all, and bring me safely back to my much loved America."

*For much of the data I have accumulated, from which I have formed my conclusions, I am especially indebted to the late Rev. Monsieur Daniel Conway's "Life of Thomas Paine," and to Paine's "Rights of Man" and his "Age of Reason."

Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence

BY J. C. PUMPELLE, A. M. LL. B.

IX

NANCY HART OF THE GEORGIA "HORNETS NEST"

Nancy Hart lived near a stream called "War Woman's Creek," and so named on account of Nancy's hatred of the Tories and vigorous devotion to the "Liberty Boys" as she called the Whigs. Her husband she called a "poor stick" because he refused to take a decided stand for his country.

When a detachment of five Britishers unceremoniously entered her cabin, and demanded to know whether it was true she had helped a certain noted rebel to escape, she said, yes, she had let the fugitive pass right through her cabin and so on to safety in a nearby swamp, and when his pursuers came to hand, she muffled up her head and face, and opening the door, inquired "why they disturbed a sick lone woman," and then told them she saw some one, on a sorrel horse, turn out of the path three hundred yards back; and so "they went off well fooled" she said.

The Tories liked not the story and ordered her to cook them a dinner. She replied: "She never fed traitors and kings if she could help it—the villains having taken it out of her power to feed her own family, by stealing all her poultry and pigs, except that one old gobbler you see in the yard." "And that you shall cook for us" said the leader, as he raised his musket and shot the turkey.

Nancy stormed and swore, yet nevertheless she went to work assisted by her daughter, a girl of twelve years, and even partook of the liquor the soldiers offered her. At the edge of the swamp was a spring and on a stump was a conch shell, used to call the men to meals or let them know when Tories were about, and they were to keep close or "make tracks" for another swamp.

While cooking the turkey she sent Sukey to the spring for water and to give the warning on the conch to her father for "Keep Close" with his three neighbors who were with him, until he should again get a signal.

The Britishers got merry over their jug and dinner on the slaughtered gobbler. Their guns were stacked in view and within reach, and yet nevertheless Nancy had managed, by slipping out a part of the "chinking" between the logs of the cabin, to pass to the outside two of the five muskets. Also she had a second time dispatched Sukey to the spring for more water, and to blow the signal on the conch for Hart and his men to "come immediately."

At this time Nancy was detected by the soldiers while trying to put outside the third musket, and the whole party started to their feet, but Nancy, quick as thought, brought the piece she held to her shoulder with a threat to kill the first man who approached her. All were terror struck especially as Nancy, being cross-eyed, seemed to be aiming at each soldier separately.

One made a dash at the woman and she shot him dead, and seizing another musket she levelled it directly at the others, thus keeping them at bay.

At this moment Sukey arrived and taking up the other musket she carried it out of the house saying to her mother, "Daddy and them will soon be here."

This excited the soldiers and they proposed a general rush, so Nancy fired and killed another of the enemy, and then taking the other musket Sukey held, she stood in the doorway and called upon the party to surrender "their damned Tory carcasses, to a Whig woman," to which they agreed, but the brave woman trusted them not and kept them where they were, until her husband and neighbors arrived and proposed to shoot all of them.

"No," said the woman, "they have surrendered to me and

shooting is too good for them," and she had the men bound and taken out beyond the bars and hung. The tree from which they were suspended was shown in 1828 by an old woman residenter, also the site of the famous cabin, she at the time declaring that "poor Nancy was a honey of a patriot, but the devil of a wife."

X

SUSANNA KEITH

The picture of this courageous woman though inanimate, seems in the strength and beauty of the features to tell the story of a useful life more perfectly than can any written words.

The picture has an especial interest for the writer because it was loaned to him by his much esteemed friend and compatriot, Mary Vanderpoel, the granddaughter of Susanna Keith and the regent of the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Susanna Keith was the daughter of Captain Joseph Keith of Taunton, Massachusetts, and she came honestly by her fighting blood, for her grandfather on her mother's side was Captain Benjamin Williams, who commanded a company in Colonel Thomas's regiment and took part in the bloody battles of Lake George and Crown Point.

It was destined that little Susanna Keith should save old Taunton town by her quick wit, from the savages of the British when in 1776, they were marching down from Concord to forage in the name of the crown. The story of this episode has been so well told by Mrs. Julia Hubbell Treat, historian of the chapter of which Miss Vanderpoel is regent, in a poem called "A Tale of Taunton Town," that I give it here in full.

A TALE OF TAUNTON TOWN.

The news was flying through Taunton town,
 "To-morrow, the British are marching down
 To Concord, for forage in name of the Crown.



SUSANNA KEITH
By courtesy of Miss Mary Vanderpoel

Lexington first may be their goal,
Up, up! ye captains, and call the roll
And gather the men from meadow and knoll."

Now who is this who hither runs?
'Tis Captain Keith, and his stalwart sons
Are just behind, with their swords and guns.

"Muster the men," the Captain cries,
As the summons about the village flies,
"Or the English will take us by surprise!"

They left the mill, the loom, the plough,
They heeded not the lowing cow,
The only thought for them, was how

By road and forest, hill and dale,
They'd soonest reach the peaceful vale,
Ere long to echo with the wail

Of wife bereft, of sonless sire,
Of tramp of redcoats coming nigher,
And call of "Steady men, now fire!"

To the powder-house with one accord
They rushed to view their cherished hoard
Of shot and powder, gun and sword.

But oh, alas, for their hope and fear!
Three charges only, for each appear!
What news, for valorous men to hear!

The women had followed with faces pale;
Though brave as the men they did not quail;
And the children's courage, too, did not fail;

For out stepped little Susanna Keith
With kerchief and cap, and eyes beneath
Swimming with tears, but not of grief.

"I know a way, my father," she said,
Drooping a little her dainty head;
"Come all with me;" and away she sped.

To her father's house upon the green—
 As fine a house as e'er was seen—
 With leaded window, and pillars between.

To the dresser she led the gaping crowd:
 "There are your bullets!" she cried so proud
 That her childish voice rang clear and loud.

Upon the shelves stood the pewter plates
 With coats-of-arms, and early dates
 Of sixteen twenty and thirty, mates

Of teapot, and creamer, pitcher, and bowl.
 All were perfect, and bright, and whole,
 Stamped with a unicorn, "cheek by jowl."

The pride of the house, the dower which came
 To Captain Keith's fair stately dame,
 Descended from fam'ly of noble name.

All turned to the mistress in great surprise—
 "Take them!" she said, with bright, flashing eyes,
 "Thank God for a child so brave and wise!"

The cheers went up from the men until
 The rafters rung, and then with a will
 They melted the pewter, the moulds to fill.

All through the night, till the glimmering day
 They worked, and the child worked hard as they,
 Till their pouches were full, and they marched away.

So this is the tale of Susanna Keith,
 In honor of whom I lay this wreath
 Of humble verse, on her grave beneath

The Taunton skies, by the river fair,
 Near the ancient house still standing there,
 To tell what a child may do and dare!

For she lived, and wedded in Taunton town,
 And sent her brave blood coursing down
 Through the veins of many of fair renown,

Till her grand daughter's child, with eyes as blue,
 And spirit as earnest, and purpose as true,
 Is, my friends, your Regent, now looking at you!

XI

CORNELIA BEEKMAN OF NEW YORK

This heroic lady took an active and important part in the Revolution and her example was of great service in strengthening the courage of others. She was the daughter of Pierre Van Cortlandt and Joanna Livingston and was born in 1752. Her father was Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

At the age of seventeen she married Gerard C. Beekman.

During the Revolution she resided in a large brick building two miles north of Peekskill at the foot of Regular Hill, where the American army encamped for some time.

The place was marked out as an object of aggression and insult by the royalists on account of the part taken by her relatives and friends and her own loyalty to the cause of American Independence.

'Twas her high spirit and strong will that supported her through many scenes of trial and bloodshed.

Once she removed for safety some miles back only for a day and night, and on her return she found the manor house a scene of dire desolation. Not an article of furniture was left but one bedstead and of provisions but one ham. She bore all with such equanimity that on a visit by General Putnam he immediately sent her woodenware and several other most necessary articles and with these she recommenced housekeeping.

General Patterson was at one time quartered in her house and Washington visited her frequently and made her house his headquarters; the chairs used by his aides as beds are, it is believed still in the possession of her descendants.

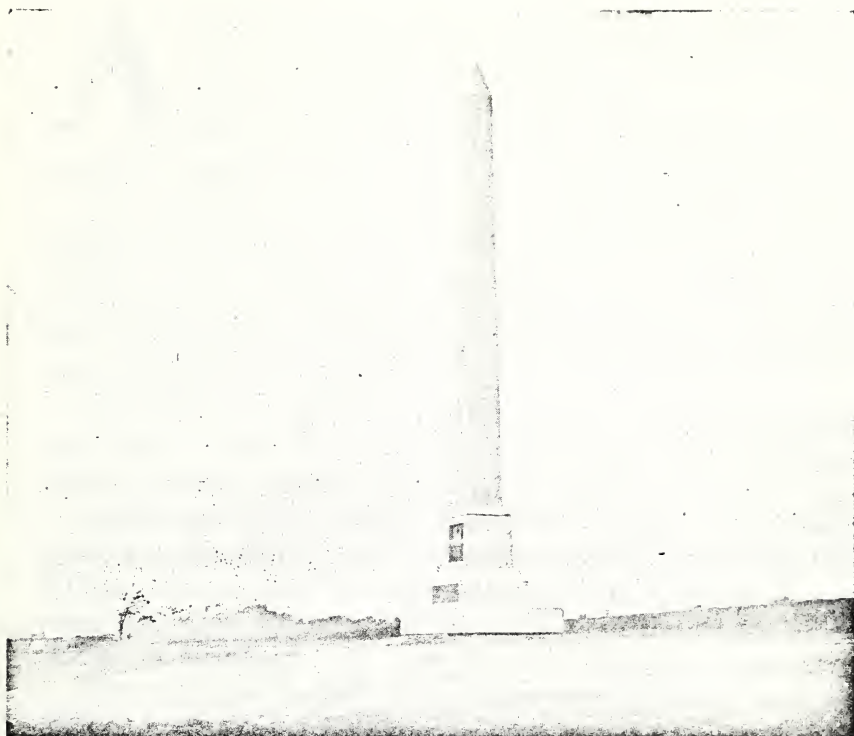
She was noted for her acts of benevolence and humanity and in many cases to persons in the enemy's ranks. The most daring robberies, including that of her own favorite saddle horse, as well as her poultry and provisions were committed before her very eyes. But her courage won out and her resolution in many an

encounter with the insolent soldiery was the saving of her life and family.

Her courage and good judgment, were clearly shown when "Lieutenant Jack Webb" acting aid to Washington left with her a valise containing a new uniform and some gold saying: "Do not deliver it without a written order from me or brother Sam." When a fortnight after an acquaintance Smith by name, rode up in haste and asked for "Lieutenant Jack's" valise; he having no written order was refused the valise and it was well she did refuse, although her husband doubted her wisdom, for soon after it came out Smith had no authority to get the valise, and at the time Major André was in Smith's house, for he and Lieutenant Webb were of the same stature and form, and had Smith gotten the valise and the uniform André would have used it and have made his escape through the American lines.

Thus is shown what important events depend upon things apparently trivial.

She was a remarkable and much beloved woman and died in serenity and confidence.



CUSHING MONUMENT AT DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN
By courtesy of The Waukesha Freeman, Waukesha, Wis.

Cushing Memorial Monument

BY S. G. LAPHAM.

A beautiful monument in memory of the Three Wisconsin Cushings was dedicated at Delafield, Wisconsin, the birthplace, on May 31st, 1915.

The monument was erected by the State of Wisconsin, under the auspices of the Waukesha County Historical Society.

At a meeting held in May, 1911, the late Hon. Theron W. Haight called attention to the fact that the Hero of the Albemarle and two of his brothers were born in Wisconsin, and that it would be fitting for the Society to undertake the work of providing a suitable monument to mark the birthplace of the Cushing brothers at Delafield.

From this remark the movement started. At the solicitation of the Society, the State legislature of that year appropriated \$5,000 for the erection of the monument.

A little over seven acres of land, including the site of the birthplace was donated by three Milwaukee gentlemen, Judge Geo. H. Noyes, Mr. Richard W. Houghton and Dr. Charles H. Lemon, members of the Society, and by the heirs of the Estate of Albert Alden, of Delafield.

The land was deeded to the State of Wisconsin, and will be known as the Cushing Memorial Park.

The monument was furnished by the Barre Monument Co., of Barre, Vermont.

The total height is fifty feet. It is of white Barre marble and consists of a large square base, surmounted by a shaft forty feet in height.

On one face of the square is a bronze medallion showing the heads and shoulders of the three Cushings, in bas relief and inscriptions under each name, as follows:

BRONZE MEDALLION.

Head and shoulders of the Three Brothers.

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| Alonzo H., Born 1841, died 1863 Brevet Lt. Col. 4th U. S. Artillery. | William B., Born 1842, died 1874 Commander U. S. Navy. | Howard B., Born 1838, died 1871 3d U. S. Cavalry |
|---|---|--|

“Perhaps the most conspicuously daring trio of sons of one mother, whose exploits have been noted in the pages of history.”

HAIGHT.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Alonzo H. Killed while repelling Pickets charge at Gettysburg, having been wounded the third time within a few minutes. Probably no other man of his rank did as much to save the day. | William B. Prominent among his many brave deeds was the blowing up of the Albatross. His perfection of action in the midst of death dealing missiles was an exhibition of coolness absolutely unparalleled. | Howard B. His courage and determination made him famous all over the southwestern borders. A terror to the marauding Apaches, at whose hands, he fell in ambush bravely leading his men to safety. |
|--|---|---|

“So long as such men can be produced in the Republic there is little danger of its decline and fall.”

HAIGHT.

Commander Cushing and the *Virginius*

BY S. G. LAPHAM.

IN President Grant's message to Congress December 1, 1873, he says that: "The capture of the *Virginius* by a Spanish naval vessel had for a time threatened serious consequences, but that the affair was then in course of adjustment honorable to both nations concerned."

The steamer *Virginius* was used as a blockade runner during the civil war and in 1870 was sold in Washington to an agent of the Cuban junta. The steamer cleared from the Port of New York in October, 1870, bearing the American flag and carrying American papers. She cruised about for three years, mainly in West Indian waters, and during that time did not call at any home port.

On October 23rd, 1873, the *Virginius* cleared from the United States consulate at Kingston, Jamaica, as a U. S. vessel bound for Port Limon, Costa Rica, bearing an American flag and still carrying American papers.

The captain, Joseph Fry, was a well known southern man, a native of Florida and had been a distinguished officer in the Confederate Navy commanding the gunboat, "*Maurepas*" at Island Number Ten and during the Vicksburg campaign.

While the *Virginius* was on the way to Cuba, the Spanish gunboat "*Tornado*" came in sight and after a long chase overhauled and captured her and took her to Santiago de Cuba.

There was no doubt of the character of the expedition for the cargo of the *Virginius* contained 500 Remington rifles, 600 sabres and 400 revolvers, destined for the Cuban Army.

Four days after the capture a summary court-martial was held and four of the prisoners, including "General" Washington Ryan, a southern soldier of fortune, were sentenced to death and

were shot at sunrise by order of Gen. Burriel, the Spanish Commandant.

On November 7th, Captain Fry and thirty-six others were shot in pursuance of the order of the court-martial. This execution caused great excitement in the United States and was nearly the cause of war. Lieut. Com. Wm. B. Cushing was in command of the U. S. S. Wyoming at Aspinwall when he received a dispatch on November 8th from the U. S. Consul at Kingston, that some Americans were in need of protection at Santiago. Cushing cabled on November 10th, "Am now coaling. Will leave tonight or early tomorrow morning for Santiago." The Wyoming came to anchor in the bay off that port at 11 A. M. on the 16th.

Cushing immediately sent a letter to the Spanish General in which he protested against the execution of the Virginus prisoners and insisted that the Virginus was not a pirate ship. General Burriel returned a very evasive answer and finally Cushing insisted upon an interview.

He came to the General's room, but refused to notice the hand which the General extended to him. In this interview Cushing said to Burriel: "If you intend to shoot any more of the Virginus prisoners, you would better first have the women and children removed from Santiago as I shall bombard the town."

In consequence of Cushing's bold stand and determined action there were no more executions and eventually, after some diplomatic correspondence between the two governments, the Virginus was surrendered to a United States warship, and the survivors returned to the United States.

The Virginus was convoyed to the Tortugas and an attempt was made to take her to the North, but unfortunately, as she was in an unseaworthy condition she foundered in a storm off Cape Hatteras.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs in a Report to the House of Representatives June 22nd, 1874, quote the letter of Cushing to Gen. Burriel with approval and say: "From which it appears that Captain Cushing did his duty completely and gallantly in asserting the rights of the American Government and its citizens and in upholding the honor of the American flag."

The United States Government was embarrassed in its endeavor

or to obtain redress by fact that the *Virginus* was undoubtedly engaged in a filibustering expedition. The fact that she had cruised about so many years without returning to any home port gave Spain at least good technical grounds for maintaining that the vessel was not lawfully entitled to claim the protection of our flag.

After some diplomatic correspondence the matter was settled and an indemnity of \$80,000 was paid by Spain for the benefit of the heirs of the victims of this affair.

Historic Views and Reviews

EVERY FAMILY ASSOCIATION MEETING

WE are glad to note that the Avery Family Association had a successful annual meeting on July 16th, the anniversary of the burning, in 1894, of the home of the founder Captain James Avery, and the site of which is now marked by the Avery Memorial Park wherein stands a granite shaft surmounted by a bronze bust representing the builder of the "Old Hive of the Averages."

Capt. James Avery, the Colonial warrior, who commanded valiantly in the Narragansett Swamp fight during King Phillip's war, 1675, and many of his gallant revolutionary descendants slain at the battle of Groton Heights, 1781, by Benedict Arnold's murdering corps are interred in this Colonial burying ground, as well as Susannah Palmes Avery, wife of Samuel Avery, of royal lineage, who died in 1747, as stated on the brownstone which marks the grave.

The line of descents embraces the first 16 kings of England in the 34 generations, or from King Egbert to the present century.

It is a record of historic facts verified by proof, for so much thereof as comprises the interval of time between the reign of King Egbert and the arrival of Lady Susan Clinton and her husband, Gen. John Humphrey, in Massachusetts bay. No more than a casual glance along the line of the ten centuries is necessary to discover the notable array of sovereigns, soldiers and statesmen famous in British and European history.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. Elroy M. Avery, L. L. D., Ph. D., D. C. L., Cleveland, Ohio.

Vice Presidents—Hon. Frank M. Avery, Brooklyn, N. Y., Cyrus Avery, Poquonoc Bridge, Capt. John O. Spicer, Groton; Col. Christopher L. Avery, Groton; William L. Thomas, Groton; Mrs. Elisha L. Thomas and Mrs. John O. Spicer, Groton.

Secretary—Miss Helen Morgan Avery, New London.

Treasurer—Miss Addie Avery Thomas Groton.

Executive Committee—Hon. Elroy M. Avery, Helen Morgan Avery, Addie Avery Thomas, William L. Thomas, Cyrus Avery, Mrs. Prentice P. Avery, New Haven, Mrs. Susan S. Meech, Groton, Capt. John O. Spicer, Mrs. Deborah H. Keene, Glastonbury, Mrs. Adelaide Avery Cavalry, New London, Miss Mabel Holman, Saybrook, Miss Eliza Warren Avery, Norwich, Walter Clifford Morgan, Mystic Latham Avery, Groton.

To make further improvements in the park and to provide for its maintenance as well as of the Old Avery and Morgan burying ground at Poguonock Bridge, one-half mile from the park, a fund of ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars is needed.

Our Associate Editor is a descendant through his grandmother, Frances Avery Pumpelly, of Susann Palmes Avery, and he will be glad to transmit any contribution small or large for this fund to the Treasurer of the Association, Miss Addie Avery Thomas, Groton, Mass.



EX-SENATOR DOOLITTLE OF WISCONSIN TO PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND OF NEW YORK

INTERESTING CONFIDENTIAL LETTER FROM THE WISCONSIN STATESMAN

Contributed by DUANE MOWRY, of Milwaukee, Wis.

The following letter is interesting because it is believed that it was offensive to the then president-elect. There is no positive evidence that Mr. Cleveland took umbrage because of it; but the immediate relatives and friends of Judge Doolittle have informed the contributor that the president-elect gave no heed to the letter or its recommendations.

It is also an open secret that when Judge Doolittle was an active and aggressive candidate for both the Russian and Austrian missions, his applications were treated with silent contempt and indifference. Letters from members of President Cleveland's cabinet, including Messrs. Daniel Manning, William F. Vilas and Walter Q. Gresham, to Judge Doolittle and now in the possession of the contributor, amply confirm this view.

Although Judge Doolittle was a strong and influential supporter of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy before the people, his influence with his administration was mainly negligible. This has been characterized in some quarters as most unjust and inexcusable ingratitude.

Confidential.

PAWTUCKETT, R. I., FEB. 6, 1885.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND,
PRESIDENT-ELECT;

DEAR SIR: I saw Mr. Hewitt, at Washington. He said, that in a general way, he was authorized to say: that you desired to meet men of experience in public affairs, who are friendly to a democratic administration, and learn their views of men and affairs, before you finally determined upon your Cabinet; and, as I was on my way to see my daughter, who resides here, in Rhode Island, he thought it was due to you, and due to myself, that I should stop over a day or two, in New York, and see you, and have free talk, and without reserve.

But I found the pressure around you, yesterday, was such, that such a conference was hardly possible. Therefore, as suggested in the brief interview, at Buffalo, (where, at the invitation of Gen'l Thayer, I went purposely to see you,) and as suggested by Col. Lamont, yesterday, that the better way would be to communicate my views in writing, I now take the liberty, in a *strictly confidential way*, to submit a suggestion or two, in few words, in relation to your proposed CABINET.

For the *State Department*, I would suggest Mr. Thurman. He is able to discuss the great questions, as to the *Isthmus Routes*, (our Bosphorus,) with the ablest men of England, France, or Germany.

Mr. Bayard is an able man in the Senate, and a power there, on

which the Administration may lean for support. It would be difficult to fill his place in that body, where we have so few from the Northern or Middle States to speak for us. He would bring to the *State Department no more strength* than would Thurman; and his leaving the Senate would weaken us where we are weakest now.

I know it is said Thurman is past seventy. So is Bismark, and Gladstone. And the State Department is not like the other Departments. It is one where there is *plenty of time to think, and to write*. And where there are no such detailed duties, and responsibilities, as rest upon all other Departments.

The question I have heard raised as to Mr. Thurman's *personal habits*, could be solved, it would seem to me, with absolute certainty. I am slow to believe that he has become disabled by his habits.

Mr. Pendleton, too, could be placed in position to bring strong support to your administration, at a point where he could render the very best service by sending him to represent you to France, for which place, for many reasons, he is peculiarly fit.

As to the *Treasury*. It is to be regretted that this Department is not divided into Two, One of Revenue and One of Expenditure, with two separate heads, with two sets of Books, to be checks upon each other, one keeping account of Receipts—the other of Expenditure.

It is too enormous for one man, or for one head of Department. But there is a general talk or understanding, that a man from New York will take that place. Your personal knowledge of the men of New York is so much greater than mine, that I will make but one or two suggestions.

From Mr. Hewitt's long service in Congress, the mass of the people have come to regard him as one of the ablest in the country; but a fear is expressed that his health might not be such as to bear the strain.

Others have been named, Mr. Kernan among them, with favor.

But there is one man of large capacity, a good organizer and leader of men, who, if his business experience and training has fitted him for the place, impresses me very strongly, as a large brained man, who would bring a real power to your administration. I refer to *Mr. Manning*.

You must know him, and know if he has the executive, financial, and business capacity to fit him for that great and trying position.

If you should go outside of New York, and go West for a Secretary, Mr. Alexander Mitchell of Wisconsin, is one of the ablest, if not the ablest man west of the Allegheny Mountains for such a position. But I have serious doubts, whether he could be induced to take the place, which would compel him to change his present relations to some of the great business affairs in which he is now engaged.

As to the *Interior*. Our friends in Wisconsin, the democratic members of the Legislature and of Congress, and our people generally, concur in presenting the name of Col. Vilas. He is an able and rising lawyer, of popular address, of most industrious habits, whose integrity cannot be questioned, and he would fill the office of Secretary of the Interior or of the War Department, with honor to himself and to the country.

As he is from my state, and my name has been occasionally mentioned, it is due to you, and to myself to say, twice in my time I have been as near the great responsibilities of the Presidential office as I ever desire to go; and, I am in *no sense* any aspirant for a position in the Cabinet. On the other hand, I join with our friends in Wisconsin in favoring Col. Vilas for such a position.

As to the *War Department*. The name of McDonald of Indiana would be received with general satisfaction. Indeed, his name and Col. Vilas is thought of alternately for the War and Interior Departments.

As to the *Navy*. General McClellan and Mr. Stockton of New Jersey are favorably spoken of.

As to *Attorney General*. Mr. Garland; and, Samuel Wilson of California I have heard discussed. He is the ablest lawyer of the Pacific Coast.

Justice Field is quite sanguine that a strong man in your Cabinet could probably make California and Oregon Democratic states, and the new State of Tacamah, to be soon formed of Washington Territory, would also be a Democratic state.

The general opinion, however, has been that Mr. Garland would

be the man. He is a very able lawyer, and, though his leaving the Senate would be seriously felt, yet it is probable that Arkansas could find an able man to fill his place. It has just chosen Mr. Jones, who is a very able man, as colleague of Mr. Garland.

As to the Postmaster General. If that office is to go to South, I have heard Mr. Jones, Mr. Barbour, and Mr. Money all spoken of with favor.

I would much prefer to discuss such matters in a private interview, for there are many considerations which cannot be said in writing, without making this communication too long.

I fear it is too long already. But I could hardly say less. When you shall have disposed of the question please return this paper to me at Racine, Wisconsin, as there is no necessity of its preservation, as it is only intended as a suggestion, which will cease to be of any value when the result is reached; which we shall all, with one heart and voice, cheerfully accept "un fait accompli," and as the best thing attainable.

I now hope that I may stop at Albany, on my way home, and seek a third opportunity for a private interview, where we may talk over the suggestions in this paper, or such other matters as you may desire. I now think I will here on Monday for Albany by Worcester, and stop over in Albany Tuesday next.

With great respect,

Truly yours,

J. R. DOOLITTLE.

Note. This letter is entirely in the handwriting of Judge Doolittle. The sentiments are those of a sincere and honest man, one who had the good of his party and of the country at heart. I cannot be absolutely certain that the letter ever reached Mr. Cleveland. But I believe it did and was afterwards returned to the writer as requested. Judge Doolittle's daughter, the late Mrs. Burge, of Providence, assures me that Mr. Cleveland well knew that her father favored Mr. Thurman for Secretary of State. And this fact, both her father and herself believed induced the indifference of President Cleveland to the political ambitions of Mr. Doolittle. Mr. Bayard is also thought to have taken umbrage at Judge Doolittle's recommendation.

D. M.

GEORGE R. BOYNTON

It is with a good deal of satisfaction that we present to our readers this month the paper upon "What Thomas Paine did for American Independence," because in its composition the writer who is also an artist, has shown clearly the value of an artistic temperament and a firm believer in the power of patriotic ideals, and then too, this artist has shown almost as much facility in the use of the pen as in that of the brush.

Mr. Boynton is chiefly known by his portraits of distinguished men. He is well represented in our leading clubs, colleges and universities, and he has portrayed many of our most beloved and famous clergymen, as well as our most prominent physicians and surgeons; also he will be long remembered for his excellent and faithful representations on canvas of our best known officers of the Army and Navy.

An interesting fact about Mr. Boynton is that his knowledge of the principles and technique of his art have been of American origin and development only, which is clear proof that to the painter of portraits at least this country affords adequate opportunity for the expression of marked individuality in the handling of form and color.

"In my many talks with this gifted artist," says our Associate Editor, "I have found him not only a good judge of different schools of art, but of men not only in their outward appearance, but of their psychological and ethical qualities and ways of expression and thought, and this I believe has been of great aid to him in his work. His ability as a conversationalist and a teller of good stories has brought to him many valued and pleasant friendships."

Mr. Boynton so far as his family is concerned can trace back his ancestry as is shown in Burke's Peerage to this well-known family in Yorkshire, England.

On the 30th of April, 1637, Sir Matthew Boynton with an important company including Sir William Constable, Sir Arthur Hazlerig, Mr. John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell were about to set sail in eight ships for New England when they were ordered

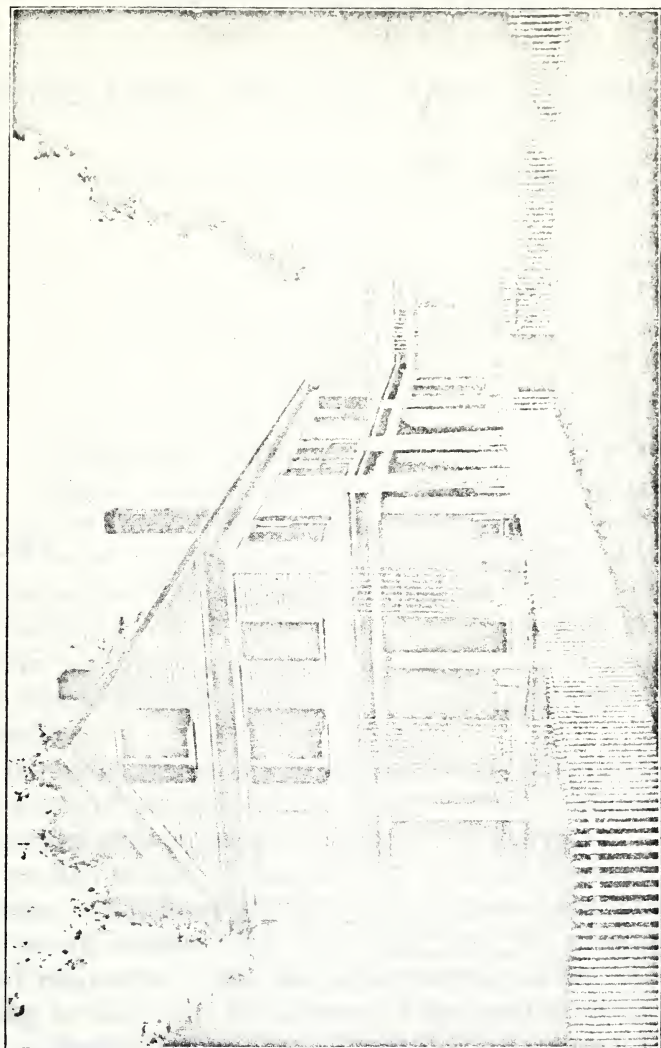


GEORGE R. BOYNTON

to disembark with all their stock and merchandise by a pre-emptory order from the council.

This movement on the part of the government was far reaching in its consequences, for if Sir Matthew Boynton and his friend Oliver Cromwell had been allowed to voyage to America, Charles I would probably have not lost his head.

Now having said this much as to the writer of the paper "What Thomas Paine did for American Independence," I need say little as to the paper itself, as I feel that all serious readers will not fail to find in it that same simplicity and directness of expression that is to be seen in all Mr. Boynton's work as an artist.



Residence of Mrs. Amelia Bartlett Perkins, widow of Mr. Henry Perkins, Bridgewater, Mass.

In this house the author slept on the night before his departure for Birmingham, Conn., in the autumn of 1855.

AMERICANA

November, 1915

Recollections of a Half Century and More

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN, Morristown, N. J.

V

MY BOYHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

(Continued)

LATE in the summer or early in the autumn of 1855 my eldest brother, Horatio Nelson, of Birmingham—now Derby—Connecticut, visited his parents in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. The presents he brought to my younger brother and me made his visit one of rare pleasure for us, especially.

Before my brother's return to Connecticut it was arranged that I should accompany him and henceforth make my home in his family.

On the night before our departure from Bridgewater we slept at the home of my sister, Mrs. Henry Perkins, that being nearer the railroad station than the home of our parents.

As we had to take an early train in order to reach my brother's home on the same day of our departure it was necessary for us to be up betimes next morning; and the promptness with which I responded to the call of my brother-in-law to rise was so pleasing to him that he afterward frequently spoke of it as a very creditable thing on my part. Perhaps my kindhearted brother-in-law did not take into account the fact of my joyous anticipation of a long ride "on the cars" that day. To this fact,

I confide to the reader, more than to any particular fondness for leaving a comfortable bed in the early morning hours should be attributed the unusual alacrity with which I responded to my brother-in-law's summons on the day of my departure for the "Nutmeg State."

It was on a mild day in September, 1855, that I bade adieu to old Bridgewater never to return except for visits.

The journey from my Massachusetts home to my prospective home in Connecticut was inexpressibly pleasing to one who had seen so little of the world. The numerous and strange villages and cities through which we passed and the throngs of people I saw along the route were a novel and exceedingly interesting experience to a boy not quite twelve years of age; and to say that I keenly enjoyed the ride is but a feeble way of describing my pleasure.

We reached Birmingham in the early evening and were conveyed by carriage from the somewhat distant railroad station to my brother's home.

My brother, in whose family I was thereafter to have a home, had for several years been the superintendent of a large tack and nail factory connected with the Shelton Manufacturing Company, of Birmingham, which was known far and wide to merchants engaged in the wholesale and retail hardware business.

My brother, it is only just to him to remark, was an expert artisan at tackmaking and used to have the choicest work in the factory; indeed, his reputation as a tackmaker was national, and there was not a tack manufactory in this country but would have been glad to employ him and thus have the benefit of his superior mechanical skill. As to the compensation received by him it may be said that it was no uncommon thing for him before the opening of the Civil War to have a monthly income of \$250.00; and in "war times" his monthly income was sometimes double the sum above mentioned.

I should not omit saying in this connection that this brother was the inventor and patentee of two highly valuable pieces of machinery, one for making the bedscrew bolts once used in cord bedsteads, which had previously been made by hand; and the



This picture of the author is from a tintype which was copied from an ambrotype, the latter of which was taken in Birmingham (now Derby), Conn., when he was about 14 years of age,

other, the first of its kind, for cutting out and placing the round leather heads on tacks for use in fastening down carpets. By way of contrast it may be remarked that the machine for making bedscrew bolts was about five feet square, three feet in height and weighed fully fifteen hundred pounds; while the machine for cutting and placing the round leather heads on tacks was about twelve inches square, five inches in height and weighed scarcely more than ten pounds. The larger machine my brother sold outright to the Shelton Manufacturing Company for use in their busy bolt shop, and on the smaller machine he received a royalty from the same company for its use.

During almost the entire autumn and winter following my removal to Birmingham I had intermittent fever, induced in part, at least, by homesickness; for this was the first time I had ever been away from my parents and brothers and sisters. My younger brother, Charles L., and I were especially fond of each other. For several years we had occupied the same bed, and like many other boys of our age we frequently engaged in "pillow-fights" in the morning before getting ourselves in presentable form. In outdoor games and sports incident to boyhood we were almost invariably associated; and as companions we were inseparable.

It is a wise provision of the infinite Creator that childhood has the power of readily adjusting itself to its environment, and consequently I soon began to be contented and happy in my new home in the "Nutmeg State." This was due in part to the pleasant friendships I soon formed among the children of my own age in the neighborhood, among whom was the son of Mr. Charles Jackson--Fred. Jackson, by name—who was employed in the tack factory of which my brother was the superintendent. The intimacy of the two families is, indeed, pleasant for me even now to recall.

My brother, at the time of which I am writing, resided on Catherine Street, next door to the residence of Mr. John I. Howe, the principal owner of a prosperous pin factory in Birmingham.

It was commonly reported that Mr. Howe, in order to qualify himself to construct a pin machine, used to sit or lounge for

hours at a time on an elevation overlooking a pin manufactory in England which he was not, for prudential reasons, permitted to enter, and through open windows carefully watch and study the mechanism of the machines in operation, until, at length, such was his mechanical ingenuity, he was able to construct a machine for making pins. I remember with what interest and almost wonder I used to look upon a man who could, with such meagre aid, accomplish so difficult a feat.

In due course Mr. Howe—he was an Englishman by birth—came to this country; and after having a sufficient number of machines built under his personal superintendency, having previously taken out a patent, he engaged in the business of manufacturing pins, and his business became the famous Howe Pin Manufacturing Company, of Birmingham, Connecticut, known, at one time, the country over.

As a reward of his inventive skill and untiring industry Mr. Howe became a wealthy man, wealthy, I mean, for those early days; and it is worthy of remark that notwithstanding his wealth he was a modest and unassuming man and noticeably free from the vulgar display made by many men of wealth in the present century, not a few of whom deserve no credit whatever for the accumulation of their wealth, having in many instances inherited it from parents or others, and some of whom have scooped it in by “ways that are past finding out.”

I well remember how zealously the operation of the pin machines in the Howe Pin Manufactory was guarded for fear that others might construct a similar machine and engage in the manufacture of this almost indispensable household necessity. Through the influence, however, of a friend whose father was a trusted employe in the Howe pin shop I was now and then permitted to enter said shop; and the somewhat complicated machine was a sort of seven years’ wonder to me. I will not attempt to describe the process of pin making except to say that a reel of fine brass wire was fed into the machine, and, afterward came out with amazing rapidity in the form of pins which were afterward given a coating of tin and then stuck in long colored papers for the trade. I remember when the Howe pins were the only American pins used in this country.



St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Birmingham (now Derby), Connecticut, where I attended church and Sunday school and in which I was baptized when a small boy. It is a substantial stone structure.

My brother and his wife attended the Protestant Episcopal Church, and as might be expected I soon began attending the same place of worship; and the recollection of the beautiful and impressive form of divine worship of that church is still vivid in my mind and I am still fond of recalling the memories of the happy hours spent in the Episcopal Church of Birmingham, Connecticut.

It is no wonder to me, as it is to some, that the classical ritual and the beautiful church architecture of the Protestant Episcopal Church gain so strong a hold upon those who for any considerable length of time have attended its services. And after the lapse of nearly sixty years the Episcopal form of worship has still a fascination for me. I never attend an Episcopal Church but my mind is crowded with pleasant recollections of my early boyhood.

In the Sunday school of the St. James Episcopal Church, for such was the name of this church, I was a member of the class taught by Mr. Thomas Elms, an excellent teacher and an exemplary Christian. The Rector of this church at the beginning of my attendance there was the Rev. Jared Flagg, D. D., who soon resigned the rectership and engaged in the work of painting portraits in oil for which he had received special training. He opened a studio in New Haven, Connecticut, and acquired no mean reputation as a portrait painter. It will doubtless be remembered by some of the older residents of Morristown, New Jersey, that Dr. Flagg subsequently opened a studio in the county seat of Morris where he continued the work of painting portraits. During his residence in Morristown he lived in a house on High street which is still standing with the studio used by Dr. Flagg at the extreme top of the house. This studio, so the author has been informed, was constructed expressly for Dr. Flagg.

Only a short distance from my new home in Birmingham was a private school taught, as I remember, by Miss Carrie Shelton; and it is a fact of no ordinary interest to me that the young girl who subsequently became my wife attended this private school and it is probable that I frequently saw her, as a small girl, as she trudged day after day to school and as she engaged in out-

door games with her schoolmates. She has since informed me that among the pupils of that private school during her attendance was a little bare-footed girl—it was common in those days for small children to go barefoot during the warm season—who afterwards became the famous American Prima Donna, Clara Louise Kellogg; and in commemoration of her mother's association, as a child, with Miss Kellogg, our youngest daughter was named Clara Louise, which name she now bears.

Living but a short distance from us on Catherine Street was a family consisting of a widow, Mrs. Banks, her young son, Burr Banks and one or two maiden sisters of Mrs. Banks. From my first acquaintance with the family I was very fond of Burr Banks, and we frequently exchanged visits. One of the aunts, whose name as I now recall, was Margaret, or "Aunt Maggie," as her nephew called her, after a lingering illness with consumption passed away. As she lay in the casket awaiting burial I called at the modest home of Mrs. Banks and my friend Burr Banks invited me to go into the room where her remains lay and look at her. Almost trembling with fear I reluctantly accompanied him and slowly approaching the casket I looked at her face. I mention this little episode chiefly because this was the first time I had seen a deceased person, and the recollection of my emotions as I entered the room where her remains lay is as fresh as if it had occurred only a few days ago. The room in which that woman lay in her casket is to this day a sacred place to me.

During the first years of my residence in Birmingham monthly meetings of the different Sunday Schools of the place were held under the auspices of what was known as the Sunday School Union. These meetings were held alternately in the different churches, with the exception of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at which the pastors and others made appropriate addresses. Among the speakers at one of these meetings I was permitted to attend was the Rev. George A. Hubbell, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in the course of his address he related what to me was a very touching story of the death of a little boy which made a strong impression upon my plastic mind. Previous to this evening I had been accustomed

to having a lamp to take to my room on going to bed which I placed on a stand at my bedside; and when I had fallen asleep my sister-in-law would come to my room and remove the lamp.

When I returned from the meeting of the Sunday School Union on the evening in question I was in such a happy frame of mind that all fear of the dark had vanished; indeed, I was so full of courage that when my sister-in-law spoke of having a lamp to go to bed with I said: "I don't care for a light." So I went to my sleeping room in the dark, undressed and got into my bed. In my room were two windows both of which were open, for it was a warm evening, I had lain in bed but a few minutes when suddenly I heard what to my awakened imagination seemed the most exquisite music to which I had ever listened. This music seemed to be out under the eaves of the house. Still in the almost ecstatic frame of mind in which I had returned from the meeting of the Sunday School Union on that evening I imagined, as the various strains of the music came floating on the summer air into my room, that it was a band of angels who were singing. For a few minutes I listened with rapt attention; but at length I began to be frightened. The fright so completely overcame me that I called for my sister-in-law to bring me a lamp, which she did, placing it on the stand at my bedside, as usual. It was some time, however, before I was able to get to sleep.

Not until some time afterward did it begin to dawn upon my mind that the music I had heard on that evening was of purely human origin, and proceeded from some house in the neighborhood where the inmates were singing religious hymns with organ accompaniment at the close of the Sabbath.

Every now and then for several weeks I had felt a sharp pain in the ball of my right foot, and some times I was scarcely able to walk for the pain experienced. The attention of my sister-in-law having several times been called to the matter she said to me one morning before starting for school: "Andrew, let me look at your foot." Glad of even the possibility of being relieved from the frequent pains I had suffered I willingly complied with the request. Taking off my shoe and stocking I allowed my sister-in-law to take my foot in her lap. She then carefully examined the bottom of my foot, and as a result she

remarked: "Why, Andrew, there is a piece of glass in your foot. Sit here until I get something with which to remove it." Returning soon with a case knife she again took my foot in her lap and with the sharp edge of the knife she removed from the ball of my foot a triangular piece of window glass which measured about a quarter of an inch along each side. This she held up for me to see. It was then that for the first time I related to my "good physician" that it was while playing around the old, abandoned house up in the "Old Bay State" nearly eighteen months before that I had, as I then supposed, simply cut my foot. That piece of glass had therefore been in my foot all those months.

Birmingham was situated on an elevated plateau between two rivers, with the lower or southerly part of the village sloping gradually down toward one of these rivers. On the easterly side of Birmingham was the Naugatuck River and on the westerly side the Housatonic River. Just below Birmingham these two rivers formed a junction and from thence onward to Long Island Sound there was but one river.

At the junction of the two rivers mentioned, and on both sides of the narrow outlet, were ledges of rocks reaching on one side to the height of at least twenty-five feet and on the other to a height but little less.

In the spring of the year severe freshets occurred in both rivers mentioned. The snow, melted by the copious spring rains, came rushing down from the hills on each side of the rivers for several miles above us, in consequence of which both rivers would rise and break up the thick ice of the previous winter. The huge cakes of ice would then be carried by the powerful current down both rivers and at their junction would become wedged between the high rocks on either side, and the huge cakes of ice following, forced by the increasing velocity of the river current, would sometimes shoot up into the air many feet, presenting a sight well worth beholding.

As the ice became wedged between the rocks at the narrow junction of the two rivers the water of both would rise, and rise and rise until it reached a height sometimes of twelve or fifteen feet above its usual level. I have seen fully twelve feet of water on

the road, familiarly known as "the causeway," between the contiguous villages of Birmingham and Derby. Of course all travel was for several days stopped and business of all kinds, in the lower parts of Birmingham, especially, was at stand still. Even the mills, of which there were many, were unable to run, as they were without power, the surplus of water being no less disadvantageous than a scarcity. It became necessary to go about some portions of Birmingham in row boats, and this was great fun for the boys who enjoyed the unusual.

I recall not a few incidents and episodes of the freshets in Birmingham, for example: During a great freshet which occurred a few years before my removal to Birmingham a young man and his prospective bride—or fiancée, in the language of the present day—were standing on the wooden bridge spanning the Naugatuck River between Birmingham and Derby, when the water rose so suddenly and to such great height that before the young people were able to leave the bridge for a place of safety the bridge was lifted from its abutments and carried down the river, and they were both drowned. This peculiarly sad event created much excitement.

The young people were buried in the village cemetery, and a picture of each was inserted in the front of their respective headstones.

Over the Housatonic River between Birmingham and Huntington—now Shelton—was a covered wooden bridge about six hundred feet in length. For many years this bridge had been a toll bridge; and not a few times did "we boys" run the toll, not always, however, because we hadn't the money to pay the small fee—two cents, as I remember—but because of the "fun of it," and because of the excitement of running to get away from the keeper, who, I am glad of the opportunity of saying, was a very kindhearted man. "We boys" would cross the bridge from the end at which the keeper did not live, that is to say, from the Birmingham end, stealthily approach the toll house where the keeper and his family lived—his name was Yale—and when the keeper was not in sight, or in the house where he could not see us, we would scud at the top of our speed through the gate for foot travelers and into the road beyond where for the time

we were safe. It was an imprudent thing for boys to do for we were liable to be arrested, and only the kindness of the keeper gave us immunity from arrest. In returning to the Birmingham side of the river we had sometimes to get across in a row boat.

During one of the freshets in Birmingham the rivers as usual rose to a great height, the ice came slowly up under this long covered bridge, lifted it in the air as if it had been a small building, carried it down the river a short distance where it broke in two pieces of about equal length—the one piece being carried down stream by the strong current and the other piece going ashore a short distance below the Birmingham end of the bridge. This toll bridge was owned by a stock company and had been paying a fair rate of interest in the way of tolls for foot travelers and vehicles of various kinds, hence it was concluded to make an effort to save the portion of the bridge that had gone ashore. A sailor—I think his name was Dorman—was home on a visit, “on shore,” is the nautical term commonly employed by the “Jack-tars,” and Dorman was engaged to go out in the swiftly running river filled with immense cakes of ice and fasten a strong rope or hawser to the bridge with a view to preventing it from being carried further down the river. At the risk of his life, as it seemed to the throng of anxious spectators on shore, who watched him with bated breath, the brave sailor fastened the hawser to the bridge, brought the other end to shore where he securely fastened it, thus saving that portion of the broken bridge. For his perilous service—so it was generally reported among the throngs of spectators at the time—Dorman was paid the paltry sum of \$25.

The other end of the bridge was carried down stream and was gradually broken to pieces by the ice.

The catastrophe above described occurred at about midnight, and the destruction of the bridge and the attendant circumstances produced great excitement. Although I was only about fourteen years of age I was a deeply interested witness of the exciting scenes enacted.

Among the interesting incidents of the floods we used to have in Birmingham in my boyhood was the following: As the waters of the river rose in Lower Derby and set back into that portion



School Building, Birmingham (now Derby), Connecticut, where I attended school in my boyhood. This building has been superseded by a fine brick structure.

of the township, a huge cake of ice, driven by the powerful current, broke clean through one side of a dwelling house and landed on the top of a square piano, and it was some time before it could be removed. The effect upon the case of the instrument must have been anything but favorable, and I question whether the tone was any the better for the water that must have percolated down through the case into the interior of the piano.

It was during a winter of my boyhood in Birmingham that the weather was so extremely cold as to freeze the river nearly up to the newly constructed "Huntington bridge" solid to the bottom in some places. Before the snow came and covered the ice the men and boys skated down the river a distance of about ten miles and back, furnishing the finest sport of several years. Think of skating a distance of twenty miles on a stretch!

After the snow had covered the ice, to the keen regret of men and boys, horses and sleighs drove up on the almost solid ice from many miles below to Birmingham and Huntington. It was at this time that General Tom Thumb, in his tiny turnout drawn by two small horses, was driven up the river from his home in Bridgeport, about sixteen miles distant. He was afterward driven about on the ice to the great amusement of the boys in particular. To them it was an important event, and was a subject of conversation for many a day afterward.

In the spring of 1856 I began attending the grammar school in Birmingham. The principal of the school was a Mr. Stevens from the west whose first name has escaped my memory. He was a large, powerfully built man, of great strength. As an illustration of his strength it may be said that stooping down on his hands and knees under one end of the rear axle of the heavy fire engines of those days he would with apparent ease lift upon his shoulders that part of the engine. I do not believe there was another man connected with the local fire company who could perform the feat.

Mr. Stevens was exceedingly popular with the pupils of the school of which he was the principal, especially with the boys, and the reasons are far from difficult to find. Besides being an excellent teacher and efficient principal he introduced and encouraged games of different kinds among the boys of his school,

such as dumb bells, swings, foot ball, boxing, base ball, etc. In these games he personally and enthusiastically joined with the pupils. If, in boxing with the pupils, the principal now and then gave some of them a knock-over punch it was only to train them efficiently in the "manly art of self defence," so that if necessity required they would be able to "look out for number one."

In skating in winter and in swimming in summer Mr. Stevens also joined with his pupils, and many of them could thank him for having taught them to skate and swim. Some of the more confiding boys acquired the art of swimming after a few days faithful coaching by the "big schoolmaster." If he thought it necessary to now and then give some of the less venturesome boys "a ducking" to inure them to the water he did so; and while for the time it seemed like harsh treatment the boys thus treated afterward acknowledged the benefit derived from it in the way of deliverance from fear of the water.

In the school room, however, Mr. Stevens was a strict disciplinarian.

One of the peculiar methods of this teacher when he perceived that a boy was not giving proper attention in his seat to his studies was to make a circuit, on tiptoe, of the school room, coming down behind the lazy pupil from the rear and treating him as I shall describe. The boys sat on the right of the school room as the principal faced the school and the girls on the left. The principal would go stealthily up the aisle at the left of the girls, then go from the girls' side to the boys' side, then across the back of the school room to the head of the boys' aisle. There he would stand for a few moments in full sight of the pupils in the front part of the room rubbing his loosely clenched fists together as if getting them in good condition for what was soon to take place. All this time the lazy pupil was in ignorance of what awaited him. Coming down the aisle behind the pupil like a cat approaching a bird or mouse the principal would suddenly rub with both closed fists each of the boys' ears enough to set them on fire from the friction, and conclude with lifting the boy nearly out of his seat. This was all done in the best good nature without even the trace of anger; but "the treatment" accomplished the purpose for which it was intended, which was to

make this pupil more studious in future and serve, also, as a warning to other pupils disposed to be lazy about studying. One's ears would smart and burn for some time after receiving such a brisk and rapid rubbing. If you inquire whether the author's ears ever smarted after such a unique "treatment" he will have to take refuge in the principle of law that no criminal is obliged, on the witness stand, to make statements that will incriminate him.

Among the especially interesting incidents of my school life under the aforesaid principal was the following: Upon discovering that some trees recently planted in the large front yard of the school had apparently been mutilated with a knife or some other sharp instrument he kept every boy after school of the afternoon session. When the girl pupils had been dismissed these boys were requested to occupy the front seats, where they were required to remain for a time in perfect silence. The principal then endeavored in the following manner to ascertain, if possible, which of the detained boys had cut the young trees:—He went from one boy to another, closely questioning each one; while talking to one boy he would with great force slap the boy next to him on the leg near the knee. Thus he went from one end to the other of the row of boys; but he did not succeed in ascertaining who mutilated the young trees. He then dismissed the boys with a smile indicative of his good nature.

I thought at the time I knew and I think now that I know the boy who cut those trees, but the principal was none the wiser for what I thought I knew.

Only a few years ago while visiting in Birmingham I called upon one of my old schoolmates in Mr. Stevens' school and our conversation very naturally drifted to the subject of our early school days; and I called his attention to the tree-cutting incident. I said to him, with a significant smile playing over my face: "—— I have always thought you knew who cut those young trees." To my remark he made no oral reply; but the peculiar twinkle of his eyes impressed me that my opinion was well grounded. He was, however, the same reticent, close-mouthed individual as in his boyhood. My old schoolmate, a successful manufacturer, has recently passed away.

Mr. Stevens was very fond of having declamations in school, usually on Friday afternoons after the studies of the week were "out of the way." There were some clever declaimers in this school, among them Wells Piper, William C. Atwater, Andrew Newcomb, and others whose names I do not now recall. One declamation which was a great favorite with the pupils was "Three Black Crows," which was recited by Wells Piper in a manner exceedingly pleasing to the school; hence he was frequently requested to recite this poem. Piper enjoyed reciting the poem fully as much as the school did in listening to the recitation.

"The American Eagle," by C. W. Thomson, as recited by William C. Atwater, was another favorite, more especially because of Atwater's fine elocutionary powers.

But the poem that the principal was especially fond of having recited was "Old Ironsides," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, commencing as not all my readers may be aware:

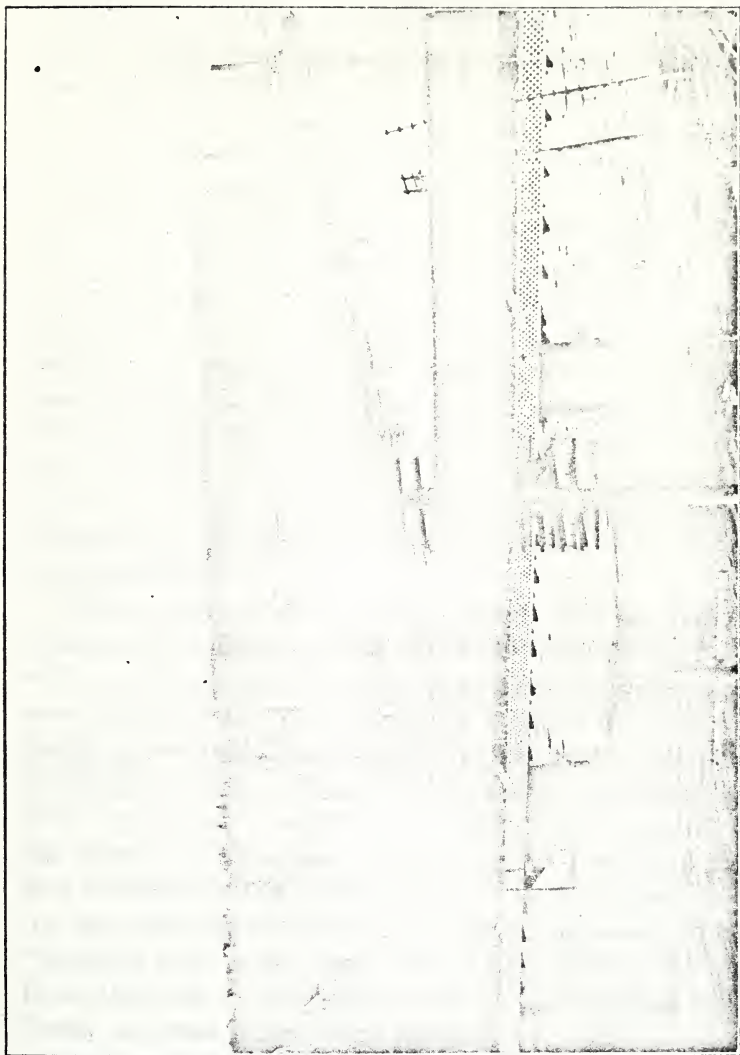
"Ay, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
Long has it waved on high!
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;

and closing with the following inspiring lines:

"Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale."

Mr. Stevens had trained Wells Piper to recite "Three Black Crows" with such excellent effect that at every opportunity, both for his own personal gratification and for the edification of visitors to the school, he frequently called upon Piper to exhibit his elocutionary proficiency.

One of the great events in connection with our school life under the principalship of Mr. Stevens was an exhibition given in the town hall—"Nathan's Hall"—which consisted of the enacting of a dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's thrilling poem of "The Lady of the Lake," with Scottish costumes and appro-



This covered bridge connects Birmingham (now Derby), Connecticut, and Shelton (formerly Huntington), Connecticut. It replaced the covered bridge carried away by a freshet when I was a boy. The upper part of Shelton is shown in this picture and a portion also of the Housatonic River.

priate scenery. The different parts of the play were taken by Wells Piper, Andrew Newcomb, Bliss French, Charles Hubbard and other pupils whose names have escaped my memory; it would be a pleasure to me to recall them all. The large audience which listened to the presentation of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" was enthusiastic in its praises of the excellent manner in which, under the supervision of our principal, the play was enacted. Nearly if not quite all the participants in the presentation of that play have passed on into "the great beyond;" and included in the list is our beloved principal. When the Civil War broke out, so I have been informed, Mr. Stevens, who had some time previous returned to the west, entered the Union army in which he became quartermaster of one of the western regiments. He came out of the war alive and uninjured. He accumulated considerable property, but in consequence of poor investments he lost most of his savings and died a poor man—such, at least, was the report that came to Birmingham concerning him. To say that the report of our beloved principal's misfortune was painful to his former pupils in Birmingham would be superfluous.

On my right wrist is a scar about half an inch in diameter which ever reminds me of the following incident in connection with my attendance upon the grammar school of Birmingham: I was standing one recess leaning against the side of the school building with both my hands behind me. The outside of the building was not only painted but over the paint fine sand had been sprinkled. While my hands were pressed against the the sanded surface, one of the pupils—I wonder if he is living and remembers the little episode?—as he passed me on his way up into the school room, gave me a vigorous push sidewise—"just for fun"—as usual, with the result that the skin was torn from the back of my right wrist. The wounded wrist bled profusely and was a long time healing.

That was about fifty-six years ago, and the scar is plainly to be seen to this day. But I do not regret the lingering scar, for besides reminding me of the little school incident mentioned, it recalls many, many pleasant recollections of those happy days long since gone, never to return.

When I was about fifteen years of age a new schoolmaster took charge of the Birmingham grammar school. He was an excellent teacher with a better preparation so far as book learning was concerned than the principal of whom I have been speaking; but he did not mingle so freely with the boys in outdoor games and in other respects as our former principal, hence he was not so popular, personally. The girls liked him, because, as a rule, they were at school to learn. Mr. Smith, for this was the name of the new principal, did not interest me as the former one had; and for this and other reasons I therefore gradually lost my interest in school. I had reached that age when many boys become discontented, and I wearied of the restraints of not only school but of home; I was itching to get out into the world to see more of life. As I now understand, it is a dangerous period in a boy's life, and needs a firm but kind hand to guide one over the period to the one where the boy begins to see he is better off where he is.

For some violation of the rules of the school my particular chum and I were kept after school. We were both called down to the principal's desk and there he gave us a faithful talking to, the justice of which I readily perceived. I can almost recall the kindly tones of the principal's voice as he endeavored to impress upon our minds the un wisdom of the course we were taking. After receiving this talk we were both required to retire to one of the recitation rooms situated on the back side of the school building, as the principal had other disobedient pupils to deal with. Seeing one of the windows of the recitation room into which we had gone open we concluded we would dismiss ourselves instead of waiting for Mr. Smith to do so; so, one after the other, we got out of the open window on to the roof of an L and from thence we let ourselves down to the ground. Walking stealthily out of the front school yard we proceeded on our way home, inwardly congratulating ourselves over our slick escapade.

As we were crossing the village green about a hundred rods distant, the principal for the first time discovered we had left the school building. Upon seeing us he called to us by name, first to one and then to the other; but pretending we did not hear him we kept on our way and soon reached our homes.

Next morning we were in school at the usual time. In due course we were called up to the principal's desk. There we were reminded of the escapade of the previous day, and were asked to give an explanation of our conduct. After making our statement Mr. Smith reminded us of the consequences of such conduct upon our future lives, and we were then sent to our seats.

I have always regretted the course taken with that principal; and have since seen very clearly that he had our best interests at heart in dealing with us.

I have not mentioned the last episode of my life with any pride but to say that it was very unwise on my part and as a warning also to other boys who get discontented and long to leave school.

One of the great events of my boyhood in Birmingham was the coming of Barnum's one ring circus to town each year. With this circus were a number of elephants, one of which was named "Columbus," said to be the largest elephant in the country, and I think it was true. In reaching Birmingham the circus came through Huntington; Bridgeport, about sixteen miles below, being the winter quarters of the circus. To reach Birmingham the circus had to cross the covered bridge between Huntington and the former place. As "Columbus" approached the Huntington end of the bridge he would cautiously place first one foot and then the other on the bridge, evidently to convince himself it was safe to cross; and only when satisfied it was safe could the great animal be persuaded to cross to the Birmingham side. Once, at least, "Columbus" was for some reason so mistrustful of the safety of the bridge that neither by coaxing nor threatening could he be induced to cross the bridge, and his keeper had to allow him to swim the river, except where it was shallow enough for him to wade.

In the year 1858, as near as I am now able to recall, my brother with whom I lived purchased what was known as the Hinman Place on Minerva Street, which place was situated at the lower southwestern corner of the large village green.

In the rear of the house and facing the street running across the village—it may have been Second Street—was a two story shop belonging to my brother's place, and on the second floor of

this shop was a good sized room; indeed, it occupied the entire second floor and may have been about twenty by thirty feet in dimension. In this large room, or hall as it might properly be called, "we boys," with my brother's consent, used to give amateur theatrical performances. We had self-made curtains, scenery and side wings, which, in the evening presented a pretty appearance to the audience. To our performances a small admission was charged—two cents, if I remember correctly—and it was not long before some of the adults in the neighborhood began to attend our "shows." This, of course, was very gratifying to the performers, who naturally thought they were furnishing high class entertainments to their audiences.

The theatrical performances given in my brother's shop, in which the author took prominent parts, was the beginning of his fondness for amateur theatricals; and as will be seen at a later stage of my story it was not, by any means, the end of his interest in such entertainments.

As vividly as if it were only last month is the recollection of my great fondness for two of my girl schoolmates, each of whom used frequently to accompany me home from school at the close of the day. Although the names and faces and general appearance of those girls are ineffaceably engraven on the tablets of my memory I must refrain from giving their names.

One of these girls, grown to womanhood and married, I am certain is now residing at the west end of Long Island, N. Y. As a girl she was "as pretty as a picture," having long, dark curls, and in her girlhood and young womanhood was decidedly sentimental. How well do I remember that frequently, on her way home from school, she would come into our yard at the foot of the village green and swing, and swing and swing under the grape arbor at the side and rear of the house, until occasionally, at least, it seemed necessary for my sister-in-law to remind the lingering caller that the time had arrived for her to bid adieu to the boy in whose company she was experiencing pleasure. I have no doubt she still remembers those happy school days in the "Nutmeg State." The engagement and subsequent marriage of this girl was of a peculiarly romantic character, as I

learned during one of my visits to Birmingham, the circumstances of which it would be almost sacrilegious to repeat.

The other girl sweetheart of whom I have spoken was rather plain in appearance, but with a buoyant, happy disposition. She was plump of form and face and the mere touch of her fingers as we walked, hand in hand, from the afternoon session of the grammar school, sent a magnetic thrill through my entire body. This girl married, and at last accounts was residing in the central part of Connecticut. It would be a superlative pleasure to meet both of these youthful "sparks" and together recall the happy days of "long ago."

I must not omit mentioning that with the only brother of the first mentioned girl I was very intimate, and as we were both interested in books and spent many hours together in the effort to add to our stock of useful knowledge we were very fond of each other. In the early years of his young manhood he went to Chicago, and while in a fair way of making for himself a worthy name in that great city he died a premature death. The recollection of his noble character and of our pleasant association is still delightful to recall.

It must have been some time during the year 1858 that I was baptized in the St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, of Birmingham, by the Rector, the Rev. John Brainerd. He was an excellent man, a good rector, and was very acceptable to his large parish until his marriage to a widow, who, for just cause had been divorced from her husband. Soon after his marriage he found it desirable to resign the rectorship of the church in Birmingham, and he removed to Auburn, N. Y., where he became the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of which the Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln, was a member. Dr. Brainerd was the rector of the Auburn church for many years.

It was while I resided on Minerva Street that I was instrumental in saving the life of a boy about four years of age; it was as follows: This boy while playing had fallen down between a building near his home and a stone wall, the space between the stone wall and the building being only about fifteen inches. As the boy fell he became wedged in between the wall and the build-

ing so that he could scarcely move in any direction. Fortunately he fell so his head was up. Some one who saw me passing the scene of the accident, where the boy's parents were very excited over the affair and over what means to employ to rescue the boy, suggested that I be let down by the feet and that I get hold of the boy's body and then be drawn up again. Upon being asked if I would allow myself to be let down as above mentioned I readily consented, and I was therefore let down a distance of about ten feet where I grasped the boy by his arms and was promptly drawn up by the father who had hold of my feet. The work of rescue had to be expeditious because it would not have been safe for me to be held head down except for a brief time. The father, realizing the seriousness of the situation worked expeditiously and it was only a minute or so before I was drawn up with the boy who had, in falling, receiving only a few slight scratches. For the part I performed in the work of rescue I was given by the father a silver quarter dollar. To say that I was delighted with the reward received would be superfluous. Indeed that silver quarter seemed to me "as large as a cart wheel."

My first observation of "table tipping" was during my residence on Minerva Street. In my brother's family was a nurse, whose name, as I remember, was Mrs. Cooley, a widow. When it became known that this nurse was a medium she was requested by some of the neighbors to give an exhibition of her mediumistic powers, which she was willing to do. On one evening in particular a company of invited neighbors were gathered in the two front rooms of my brother's house when the following phenomena were witnessed: The medium had a small painted pine stand brought to her and after she had placed her hands upon it for a few moments the stand began, first to move up and down, and afterward to move slowly across the rooms and stop in front of one of the company who, it was supposed, had mentally wished it. This was done several times, the stand going first to one and then to another of the company. I am of the opinion that the entire company gathered on this and other occasions at my brother's house thought the apparently mysterious movements of the stand were due to the presence and in-

fluence of departed spirits; for that was the belief quite generally entertained by people in those days. I distinctly remember that I then entertained that belief. I have since learned that the phenomena above mentioned were of purely natural origin; that is to say, they were the result of the operation of a purely natural law now known to the New Psychology as Telekinesis, defined in Webster's New International Dictionary as the "Production of motion in a body apparently apart from the action of any physical cause;" and defined by Professor Thomas Jay Hudson, in his remarkable book entitled "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" as "The power of moving ponderable bodies without physical contact." The reader is respectfully referred to Professor Hudson's valuable work above mentioned for an explanation and elucidation of Telekinesis and other occult phenomena. If it were within the scope of this article to do so the writer could and would enter more thoroughly into an elucidation of the law of Telekinesis and its interesting phenomena.

The hill between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the east side of the village green in Birmingham while neither steep nor long was nevertheless, owing to the little travel on it, an excellent place for sliding in winter; and both the girls and the boys in the neighborhood frequently improved the opportunity which it offered them. Getting possession of an open sleigh, not always in a legitimate manner, by any means, and filling it with straw, we would draw it to the summit of the hill, pack in the boys and girls, and then with one or two boys seated on a strong sled between the thills of the sleigh we would, after receiving a vigorous push, start down the hill and run a long distance. One evening while going at a good rate of speed the boys between the thills lost control of the sleigh and we ran with great force against the house of one of our near neighbors—Mr. John W. Storrs, who, by the way was the village poet and local historian. The collision of the heavily loaded sleigh with the unyielding house threw some of the coasters out into the snow, which was considered a part of "the fun." The sleigh thills struck the house at only a slight angle, otherwise the boys who were guiding the sleigh wouldn't have been able to attend school next day. As it was they barely escaped serious injury.

At the lower corner of the village green I once had a tussle with a schoolmate, the memory of which is still fresh, the circumstances of which are as follows: This schoolmate, an otherwise "tip-top" fellow, had for some time been deliberately hectoring me and the patience with which I had borne his hectoring perhaps encouraged him to keep it up. But as "there is a turn to the longest road" so was there a limit to my forbearance. One afternoon as we came down through the green on our way home from school and had reached the corner exit from the green near my home—he had just been annoying me—I resented his annoyance and then and there "I went for him" and we had a "rough and tumble" scrap. Before the scrap terminated this schoolmate became fully persuaded that in future it would be better for him to let me severely alone; and he did so, and from that time on he studiously avoided annoying me. I mention this little episode of my boyhood, not in a spirit of boasting, but to show that it is sometimes justifiable to thrash a boy as a "means of grace"—to the boy.

"We boys" used frequently to play foot ball on the village green at recess and also between school sessions. Among the players was a son of a wealthy man in Birmingham who seemed to think he was privileged, on that account, to abuse the smaller boys in particular whenever and howsoever he pleased. Often when one of the smaller boys was about getting fair possession of the foot ball this rich man's son would deliberately kick him in the shins, causing, for the time, acute pain and sometimes temporary lameness. Protests against this brutal treatment were useless with this boy who was much larger than those whom he abused; so we had to "grin and bear it."

On reaching young manhood this schoolmate enlisted in the First Regiment of Connecticut Cavalry and went to the front. At the close of the Civil War he returned to Birmingham; and I have been informed that his subsequent career was anything but a credit to himself or to the community. Some fifteen or twenty years ago during a visit to my boyhood home in Connecticut this man was a barkeeper in one of the local hotels. Only a few years ago while riding a horse in Chicago he was thrown from the horse and instantly killed. The case of this

former schoolmate of mine in Birmingham is a striking illustration of the familiar saying that "the boy is father to the man."

When a boy I was exceedingly fond of the water and I would go without a good dinner any day rather than miss the opportunity of having a sail or row on the river. Once, when about fifteen years of age, I was taking a sail with a young man who pretended to be able to navigate a sail boat. We started to sail down the river in the direction of Lower Derby. We had gone but a short distance when there sprang up a stiff breeze. At a moment when the amateur sailor was not "attending to business" the breeze struck the sail and before the "man at the helm" could bring the boat to it capsized and out we both went into the water. As I could swim I did not mind the upsetting much but inasmuch as my companion had never learned the art of swimming I was somewhat anxious about him, and I should have been still more anxious if the river where we had been capsized had been of any considerable depth; on the contrary it was shallow and we could both stand on the river bottom and with much effort we dragged the boat to shore, where we emptied her of water. Of course I was wet to the skin and the problem that confronted me was how to dry my clothing before going home; for to go home with wet clothing meant a severe reprimand from my sister-in-law. I therefore found a sheltered place, removed my clothing, wrung out as best I could the different garments, one by one, and exposed them to the sun and air until they were sufficiently dried to put on again. No one at home was the wiser for the complete ducking I received that forenoon. But I never took another sail with this novice at boat sailing. That young man was none other than Wells Piper, of "Three Black Crows" fame.

I think the best coasting I have ever known "we boys" enjoyed in Birmingham and vicinity. Hills suitable for sliding were numerous and we didn't have to hunt for them. In Huntington, now the flourishing manufacturing place known as Shelton, was one hill on which we could slide about two miles. It was a small journey to the summit of the hill, 'tis true, but once there we could have a splendid ride of about two miles without interference from horses and carriages and sleighs. To say it

was "great fun" to take that long sled ride but feebly expresses our experience. It should be remarked, however, that at the time referred to there were but few houses and other buildings in Huntington; but today Shelton—formerly Huntington—is almost solid with buildings, including many large and flourishing manufactories of different kinds. Of one of these manufactories, the Star Pin Manufactory, employing about four hundred men and women, my oldtime friend, Mr. J. Clarence Hubbard—"Clare," was the name by which he was familiarly known in our boyhood—is, and has for several years been, the efficient superintendent. Indeed, Mr. Hubbard was one of the pioneers of the company, which for a few years was located at what is still known to older residents of Shelton as Wells Hollow, situated a few miles below Shelton on the way to Bridgeport.

But the "bulliest" coasting the boys of Birmingham had was in the village, sometimes on the main street—this was usually in the evening when few vehicles were on the street—and sometimes on a shorter but much steeper hill which crossed the main street at a right angle. This was at the lower end of Catherine Street. Crossing the main street we would shoot down a wide lane leading to several mills and on toward the Housatonic river. Just at the entrance to the lane the boys had constructed a "thankyemam" which must have been fully fifteen inches high and about six feet long. Going to the top of the Catherine Street hill we would come down the steep hill at a furious rate of speed, shoot like an arrow across the main street—where we usually had one or more boys posted to warn the coasters of approaching vehicles—then into the lane we would scud at lightning speed, and then over the "thankyemam," going up into the air sometimes ten or twelve feet, then down on the ice-like snow and on down the lane almost to the river's bank.

One of the narrowest escapes of my life occurred in this lane, from the consequences of which I am not certain I have ever fully recovered. I came down the Catherine Street hill at a break-neck speed, shot swiftly across the main street, thence into the lane and over the "thankyemam," in descending from which instead of striking flat on the sled runners as usual, I turned a complete forward somersault. I struck on the top of my head in

front, on which I slid, as it seemed to me at the time, about twenty-five feet. For a few moments I was stunned. As other speeding sleds were immediately behind me I came to sufficiently to realize the necessity of getting out of their way as quickly as possible; so with considerable difficulty I dragged myself enough to one side of the sled path to avoid being run over and seriously injured and perhaps killed by the oncoming sleds. But the strangest thing about the episode is that in a few minutes I resumed my sliding down the Catherine Street hill and over the same "thankyemam."

It was in the spring following the incident above described that there occurred an episode of more than ordinary interest, to those directly concerned, at least. For a long time two or three of my boy friends had talked about taking a trip by row boat down to the mouth of the Housatonic River and spending a few days in fishing, rowing and other sports. So two chums and I procured a good row boat, in which we placed provisions and cooking utensils, for we expected to catch and cook our own fish. As a means, also, of self-protection we took with us one or two cavalry swords—we were in a romantic frame of mind—and one or more horse pistols, revolvers being scarce in those days. We left the wharf at Lower Derby, about a quarter of a mile below Birmingham, early in the forenoon, with an ebb tide, on which we counted to prove auxiliary to our rowing.

The row down the river was "great fun" especially as the tide was "with us." The distance to the point on the river we had selected for our rendezvous—the Stratford Lighthouse, kept by Captain Albee, with whom one of the party was somewhat acquainted—was about twelve miles from Lower Derby, and we reached it sometime in the afternoon, from which it may be inferred that we loitered considerably along the route.

We rowed into a creek which emptied into the river and made a landing on ground that was high and dry, for we expected to sleep on the ground during our outing and had therefore taken with us some old bedding and coverings. After securely fastening our boat we wandered aimlessly about "everywhere in general but nowhere in particular" until time for supper, when we

returned to our boat, and, sitting on the ground ate with a keen relish the food we had brought with us.

When it came time to go to bed we turned the boat upside down and propped it up with sticks and stones so we could crawl under it, where we made our beds and "turned in." We were too tired after our long row down the river to engage in any lengthy conversation so we were soon "locked in the arms of Morpheus."

Next day we fished and caught crabs and cooked and ate to our stomach's satisfaction.

Weary with our days work and play—mostly the latter, however—we went to bed "with the chickens."

In the middle of the night it began to rain, and we soon found the upturned boat so incomplete a covering that we were forced to vacate our quarters and seek shelter in a shed adjoining the house occupied by Captain Albee, where we "slept a little."

All the following day it rained, and the kindhearted lighthouse keeper invited us into his house, where we could be dry and warm; which invitation we gladly accepted.

Before night came the rain poured down in torrents. The romance of a trip by row boat down to the Stratford Lighthouse began to subside; and as the "evening shadows" began to appear—the rain increasing rather than otherwise—it was entirely quenched, and I confess we wished we were back in our snug beds at home. But we for the most part "kept mum" and made the best of the situation.

Let us return for a few moments to Lower Derby from whence we had embarked two days before.

On the evening of the day we "set sail" a young man of our acquaintance was found drowned in the river near the wharf at Lower Derby. In endeavoring to account for the drowning of this young man some hot heads intimated that he had started with our party to go down the river to the Stratford Lighthouse and that objecting to his company, and wishing to rid ourselves of him, we had pushed him overboard, and being unable to swim he had drowned. This wild rumor passed from mouth to mouth until at length it reached the ears of our parents who naturally became anxious; not that they believed the rumor, but thinking

that perhaps the boat in which we started down the river had been capsized and we had all been drowned. The finding of a capsized boat in the vicinity of the Lower Derby wharf lent credence to this latter theory.

Who, therefore, should make their appearance at Captain Albee's on the third day of our sojourn there but my brother and the father of one of our fishing party. Learning that we were all three "in the land of the living," the conversation turned to the drowning of the young man. It needed but our disavowal of complicity in the drowning of the young man whose lifeless body had been found, and of any knowledge whatever of his untimely death, to set the mind of brother and father at ease in the matter; and satisfied concerning our own safety they soon started for home.

Next day we rowed up the river on a flood tide and were welcomed home by our friends.

Concerning the drowning of the young man there were two explanations, one of which was that he committed suicide by jumping overboard from a rowboat in which he had left the wharf; and the other that having gone out for a row the boat in some way was upset and being unable to swim he was drowned.

Boots

A BUCOLIC

BY REV. CHARLES CAVERNO, A. M., LL. D.

WE must look after the honor of all the gods in our industrial pantheon. We worship iron and stone and electricity. We consume iron as an ox does hay. We call this the iron age and are never tired of singing peans to the steam engine. We reverence stone when we see it in monuments and huge buildings. We pay divine honors to electricity because it can talk, run errands and work like steam. But there is another god whom these divinities must allow to take rank with themselves. He is a god whom we have not worshipped at all, or if we have, at least we have worshipped ignorantly. This divinity is leather. Iron is not sole lord paramount over the industries of this age. Leather will claim a seat on a throne near him.

In 1873 the Hon. Geo. W. Allen, of Milwaukee, Wis., whose firm was then one of the foremost in the world in the manufacture of leather, in a speech in honor of the Hon. Jackson S. Schultz, U. S. Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, said—
“Leather and its products are today the largest manufacturing interest on this continent. It employs more labor and more capital than any other interest in the United States except Agriculture. *The value of its products is double that of the entire iron interest.*”

Since that date iron and steel have shot far ahead of leather in our industry. The census for the year 1900 gave value of Iron and Steel products as.....\$1,793,000,000
Value of Leather and products 583,000,000
Statistics compiled for 1905 give value of products

of Iron 2,176,374,000
Value of products of Leather..... 705,447,000

A god who presides over an industry of such immensity as is indicated by these last figures must have a seat among the thrones on the huge Olympus of labor. We must have some symbol of this deity to put in a shrine where we may pay our devotions. To hang up a side of sole leather to worship seems too crude. We must seize upon the most significant thing we can find about the leather industry and make that symbolize the whole scope of the industry itself—make it as a representative stand for it.

Those who extol this as the iron age, and put the significance of our times, industrially speaking, in iron, put forward the steam-engine as the type best representative of the iron interest. A noble instrument and a noble symbol. But the iron interest is not "sole sovereign of the ascendant." Leather too holds a sceptre. Let the Boot go up to a shrine.

To see how much the boot means in our industrial civilization, imagine us a barefoot nation. What would become of this great iron age? How long would a barefoot nation run a steam engine? How long would we mine ores and smelt iron? How long chop down forests, and turn over the stubborn glebe either primitive or otherwise? If it is a little uncomfortable to be thinking about being barefoot suppose we give the order to reclothe the feet, but suppose, in rehabilitation, we first try moccasins or wooden clogs. Would trains be on time tomorrow with everybody in those kinds of foot rig? Would ax or plough be up to their usual rate of execution?

In the moccasin one is substantially barefoot as against all things hard or sharp. In the wooden clog he is condemned to a snail's pace. But industrial civilization depends full as much on swiftness and certainty of foot as on quickness of thought or sleight of hand. In the boot we have the happy adjustment of the flexible and the firm. The foot is, physically speaking, the pioneer of all our enterprise, and upon the absolute confidence with which this pioneering is done depends all our success. Hence we ought to have pedal, as well as manual, training introduced into the schools, to secure cunning of foot as well as deftness of hand.

Sure footing is absolutely indispensable in labor. If a man

knows and feels that he can stand and move with full protection to the foot he will attack anything and go anywhere.

It is in pioneer life that the story is told which shows how much our civilization depends upon the boot.

The difference between an Indian and a white man is best expressed by the difference between a moccasin and a boot. An Indian wears a moccasin not simply because he is an Indian but the moccasin makes him in great measure the Indian that he is. The reason why the Indian on the frontier does not adopt the white man's civilization is because he is in no condition to assert himself against nature as the white man does. The moccasin is a confession. The boot is an assertion. An Indian glides through the forest, picks his way through bush and brier because he has to. A white man stalks along and stamps over and through every thing because he can. An Indian in his moccasins works his way through hazel brush in a light careful way which says as plain as words can frame the idea: "O Nature, you are too much for me." But a white man in his good cowhide boots stamps straight along as if to say, "I am here, Dame Nature, how are you going to forbid me?" If you have never seen an Indian in the hazel brush and doubt this analysis you can try a patch barefooted, some day, or in your stockings, for they would be about equivalent to the moccasin. You want to select a patch which the fire has run through and left, here and there, the stubs standing an inch or so high. In default of hazel brush, you can take a cactus patch. It is not necessary to condemn you to actual pedal trial of the matter. A good vigorous imagination will present the points sufficiently. Any hundred and sixty acres of hazel brush land which to a white man's eye, looking for a homestead, has the possibilities of a paradise in it, in the near distance, is as closed as Eden by the flaming sword, to a man who cannot walk where he will upon it in utter unconscious recklessness of his feet. No man would attempt to put a ploughshare in it if he could not kick over the turf. The earth triumphed over the Indian and would have triumphed to the end of time. The white man comes and in a generation millions of acres come under his domination and yield him their immeasurable harvests. The secret of the white man's success lay first

not in the iron of his plough-share but in the leather of his boot.

There is a point however where even the boot has to make its confession. From 20 degrees below zero and downward, the boot is a failure in the snow. Then the reign of the moccasin begins. But then only because man's whole attitude toward nature becomes a confession. A moccasin or shoe-pack is the only thing in which a man can live at twenty below and downward. At that temperature in a well padded moccasin a man can travel like a deer.

You cannot see an Indian in the forest. But the difficulty arises not so much from your lack of keenness of vision as from his powerlessness of self-assertion. He is alive at all not so much because of his power over the nature as of his adaptation to it. He has worked into the principle of protective adaptation and that has saved him. He can neither be seen or heard. So he both escapes and picks up his living. Bare headed, standing still, he looks just like a broken pine stump, and if he moves he adapts himself to the sinuosities of nature about him just as the branches of the trees sway in the wind.

But a white man with a stove pipe hat and cowhide boots, *he* can be seen and heard? *He* asks no favors of the principle of protective adaptation. An Indian disturbs nothing. The animals pay no heed to him. A white man makes a commotion with everything. He leaves a wake of disturbance a mile wide on either side of him. At the crouching of his mailed feet beast and birds are smitten with terror. The deer, wolf, fox, woodchuck, skunk, snake, take one hurried glance and then turn tail and flee from the horrid apparition. The Indian's most human sound—his warwhoop—is on the same key with the howl of the wolf or the shriek of the loon. A modification in one part entails the most surprising correlated modifications in other parts of our nature. The ability to stamp imperatively on nature with his foot has modified the white man's utterance so that he whistles, sings, or swears not in tune with nature, but in high commanding discord over it.

The cowhide boot is the best symbol of the rough, stern pioneer work that has been done and is doing on this continent. It is because cowhide boots have gone before that railroads fol-

low after, and towns spring up and become marts of trade offering facilities for the introduction of the refinements and elegancies of life. A log cabin is a whole civilization above and beyond a bark or skin covered wigwam. I speak in the praise of the cowhide boot not only because it is one of the best symbols of man's power over nature, and also one of the best tools in helping him to assert his power; but because in certain circumstances a cowhide boot is a real luxury. From what has been said it can be seen how a man may rejoice in what gives him consciousness of mastery over nature. When nature stands in the solemnity of her untamed might about you, it is a joy to be able to put your foot down feeling that you are in some respects master. Then again it is a real luxury in a well broken boot to strike a lope.

“Over hill over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park over pale,
Through flood through fire.”

It does not take a great deal of frontier experience to make a man pet his cowhide boots as friends and companions.

Here is an experience that has been known from Maine to Oregon in a wooded or brush country. The frontier settler has been at work all day on the crops on his clearing. His cattle were turned out into the unlimited wild in the morning. There is not a moment of the day when his ear is not alert to catch the sound of the bell on the leader of his herd. “Faint and more faint” its tinkle grows till in mid-afternoon it dies out of hearing in the woods beyond the hill. Still the work must go on till the sun has gone down beyond the tops of the trees. Then as the gloaming comes on and the dews are falling, cudgel in hand the settler starts out in the direction in which the sound of the bell died out in the distance. Through brush, over logs that the forest fires have felled in every direction, he must make his way—and that swiftly; for in the darkness of a moonless night the woods and brush are an almost impenetrable jungle. There can be no stopping here to pick his way, he must go over and

through or not go at all. Every faculty is alert to catch the sound of the bell. The cattle may have lain down, and he must learn how to jerk himself to instantaneous quiet to locate the sound of the bell that comes from a mere flirt of the head. So progress is made by rushes and abrupt stops. He spins along with mouth, and every avenue of sense open to catch the sought for sound. Hark! what is that!! Only the hum of a mosquito at the ear! Deeper you plunge into the wood. A Whippoorwill breaks out with his plaintive note so near that you hear the cluck with which his every measure terminates and a medley of other sounds which you never before knew accompanied the brief discourse of his song. See there!! What is that waving line of white so rapidly cleaving the thickening darkness away from you. It is a deer's tail and haunch as he bounds over log and hummock in that regular rhythmic movement in which he seems to delight to express his sense of mastery of the situation. Notwithstanding your anxiety about your cattle you will rejoice in the sight of that springy yet regularly measured movement. Hark! that is the bell surely!! How suddenly you stop! No it is no bell—it is only the ringing in your ears—the result of the pressure of blood to your head from your day's work and from the intense stretch of the hearing faculty. A little sobered but resolute still you plunge on. And here if you never have learned it before the conviction will dawn upon you that a cow bell must be chosen not for its resonance but for its harshness and coarseness of tone. Farewell to the prospect of finding your stock if you have chosen a bell from any *esthetic* taste and got one that will blend with any other sound in nature. If you chose the bell to please your own ear you will be sure to hear that bell in any quarter of the compass to which your ear is turned. After standing and turning round in your tracks and hearing the bell in every direction, when you know you don't hear it at all, you will make up your mind that you will never again buy a bell that could correspond with any subjective impression and you will learn as you never did before to prize a sound that strikes dissonantly on the ear. Where *are* those cattle? What sweep did they take after you lost the sound of the bell in the mid-afternoon? Did they go to the right? Did they go to the left?

They may be miles from you, for they had hours the start. Which way shall a man go? For go he must till they are found. The last glimmer of red has died out in the west. It is of no use for the psychologists to say that a man cannot make a decision on things indifferent; for right and left here are indifferent; nevertheless you do choose, and plunge on in your circuit at your utmost speed. Headlong you go at full length over a log that you took for a hollow and were going to leap it, and now down you go in a hole that you took for a hummock, with a jar that makes you sure you have certainly snapped off the top of your head. Ha! there is the bell right down there in the valley, and you strike Hail Columbia or Old Hundred in spite of scratches, bumps and bruises! And the beasts know that they have been bothering you, for as you utter a yell that partly expresses your exuberance of spirits over your good luck, and partly authority over them, they break into a run for your cabin at a pace that may take the bell again out of your hearing before you pass over the miles that lie between you and it. When you get home, *wet* does not begin to express your condition. The dew a man can shake on himself in hunting cattle after nightfall in a hazel brush country can wet through his body as well as his clothes. You are drenched, soaked, parboiled to the eyebrows.

We get the boot from the hides of the genius boss. Think along the line of the connection of the various kinds of animals with each other. That line is fearfully, wildly tragic. It is true that "Nature, red in tooth and claw, with raven shrieks." Man is no exception to the principle of ferocity in nature. Lions and tigers may now and then tear a victim. But go and look at stock trains and stock yards and confess that man is the greatest carnivore of all beasts, the grand master in biologic tragedy.

But it is not so much to the great tragedy of the stock yards and packing houses that I call attention, as it is to tragedies of a finer and subtler kind that lie in the background. In the sunnier climes and more sparsely occupied regions, cattle are reared in droves and are never individualized enough to call forth from man any special affection. But in the colder latitude it is different. The cattle that come from farms in these regions have

been cared for individually. They have been reared as parts of the farmer's family rather than as things foreign to it. Every horned head that stands in the stock yards, which has been picked up from the smaller farms represents not only so much commercial value but so much heart ache. There is in the stock yards a cow, little, flat-bellied, with thirteen wrinkles on her horns. She is a ridiculous object to the eye of the stock-fancier and the derision of the beef-packers. But there is pathos about her. She has been a staff of life to some home for all the long years represented by the wrinkles on her horns—a staff that failed not. She has been half mother to half a dozen children, every one of whom has fed to her dainties from his own hands, has hung on her neck while she was milked and may have slept on her side as she lay chewing her cud behind the cabin. It is felt to be high tragedy in that home when she starts on her way to the drove which is ultimately to bring up in the stock yards.

There is many an old farmer—to the credit of human and of bovine nature, too, be it said—who has never seen the final driving of a yoke of oxen from his premises. How could he? They have been his personal companion for years. He has spent more hours in their society than in that of any other being. They have come to him to lick his hand in the pasture—they have hummed him a welcome every morning as he has opened the barn door, and he has leaned up against their great broad sides to find warmth and a wind-break in bitter weather. Longfellow has a good eye for an ox. Somehow he picked up a great deal of ox-inspired wisdom in his youth. He makes Giles Corey say to Martha his wife:—

“All my dear oxen dead. I loved them Martha
Next to yourself. I liked to look at them,
And watch the breath come out of their wide nostrils,
And see their patient eyes. Somehow I thought
It gave me strength only to look at them.
And how they strained their necks against the yoke
If I but speak or touched them with the goad!
They were *my friends*.”

So it is that when the great rounded beef oxen are to start for

the last time from the barn in one direction the old farmer, an hour before they leave, starts in another with a big lump in his throat, and when he is out of sight of the boys the tears fall like rain. Each animal excites in us a class of feelings peculiar to itself. I believe an ox or a cow capable of exciting in us more tender feelings than any other animal can arouse. You sport with your pet horse. But the great sad eye of an ox suggests no sport. It calms into tenderness—sets one to some pathetic dreaming. Its great black depths look as though they had long been conscious that the end was tragedy and had quietly adjusted themselves to it.

Longfellow has seen a sight that is as full of poetry as any ever gazed on by the eye of man. Whoever has actually seen it thenceforth blesses his stars forever:

“In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord
More than man’s spoken word.”

To lean on your plow-handles and see that, after a flirt of a warm spring shower, is to have lived. It is a phenomenon as rare as an eclipse of the sun.

It has been a long friendship—this between the man and the ox—it is among the oldest between man and any of the animals. The assistance of the ox was called in early and still he stays in the hard places. Livingstone’s best assistant in opening up the heart of Africa—better than man—was an ox. This ox carried his master and his baggage from the centre of the continent to the western sea and then back again to the borders of

that great lake region around which so much of interest centres.

In this country the ox paced out, with the first overland pioneers, that weary two or three thousand miles between the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean. Up that long easterly inclined plane to the summit of the Rocky Mountains—down the Rocky Mountains—across the alkali plains—up the sharp acclivities of the Sierra Nevada—down through the sunny vales of California to the Golden Gate toiled that slow, patient, sure step making the path of empire possible. The remains of multitudes of these old bovine pioneers who fell by the way, preserved in the alkali dust with the perfection of the embalming of the bull Apis of the Egyptians, still mark the old trails across the deserts which would otherwise be obliterated—melancholy monuments of the desperate struggle of man and beast with inhospitable nature. I met a man a few years ago who had heard the guns of Perry's victory on Lake Erie in the war of 1812. In '49 he went through overland to California. Of 3,000 teams registered at Ft. Kearny he passed all but six. The leading team of the six was an ox team.

In some respects culture upon the animals has produced its finest effects in the ox. There is no other animal that shows so much quiet dignity of bearing—the thorough, imperturbable self-possession which is the best evidence of culture. There is not a horse on earth that can put in motion the lordly grace some of us have seen some well-bred classically-educated ox of seven feet girth exhibit when he comes forward, at a breath from his owner from the thither side of the yard to take his place under the yoke. He is consciously equal to the situation—but there is no fuss, no parade, no brag about him. It is ludicrous to see those great 2000 and 2500 pound horses amble. So much weight ought to have more gravity.

"Fletcher," said Mr. Webster as he broke up some ears of corn and gave to his oxen as they came around him on the right and the left—"Fletcher, I like this—I'd rather be here than in the Senate—I think it is better company." And when the old statesman came to die he did not call for the representatives of the governments of the earth to stand at his beside, as he might, but he asked that the curtains might be parted and his

oxen driven to the window, that he might carry with him a last fresh look from their rugged honesty. Ah! there was a man for you, deep set in nature, mighty of soul, inevitable in speech, as Mathew Arnold would say, inevitable as Pike and Long!

The following story illustrates much psychology that was wrought into American history in the War of '61-5:

Back in 1830 a Massachusetts farmer lay sick in bed. Some one brought him a newspaper report of "The Reply to Hayne." He read it, and cried in full voice, "Bring me my Boots!" When men in the North heard, on that historic Sabbath morning, the sound of the cannon fired on Sumter, they remembered the tone of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and Inseparable," and in common chorus cried:

"Bring me my Boots!"

What more can I say for boots, and especially for my beloved cowhides? What a joy they are as you stand in them in perfect security while you cut rails in the depths of a tamarack swamp? The winter is wearing away. The sun comes up high and looks down lovingly warm on your back. The snow settles down and the slush appears inches deep over your ice foundation. But what care you, your feet are free and dry and warm in those great, wide, generous, protecting, tallowed cowhides. True, you are alone, but the chick-a-dee comes down and hops socially about on the rails you have cut, and away a little distance the jay not only *screams* you encouragement, but now and then gives you that clear-ringing, mellifluous Kar-link, Kar-link, Kar-link, which in the depths of the wildwood is one of the most agreeable sounds which fall on the ear; and right above, surviving over from last year's foliage on some oak or beech is that—

"One pale leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances, as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky,"

and away above all in the clear blue sky are great white, fleecy

clouds sailing lazily. Master of the situation here, what care you for the soft delights of urban life.

Into such thought has our subject led. When we glorify our civilization we put forward the steam engine, the electric telegraph and the printing press, and then we think we have given full summation. But civilization is a very complex affair and uses a great many agencies. As you look over the materials for a bridge you may not pay much attention to a little stone of no particular beauty of outline that lies among the monster masses that are to build up the buttresses. But that stone may be the key of the arch. There are a *great many little keys* to the arch of civilization. There are no trifles, no little things. Says DeQuincy, "High above all ascends solemnly the philosophic truth that the *least* things and the greatest are bound together as parts equally essential of the mysterious universe."

Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence

BY J. C. PUMPELLY, A. M., LL. B.

XII

DICEY LANGSTON OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Spartanburg, South Carolina, witnessed many deeds of violence and blood as well as of loyal assistance given by women to the cause of independence and under great difficulties.

The Tories boasted often and too freely before the so-called weaker sex and thereafter they had to execrate their folly, for the listening and attentive women made the best of scouts and rendered priceless aid to the continental forces.

One of these was Dicey, the daughter of Solomon Langston of Laurens District. He was a cripple but the son was a continental soldier and ever on the alert to benefit by the information received from his devoted sister.

Hearing one day of a contemplated raid by the British company called the "Bloody Scouts," she left her home at midnight and traversed miles of marsh and woodland and at the risk of her life waded the rushing tide of the Tyger river and reached her brother just in time to warn and save the little company and the neighbors, for the next day when the British came they found no one on whom to wreak their hatred.

At one time these desperadoes were about to kill her old father in revenge for the active hostility of his sons, but when the pistol was pointed his brave daughter stood up resolutely between the

aged parent and the Britisher, and in spite of threats she clung to him until her fearless action touched even the heart of the "Bloody Scout" and Langston's life was spared. And this heroic maiden whenever any wrong was meditated by her own people, as when the seizing of a tory neighbor's horses was planned, warned her tory neighbor, and on her return, finding this same tory was about to betray her friends the "liberty men" into the hands of the enemy she even more quickly warned the latter and thus saved them all.

Patriotism and service and that at any and all risks formed an integral part of her life and character. When ordered to betray her people's plans or to "die in her tracks" she replied: "I will not tell you," and removing her neck handkerchief she said "Shoot me if you dare." And it was this reckless defiance that saved her life.

At another time, when her brother James had left a rifle in her care which was not to be given up until he sent for it, one of a party called and asked for the rifle and she brought it out, but insisted upon the man giving the countersign. He replied by saying that it was too late for conditions for the gun was in their grasp and its holder also. "Do you think so" cried she, cocking the rifle and pointing it at the speaker, "if the gun is in your possession *take charge of her.*"

The countersign was quickly given and the "libertyman" laughing heartily pronounced the girl worthy of being the sister of brave James Langston, and declared that the threat was used only as a test of her loyalty to the cause. Of Dicey's descendants living twenty-five years ago, thirty-two were sons and grandsons capable of bearing arms and ready at any time to do so in defence of their country's honor.

XIII.

ELIZABETH ZANE

This woman was an actor in some of the most tragic and memorable incidents in the annals of border warfare in 1777 at and about Fort Henry on the Ohio near the mouth of Wheeling Creek.

In an attack by over three hundred Indian warriors on the

fort then defended by only twelve persons including boys, Girty, a white renegade and tory, led the Indians and appearing with a white flag demanded their surrender in the name of His Britannic Majesty. Colonel Shepherd refused to surrender as he had a sacred charge to protect the mothers and children who had come fleeing to him for protection.

The defence was successful until the gunpowder gave out and it was determined that a certain keg of gunpowder then in the house of Ebenezer Zane, one hundred and eighty feet distant, must be obtained at all hazards. Several young men volunteered on the desperate enterprise, only one man could be spared, and while the matter was being discussed, Elizabeth, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, asked to be permitted to go for the powder and in spite of much opposition persisted in the offer as her loss would not be felt while not a single soldier could be spared. Her request was granted. The Indians saw her depart, but for some reason unknown did not molest her, but when she reappeared from her brother's house carrying the powder in a table cloth fastened around her waist, the Indians fired on her as she fled onward but she reached the fort unharmed and the fort was saved.

This event is considered one of the most important in the history of Wheeling, Virginia, as the noble act of Elizabeth contributed so much to sustain the courage of the defenders of the fort until relief arrived.

XIV.

LUCRETIA SHAW.

EXTRACT FROM "PATRON SAINTS" NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

Lucretia Shaw, whose name the New London Chapter would perpetuate in recognition of her loyal life and early death in the cause of American Independence, still looks down from her place in the picture gallery of the Shaw Mansion after more than a century since her death.

Mrs. Shaw was the devoted and beloved wife of Nathaniel

Shaw, Esq., an eminent merchant and a most efficient representative of the Continental Congress in naval affairs during the war of Independence. One of the earliest acts of Congress, after the battle of Bunker Hill, was the authorization, under the hand of John Hancock, for the issue, to Nathaniel Shaw, Esq., of a commission as Naval Agent for the Continent. Long before this appointment, Mr. Shaw had been conspicuously associated with the patriotic movements of the "Sons of Freedom"—(a long article about his life is in this book "Patron Saints.")

At the opening of the Revolution Nathaniel Shaw and his wife Lucretia Shaw, were in the very prime of life. Mr. Shaw being forty years old and his wife a little more than two years his junior. The relations of Mr. Shaw and his wife were most tender, and there existed between them not only affectionate conjugality but also an earnest, patriotic co-operation.

One of the fragrant traditions of their descendants is the romantic attachment of this distinguished couple. Letters which passed between them when Mr. Shaw was absent at the legislature or on business with Gov. Trumbull at Lebanon (Connecticut) have all the warmth of youthful lovers. Mrs. Shaw lived at the very focus of Revolutionary affairs, while the majority of the women of those times participated only through the services of brothers or husbands or sons. In a few instances only were women able to perform some heroic act of daring, or to make direct personal sacrifice. Moreover, to most the events of the war came as tidings and not the result of their own undertakings. But Lucretia Shaw lived in the presence of statesmen whose deep-laid plans were known to her from their very inception, and carefully watched by her through their development to their very fulfilment, not unrarely the plan itself having been conceived and its execution aided by her woman's wit. Such was Lucretia Shaw, living in the midst of the great war movement, was also the mistress of a mansion always famous for its hospitality and the center at that time of a wide field of action. In colonial days distinguished strangers and official guests, visiting New London were entertained at the Shaw Mansion. Before the outbreak of the war, New London being the center of local authority, the eminent Friends of Freedom were

cordially received here and after the war began its welcome was no less catholic.

Gov. Trumbull was not only a fellow patriot, he was an intimate personal friend. His duties often called him from his war office at Lebanon to New London, and, attended by his council he was always received at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw.

Their table was rarely without guests connected with the army or navy or council chamber. General Washington, General Greene, Governor Griswold, a Connecticut celebrity, all the men of note in the state were frequent visitors. At the Shaw home in the course of a day one might have met all the patriots of local reputation; Huntington of Norwich, when home from Congress; Dyer and Elderkin of Windham; Johnson, the famous clergyman, and in the early days before Bunker Hill, Nathan Hale, was a constant visitor at the house of his genial and trusted friend. New London was on the great turnpike from Boston via Providence and Newport to New York and Philadelphia, and the constant expresses, from high quarters to high quarters always stopped at the Naval Office in New London to receive and give the latest news, hence with the frequent arrival and departure of war vessels and privateers, the incoming of cartels with *exchanged prisoners*, New London was both a naval center and an important post town; thus Mrs. Shaw's home became a well known gathering place. Every day registered an important event, or its promise or portent.

In the midst of these activities Mrs. Shaw lived the earnest and close friend of her husband; ready to give with an open hand to want, and with even a pitying eye for suffering. Her unfailing kindness and christian charity found abundant field for action. She manifested in her ministrations and in her sympathy a perfect impartiality; distinguished patriots and suffering wounded soldiers and sailors were regarded by her as of the same household, and received in unstinted measure of her bounty. The more especial objects of her compassion were the prisoners returning from the floating gaols, mere physical wrecks, victims of every imaginable deprivation, who had to be carried in litters by the pitying townsmen from the vessels to the lodging places whither they had been assigned; there to be cared for and, if

possible, restored to vitality before seeking their homes, but who too often passed from this kindly haven to the "bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns."

"The New London Gazette" in an issue late in 1781, the year of the burning of New London, gives the following picture of the devotion of the townspeople to the unfortunate victims of the cruelties of war.

"It has been the more than hellish practice of these enemies to God and man, during this barbarous war to stab promiscuously in the dark, to murder by secret ways those they cannot kill openly, and for this purpose, our friends who have the misfortune to fall into their hands are immediately crowded into prison-ships and there confined till 2/3d perish with gaol fever and the surviving being affected (sic) there with the fever, are sent out to spread death and desolation through our borders. 130 were landed here the 3d ult. (Dec., 1781) from New York in a most deplorable condition, a great part of them have since died and those of them that have survived are in such a debilitated state, that they will have to drag out a miserable existence. Numbers in this unhappy town, and in Groton, have lost their lives by taking them in and great numbers of others have been brought to the very gates of death and still lie in a languished condition. It is enough to melt the most obdurate heart (except a Brition's) to see these miserable objects continually landing here from every flag (of truce) that comes; to see them poured out upon our desolated wharves, sick and dying and the few rags they have on covered with vermine—their friends (if they have any) at a distance, and no public hospital or provision made to receive them!

Thus it is that the compassion among us are compelled by their dying groans to take them into their families at the expense of their lives, until their friends can come to their relief, and they are for the most part, burdened with them for a long time, without the least recompense in this world, notwithstanding whole families have been ruined by this means. The little part of this town that was preserved from fire, by bribing the firing parties on the 6th of September, 1781, is so crowded by those who have been burned out of house and home, that it is dreadful

indeed, to take these poor infectious dying creatures in. In short if there is no redress of this intolerable evil this town and Groton must be depopulated."

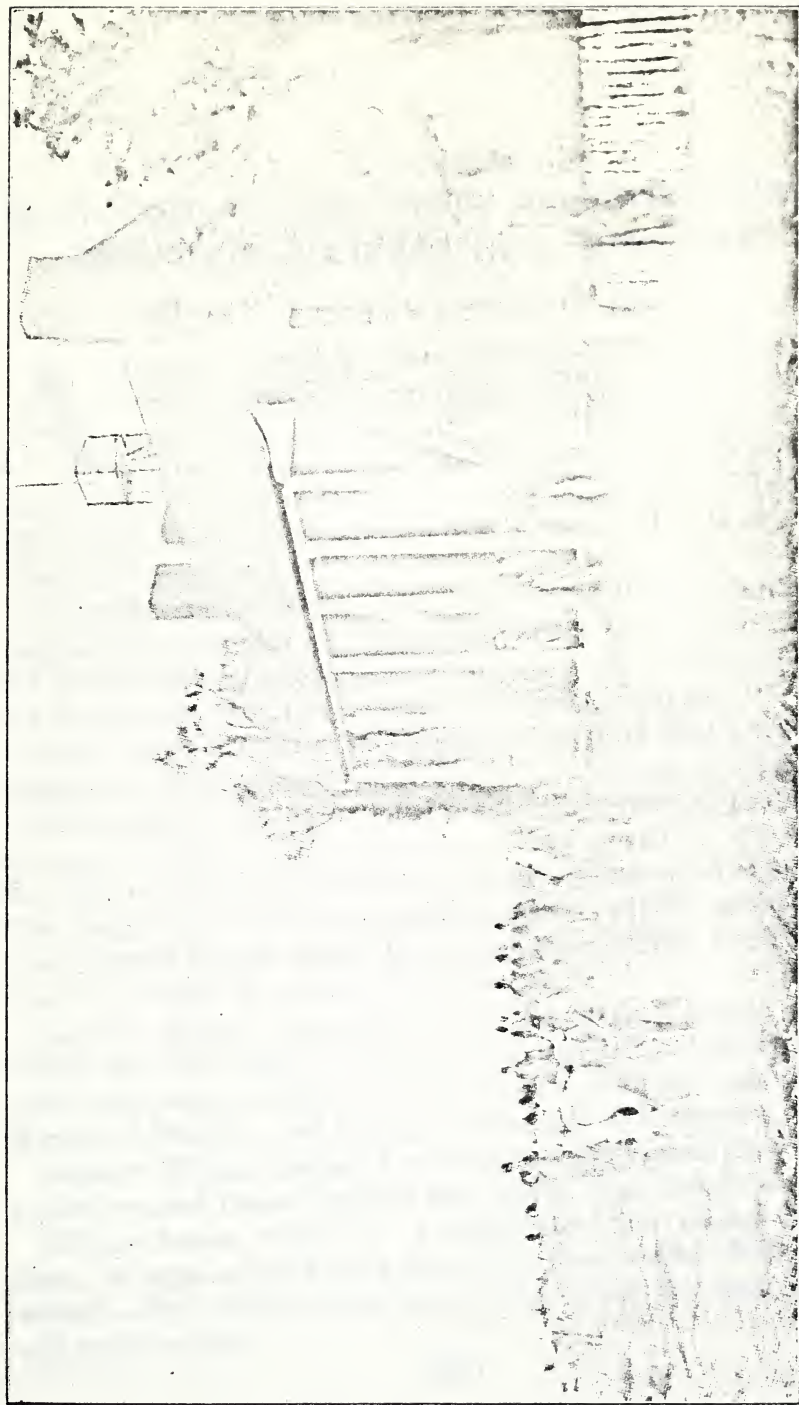
The devotion of Mrs. Shaw to the cause of independence and her ministrations to the sick prisoners place her on the list of Revolutionary heroines, though she would have shrunk from receiving such an accolade; not counting herself worthy of the honor.

The last act of her life, one that occasioned her death, was her personal attendance upon a number of sick prisoners, infected with contagious disease, whom, in the warmth of her pity, she had had transferred into the family residence. From them she took the gaol fever and, after a short illness, her beautiful life was ended, her husband surviving her but two or three months.

"Death ere thou slayest another,
Good and wise and fair as she,
Old time shall throw a dart at thee."

Nathaniel Shaw died in 1782, aged forty-seven years.

His wife, Lucretia Shaw, died in 1781, aged forty-four years.



Painted by A. W. Thompson

OLD BILLOPP HOUSE, STATEN ISLAND

The Historic Billopp House on Staten Island, Now to be Included in a New Park

From "News Letter," Mar. 14, 1903.

A bill has recently been introduced in the Legislature providing for an appropriation of \$10,000 to be used for the purchase of the old Billopp house, which stands within the manor of Bentley, at Tottenville, Staten Island. Erected in 1668, says the Times, this building is rich in historical associations, and it is proposed to make of it a historical museum.

In turn the house was the homestead of the Billopp family, an English military barrack, the headquarters of General Howe, and the scene of a famous peace conference between that general and three representatives of the Continental Congress.

In 1667 Captain Christopher Billopp arrived in New York from England on his own vessel, the Bentley, mounting two guns.

At that time it was a disputed question whether Staten Island belonged to New York or New Jersey, and to end the discussion the Duke of York decided that all islands lying in the Harbor of New York that could be circumnavigated within twenty-four hours should remain within the jurisdiction of New York, otherwise they would be given to New Jersey.

Captain Billopp succeeded in sailing around Staten Island within this time, and in consideration the Duke presented him with 1,163 acres of land. This land was given the name of the Manor of Bentley, and Billopp house was built thereon.

Captain Billopp gathered material on the plantation and imported cement from England and bricks from Belgium.

Billopp house stands on a slight elevation facing Raritan Bay. A lawn covered with fine old willows slopes down to the water's edge, while at the back of the house are elms, cedars, and more willows.

The ravages of time have made little impression on the rough exterior of the old house. It is an unpretentious two-storied little structure, almost square in shape, and built of irregular stones of all sizes, cemented together.

A brick chimney stands at either end of the gable roof, on which old fashioned, board shingles, though worn green with age, still hold a semblance of order. A veranda was added to the building in 1844, and is now dropping to pieces, although cedar window frames in the original structure bleached white by the sun and rain, show no signs of decay.

There have been few alterations within the house. The slaves' quarters in the garret have been torn away, but beyond this the changes have been few, and the massive white oak beams which hold each floor are still as solid as ever.

Propped against the veranda are two tombstones which came from the family burying plot on a knoll not far from the house. On one of these stones the inscription reads: "Here Lyes ye Body of Thomas Billopp, Esqr., Son of Thomas Farmer, Esq., Deceased, August ye 2d, 1750, In ye 39th Year of his Age."

The other stone is broken in two, but the inscription, with the exception of the year, is perfect. It reads: "Here Lyes ye Body of Eujenea ye Wife of Thomas Billopp, aged 23 years. Deceased March 3."

The burial ground was desecrated long ago, and only a lonely cedar marks the situation. Beyond the two stones and the memories that cling to Billopp House there is nothing tangible left of a family that controlled Staten Island for more than a century.

From "New York Times," Sept. 7, 1913.

One of the interesting features of the park plan is the proposition to buy the historic Christopher Billopp house, at the extreme southern end of Staten Island, along with fifteen or twenty acres of ground surrounding it, and convert it into a public park. The old house is near the water's edge, and still is in a good state of preservation. It was for several weeks the headquarters of General Howe, the British commander, when General Washington's army was near Morristown, and it was here that Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, a committee of Congress, with an expectation of removing obstacles in the way of

a return of the colonies to their allegiance, met General Howe, commander of the British forces at New York. Christopher Billopp was a Tory. His name originally was Farmer, but he married the daughter of Captain Christopher Billopp, of the British Navy, who had obtained a patent for a large tract of land on Staten Island, and when his wife inherited this estate he adopted her father's name. He commanded a corps of loyalist militia recruited in the vicinity of this city during the Revolution, and having been taken prisoner was confined in a jail at Burlington, N. J. In 1782 he was Superintendent of Police of Staten Island. His large property was confiscated. He went to Nova Scotia in 1783 and became prominent there.

The cellar of the old Billopp house was fitted up as a dungeon, and American soldiers were confined there during the British occupation of this city.

With one exception, it is of exactly the same appearance as it has been for years and years. The one change consists in the removal of the porch which used to run across the front of the building, with colonial pillars and a slant roof. This porch rotted until it had to be torn down, but the splendid stonework of early days, when building was done for the future instead of the shoddy present, is in excellent condition even now.

The Billopp house is considered by many to be the most interesting house from a historical standpoint on Staten Island, and it is a melancholy sight to see it sinking toward decay. Built in 1668, it was from the first connected with some of the most interesting passages in the island's history.

The situation, back in the sixteen hundreds, was like this: Staten Island was first discovered in 1609 by Hendrick Hudson and named Staaten Eylandt, out of respect for the States General of Holland. There followed years of Dutch colonial government, during which this fine tidbit of land belonged to Nova Caesarea, the then name for New Jersey.

Now James, the Duke of York, and brother to Charles II., got a sort of rulership over all the King's possessions in America. Provinces which had been under Dutch control passed into English hands. Staten Island became a scene of discord; to the English and Dutch dissensions the French added their quarrels,

and matters began to look somewhat like a Kilkenny-cat controversy.

To settle affairs, the Duke finally came to a decidedly original decision. He ordained that all the islands in the harbor of New York which could be circumnavigated in twenty-four hours should belong to the colony of New York; otherwise, Nova Caesarea, or New Jersey, was to possess them. The next point was to find the right man to attend to the circumnavigation.

It happened at the right time that Capt. Christopher Billopp was stopping at Perth Amboy. His vessel, called *The Bentley*, was a little affair, probably belonging to the English Navy, although there seems to be a question as to whether it was of the merchant service.

Billopp was chosen to perform the Duke's task. He was an excellent seaman, but, for all that, the feat was not going to be an easy one. He did not start out until he had racked his brains a bit to determine how he would be best able to include this large island in his trip.

It was during this racking that he hit upon the idea—say rather inspiration—of the empty barrels. If he covered his deck with these, would he not gain much sailing power? Thus laden he set out, and we can imagine the excitement that held New Yorkers and New Jerseyites in suspense at this critical moment.

The upshot was that Capt. Billopp performed his feat. Nay, he more than performed it; a trifle over twenty-three hours sufficed him, and Staten Island was New York's.

The Duke had a reward ready. So much pleased was he with Billopp's success that, instead of letting him return to England to make his home, he presented the Captain with 1,163 acres of Staten Island land and invited him to remain thereon.

This land was out at the corner of the island where you are now—the Tottenville corner. So fine a plum had fallen into the worthy seaman's hand that he determined to make the most of it, and he set himself at once to building this house. He named it for the vessel which had won him his laurels, the *Manor of Bentley*. The stout stones of which it is built were found thereabout and were suitable for the best of walls; but Billopp sent to Belgium for the bricks needed, and to England for the cement.

The next thing for a wise and thrifty sea captain to do, having settled down into a home on dry land, was to take unto himself a wife—which he did. The daughter of Thomas Farmer, a judge who lived in Richmond county, looked comely to him, and her he chose.

So was established the Billopp household, to play so important a part in local history. The Captain himself disappeared in the early seventeen hundreds, before the revolution came on; it is believed that his vessel, the Bentley, went down with him when he was making a little trip to England to see his old home. He left a widow and one charming daughter, Miss Eugenia Billopp, who had received a fashionable education at the Perth Amboy Academy across the kill. Miss Eugenia conceived an affection for her cousin, another Thomas Farmar, and the mother gave permission for the marriage to take place on the proviso that the happy bridegroom should adopt the name of Billopp and make his home in the Manor of Bentley.

This perpetuated the family name. Still further to perpetuate it a family burial ground was established, and until recently some of the headstones were to be seen; both the Billopps themselves and their Indian friends were laid at rest there. At last only two stones remained in fair condition, and these were being so much damaged by the ubiquitous souvenir fiend who chipped off bits to carry away that they have been removed to the cellar of the house and can be seen there any day.

One of them reads:

—Lyes ye Body of Thomas Billopp, Esq., son of Thomas Farmar Esq., Deed August ye 2d 1750 In ye 39th year of his age.

And the other:

Here lyes ye Body of Evjenea ye wife of Thomas Billopp. Aged 23 years * * * March * * *

Imperfect, both the inscriptions, yet sufficient to tell their story.

But there is more than this of interest in the old cellar. That black, mysterious doorway, which looks like a gulping mouth awaiting you in the darkness, leads not only to the tombstones, but to the dungeon beyond. Yes, a veritable dungeon, probably

as mysterious a corner as any cellar in an American citizen's dwelling ever contained. You will grope your way from the dim light that surrounds the entrance on into the growing dusk, until you reach a far corner where total blackness reigns. Stooping, trying to follow your guide, feeling your way, you enter a room like a cave, solidly walled, ugly and ominous.

Here during that period of the Revolution when the house was held as a British outpost this dungeon was put to stern use. Our own American patriots were held captive here. Many a hardship did they suffer in this black cell. It is believed that an underground passage was made at that time leading down to the river, a distance of 200 yards, but to-day this cannot be traced. However, there has been considerable foundation for the theory.

But these gloomy tales of the dungeon, the suffering prisoners, and the underground passage are only one side of the old house's history. Perhaps they are the more interesting side to romance. When Cooper wrote "The Water Witch" he laid one of its scenes in this mysterious cellar. But gay and sparkling scenes took place above stairs. Many a banquet did the old manor see; many a daintily brocaded lady, many a gallant ruffled and powdered gentleman tripped to light measure at the Billopp balls. Col. Billopp became famous for his magnificent entertainments. Such Generals as Howe, Cornwallis, Clinton, Burgoyne, Cleveland, and Knyphausen were among his guests.

It was after the Battle of Long Island in 1776 that Lord Howe went to the Billopp house to meet Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge, who were chosen to confer on the issues of the war. They hoped for peace, but when they found that Howe's offer was merely to resume old conditions, as before the war, the conference came to an end without results. Nevertheless, it had added much to the history of the place.

As you stroll back through Tottenville toward the ferry you can realize the importance of the Billopp family thereabouts by pausing to recollect that this entire village was once known as the *Manor of Bentley*, and that the peninsula at the furthest point, later called Ward's Point, was originally Billopp's Point. Later on the village's name was contracted to just Bentley. Then

along came the Totten family, and the town became divided against itself, for the lower section, hailing a new hero, wanted it called after this household. With the upper section fighting for Bentley, the lower for Tottenville, the poor village did not know its own name until the lower side of town came out victorious. The name of Totten stands in the records of old St. Andrew's Church, and is known for its "respectability and influence."

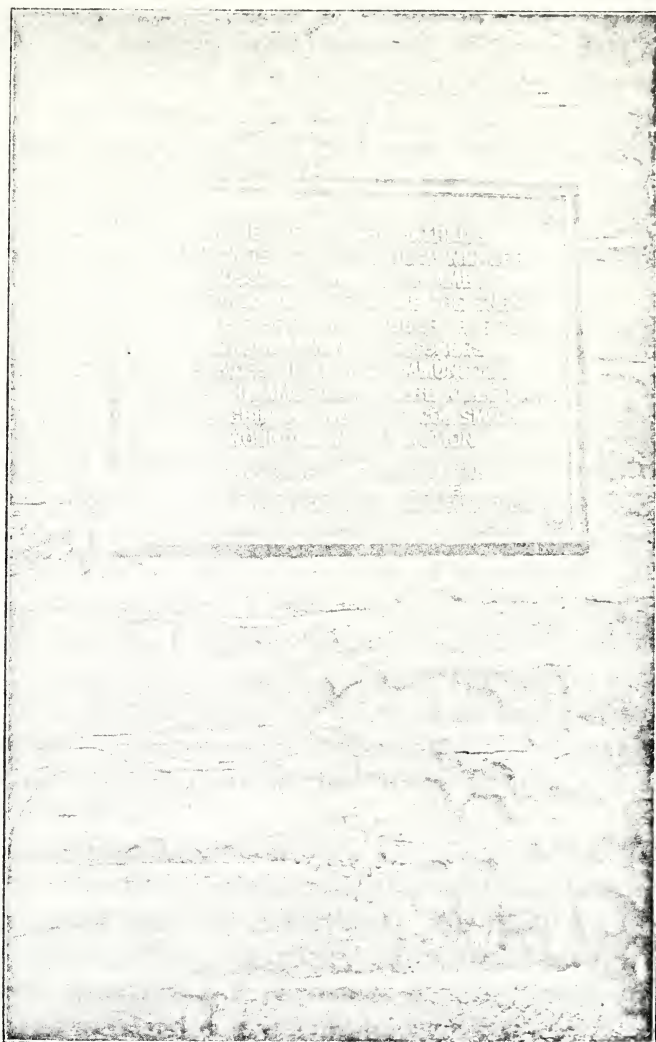
The Peace Conference at the Billopp House, Staten Island, September 11, 1776

PAPER READ BY MRS. RALPH MCKEE BEFORE THE RICHMOND COUNTY CHAPTER SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, DECEMBER 22, 1914.

STATEN ISLANDERS are perhaps especially glad just now that they can claim for the island the first Peace Conference ever held in America, always excepting the many peace pipes smoked in Council by the really native Americans, the red men.

The Daughters have always stood for accuracy, and our Chapter is proud to remember that when we were placing a tablet on the historic St. Andrew's Church, at Richmond, Staten Island, commemorating an engagement in the Revolution, our Regent was not contented merely with the local histories, but after a long and fatiguing search found, in the American Archives, the documentary evidence she was seeking in the report of General Hugh Mercer (who was in command) to General Washington, giving full details. For our subject today we have no lack of documentary evidence. I have used John Adams' letters to his wife, the Account of Henry Strachey, secretary to Lord Howe, published in the "Atlantic" June, 1896, and the reports in the Congressional Records,—several Encyclopedias and John Fiske's History of the American Revolution.

As early as January, 1775, the English ministry had been planning to send a mediator to the American colonies to settle the differences between them and the Mother Country. They had won the King's consent "to holding out the olive branch" altho he later wrote Lord Worth, "I have always feared a commission not likely to meet with success, yet I think it right to be attempted, whilst every act of vigor is unremittedly carried



on." The difficulty had been to find a mediator who would carry out the King's wishes and yet be acceptable to the Americans. Lord Howe's eldest brother, Richard, had fallen at Ticonderoga, fighting for an American cause, and in gratitude Massachusetts had erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Lord Howe had spoken for America in Parliament; so thoroughly had he shown himself the friend of the colonies that the King was unwilling for a long time to appoint him. When Lord Howe heard he was likely to be appointed he sought Benjamin Franklin who was then in London and who played chess with his sister. The two men became intimate friends in the winter of 1775 and held earnest consultations over possible mutual concessions that might lead to peace being unbroken. Franklin says: "At one time I wept tears of joy when the hope of reconciliation seemed possible." But, as John Fiske says: "How to conciliate the Americans without giving up a single one of the fake positions which the King had taken was the problem, and Franklin soon perceived it to be unsolvable and made up his mind to go home." On the contrary Lord Howe was quite sanguine that he would be successful in restoring harmony, saying that peace would be made in America within ten days of his arrival. It is to be noted that he had only a few months before, refused a command in the American station, because he believed the conduct of Great Britain to her colonies, unjust. His failure to follow up his brother, General Howe's victory at the battle of Long Island with decisive aggressive action would seem to indicate that he regarded himself as a commissioner of Peace first, and second, commander-in-chief.

He arrived in Staten Island on July 12, 1776, after a three months' voyage. His first practical difficulty was in getting into official communication with the Americans. He could not write to Congress because the King regarded it as an illegal body. First he sent the royal declaration of pardon to all who would desist from rebellion and send aid in restoring tranquillity. In a letter addressed to "George Washington, Esq.," by a British officer under a flag of truce, Washington refused to receive it because as a plain esquire—a Virginian land owner, merely—he had no authority for dealing with a royal commissioner. A week later

Lord Howe sent Colonel Patterson, the British Adjutant General, with a document addressed to "George Washington, Esq.," etc., etc. He asked for an interview and described Washington as a gentleman of magnificent presence, and very handsomely dressed, "somewhat overawed," says Fiske, and beginning his remarks with "May it please your Excellency." Patterson explained that the etceteras on the letter meant everything. "Indeed," said Washington, with a pleasant smile, "they might mean anything." He declined to take the letter and said that his lordship seemed empowered only to grant pardons, whereas those who had committed no fault needed no pardons. As Patterson got up to go, he asked if his Excellency had no message to send to Lord Howe. "Nothing," answered Washington, "but my particular compliments."

After the British victory on Long Island, Lord Howe again tried the "olive branch." This time he sent on parole General Sullivan, a prisoner and an American officer, to Congress to state that Lord Howe would use his influence to get all the obnoxious acts of Parliament repealed and to ask for an informal conference with some of the members of Congress as were private gentlemen. A lively debate lasting over three days in Congress followed the receiving of this message, some seeing it as an insult to Congress, most, suspecting treachery. John Adams, who, as usual, had violent opinions expressed with equal explosiveness, remarked quite unjustly that "General Sullivan was a 'decoy duck' who had better been shot in the battle in which he had been taken prisoner than to be employed in such a business."

It was finally voted that no peace proposals from Great Britain "should receive notice, unless in writing, and recognizing Congress as the legal representative of the American States. For this once, however, out of personal regard for Lord Howe, and that nothing should be disdained which might lead to a peaceful settlement, they would send a committee to confer with his lordship, who might regard this committee in whatever light he pleased."

The Committee was chosen by ballot. Colonel R. H. Lee of Virginia and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina tied on the first ballot, but Rutledge was elected on the second. He seems

to have been a cautious, conservative Southern gentleman; a member of Congress from the beginning, when the Declaration of Independence was first introduced, and in June, 1776, he moved that action on it be postponed for three weeks to avoid all appearance of undue haste and to invite the judgment of those colonies which had not yet declared themselves. Dr. Benjamin Franklin and John Adams were unanimously elected members of this committee. So on a pleasant September morning, the eleventh, these three gentlemen, members of Continental Congress, arrived at Amboy. They had left Philadelphia, about ninety miles away, two days before in a stage-coach. At the boat landing they found Lord Howe's own barge awaiting them, to row them the half mile across the Kill von Kull. On the Staten Island side they found Lord Howe himself at the water's edge to meet them and they walked the few hundred feet to the old stone house of Christopher Billopp, built about 1650. John Adams writes: "We walked up to the house between lines of grenadiers, looking fierce as the furies and making all the grimaces and gestures and motions of their muskets which (I suppose) military etiquette requires, but which we neither understood nor regarded."

The house had been used as a barracks by British soldiers, and was in an unsavory condition, but Lord Howe, who was a very grand person, indeed, being the King's first cousin, and a grandson of George I., had arrived in the battleship "Eagle" with his own butler, likewise a very grand and imposing personage, and had made preparations to receive his guests, fittingly—a room was cleaned, aired and spread with green moss and decorated with boughs. A cold luncheon of ham, mutton, tongue, bread and claret was served. We hope for the sake of our good Dr. Franklin, who was a vegetarian, that the menu included other items not considered worth mentioning.

Perhaps, however, being, as an English authority assures us, the greatest of American diplomats, he gave up his prejudices against meat on this occasion. After dinner was ended Lord Howe made a long discourse, afterwards Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge spoke. That the conference came to nothing was a bitter grief to Lord Howe, who was a warm

friend of America and a fearless and energetic opponent of the King's policy.

The conference ended, the committee returned at once to Philadelphia, having been gone four days, of which three hours were spent with Lord Howe on Staten Island.

[This account concludes with the report submitted to Congress by the Committee]:

FROM CONGRESSIONAL RECORDS

"In Congress, September 13th, the committee appointed with Lord Howe, having returned, made a verbal report.

"Ordered that they make a report in writing as soon as they conveniently can."

September 17th. The committee appointed to confer with Lord Howe, agreeable to the order of Congress, brought in a report in writing, which was read as follows:—

In obedience to the orders of Congress we have had a meeting with Lord Howe. It was on Wednesday last, upon Staten Island, opposite Amboy, where his Lordship received and entertained us with the most politeness.

His Lordship opened the conversation by requesting us, that though he could not treat with us a committee of Congress, yet, as his powers enabled him to confer and consult with any private gentlemen of influence in the colonies, on the means of restoring peace between the two countries, he was glad of this opportunity of conferring with us on that subject, if we thought ourselves at liberty to enter into a conference with him in that character.

We observed to his Lordship that, as our business was to hear, he might consider us in what light he pleased, and communicate to us any proposition he might be authorized to make for the purpose mentioned; but that we could consider ourselves in no other character than that in which we were placed by order of Congress.

His Lordship then entered into a discourse of considerable length, which contained no explicit proposition of peace except one, namely that the Colonies should return to their allegiance and obedience to the Government of Great Britain. The rest

consisted principally of assurances that there was an exceeding good disposition in the King and his ministers to make that government easy to us, with intimations that in case of our submission, they would cause the offensive acts of Parliament to be revised, and the instructions to governors to be reconsidered; that so, if any just causes of complaint were found in the acts, or any errors in Government were perceived to have crept into the instructions, they might be amended and withdrawn.

We gave it as our opinion to his Lordship, that a return to the domination of Great Britain was not now to be expected. We mentioned the repeated humble petitions of the colonies to the King and Parliament, which had been treated with contempt, and answered only by additional injuries; the unexampled patience we had shown under their tyrannical government, and that it was not till the last act of Parliament which denounced us and put us out of the King's protection, that we declared our independence; that this declaration had been called for by the people of the colonies in general; that every colony had approved of it, when made, and all now considered themselves as independent States, and were settling or had settled their Governments according; so that it was not in the power of Congress to agree for them that they should return to their former dependent state; that there was no doubt of their inclination to peace, and their willingness to enter into a treaty with Britain, that might be advantageous to both countries; that though his Lordship had at present no power to treat with them as independent states, he might, if there was the same good disposition in Britain, much sooner obtain fresh powers from thence, than powers could be obtained by Congress from several colonies to consent to a submission.

His Lordship then saying that he was sorry to find that no accommodation was likely to take place, put an end to the conference.

Upon the whole, it did not appear to your committee, that his Lordship's commission contained any other authority of importance than what is expressed in the act of Parliament, namely that of granting pardons, with such exceptions as the commissioners shall think proper to make, and of declaring America, or any part of it, to be in the King's peace, upon submission, for, as to

the power of inquiring into the state of America, which his Lordship mentioned to us, and of conferring and consulting with any persons the Commissioners might think proper, and representing the result of such conversation to the ministry, who, provided the colonies would subject themselves might, after all, or might not, at their pleasure, make any alteration in the former instructions to Governors, or propose in Parliament any amendment of the acts complained of, we apprehended an expectation from the effect of such a power would have been too uncertain and precarious to be relied on by America, had she still continued in her state of dependence.

Order, that the foregoing report, and also the message from Lord Howe, as delivered to General Sullivan, and the resolution of Congress in consequence thereof be published by the Committee who brought in the foregoing report.

JOHN HANCOCK,
President.

Attest:

CHAS. THOMSON,
Secretary.

Biographical Sketch of Captain Samuel Chester of Boston, Mass., and New London, Conn., and Some of His Descendants

By HERBERT MERRITT-CHESTER OF NEW YORK CITY

CAPTAIN SAMUEL CHESTER was born in England and came to Boston as master of his own Brigantine. He removed to New London, Conn., in 1663, and was made a Freeman the same year. In connection with William Condy, he was engaged in the West Indian trade as commander, owner and factor. Their warehouse and landing place was in Close Cove. After a few years William Condy returned to Boston.

Captain Chester made several voyages to the West Indies as the commander of the Barque "Endeavor." He was part owner of the New London "Truall" which was the first actual merchant vessel owned in New London. The following news item was taken from the *Boston News Letter* which was first issued in April, 1704, and was the first newspaper published in North America. In the issue of May 18, 1704, was the following item:

"Captain Parry of the Brigantine Adventure being dead the owner has appointed Captain Samuel Chester Master who is to sail with the Virginia fleet."

From the issue of June 1, 1704:

"Captain Chester from New London will sail in ten days for London with the Virginia convoy."

He commenced his voyage on June 12th and on account of the delay in taking on cargo, he missed the convoy and he, with his vessel, was captured by the French.

Captain Chester was educated as a Civil-engineer and Naviga-

tor. He surveyed grants of land for the settlers and was one of the founders of Groton, Conn., in 1704.

He bought a large tract of land in the North Parish of New London, now Montville, from the Indian Sachems Owaneco and Josiah of the Mohegan tribe. The latest signature of the Sachem Uncas was to a deed to Samuel Chester, dated June 13, 1683. He also was among the earliest grantees under the Indian deeds.

Captain Chester was a member of the General Assembly from New London held at Hartford, October 14, 1669, and he was appointed one of the commissioners by the Court of Election held at Hartford, May 11, 1693, to fix the boundary line between the Colony of Mass. and Conn. In 1694 he was appointed a commissioner to settle the disputed line between the towns of Stonington and Preston, Conn.

He also had a large landed estate in the East Parish of New London, which is now Groton, covering the ground where Fort Griswold and the Groton Monuments now stand, and which ground was conveyed to the Government by his son Jonathan in 1777.

On September 6, 1781, four of the descendants of Captain Chester: Sergeant Eldredge Chester, Daniel Chester, Jedediah Chester and Frederick Chester, gave up their lives in defence of Fort Griswold during the massacre by the British and Tories under the command of the Traitor Benedict Arnold.

Captain Chester was twice married; his first wife was Mary, by whom he had three sons and two daughters,—Abraham, John, Samuel, Mercy and Susanna. By second wife Hannah, he had Hannah and Jonathan. He died in Groton, March, 1709-10.

Among the descendants of Captain Chester may be mentioned Joseph Lemuel Chester, the noted Genealogist and Antiquary, who died in London, England, in 1882, and a tablet has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Judge Alden Chester of Albany, New York, is also a descendant and is one of the Vice-presidents of the Chester Association; Rear-Admiral Colby Mitchell Chester of Washington, D. C., being President.

The well known Attorney Augustine Chester of Washington, D. C., was a descendant of Captain Samuel.

Among the descendants of Captain Samuel Chester who lived to a good old age may be mentioned Christopher Chester who was a Revolutionary soldier. His son, the Rev. Christopher Chester of Hopkinton, R. I., and the writer's father, John Hicks Chester (son of the Rev. Christopher Chester) who died in Westerly, R. I., in 1913 in his ninety-fifth year.

It is said the Chester family in America were noted for the three "P's": Piety, Poetry and Productiveness.

Simeon Chester, one of the descendants of Captain Samuel, was presented by his wife with three boys at one birth. He named them Elias, Elijah and Elisha and he wrote the following in the register of the Family Bible:

"Send then no more by two's and three's, but one good Lord as often as you please."

Historic Views and Reviews

CONTRIBUTED BY DUANE MOWRY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

U. S. CAN MAKE FINE PORCELAIN

PROBABILITIES are that the United States will not be compelled to look to Europe in the future for its chemical porcelain. Experiments by the bureau of standards disclose that it is possible to manufacture such articles from American materials. Heretofore practically all chemical porcelain came from Germany.

The experiments developed that porcelain wares could be made from American clay, which were the equal of the foreign product, except as to color. This difficulty, however, recently has been overcome. One concern has begun the manufacture of chemical porcelain, and while the process is yet somewhat in the experimental stage, the bureau says it is probable that all varieties of such ware soon will be made in the United States.—Exchange, Feb., 1915.



THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

On the boundary line between Argentina and Chili, 12,000 feet above sea level, there has been erected the Christ of the Andes, a huge monument in commemoration of the peace treaty between the two countries, which was signed under the arbitration of King Edward of Great Britain. The statue, which was built through the co-operation of the two countries, and was unveiled in 1904, has for a base a huge block of marble, on the sides of which are inscriptions pledging perpetual peace between the two countries. The base is surmounted by a large bronze figure of Christ, one hand holding the cross and the other raised as if to give a blessing.—Exchange, February, 1915.

CHINA'S INDESTRUCTIBLE WALL

Few people realize what an almost perfect condition prevails along a large part of the Great Wall of China. The bricks of the parapet are as firm as ever, and their edges have stood the severe climatic conditions of north China with scarcely a break. The paving along the top of the wall is so smooth that one may ride over it with a bicycle, and the great granite blocks with which it is faced are smooth and as closely fitted as when put in place more than 2,000 years ago. The entire length of this wall is 1,400 miles; it is 22 feet high and 200 feet in thickness. At intervals of 100 yards or so there are towers some forty feet in height.—Tit-Bits.



GERMANY'S DYESTUFFS INDUSTRY

An authority on the manufacture of dyestuffs in Germany calls attention to the fact that export chemists are at the head of all the great establishments in that country. He says that one of the largest, if not the largest, of the German color works was founded by two chemists, and the works are still mainly controlled by men of science. The amazing extent to which this concern has grown suffices to dispose of the belief which is fostered by some in this country that scientific and commercial ability cannot be combined in one personality and that a business controlled by chemists could not possibly succeed. The works in question cover a ground area, including workmen's dwellings, of nearly 500 acres. The daily consumption of coal at normal times is 750 tons and of water 20,000,000 gallons. The output of goods annually is something like 400,000 tons.

Other works almost as gigantic are controlled by directorates composed mainly of chemists. In fact, it is not a common thing to find purely financial and commercial men taking the principal share in the management of these concerns. One of the beneficial results of this scientific control is that the directors are capable

of understanding the full importance of new inventions and of exercising patience in waiting for the outcome of experiments.

Another extremely important point which must not be overlooked is the fact that success depends not only in supplying a demand for established colors but in inventing new colors and shades. A factory which produces nothing but the colors in demand would soon be outclassed by the factory which as a result of laboratory achievements turned out a new series of colors. For this reason it is the chemist who directs the course of the business, and not the business manager. For instance, it is of little use for the commercial man to instruct the expert—as is done in other businesses—to produce a certain article. The position is reversed.

The chemist looking for one color finds another, and says to the businessman: "You must make a market for this." People began to wear mauve colored garments not because the producers of cloth had asked for that color, but because the late Sir William Perkin, while trying in his laboratory to synthesize quinine accidentally produced a compound with a mauve color.—Exchange.



WOMEN HYMN WRITERS

Fanny Crosby, blind since she was six weeks old, when hot poultices applied to her eyes destroyed the optic nerve, has lived a long and useful and happy life, and now lies dead within little more than a month of her ninety-fifth year. She was the author of two of the best-known popular songs of a generation which she survived—"There's Music in the Air" and "Hazel Dell," and also of upward of six thousand religious hymns, of which several, including the well-known "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," are widely used at the present time.

It is interesting to recall the prominence of woman authors as contributors to modern hymnology. "Nearer My God to Thee" was written by Sarah Flower Adams. Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander wrote "There is a Green Hill Far Away" and "Once in David's Royal City." "Just as I Am, Without One Plea," came

from Charlotte Elliott, and "Our Blest Redeemer Ere He Breather" was by Harriet Auber. Frances Ridley Havegral began her studies with the idea of making music the aim of her life, but became famous as a hymn writer.

Mrs. Crosby was a teacher in an institution for the blind when she began to write. Her hymns were prominent in the repertory of Moody and Sankey. Despite her affliction, she was noted for her cheerful disposition. She not only poured sunshine into the lives of those about her, but communicated hope and joy to thousands at a distance through the medium of her gift of verse.—Editorial in Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, February, 1915.

Book Reviews

“EARLY HISTORY OF THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.” (HINES
BROS., NEW YORK. PRICE 50 CENTS)

We have received an interesting pamphlet treating of the early history of the American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, taken from the letters and journals of Alfred Vail by his son, J. Cummings Vail. The pamphlet, comprising some thirty-six printed pages of a most convenient size, is profusely illustrated; it ably sets forth in convenient and comprehensive form the part which Alfred Vail played in the establishment of the telegraph and throws an interesting light upon the difficulties overcome and obstacles surmounted by Vail, Morse and their associates before final success.

The first page of the pamphlet contains a chronology of the history of the telegraph, which, as Mr. Vail informs us “had properly speaking, no inventor. It grew little by little, each inventor adding his little to advance it towards perfection.” Mr. J. Cummings Vail, to whom we are indebted for this compilation, is expertly familiar with the subject treated of.



MATTHEW'S AMERICAN ARMOURY AND BLUE BOOK

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of Parts I and II of “Matthews' American Armoury and Blue Book,” edited and published by John Matthews, 93 Chancery Lane, London, England, and we do not hesitate to commend a work that has been known to all our lovers of genealogy for so many years as an authority and a book of special reference on the history and lineage of those families in this country who have the right to use a crest and coat of arms. We await the coming of Part III

with especial interest, as it will complete the volume and contain what is indispensable in such a work, a full and complete alphabetical index. We wish Mr. Matthews increasing success each year and hope that his work may find a ready sale in every part of this country. We are glad to know that the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Record," an undisputed authority on matters of genealogy, has also given this work its hearty commendation.



EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHEARN, K. G.,
K. T., K. St. P., Etc.

AMERICANA

December, 1915

The Winthrop Family

THE name of Winthrop may be traced back, in various spellings, for at least seven centuries. On the Rolls of Court of the county of York, in England, for the year of our Lord 1200, there is a record which begins with the name of Robert de Winethorp. There is a similar record for the county of Lincoln, seven years later, in which the name of J. Winthorp is found. Thorp is the Saxon word for "village," corresponding to the Dutch word Dorp. Win, or wine, has more than one significance: sometimes meaning "pleasant," sometimes "the beloved," and sometimes standing for that juice of the grape to which both the epithets are not infrequently applied.

Dr. Johnson, quoting from Gibson, says that "Win, whether initial or final, in the names of men, may either denote a masculine temper from *pin*, which signifies, in Saxon, 'war strength,' etc., or else the general love and esteem he hath among the people, from the Saxon *pine*, *i. e.*, 'dear,' 'beloved.' In the names of places, it implies a battle fought there."

An old pedigree of the Winthrop family, of uncertain date, and of still more uncertain detail, commences by stating that "they came anciently from Northumberland;" that "they afterwards settled in a village not far from Newark, which was called 'Winthrop;'" that "from thence they came up to London, and owned Marribone (Marylebone) Park:" that "from thence they went to Groton, in Suffolk, where they lived many years."

The branch of the Winthrop family that, in the person of Governor John Winthrop, was conspicuously identified with the settlement of the Massachusetts Colony, and that in the descendants

of the first Governor Winthrop was not less distinguished in the colonial and provincial periods in Connecticut and Massachusetts, was of Groton Manor, county Suffolk, and its representatives were prominent and active as far back as the fifteenth century.

I. ADAM WINTHROP, the ancestor of Governor Winthrop, of the Groton Manor family, and with whom the authentic history of the family begins, was located in Lavenham, county Suffolk, England, in 1498, with his wife, Joane Burton, or Burnell. After his death his widow married John Pouder, of Lavenham. In the visitation and pedigrees of the Harleian manuscripts, Adam Winthrop is described as of Groton.

• II. ADAM WINTHROP, son of Adam Winthrop and Joane (Burton, or Burnell) Winthrop, was of Groton Manor, County Suffolk, and St. Michaels, Cornhill, London. He was born in Lavenham, October 9, 1498. He was a prominent and wealthy merchant and an active citizen and cloth maker in London and afterward in Groton. The freedom of London was granted to him in 1526. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, he was granted the Manor of Groton in 1544 by Henry VIII., and became Lord and Patron of the Manor. He was a man of culture, energy, and great strength of character. Arms were granted to him in 1548. His prominence and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens are shown by the fact that in 1551 he was the master of the influential London Company of Cloth Workers. Craft guilds were common in London at an early date. These guilds were voluntary associations governed by ordinances of their own framing, which regulated, and to some extent controlled, the trades carried on in the city. They appointed overseers to inspect the wares produced and sold, and umpires to adjudicate the cases of dispute between masters and workmen. In the reign of Edward III. (1312-77), charters were granted to these voluntary associations and their ordinances formally recognized and enrolled in the court of the Lord Mayor as livery companies. The Clothworkers' Company promoted the establishment of York-

shire College, Leeds. Into these guilds royalty itself, a half century after, thought it no scorn to seek an entrance. King James I. (1685-88) went himself into the Hall of the Clothworkers, without being known, and asked: "Who is the master of the company?" The Lord Mayor answered, "Sir William Stone." The King addressed himself to Sir William: "Wilt thou make me one of the clothworkers?" "Yea," quoth the master, "and think myself a happy man to think that I live to see this day." "Thanks," said the King, "give me thy hand—and now I am a clothworker."

Died November 9, 1562.

Married, 1st, November 16, 1527, Alice Henny, or Henry, who died June 25, 1533.

Married, 2d, July 2, 1534, Agnes Sharpe, daughter of Robert Sharpe, of Islington, county Middlesex. She was born in 1516; died May 13, 1565, having married, 2d, William Mildmay, of Springfield Barns.

Issue (by first wife):

1. Thomas Winthrop, b. November 8, 1528; d. in April, 1529.
2. William Winthrop, b. November 12, 1529; d. March 1, 1581, at London, and buried at St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, *Ver sine fraude bonus et pietatis amans*, m. Elizabeth Norwood, of Kent. She died in Kent, June 2, 1578, having had children: Jonathan, Adam, William, Joshua, Elizabeth, and Sarah. Son Adam Winthrop, b. about 1570, d. in 1634, m. Joane, daughter of William Hilles, of Holton Hall, Suffolk, early in 1600, and had a son, Adam, b. in April, 1691.

3. Bridget Winthrop, b. January 1, 1531; d. January, 1536.

4. Christopher Winthrop, b. January 4, 1532; d. aged nine month.

5. Thomas Winthrop, 2d, b. in June, 1533; d. in 1537.

Issue (by second wife):

6. Alice Winthrop, b. November 15, 1539; d. November 8, 1607; m. Sir Thomas Mildmay, son of William Mildmay of Springfield Barns, her stepfather, leaving issue, six sons.

7. Bridget Winthrop, b. May 3, 1543; d. in Thorfield, Hert-

fordshire, November 4, 1614. M. Roger Alabaster, of a distinguished Hadley family, and had William, George, John, Thomas and Sarah Alabaster, William Alabaster was prebendary of St. Paul's and rector of "ye rich parsonage of Thorfield in Hertfordshire." During a visit to Rome he turned "Papist" and upon his return to London was for this offense imprisoned in the Tower, but was released on renouncing the Pope, and thereupon received the parsonage. He died in 1640.

8. Mary Winthrop, b. March 1, 1544; m., 1st, William Celie; m., 2d, Abraham Veysie.

9. *Twin*—John Winthrop, b. January 20, 1546; d. in Ireland, July 26, 1613. He purchased Irish lands and acquired a considerable estate in county Cork. He is supposed to have left a son, from whom came Stephen Winthrop of Bandon (1658); among whose numerous descendants may be named Benjamin Winthrop, Esq., of London, governor of the Bank of England (1804-5), and his son, Benjamin Winthrop, Jr., Esq., of University College, Oxford, and of Lincoln's Inn, London, whose nephews were the Rev. Benjamin Winthrop, M. A., of Wolverton, Warwick, and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, M. P., the lamented poet and statesman. The family records leave the first link of this connection in some doubt; but a letter in the possession of Robert C. Winthrop, dated "Bandon Bridge in Ireland the 5th day of March, 1637," addressed "To her loving & aproved good frend and Kinsman, Mr. John Winthrop in New England," and signed, "Your lovinge Cosen, Joane Winthrop, daughter of Willyam Hilles," settles the question that the Winthrops of Bandon were of the same family with those of Groton. Joane Hilles, daughter of William Hilles, of Holton Hall, Suffolk, m. Adam Winthrop, cousin of our Massachusetts governor, John Winthrop, early in 1600, and had a son named Adam, in April, 1691. Joane writes that her husband had been dead three years in 1637. He was undoubtedly the son of William Winthrop of St. Michael's, Cornhill, London, and thus the Bandon family may have been descended from William (born November 12, 1529), and not from John (b. January 20, 1546). (See note 2, p. 16, "Life and Letters of John Winthrop").

M., 1st, Elizabeth Risby, daughter of Robert Risby, of Thorpe

Morieux, county Suffolk, by whom he had one son, who died young; m., 2d, Elizabeth Powliden, daughter of Thomas Powliden, of Rathgogan, county Cork, Ireland. Issue: i. John Winthrop, of Rathgogan, who died unmarried in 1634. ii. Elizabeth Winthrop, m. Peregrine Bannister. iii. Anne Winthrop, m. Henry Hoskins.

10. *Twin*—Adam Winthrop, b. January 20, 1546; d. aged six months.

11. *Adam Winthrop*, of whom below.

12. Catherine Winthrop, b. May 17, 1550; she is not named in her father's will of 1562, when, if living, she would have been only twelve years of age. Robert C. Winthrop says, in note on page 16 of "Life and Letters of John Winthrop," that the old pedigree which states that she "married and had children" can hardly be correct.

13. Susanna Winthrop, b. December 10, 1552; d. in Coventry, August 9, 1604, m. D. Cottie, leaving issue.

III. ADAM WINTHROP, son of Adam Winthrop and Agnes (Sharpe) Winthrop, was born in London, August 10, 1548. He resided in Edwardston in the early part of his life, and afterward at Groton Manor. He was a graduate of Magdalen College, a lawyer, a county magistrate and auditor of Trinity and St. John's colleges, Cambridge.

Died in March, 1623, and was buried in the Groton churchyard, March 28.

Married, 1st, December 16, 1574, Alice Still, daughter of William Still, of Grantham, county Lincoln, and sister of Doctor John Still, bishop of Bath and Wells. She died December 24, 1579, leaving no issue.

Married, 2d, February 20, 1580, Anne Browne, daughter of Henry Browne, of Edwardston, near Groton. She survived her husband, and died April 19, 1629.

Issue (by second wife):

1. Anne Winthrop, b. January 5, 1581; d. in the same month.

2. Anne Winthrop, b. January 16, 1586; d. May 16, 1618; m., February 25, 1605, Thomas Fones.

3. *John Winthrop*, founder of the family in America, of whom below.

4. *Jane Winthrop*, baptized June 17, 1592; m., January 5, 1612, *Thomas Gostling*.

5. *Lucy Winthrop*, b. January 9, 1601; m., April 10, 1622, *Emanuel Downing*. Issue: i. *George Downing* (afterward Sir *George Downing*), ambassador to the States-General, 1659. *Downing street*, London, was named for him. ii. *Annie Downing*.

The arms of the Winthrop family, which were granted to *Adam Winthrop* in 1548, are:

Arms.—Argent, three chevrons, gules, crénelé, over all a lion rampant, sable, armed and langued azure.

Crest.—A hare proper running on a mount vert.

Motto.—*Spes vincit thronum* [Hope wins a throne].

The Family in America.

In America the history of the Winthrop family began with *John Winthrop*, the leader of the great Puritan immigration that came to Massachusetts Bay in 1630. His descendants in the generations since his time have worthily borne the name of the family to which they belong. His son, *John Winthrop*, the younger, was scarcely less distinguished than his father, and to him more than to any other single individual was due the firm establishment of the new Connecticut colony. In later years the descendants of these two great colonial pioneers have been prominent in public affairs, distinguished in letters, and prominent in social and business pursuits.

I

JOHN WINTHROP, only son of *Adam Winthrop* and *Anne (Browne) Winthrop*, was born in *Edwardston* (near the family seat at *Groton*), England, January 12, 1587. He studied two years at *Cambridge University* (1602-4). He married early and immediately began to interest himself in public affairs. He became a magistrate when only eighteen years of age, and his

virtues became conspicuous. He was exemplary in his profession, as an upright and impartial magistrate, and in his private character as a Christian. He had a pious mind, and early domestic bereavements inclined him towards the ministerial profession. That pious disposition characterized him throughout his entire life. He did not, however, take religious orders, but after a time devoted himself to the study and practice of the law and to the exercise of his duties as a magistrate. His profession was largely in the courts of wards and liveries. He was highly esteemed in his professional relations and enjoyed the confidence of all with whom he was associated. He continued to exercise the authorities of his office until 1629, when his position was taken from him, probably, it is said, on account of his outspoken opposition to unjust exactions of the Crown.

About this time he became actively interested in the Great Massachusetts Enterprise, and believed that the finger of God pointed to the serene establishment of the Reformed faith in the New World by colony of pious self-denying men, willing to give up their lives and fortunes to the undertaking. Liberty of conscience could not be enjoyed in England. Many were so harassed for their nonconformity that they determined rather to make settlements in a dreary wilderness, at the distance of three thousand miles from their native country, than endure the persecutions to which they were constantly exposed. They emigrated not for the advantages of trade, but for religion, and the enjoyment of liberty of conscience. They wished to transmit the blessings of civil and religious liberty to their posterity.

In 1629, with Sir Richard Saltonstall and others, he signed the Agreement to Emigrate; on the twentieth of October of the same year he was chosen Governor of Massachusetts Bay Company, and in the following April, carrying with him the charter that had been granted the spring before, he embarked with a fleet of eleven vessels, containing about one thousand persons. On the twenty-second of June, 1630, he landed at Salem, where already the Company had established a colony of two or three hundred persons under John Endicott.

This was the "Great Suffolk Emigration," as it has been called, and is not to be confounded with the Pilgrim Colony at

Plymouth in 1620 (which at the time of Winthrop's arrival numbered some three hundred and was not united to the Massachusetts colony until 1692), nor with the scattering settlements elsewhere, some of which had died out, and others were in a weak and precarious condition. In the following autumn he moved the seat of government from Charlestown to the neck of land since known as Boston, where he resided eighteen years, during twelve of which he was Governor, at other times serving as Deputy-Governor, or as a member of the Court of Assistants, and always the guiding spirit of New England, until he died at the age of sixty-two, worn out by the incessant labors, and having spent his substance in the cause he had at heart.

He endured all the hardships of colonization with noble equanimity and never for a moment lost his confidence in the future of Massachusetts. When the settlement was subjected to successive privations that drove some of the colonists back to England, while a large number of them succumbed to disease, he wrote, "I do not repent my coming. I would not have altered my course though I had foreseen all these afflictions." He lived to see the confederation of the Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven colonies, under the name of the United Colonies of New England, and was the first president of this confederation. The appellation of the "Father of Massachusetts" has been aptly applied to him. Historians have delighted to dwell upon his character and upon the efficient service that he rendered to the colonies by his able administration of affairs. George Bancroft said of him, "It was principally the calm decision of Winthrop which sustained the courage of his companions." The historian, John G. Palfrey, wrote of him: "Among the millions of living men descended from men whom he ruled, there is not . . . one who does not owe much to what is best in him to the benevolent and courageous wisdom of John Winthrop." Winthrop kept a journal of his life in the new world, and this has been published as "The History of New England from 1630 to 1649."

Died in Boston, March 26, 1649.

Married, 1st, April 16, 1605, at Great Stambridge, England, Mary Forth daughter and sole heiress of John Forth, Esq., of Great Stambridge, county Essex. She brought a considerable

estate to her husband. She was born January 1, 1584, and died after ten years of married life, being buried January 26, 1615, and leaving six children.

Married, 2d, December 6, 1615, Thomasine Clopton, daughter of William Clopton, Esq., of Castleins, near Groton. She died December 8, 1616.

Married, 3d, April 29, 1618, Margaret Tyndal daughter of Sir John Tyndal, of Great Maplested, county Essex. She died June 14, 1647.

Married, 4th, December 4, 1647, Martha N. (Rainsborough) Coytemore, daughter of Captain William Rainsborough, of the royal navy, and widow of Thomas Coytemore, of Boston. She survived her husband, and married, 3d, March 10, 1652, John Coggan.

[*Fourth.*—The very ancient family to which Mary Forth, the first wife of Governor John Winthrop, belonged, was of county Suffolk, England.

William Forth, of Hadleigh, county Suffolk, d. in 1505. Issue Robert and Alice.

Robert Forth, son of William Forth, d. in 1541. He married a daughter of the Odurn family. Issue, William, Anne, and Dorothy.

William Forth, of Hadleigh, son of Robert Forth, had a grant of Butley Abbey, or Priory, in Suffolk, in 1544. He married Elizabeth Powell, of Wales. Issue: Robert, Philologus, Edward, Israel, William, John, Mary, Catherine, Elizabeth, and Anne.

John Forth, sixth and youngest son of William and Elizabeth (Powell) Forth, was of Great Stambridge. He married Thomasine Hilles of the county of Essex, an only child.

Mary Forth, only child of John Forth, m. John Winthrop. Her uncle, Robert Forth, was high sheriff of Suffolk in 1569, and his second son, William Forth, was knighted at Greenwich, July 3, 1604].

Issue of John Winthrop and Mary (Forth) Winthrop:

1. *John Winthrop*, of whom below.
2. Henry Winthrop, baptized January 20, 1607. He went to Barbadoes in 1627. Returning to England in 1629, he married

his cousin, Elizabeth Fones, daughter of Thomas Fones, of London. He came to New England soon after his father, but was drowned the day after his arrival. Issue: i. Martha Johanna Winthrop, b. May 9, 1630.

3. Forth Winthrop, b. December 30, 1609; died unmarried, and was buried in Groton, England, November 23, 1630. He was graduated from Emanuel College, Cambridge.

4. Mary Winthrop, m. the Reverend Samuel Dudley, b. in England, 1610; d. February 10, 1683, son of Governor Thomas and Dorothy Dudley. She died in Salisbury, Massachusetts, April 2, 1643, leaving issue.

5. Anne Winthrop, b. August 8, 1614; buried August 26, 1614.

6. Anne Winthrop, b. June 26, 1615; buried June 29, 1615.

Issue (by second wife):

7. An infant child, b. and d. December 8, 1616.

Issue (by third wife):

8. Stephen Winthrop, b. in Groton, March 24, 1619. He came to New England with his father in 1630 and was subsequently recorder of Boston and a representative to the general court. He returned to the mother country and had command in the parliamentary army about 1646, rising to the rank of colonel. He was a representative for Banff and Aberdeen in one of Cromwell's parliaments. D. in London in 1659. M., before 1645, Judith Rainsborough, daughter of Captain William Rainsborough, of the parliamentary army. He had two daughters, who married in England, and four sons and two daughters who died in early childhood.

9. Adam Winthrop, b. April 7, 1620; d. in Boston, August 24, 1652; m., in February, 1642, Elizabeth, daughter of Reverend José Glover, and sister of the wife of Deane Winthrop. She died in 1648. Issue: I. Adam Winthrop, b. October 15, 1647; d. August 3, 1700; m., Mary, daughter of Colonel Lutrell, of Bristol, England; she m., 2d, Colonel Joseph Lynde, of Charlestown, Massachusetts. Issue: i. Adam Winthrop, b. March 3, 1676. He was graduated at Harvard College, 1694. He was chief justice of the court of common pleas and colonel of the Bos-

ton regiment. D. in Boston, October 2, 1743; m. Anne, daughter of Colonel John Wainwright, of Ipswich, Massachusetts. Issue.

10. Deane Winthrop, b. March 16, 1623, in Groton. He came to New England in 1635, and was one of the founders of the town of Groton, in Massachusetts. Subsequently he located in the vicinity of Boston in what has since been known as the town of Winthrop. There he resided for more than forty years. D. March 16, 1704. M., 1st., before 1648, Sarah Glover, daughter of the Reverend José Glover. M., 2d., prior to 1684, Martha Mellowes, widow of Captain John Mellowes, of Boston. Issue: i. Margaret Winthrop, b. in 1660; m. Jonathan Glover. ii. Elizabeth Winthrop, b. in 1663; m. Samuel Kent. iii. José Winthrop, b. May 3, 1666; died unmarried, November 13, 1702. iv. Priscilla Winthrop, b. in 1669; m. Eliab Adams.

11. Nathaniel Winthrop, baptized February 20, 1625; died young.

12. Samuel Winthrop, baptized August 29, 1627. He studied in Harvard College and returned to England at an early age. He permanently established himself as a planter in the West Indies, and in 1668 was deputy governor of Antigua. M., in Holland, in 1648. D. in 1677, but his male line became extinct in the second generation following him. From him is descended the Duke of Norfolk.

13. Annie Winthrop, batpized April 29, 1630; d. on the voyage to New England.

14. William Winthrop, b. August 14, 1632; died young.

15. Sarah Winthrop, batpized June 29, 1634; died young.

NOTES.—From the report of the commissioners (dated February 16, 1866), appointed by Governor Andrew—the commissioners were Hon. John G. Pelfrey; Hon. Solomon Lincoln, and Hon. Richard Frothingham—for the erecting a statue of John Winthrop in the Capitol of Washington, D. C.:

“In one of the early emigrants to Massachusetts, their acknowledged chief, all their virtues were impersonated. We do not hesitate to advise, that one of the statues to be set up in the national hall shall commemorate the period and services of the

first John Winthrop. All nations have reserved peculiar honors for their founders: John Winthrop, rather than any other man, represents the founders of Massachusetts. It is impossible to estimate the lasting influence of a human life; but nothing can be more certain than that the beneficent consequences of Winthrop's life have been vast. His mind more than any other arranged the social state of Massachusetts; Massachusetts moulded the society of New England. 'The principles of New England,' wrote the philosophical French observer, 'spread at first to the neighboring states; then they passed successively to the more distant ones, and at length they imbued the whole confederation.' By virtue of recent events, this process is now going on with a new activity, which is destined still to grow, and this nation as long as it continues to hold up a guiding and cheering light to the friends of liberty and law, in all parts of the earth, will be carrying out the work of John Winthrop and of his associate colonists of Massachusetts Bay."

From one of the speeches of the late Josiah Quincy:

"For years, Winthrop, the leader of the first great enterprise, was the chief magistrate of the infant metropolis. His prudence guided its councils. His valor dictated its strength. His life and fortunes were spent in fixing its character or improving its destinies. A bolder spirit never dwelt, a truer heart never beat in any bosom. Had Boston, like Rome, a consecrated calendar, there is no name better entitled than that of Winthrop to be registered as its 'patron saint.' "

From the "Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors," by John Brown, B.A., D. D., 1896, page 296:

"Governor Winthrop is one of the great names in American history, taking its place in the Temple of Fame side by side with that of Washington himself. Descended from an ancient and honorable family in Suffolk, he was born at Groton Manor-house near Sudbury, in 1588. Trained to the law, a member of the Inner Temple, and subsequently one of the attorneys of the Court of Wards Liveries, he was at the same time a typical example of the grave and earnest country gentleman of Puritan times."

From Young's "Chronicles of Massachusetts," page 105:

"In his magnanimity, disinterestedness, and moderation; in

his mingled firmness of principle and mildness of temper; in his harmonious character, consistent life, and well-balanced mind—the Father of Massachusetts reminds us of the great ‘Father of his Country,’ and is the only name in our history worthy to stand as a parallel to Washington.”

“History of New England,” by John G. Palfrey, 1858, volume 2, page 266:

John Winthrop:

“The influence of his genius and character has been felt through seven generations of a rapidly multiplying people, and of those not of their number whom their proceedings have in any way affected.

“The importance which history should ascribe to his life must be proportionate to the importance attributed to the subsequent agency of that commonwealth of which he was the most eminent founder.

“It would be erroneous to pretend that the principles upon which it was established were an original conception of his mind, but undoubtedly it was his policy, more than any other man’s, that organized into shape, animated with practical vigor, and prepared for permanency those primeval sentiments and institutions that have dictated the course of thought and action in New England in later times. And equally certain it is that among the millions of living men descended from those whom he ruled, there is not one who does not—through efficient influences, transmitted in society and in thought along the intervening generations—owe much of what is best within him, and in the circumstances about him, to the benevolent and courageous wisdom of John Winthrop.

“They who to make up their idea of consummate excellence in a statement require the presence of a religious sense prompting and controlling all public conduct will recognize with admiration the prominence of that attribute in the character of this brave, wise, unselfish, righteous ruler. His sense of his religious obligation was the spirit of his politics, as well as the spirit of his daily life. It had pleased God to place him where he might so act, so that the virtue and well-being of large numbers of men, living and to be born, might be the fruit of his courage, diligence,

steadiness, and foresight. With clear intelligence he discerned the responsibilities of that position, and accepted them with a cordiality which made it easy to subordinate every less worthy object, and control every meaner motive that might interfere with the generous task he had assumed. To the public service he lavishly gave his fortune. As freely he devoted to it the best labor of his mind, and sacrificed every personal ambition. No obstinacy, or petulance, or pride hindered the upright application of his serene and solid judgment. Not only did he not suffer injustice to irritate him; he would not be disabled, discouraged, nor depressed by it. Immovably patient of opposition, he scanned its reason in reconsideration of his own plans, or watched its course to learn how it could be conciliated, or to note the time when its relaxation, or its errors, should invite a repetition of the efforts which it had embarrassed. He was too right-minded and too kind-hearted to despise any man's good will or good opinion; but he sought public favor by no arts but honest labors for the public welfare, as he was far above regarding public favor as the price that was to stimulate or to requite those labors. When, from time to time, the place of highest dignity was assigned to others, he addressed himself, with no sense of mortification and with unabated zeal, to the tasks of humbler station. He knew how with dignity to meet injustice and slights, as well as how to hold power and receive applause with soberness and modesty. Vindictiveness was an emotion unknown to him, resentments had no resting place in his bosom. He judged candidly; he forgave without an effort; he loved to win back the offended by graceful overtures and prompt amends; and personal discontents could not withdraw him from alliance that would help him to promote the public good. So gentle was his nature that no bitterness mingled with, or was excited by, the severest exercise of his official authority; men who had suffered severely from his action as magistrate—Coddington, Wheelwright, Williams, Vane, Clark—were afterward in friendly correspondence with him. In private relations and intercourse, the qualities that superficially denote the gentleman were eminently his. His genuine sense of honor suspected no intention of offence. Just, frank, cordial, and ready to every expression of

respect and courtesy, he gave to all their due, whether in great or in little things. Gracious and humane, he never, by rudeness or self-assertion, gave pain to an inferior. A tender husband and father, his public cares never made him forgetful of the obligation of domestic ties. What remains of his private correspondence is an affecting record of that union of excellence which attracts love as much as it commands veneration. His ability ought to be estimated by the amount of what it projected and what it achieved. His scheme of public action had been so well considered that no complication of affairs found him unprepared with principles which were to solve it; and, in the quaint phraseology of his age and sect, he used to express as occasion prompted the profoundest doctrines of social science. His comprehensive system of politics embraces a long range of the future. Not magnificence, nor inordinate power, was what he desired for the community which he was establishing, but freedom, security, competence, virtue, and content. The founders of dynasties have hitherto commanded the world's most noisy plaudits. But the time will come when the men who have created happy republics will be thought worthy of higher praise."

"All effects have remote and slowly operating causes. I do not forget that various agencies must be combined to produce an important political result; but to my view the New England campaign of 1775-1776, the movement of John Adams and his compeers for independence eighty-four years ago, and—consequent upon those transactions—the latter product of self-government in America, are, to Winthrop's administration, something like what the fruit is to the blossom."

"The Beginnings of New England," by John Fiske, 1892, page 102:

"For governor the choice fell upon John Winthrop, a wealthy gentleman from Groton, in Suffolk, who was henceforth to occupy the foremost place among the founders of New England. Winthrop was at this time forty-one years of age, having been born in the memorable year of the Armada. He was a man of remarkable strength and beauty of character, grave and modest intelligent and scholar-like, intensely religious and endowed with a moral sensitiveness that was almost morbid, yet liberal withal

in his opinions and charitable in disposition. When his life shall have been adequately written, as it never has been, he will be recognized as one of the very noblest figures in American history. From early youth he had the same power of winning confidence and commanding respect for which Washington was so remarkable; and when he was selected as the Moses of the Puritan Exodus, there was a wide-spread feeling that extraordinary results were likely to come of such an enterprise."

Bancroft's "History of the United States":

"It was principally the calm decision of Winthrop which sustained the courage of his companions. In him, a yielding gentleness of temper and a never-failing desire for unity and harmony were secured against weakness by deep but tranquil enthusiasm. His nature was touched by the sweetest sympathies of affection for wife, children, and associates. Cheerful in serving others and suffering with them, liberal without repining, helpful without reproaching, in him God so exercised His grace that he discerned his own image and resemblance in his fellow men and cared for his neighbor like himself. He was of a sociable nature, so that 'to love and be beloved was his soul's paradise'; and works of mercy were the habit of his life.

"Parting from affluence in England, he unrepiningly went to meet impoverishment and premature old age for the welfare of Massachusetts. His lenient benevolence tempered the bigotry of his companions without impairing their resoluteness. An honest royalist, averse to pure democracy, yet firm in his regard for existing popular liberties; in his native parish a conformist, yet wishing for 'gospel purity'; in America, mildly aristocratic, advocating a government of 'the least part,' yet desiring that part to be 'the wiser of the best'; disinterested, brave, and conscientious,—his character marks the transitive of the reformation into virtual republicanism, when the sentiment of loyalty, which it was still intended to cherish, gradually yielded to the irresistible spirit of civic freedom."

Cotton Mather's "Magnalia":

"Let Greece boast of her patient Lycurgus, the law-giver, by whom diligence, temperance, fortitude, and wit were made the fashions of a therefore long-lasting and renowned common-

wealth; let Rome tell of her devout Numa, the law-giver by whom the most famous commonwealth saw peace triumphing over extinguished war and cruel plunders, and murders giving place to the more mollifying exercises of his religion. Our New England shall boast and tell of her Winthrop, a law-giver as patient as Lycurgus, but not admitting any of his criminal disorders; as devout as Numa, but not liable to any of the heathenish madness; a governor in whom the excellence of Christianity made a most improving addition into the virtues wherein even without those he would have made a parallel for the great men of Greece or of Rome which the pen of Plutarch has eternized."

(To be continued)

Chapters in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia

SIR JOHN WENTWORTH AND THE DUKE OF KENT

BY ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON, M. A., D. C. L.

No. IV

Here Wentworth and his Tory compeers came
When fierce rebellion rent the neighboring land,
Foes to the foes of England and her King.

Acadian Ballads.

A woman of fashion and wit and grace,
The Governor's wife, of Portsmouth town,
From Copley's canvas still looks down
Beautiful Lady Wentworth's face.

Acadian Ballads.

IN September, 1775, after proroguing the New Hampshire Assembly at the Isles of Shoals, Mr. John Wentworth, last royal governor of this New England province, found it necessary to flee in haste from his home in Portsmouth to the shelter of the King's troops in Boston. Among the notable families of New England before the Revolution not a single one stands out more conspicuously than the New Hampshire Wentworths. Descended from the finest English stock they early planted themselves in America, and here brought into exercise the high qualities of intelligence, energy, dignity, and courtesy that by nature, the heritage of generations of high-bred ancestors, were theirs. Both Longfellow and Whittier have celebrated the family in charming verse, Whittier, especially, in his "Amy Wentworth," of whom he says:

“Her home was brave on Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights,
And ladies gently born.

“Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

“And on her from the wainscot old
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.”

The romantic second marriage of Benning Wentworth, first Royal Governor of New Hampshire as a separate colony, furnished the subject, also, for Longfellow's poem, “Lady Wentworth,” the poet's tale in “Tales of a Wayside Inn.” In this poem Longfellow followed closely the account given by Brewster, which runs thus: “The Governor invited a dinner party, and with many other guests, in his cocked hat comes the beloved Rev. Arthur Browne [Rector of Queen's Chapel, Portsmouth]. The dinner is served up in a style becoming the Governor's table, the wine is of good quality, etc. In due time, as previously arranged, Martha Hilton, the Governor's maid servant, a damsel of twenty summers, appears before the company. The Governor, bleached by the frosts of sixty winters, rises: ‘Mr. Browne, I wish you to marry me.’ ‘To whom?’ asked the Rector in wondering surprise. ‘To this lady,’ was the reply. The Rector stood confounded. The Governor became imperative: ‘As the Governor of New Hampshire I command you to marry me.’ The ceremony was performed and Martha Hilton became Lady Wentworth.”¹

With a poet's license, Longfellow has given Martha Hilton Wentworth a title that was never hers, Lady Frances Wentworth was the only “Lady Wentworth” this continent has ever known. Moreover, the Wentworth family history says that Mar-

1. This second marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth took place March 15, 1760. On the 19th of December, 1770, two months after her elderly first husband's death, Martha Wentworth became the wife of a retired English army officer, Col. Michael Wentworth, one of the English Wentworths, who settled in New Hampshire and the rest of his life shared the comfortable fortune his distant relative, the Governor, had left.

tha was not servant but young housekeeper to the Governor, she being only twenty-three while her elderly lord was sixty-four.

John Wentworth's grandfather, John, was Lieutenant Governor of New Hampshire before that Colony became separated from Massachusetts. Among his sons were Governor Benning Wentworth, born July twenty-fourth, 1696, graduated at Harvard College in 1715, who became as we have said the first royal governor of New Hampshire as an independent colony; Mark Hunking Wentworth, an eminent merchant in Portsmouth and a representative to the legislature, whose son was Governor John Wentworth of Portsmouth and Halifax; and Samuel Wentworth, father of Governor John's wife, Lady Frances.

Governor John Wentworth was born at Portsmouth, August ninth, 1737, graduated at Harvard College, in the class with President John Adams, in 1755, took his master's degree in 1758, and in a short time became, like his father and his uncle Benning, a leading merchant in Portsmouth. From the standing of his family in New England and with the administration in England, and through strong qualities in himself, having already acquired political influence, when in 1767, on account of age and infirmities his uncle Benning resigned the governorship, he was at once appointed in his place; to the governorship being added the office of Surveyor of the King's Woods for all North America. On the 11th of November, 1769, at Queen's Chapel, Portsmouth, the Rev. Arthur Browne united in marriage Governor John and his first cousin, Frances, the remarkable fact being that exactly a fortnight before the lady had become the widow of another first cousin of both her and John, young Theodore Atkinson, to whom she had been married less than eight years.²

For nine years John Wentworth administered the government of New Hampshire, entertaining lavishly in his comfortable town house on Pleasant street, Portsmouth, and his roomy cottage at Wolfeborough, and until his Tory sympathies showed themselves was generally liked by the New Hampshire people. At last, how-

2. It is said that on the day he married Frances (Wentworth) Atkinson to her cousin, John Wentworth, Rev. Arthur Browne fell down some stone steps and broke his arm. Until the appointment of his son, Marmaduke Browne, as assistant missionary he was the only Anglican clergyman in New Hampshire. Rev. Arthur Browne was an Englishman.

ever, his quick response to Gage's appeal for workmen from his province to help build barracks at Boston for the British troops, which appeal had become necessary by the refusal of the Boston carpenters to assist in the work, sealed his own fate and that of his government, and he had to leave Portsmouth by the back entrance and through the garden of his house. With his wife and infant son, on the frigate *Scarborough* he fled to Boston,³ and from Boston, in 1776, sailed with Howe's fleet for Halifax, his wife and child having previously left on the ship *Julius Caesar* for England.

In April, 1776, Mr. Wentworth was at Halifax, in November he was at Long Island; in January, 1777, he was in New York City, and in May of the same year he was at Newport, R. I. In February, 1778, he went to England, and there he remained until August, 1783,⁴ when as Surveyor General of all the woods in North America that remained to the King, with a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, he sailed for Halifax, which he reached on the 20th of September. On the 25th of November, 1791, Governor Parr died at Halifax, and late in April or early in May, 1792, Mr. Wentworth was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia. At this time he was in England, and Saturday, May 20th, he reached Halifax in his Majesty's frigate *Hussar*, commanded by Rupert George.⁵ On Sunday he disembarked and was received by a de-

3. "His Excellency John Wentworth, Esq., Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, with his Lady and son, is arrived here in his Majesty's ship, *Scarborough*, Captain Berkley." *Massachusetts Gazette*, and *Boston Post Boy and Advertiser*, for September 7, 1775.

"Governor Wentworth has left his retreat at the mouth of the Piscataqua river, and taken refuge at Boston, with the rest of the Tories." *Boston-Gazette and Country Journal*, September 11, 1775.

In a letter from Halifax, dated September 23, 1783, Dr. Mather Byles says that Governor Wentworth and Lt.-Governor Edmund Fanning arrived at Halifax from England, September 20, three days before. December 30th, of the same year, Dr. Byles dined with Governor Wentworth.

4. It is said that in 1778 Mr. Wentworth was also in Paris, and that one night on leaving the theatre he encountered President Adams. The latter soon recognized his Harvard classmate, but it is pretty clear, as we may well believe, that he did not give him a very cordial greeting. Friendship, however, proved stronger than political rancour, and the two men, in spite of the antagonism in their political views, whenever they met afterwards met as friends. On this particular occasion, "not an indelicate expression," writes President Adams, "to us or to our country or our ally escaped him. His whole behaviour was that of an accomplished gentleman."

5. It seems impossible that his commission as Governor could have been issued May 14th, since he reached Halifax May 20th, "after a voyage of five weeks from Falmouth," but so a printed record reads.

tachment of the 21st Regiment, and by the Royal Artillery, who saluted him with field pieces on the Grand Parade. To Government House he was escorted by the acting secretary of the Province, Mr. J. M. Freke Bulkeley, and on Monday at one o'clock was sworn into office, a salute of fifteen guns being fired by a party of Royal Artillery drawn up on the Parade. Addresses of congratulation and welcome were then presented him by the magistrates, the bishop and his clergy, and many societies and individuals.

In May, 1795, Governor Wentworth was created a baronet,⁶ and on Sunday, the 31st of that month, the Duke of Kent with all the officers of the garrison attended a levee at Government House, where congratulations were showered upon Sir John first, and then on Lady Wentworth in her drawing room. Sir John's administration, of the Nova Scotia Government lasted until 1808, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Sir George Prevost, Bart. From the time of his retirement until his death, April eighth, 1820, at the age of eighty-three, he enjoyed a pension of five hundred pounds a year. Although Sir John was a native of Portsmouth his wife, Lady Frances, was not. Her parents, Samuel and Elizabeth (Deering) Wentworth, were important members of the aristocratic society that on occasion "trooped in full tide through the wainscotted and tapestried rooms, and up the grand old winding staircase with its carved balustrades and its square landing places" of the famous Province House, of Boston, "to do honor to the hospitality of the martial Shute, the courtly Burnet, the gallant Pownall, or the haughty Bernard," and that knelt with proper reverence on Sundays in the high-walled square pews of King's Chapel, where the Rev. Henry Caner, D. D., or his assistants the Rev. Charles Brockwell, or the Rev. John Troutbeck, said Morning or Evening Prayer. Samuel Wentworth, who was a merchant of prominence, died in 1766, but in the Revolution his whole family were Royalists, and their lives generally after the evacuation of Boston may be learned from the Wentworth family history.

During most of Sir John's governorship of Nova Scotia Lady

6. The Wentworth family history says that at this time he was "further honoured with the privilege of wearing in the chevron of his arms, two keys, as the emblem of his fidelity."

Wentworth was with him in Halifax, her charms lending not a little colour to the somewhat sombre social life of this cold provincial capital. In England, however, both she and Sir John had attached themselves to the well known titled English Wentworth families, the Rockinghams, Straffords, and Fitzwilliams, and with the last of these, the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Lady Frances, and her son Charles Mary, had a long and intimate friendship. In England, in close intercourse with these noble kinsmen of hers, much of Lady Wentworth's later life was spent, and it is said that Sir Charles Mary in his last years lived with the Fitzwilliams.

In July, 1798, Lady Frances Wentworth was presented at court by Countess Fitzwilliam, and Queen Charlotte was so charmed with the handsome Colonial that she had her appointed lady-in-waiting, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year, with the privilege of residing abroad if she wished.

Sir Charles Mary Wentworth, Sir John's only legitimate child, named for his God-parents, the Marquis and Marchioness of Rockingham,⁷ spent very little of his life in Halifax. He was graduated at Oxford, acted as private secretary to Lord Fitzwilliam when the latter was Lord of the Treasury, and at his father's death succeeded to the baronetcy. He died unmarried, at Kingsland, Devon, April tenth, 1844, and the baronetcy granted

7. Sir Charles Mary Wentworth, Bart., was born at Portsmouth, January 20, 1775. On that event, his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Wentworth, wrote her sister, Mrs. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, then in Boston, the following letter.

"Portsmouth, February 2, 1775.

"My Dear Sister,

"I had the pleasure to receive your favour of the 10th December, in which you make no mention of any from me. I wrote some time past and trust it met your hand. Mrs. Wentworth is safe in bed with a fine, hearty boy, with another blessing added, in being able to nurse him herself. I need not attempt to tell you the pleasure this child has brought with it to all its connections. The Governor's happiness seems to be complete; and had a young prince been born there could not have been more rejoicing. The ships fired their guns. All the gentlemen of the town and from the King's ship came the next day to pay their compliments. The ladies followed, and for one week there were cake and caudle wine, etc., passing. I forgot to mention that this young gentleman made his appearance on the 20th January, and this house has been full ever since. Adieu, my dear sister, and be assured you have not a more affectionate one than

"ELIZABETH WENTWORTH.

"To Mrs. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, Boston."

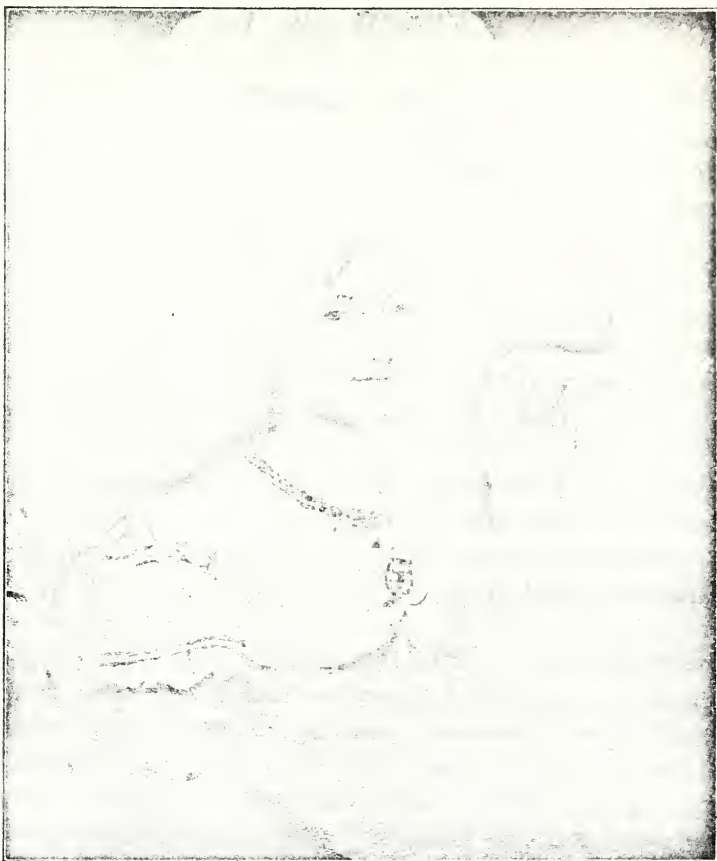
Mrs. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, it will be remembered, with her husband and family, came at the Revolution to Windsor, Nova Scotia, and there spent the rest of her life and died.

his father then became extinct. Sir John had ambitions for his son in Nova Scotia and June sixteenth, 1801, had the latter, then in his twenty-sixth year, sworn as a member of the council. In this dignified body the young man sat in 1801, 1802, and 1803, but in March, 1805, his father reported his seat vacant, and it is doubtful if he was ever in Nova Scotia after that. When his uncle Benning died in Halifax in 1808, Charles Mary was appointed to the vacant Provincial Secretaryship and the Registry of Patents and Deeds, Mr. Michael Wallace being appointed Deputy Provincial Secretary. Three months after his appointment Sir John retired from the government and the son never personally assumed the office.⁸ When Sir Charles Mary died he left his cousin, Mrs. Catherine Gore, the authoress, twenty-three thousand acres of land in Nova Scotia, including the famous "Prince's Lodge," and also the papers, plate, and pictures he had inherited from his father.

Sir John Wentworth's town house in Portsmouth, as we have said, was on Pleasant Street. It is yet standing, a comfortable old Colonial house, still pointed out with pride by the Portsmouth people. His house at Wolfeborough, burned the year of his death, was a hundred feet long, and forty-five feet wide, with five barns near it, and a large farm about it in which Sir John took great pride. In Portsmouth Sir John lived in much state, his stable containing the very considerable number of sixteen horses. In Halifax he and Lady Wentworth made Government House the centre of a social life on the whole more brilliant than Halifax has probably ever had since. As we have said in a pre-

8. In place of Charles Mary Wentworth, Mr. Samuel Hood George was made Provincial Secretary in 1808. Mr. George held the office until 1813, when he died. See the writer's monograph on the Cochran family, p. 8. Admiral Sir Rupert George, then a junior officer in the navy, a young Irishman, married in Halifax, in 1782, Margaret, eldest daughter (by his first wife) of Hon. Thomas Cochran of Halifax. The Georges had eight children, of whom Samuel Hood, born in 1789, was the eldest, and Rupert Dennis, born October 9, 1796, was the third.

As has been mentioned above, Sir John Wentworth was graduated at Harvard in 1755, and took his Master's degree there in 1758. He was also made a Master of Arts by Princeton College in 1763; an LL.D. by the University of Aberdeen in 1764, and by Dartmouth College in 1773; and a D. C. L. by Oxford University in 1766. Sir Charles Mary Wentworth, received his A. B. from Oxford in 1796, and his A. M. from the same university later. An honorary A. M. was also given him by Harvard in 1801. He was further created a D. C. L. by Oxford in 1806.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, VICTORIA-MARY-LOUISA,
DUCHESS OF KENT

vious chapter, Lady Wentworth's cousin, young Nathaniel Ray Thomas, Jr., once wrote: "There have dined at Government House between December 12, 1794, and October 29, 1795, two thousand, four hundred, and thirty-seven persons." There is a story told of Governor John in Portsmouth, that one day a countryman met him among his horses. "They say," said the rustic, "that Johnny is short and thick and fond of wine, but on the whole a pretty clever sort of fellow. How I should like to see him!" The Governor soon asked him to step into the house, where the man to his great confusion learned who his companion was. Among the early entertainments given by the Wentworths at Government House, in Halifax, was one on Sunday, August 12th, of the year of Sir John's appointment. On that day, the birthday of the Prince of Wales (afterward King George the Fourth) Governor Wentworth gave a grand dinner to the officers of the army and navy and many gentlemen of the town. During the evening, Government House was brilliantly illuminated.

December 20th of the same year, from the *Gazette* newspaper we learn that, "On Thursday evening, the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Wentworth gave a ball and supper to the ladies and gentlemen of the town and the officers of the army and navy, which was altogether the most brilliant and sumptuous entertainment given by the Wentworths. The company being assembled in the levee room at eight o'clock, the bands which were very numerous and excellent, played 'God save the King' three times over, after which the country dances commenced, two sets dancing at the same time. The whole house was open—every room illuminated and elegantly decorated. There was a room set apart for cotillions, above stairs, for those who chose to dance them, and a band provided on purpose for it. During the dancing there were refreshments of ice, orgeat, capillaire, and a variety of other things. At twelve the supper room was opened, and too much cannot be said of the splendor and magnificence of it; the ladies sat down at table and the gentlemen waited upon them. Among other ornaments, which were altogether superb, there were exact representations of Hartshorne and Tremain's new flour-mill, and of the windmill on the Common. The model of the new lighthouse at Shelburne was incomparable, and the tract of the new road

from Pictou was delineated in the most ingenious and surprising manner, as was the representation of our fisheries, that great source of the wealth of this country. To all these inimitable ornaments corresponding mottoes were attached, so that not only taste and elegance were conspicuous, but encouragement and genius were displayed. The viands and wines were delectable, and mirth, grace, and good humor seemed to have joined hands to celebrate some glorious festival; but this was only for the friends of the Governor and Mrs. Wentworth. When the ladies left the supper-room the gentlemen sat down to table, when the governor gave the several loyal toasts, with three times three, and an applicable tune was played after each bumper, which had an admirable effect. At two o'clock the dancing recommenced, and at four the company retired. That ease, elegance, and superiority of manners, which must ever gain Mrs. Wentworth the admiration of the whole community; and that hospitality, perfect good breeding and infinite liberality which so distinguish the character and conduct of our beloved and adored Governor never shone with more lustre than on this occasion, when every care of his and Mrs. Wentworth's mind seemed to be to give one universal satisfaction. Everything tended to promote one sympathizing joy, and never was there a night passed with more perfect harmony and luxurious festivity."

At some time early in his official career in Halifax Governor Wentworth purchased land and erected a small villa a few miles north of the town. To the villa he gave the name, suggested by Romeo and Juliet, "Friar Laurence's Cell," and there, until the Duke of Kent came, he probably in summer lived. This place was leased by his Royal Highness on his arrival, and the house greatly enlarged, and in it in considerable state, with Madame de St. Laurent, during his stay the Duke for the most part lived. Of the Prince's Lodge, as the place came to be called after the Duke left, the late Dr. Thomas B. Akens has given the following graphic account: "This beautiful little retreat," he says, "had been erected by Prince Edward on the land of the Governor, Sir John Wentworth. The grounds were laid out and improved at considerable expense under his direction. The Rotunda, or music room, on the opposite side of the road, next the water, surrounded

by the rich foliage of the beech groves, and surmounted by a large gilded ball flashing in the sunlight, presented a beautiful and picturesque appearance on the approach to the Lodge. The villa was built altogether of wood, consisting of a centre of two stories containing the hall and staircase, with a flat roof. There were two wings containing the Duke's apartments. In the rear was a narrow wooden building with pointed gothic windows, resembling a chapel, containing the kitchen and offices, which extended some distance southward beyond the main building. The grouping of the beech and birch trees around the house was well arranged. They were the original forest trees, selected and permitted to stand in clearing away the space for the buildings. The rooms were not spacious and the ceilings were low, as appears to have been the fashion of building in Halifax at the time.

"The woods around were very beautiful. They were traversed by walks, and in several places by a carriage road with vistas and resting places where little wooden seats and several imitation Chinese temples were erected. Several of these small summer houses were in existence in 1828 and probably later, and portions of them could be seen through the openings in the trees on passing the main road. The Duke erected a range of low buildings on the edge of the Basin, a little to the north of the Rotunda, which were occupied by two companies of his regiment, and contained the guard-room and a mess-room for the officers. This building was afterwards known as the Rockingham Inn, a favorite resort in Summer, when tea and ginger beer were to be had under the piazza which ran along the edge of the water."

In September, 1795, Sir John and Lady Wentworth made a tour of the western part of Nova Scotia and on this occasion some now forgotten poet of Granville, Annapolis County, composed and printed the following poem.

9. The Rockingham Club was established either while the Duke of Kent was resident in Halifax or very soon after his leaving for Canada. Its members were Sir John Wentworth, the whole of his Majesty's Council, the Admiral on the station, several of the principal military officers, and a number of leading civilians. One of these latter was the Rev. Dr. Stanser, Rector of St. Paul's, another the Hon. Andrew Belcher, both of whom had villas on the Basin. The club was partly literary and party social. The members dined together at the hotel, about this time named the "Rockingham House," a building erected near the Prince's Lodge for the accommodation of the two companies of his regiment that the Duke of Kent had stationed near him. The name "Rockingham" was in compliment to Sir John's English connexions.

“ON SEEING HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN WENTWORTH PASSING
THROUGH GRANVILLE ON HIS WAY TO ANNAPOLIS.

“When Tyrants travel, though in pompous state,
Each eye beholds them with indignant hate;
Destroying angels thus are said to move,
The objects more of terror than of love;
For grandeur can’t, unless with goodness joined,
Afford true pleasure to the virtuous mind.
But when our loyal Wentworth deigns to ride
(The Sovereign’s fav’rite and the subjects’ pride)
Around his chariot crowding numbers throng,
And hail his virtues as he moves along.
Such high respect shall be conferred on him
The King delights to honor and esteem,
Whose loyalty unshaken, spotless fame,
And social virtues shall endear his name
In every loyal bosom long to live,
As our lov’d Monarch’s representative.”

The last years of her life Lady Wentworth spent in England, and from the spring of 1810 to at least the summer of 1812 Sir John was with her there. She died at Sunning Hill, Berks, twenty-four miles out of London, on the fourteenth of February, 1813, but Sir John was then in Halifax. His own last days Sir John spent in lodgings at Mrs. Wentworth Fleiger’s, on the east side of Hollis Street.¹⁰ He died April eighth, 1820, aged eighty-three and his remains were deposited in a vault under St. Paul’s Church. In the church was erected a mural tablet to his memory, bearing the following inscription: “In memory of Sir John Wentworth, Baronet, who administered the Government of this Province for nearly sixteen years, from May, 1792, to April, 1808. With what success, the public records of that period, and His Majesty’s gracious approbation will best testify. His unshaken attachment to his Sovereign and the British Constitution was conspicuous throughout his long life.” Governor Wentworth

10. From a letter of Lady Wentworth’s written from Morin’s Hotel, London, to her nephew, Samuel Henry Wentworth, and dated March 1, 1810, we learn that she and Sir John had recently crossed the Atlantic and had had a hard voyage. On their arrival they had been met by their son. Other letters prove that up to July 24, 1812, at least, Sir John was with his wife in England, but on her death at Sunning Hill, Berks, February 14, 1813, if not earlier, he returned to Halifax and took lodgings at Mrs. Wentworth Fleiger’s.

left nine manuscript volumes of copies of his correspondence, extending from 1767 to 1808, a period of forty-one years, which are now in the Provincial Archives at Halifax. Like many of the most prominent Loyalists of the American Revolution, a complete history of his life has never yet been written, but it is to be hoped that at least his correspondence may some day come into print.

Of Sir John's character, the Nova Scotia historian, Mr. Beamish Murdoch in a private letter once wrote: "One thing has impressed me distinctly in my examinations, viz., that although Sir John was ardently attached to the Royal Government, he had a great and sincere love for his native land, and disapproved of most of the measures that incensed the people and produced revolt. At every step I have been more and more impressed with his candor, hospitality, urbanity, constancy, and the affectionate nature of the man, evinced toward his kinsfolk, friends, neighbors, and his country (America), of whose future he was ever sanguine. I found the task of following his career as Governor of New Hampshire a very pleasing one. The confiscation of his estate must have been very painful to him, as he had taken great interest in its improvement."

There are Copley portraits in existence of both Sir John and Lady Frances Wentworth. That of Sir John is a fine crayon, 22 by 18 inches in size, made in 1769. In it Sir John wears a white wig and a light coat and waistcoat. Lady Wentworth's portrait was painted in 1765, when she was nineteen years old. It is a three-quarters length portrait and an excellent specimen of Copley's work. In it Miss Wentworth sits by a small table holding a delicate chain, to which is attached a flying squirrel. This portrait is in the gallery of the New York public library.¹¹

The youngest brother of Lady Frances Wentworth was Benning Wentworth, and he too, and his family were long distinguished residents of Halifax. Benning Wentworth was born March sixteenth, 1757, and baptized at King's Chapel the first of the following May, Governor Benning Wentworth, Charles Pax-

11. Mrs. Archibald McPhedris (Sarah Wentworth), an aunt of Lady Frances, was also painted by Copley. Mrs. Theodore Atkinson, another aunt of Lady Frances, and Mr. Atkinson (second husband of this aunt), with their son, Theodore, cousin and first husband of Lady Frances, were painted by Blackburn.

ton, Esq., and Mrs. Penelope Vassall, being sureties. He was graduated at Oxford, married at All Saints Church, Hereford, to Anne, daughter of William Bird, of Drysbridge House, and after 1788, like his sister, Frances, removed to Halifax. In the north part of this city he owned a small place known as "Poplar Grove," the place becoming later the property of Col. John Starr, M. P. P.,¹² and finally having a street cut through it, which was named "Starr Street." Before coming to Nova Scotia, Benning Wentworth must have lived in New Hampshire, for by an Act of Attainder, in 1778, he was proscribed and banished and his estate confiscated in that Province. In Nova Scotia, November 12, 1796, he was made a member of H. M. Council, thereafter becoming Treasurer of the Province. In 1800 he was appointed Master of the Rolls, Registrar in Chancery, Captain and Paymaster in the King's Nova Scotia Regiment, and Provincial Secretary, in which last important office he died, February 18, 1808. Benning Wentworth and his wife had eleven children, all of whom survived their father and went to England with their mother. One of these was Benning William Bentinck Wentworth, R. N., who died in England in 1810, aged twenty-one. Mrs. Benning Wentworth died at Hereford in 1812. About the Wentworths in Halifax clustered a group of their distinguished Boston connexions, families of Brinleys, Goulds, Monks, and Thomases, some of whom came before the Revolution, some about the time that the Wentworths themselves came.

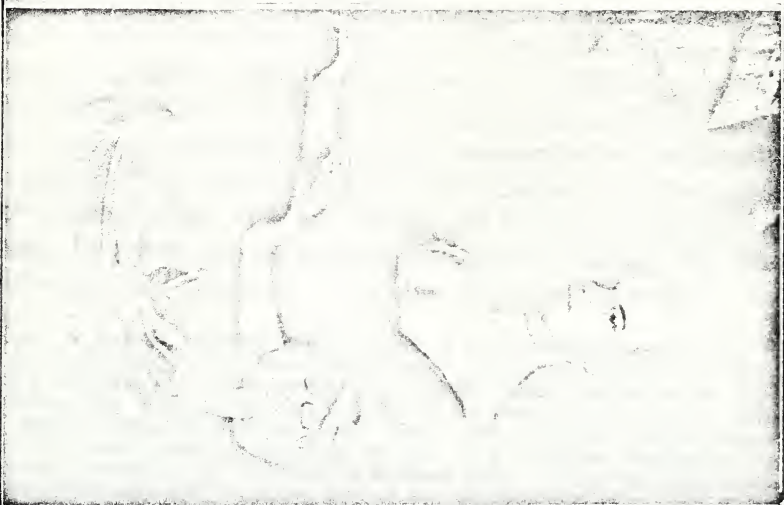
The extraordinary social brilliancy of Sir John Wentworth's administration of the Nova Scotia government was enhanced in no slight degree by the residence in Halifax during part of the period that it covered of His Royal Highness Prince Edward, fourth son of King George Third, who while he was stationed in Nova Scotia was created Duke of Kent.¹³ In 1790, at Gilbraltar, the Prince was given command of the 7th regiment of foot (Royal

12. Colonel John Starr was the writer's great-great uncle. He was father of Hon. John Leander Starr, M. L. C. who married for his second wife a Miss Throckmorton of New Jersey. A granddaughter of Mr. Starr by this second marriage is Mrs. John DuFais, of Newport, Rhode Island, and a grandson, Mr. John Starr Hunt, a lawyer in Mexico City.

13. Prince Edward was born November 2, 1767, he was therefore less than twenty-seven years old when he took up his residence in Halifax. When he married he was between fifty and fifty-one.



SIR JOHN WENTWORTH, BART
Governor of Nova Scotia, 1792-1808



LADY FRANCES WENTWORTH
Wife of Sir John Wentworth

Fusiliers). In 1793 he was at Quebec, the next year, February sixth, he arrived at Boston¹⁴ on his way to the West Indies, where he had been ordered to assume chief command of the troops. In the West Indies he remained but a short time, for on Saturday, May tenth, 1794, after a voyage of eleven days from St. Kitts, he landed at Halifax to take command of the troops on the North American station. The afternoon of his arrival, at six o'clock, his Excellency Governor Wentworth waited on His Royal Highness on his ship and congratulated him on his safe arrival, then the Prince and the Governor landed under royal salutes from the *Blanche* and the *Earl of Moira*, warships, and the great fortress above the town. The next Monday a salute was fired from the Grand Parade, which was answered by the garrison batteries, and on Wednesday there was a crowded levee at Government House, and in the evening a brilliant illumination of the town. At the levee flattering addresses were presented to the Prince, in which he is described as the "heroic offspring of highly revered parents, of a king the undoubted father of his people, of a queen the unrivalled pattern of her sex," and as himself having "noble and engaging qualities of active valour and condescending courteousness"—with much else of a like extravagant eulogistic sort. On Saturday His Royal Highness, attended by General Ogilvie, military commander, Commodore George of the Royal Navy, and other officers, reviewed the troops stationed in Halifax, behind the citadel Hill. On Monday the 26th, Bishop Charles Inglis presented the Prince with an address on behalf of himself and his clergy, by which we see how completely the Bishop also had lost his head in the presence of royalty, and how far gone he had got

14. A fact of sufficient local interest to be remembered is that on the thirteenth of February, 1794, Miss Nancy Geyer's marriage in Boston to Mr. Rufus Amory was graced by the presence of Prince Edward, who on his way from Canada to the West Indies was detained in Boston for a few days. Miss Geyer's father, Frederick William Geyer, who lived in Summer street, was a merchant of much social prominence in the New England metropolis, and his daughter's wedding was no doubt a brilliant affair. How the Geyers knew the Prince sufficiently well to invite him to the wedding we do not know, but it is recorded that they did invite him and that he came with his aides. It is also recorded that he claimed the privilege of kissing the bride and bridesmaids. Another daughter of Mr. Geyer, Mary Anne or Marianne, was married in 1792 to Hon. Andrew Belcher, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, son of Chief Justice Jonathan Belcher, and became the mother of Rear Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, K. C. B., and of Catherine, wife of Charles Maryatt, M. P., and mother of Captain Frederick Maryatt, the English novelist.

from the possibility of expressing himself in unexaggerated prose. "Your progress Sir," he says "to this part of His Majesty's American dominions, has been marked by a variety of hazards. Whilst we admired that heroic ardor and intrepidity, which at the call of duty and honour led you to spurn every danger from fatigue through inhospitable wilds, from the extremes of climate, from armed enemies, and from others who were secretly hostile, we were greatly agitated, and felt the utmost anxiety for your safety. Like the celebrated Roman, who is equally memorable for the number of his victories and for the celerity of his military movements, you flew to the embattled hosts of your enemies; like him, you came, you saw them, you conquered."

Prince Edward was, as we have said, the fourth son of King George the Third and Queen Charlotte, this royal family comprising no less than seven sons,—George the Fourth, Frederick Duke of York, William the Fourth (Duke of Clarence), Edward Duke of Kent, Ernest Duke of Cumberland, Augustus Duke of Sussex, Adolphus Duke of Cambridge; and besides the King's favorite daughter, the Princess Amelia,¹⁵ and we believe four other daughters who died young, Charlotte, wife of Frederick, King of Wurtemberg, Elizabeth, wife of Frederick, Prince of Hesse Homburg, and Mary, wife of William Duke of Gloucester.¹⁶ Of the coming to Halifax of Prince Edward, the historian Murdoch says: "As our colonists were gratified and felt deeply honored by the repeated visits of Prince William Henry (afterwards King William the Fourth, who came here first as a young naval officer, and after that in command of a frigate, and were charmed with his frank, genial, and simple manners¹⁷ [so] they were dazzled and

15. Miss Frances Burney speaks affectionately of this child as "that endearing child . . . the lovely little Princess Amelia."

16. In all, this prolific royal pair brought into the world fifteen children. "Farmer George" may therefore be pardoned, perhaps, for the rigid economies with which he is commonly credited.

17. On Wednesday, October fourth, 1786, Prince William Henry arrived at Halifax from St. John's, Newfoundland, in the war-ship *Pegasus*. On Thursday morning he landed at the King's Slip, "where the people thronged joyfully to see him." He was welcomed on shore by Major-General Campbell and Governor Parr, who conducted him to Government House. On Thursday, June twenty-eighth, 1787, he came again, this time from Jamaica, in the *Andromeda*, and was received with great applause. On Wednesday, October twenty-fourth, 1787, he came the third time, now from Quebec. Beamish Murdoch's "History of Nova Scotia," Vol. 3, pp. 50-53, 55, 61.

On one of Prince William Henry's visits he rode through Windsor and

impressed greatly by the residence of the young prince, Edward, who brought with him the personal reputation he had earned for great activity and zeal in his military profession. Independently of the eclat which his rank gave him, he gained the hearts of the civilians by his affability, benevolence, and liberality. His generosity was displayed in many ways. He gave employment to workmen of every kind—laborers, painters, carpenters, etc. He interested himself sincerely in the welfare of families and individuals, and this feeling continued during his life; for long after he bade a final adieu to Halifax, his exertions and influence were often used to procure commissions, pensions, or employment for persons whose parents he had known while here. He remained, in fact, the ready patron of Nova Scotians until his death.”

Soon after the Prince came to Halifax he leased from Sir John Wentworth the property out of town we have referred to, which ever since the Duke's stay in Nova Scotia has been called the “Prince's Lodge.”¹⁸ The house in town in which he first placed his establishment, and to which he probably from time to time returned, was a dwelling in the North End that chroniclers describe as a handsome structure, with a portico on the front resting on Corinthian pillars. After he went away this house became an army hospital, the stables in connection with it, which were roomy and large, being used as a barracks storehouse and for a garrison library. The villa, seven miles north of the town, which His Royal Highness rented from Sir John Wentworth, originally comparatively small, the

Kentville to Annapolis Royal, accepting hospitality from several private citizens along the way. He left a quieter record in Nova Scotia than in Barbadoes, for Leigh Hunt tells us of a certain landlady in Barbadoes who became famous “in Barbadian and nautical annals” for having successfully drawn up a bill of damages against His Royal Highness to the amount of seven hundred pounds. The Prince, then a wild young naval officer, in a fit of ultra joviality begun at the mess of the 49th Regiment had demolished all the good woman's furniture, “even to the very beds,” and as a concluding act of good nature had upset the staid woman herself as he left the house.

¹⁸. In a private letter to John King, Esq., under secretary of state, written September 27, 1799, Sir John Wentworth says: The Prince “has entered upon his command with infinite activity, and ideas extremely enlarged, since his departure from here. The arrangement in contemplation promises a plenteous circulation of money, and improvement in this province. He is now residing chiefly at my house near town, which he requested to reoccupy, and I have accordingly lent it to him during his stay in Nova Scotia, though I have not another place to go to for a day's retirement. However, it must be so! for he wrote to me, and now says he has more pleasure in that villa than in any other place out of England.” Quoted by Murdoch in his “History of Nova Scotia,” Vol. 3, p. 181.

Prince enlarged until it became, as we see by engravings of it that have come to us, and the description we have already given, a spacious residence, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south, and drawing-rooms in the centre. The Lodge stood in the middle of a fine open lawn, about two hundred yards from the post road which winds around Bedford Basin, and was flanked by large and well appointed stables. Dr. Akins's pleasant picture of it and its surroundings which we have reproduced is added to or given a little differently by other historians. The Lodge grounds, they say, though rustic and retaining a great deal of their primitive wildness, had many charming surprises, among these an artificial lake, and several little pagoda-like summer houses and "Greek and Italian" imitation temples which stood on elevated mounds among the thick-growing trees. In the neighborhood of the Lodge were dwellings for mechanics and workmen of various sorts employed on the estate and in directly military service, so that the place was like a small feudal town. The little Rotunda, containing a single room, which was richly frescoed and hung with paintings by the Prince himself, was built especially for dancing, and under the narrow portico which surrounds this building the Prince's regimental band used to play in the afternoons. From the house, gravelled walks used to stretch in all directions, and there the household and their guests used to stroll at leisure on every fine day. On an adjoining hill the Prince had a signal station erected, by means of which he could send his orders into town, a responsive signal having been erected by his orders on Citadel Hill.¹⁹

19. Writing of Halifax about 1828, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton says: "At a distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined Lodge, built by H. R. H. the late Duke of Kent, when Commander in Chief of the forces of this Colony, once his favorite summer residence and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottoes, the long and winding avenues cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that reign around, all bespeaking a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of affecting pleasures and the transitory nature of all earthly things. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its Royal Master; and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements. A few years more and all trace of it will have disappeared forever. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamental gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common in the country."

When Prince Edward came to Halifax he was unmarried but he brought with him from the West Indies a lady who as much as she was permitted by society shared his social responsibilities, and who, sincerely attached to his interests and to his person, assiduously ministered to his wants. In Martinique, it is said, the Prince found Madame Alphonsine Thérèse Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson, and this noble Frenchwoman was his companion during his stay in Halifax, and afterwards until nearly the time of his marriage to the widow who was to become through her alliance with Prince Edward the mother of Victoria, England's illustrious and greatly beloved queen. In Quebec the Prince had formed the acquaintance of a French family named De Salaberry, and this acquaintance ripened into a very close intimacy, cemented by Edward's patronage of and continued regard for two of the De Salaberry boys, Maurice and Chevalier. As a result of this friendship we have a small volume of the letters of the Prince to Monsieur de Salaberry, which contain as frequent and familiar references to Madame de St. Laurent as if the lady had been the Prince's legal wife. When Prince Edward first landed in Halifax he wrote De Salaberry regretting that his friend Madame de St. Laurent had not yet come, and in almost every succeeding letter written during his stay he freely couples her name with his own. How the Wentworths, at Government House, treated the Prince's mistress we have never been informed, but there are still historic echoes heard in Halifax of the disapproval with which Mrs. Michael Francklin, and other conventional ladies (probably like Mrs. Francklin of Boston antecedents) regarded the lady who presided over the household and assisted in dispensing the hospitalities of the royal establishment.

In 1818 the Duke of Kent married, and in that rarely interesting gossippy narration entitled the "Creevey Papers" we find a conversation recorded between him and Mr. Creevey which took place at Brussels the year before, from which we get a glare of light on His Royal Highness' state of mind towards matrimony and towards the lady who had so long and affectionately shared his varied fortunes. Apropos of the future succession to the British throne, Prince Edward says: "As for the Duke of York,

at his time of life and that of the Duchess, all issue of course is out of the question. The Duke of Clarence, I have no doubt, will marry if he can, but the terms he asks from the ministers are such as they can never comply with. Besides a settlement such as is proper for a Prince who marries expressly for a succession to the Throne, the Duke of Clarence demands the payment of all his debts, which are very great, and a handsome provision for each of his ten natural children. These are terms that no Ministers can accede to. Should the Duke of Clarence not marry, the next prince in succession is myself, and although I trust I shall be at all times ready to obey any call my country may make on me, God only knows the sacrifice it will be to make, whenever I shall think it my duty to become a married man. It is now seven and twenty years that Madame St. Laurent and I have lived together; we are of the same age, and have been in all climates and in all difficulties together, and you may well imagine, Mr. Creevey, the pang it will occasion me to part with her. I put it to your own feeling—in the event of any separation between you and Mrs. Creevey. . . . As for Madame St. Laurent herself, I protest I don't know what is to become of her if a marriage is to be forced upon me, her feelings are already so agitated upon the subject. You saw, no doubt, that unfortunate paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, which appeared within a day or two after the Princess Charlotte's death, and in which my marrying was alluded to. Upon receiving the paper containing that article at the same time with my private letters, I did as is my constant practice, I threw the newspaper across the table to Madame St. Laurent and began to open and read my letters. I had not done so but a very short time when my attention was called to an extraordinary noise and a strong convulsive movement in Madame St. Laurent's throat. For a short time I entertained serious apprehensions for her safety; and when upon her recovery I enquired into the occasion of this attack she pointed to the article in the *Morning Chronicle* relating to my marriage.

“From that day to this I am compelled to be in the practice of daily dissimulation with Madam St. Laurent to keep this subject from her thoughts. I am fortunately acquainted with the gentlemen in Bruxelles who conduct the Liberal and Oracle newspa-

pers; they have promised me to keep all articles upon the subject of my marriage out of their papers, and I hope my friends in England will be equally prudent. My brother the Duke of Clarence is the elder brother, and has certainly the right to marry if he chooses, and I would not interfere with him on any account. If he wishes to be King—to be married and have children, poor man—God help him! let him do so. For myself, I am a man of no ambition and wish only to remain as I am. . . . Easter, you know, falls very early this year, the 22d of March. If the Duke of Clarence does not take any step before that time I must find some pretext to reconcile Madame St. Laurent to my going to England for a short time. St. George's day is the day now fixed for keeping the birthday, and my paying my respects to the Regent on that day will be a sufficient excuse for my reappearance in England. When once there it will be easy for me to consult with my friends as to the proper steps to be taken. Should the Duke of Clarence do nothing before that time as to marrying, it will become my duty, no doubt, to take some measures upon the subject myself.

“You have heard the names of the Princess of Baden and the Princess of Saxe-Coburg mentioned. The latter connection would perhaps be the better of the two, from the circumstance of Prince Leopold being so popular with the nation; but before anything is proceeded with in this matter I shall hope and expect to see justice done by the Nation and the Ministers to Madame St. Laurent. She is of very good family and has never been an actress, and I am the first and only person who ever lived with her. Her disinterestedness, too, has been equal to her fidelity. When she first came to me it was upon a hundred pounds a year. That sum was afterwards raised to four hundred pounds, and finally to a thousand pounds, but when my debts made it necessary for me to sacrifice a great part of my income, Madame St. Laurent insisted upon again returning to her income of four hundred pounds a year. If Madame St. L. is to live amongst her friends, it must be in such a state of independence as to command their respect. I shall not require very much, but a certain number of servants and a carriage are essentials. Whatever the Ministers agree to give for such purpose must be put out of all doubt as to its continuance. I

shall name Mr. Brougham, yourself, and two other people, on behalf of Madame St. Laurent for this object.

“As to my own settlement, as I shall marry (if I marry at all) for the succession, I shall expect the Duke of York’s marriage to be considered the precedent. That was a marriage for the succession, and twenty-five thousand pounds for income was settled, in addition to all his other income, purely on that account. I shall be contented with the same arrangement, without making any demands grounded upon the difference of the value of money in 1792 and at present. As for the payment of my debts, I don’t call them great. The Nation, on the contrary, is greatly my debtor.”

Mr. Creevey’s reporting this remarkable declaration of the Duke’s which was clearly not intended for other ears than the first hearer’s, causes the editor of his memoirs to say: “It must be confessed that his Royal Highness was not very discreet in choosing Mr. Creevey as the repository of his confidence in such a delicate matter. Creevey seems to have had no scruple in communicating the tenour of the conversation to some of his friends. He certainly told the Duke of Wellington.” Mr. Creevey himself says somewhat later than the conversation: “The Duke of Wellington’s constant joking with me about the Duke of Kent was owing to the curious conversation I had with the latter at Brussels in the autumn of 1817, the particulars of which had always amused the Duke of Wellington very much.”

It would be interesting to know the details of the tragical parting between the Duke and Madame de St. Laurent when at last Prince Edward determined fully for state reasons to sacrifice inclination to duty and give up his mistress for a wife, but no such details have been vouchsafed to the world. The last notice we have of Madame de St. Laurent is in 1819. Sometime in that year Major-General de Rothenburg writes Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry sententiously: “Madame de St. Laurent has retired to a convent.”

In 1798 the Duke of Kent had a troublesome accident in Halifax. On the eighth of August of that year he was riding fast across a little wooden bridge somewhere in the town, when a plank gave way and his horse fell, coming with all his weight on the rider’s leg and thigh. Prince Edward suffered much from

the fall, but continued to perform his military duties until October, when on the urgent advice of Dr. John Halliburton, the physician of the naval hospital, and Dr. William James Almon, the leading civil doctor, in concurrence with a Dr. Nooth of Quebec, he decided to go to England for treatment. On the thirtieth of November he reached Portsmouth, and in England he remained until August, 1799. On Friday the sixth of September of this year he once more reached Halifax, and here he stayed until early in August, 1800, when with many expressions of good-will towards the people, and attended by sorrowful regrets on their part, he finally sailed away. On Sunday, August third, he embarked in the warship *Assistance*, the garrison forming a double line through which, attended by the Governor, the members of the Council, and the naval, military, and civil officials, he passed to the King's wharf. As he went through the town salutes echoed and people crowded to the tops of the houses to cheer the departing royalty on his way. On the thirty-first of August he landed at Portsmouth, England, again. On the 29th of May, 1818, he married at Coburg her Serene Highness Victoria Mary Louisa, widow of Emich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, the ceremony being repeated on Monday, the thirteenth of the following July, in the Queen's drawing room in England, in presence of many members of the Royal family. On the same occasion the Duke of Clarence married the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Coburg Meiningen.

In Prince Edward's life at Halifax there is much to remind one of the simple homeliness of the life at Windsor of his father, plain "Farmer George." The King used to get up at unseasonable hours and march round in his shovel hat to poor people's cottages, he played backgammon every evening regularly with the dull people of his dull court, while the equerries "yawned themselves to death in the ante-room"—Prince Edward, we are told, used often in Halifax to put his own hand to the jack-plane and drive the cross-cut saw, and there was little in the doings either of his troops or his ordinary workmen that he did not personally oversee. If he was deficient in the strict virtue of his mother, who Thackeray tells us regarded all deviation from the strict path of conventional morality with absolute disfavor and "hated poor sinners with a rancour such as virtue sometimes has," he at least

had a large share of his father's energy and his father's simple, homely tastes.

The great and lasting service the Duke of Kent did for Halifax was to put its defences on a solid foundation. He had not been a great while in Halifax when through the governor he called for help from the militia in constructing the great citadel and strengthening and rendering more impregnable the various harbour forts, and these works, with other industries which he stimulated, soon told greatly on the prosperity of the town. Mingling freely and affably with the citizens, at the entertainments at Government House and probably in other social ways, he gained the thorough good-will of the Halifax people, and when he finally left the Province his going was attended with much more than perfunctory regret on the part of all classes in the maritime town. Whether he did anything in Halifax for the education of the children of the soldiers there we do not know, but he is said to have been the first commander of a regiment in the whole British army to establish a regimental school. So highly were his efforts for the education of soldiers' children appreciated, that in 1811, at the Free Masons' Tavern in London, the following resolution, moved by Lord Lansdowne and seconded by Lord Keith, was unanimously adopted: "That the respectful thanks of this meeting be presented to H. R. Highness the Duke of Kent, whose friendship to soldiers' children has been shown in that princely liberality with which H. R. H. has established a school in the Royals, as Colonel of that Regiment, and set an example which it is hoped will be universally followed by military commanders, and thereby promote the welfare of and do honour to the character of the British army."

In spite of the general amiability which won Prince Edward an enduring place in the affections of the Halifax people, and has done much to keep his memory fragrant in Nova Scotia even to the present time,²⁰ in his military discipline the Duke of Kent

20. Prince Edward is said to have had the faculty, (as had also his daughter, Queen Victoria) of never forgetting a face. He was always ready to return, with apparent friendship, the greetings of any persons he met. At his dinners, though of course much of the recognized royal etiquette was observed, every one felt comfortable and at home. In Halifax he encouraged dramatic performances, and Murdoch says that during the winters of his stay in the town plays seem to have been given about once a fortnight. As an evidence of his amiability, DeGaspé tells

was a martinet, and sometimes, one cannot help believing, in his punishments almost criminally severe. In the journal of Dr. Almon, who was the leading medical practitioner of Halifax at the time of the Prince's stay, we find mentions of an appalling number of cases of illness and death among the soldiers of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, the direct result of the severe punishments inflicted by his orders, and at the Lodge is still shown a burrow or cave in which tradition says he kept a soldier confined for two or three years until he died. It is recorded that he ordered for one poor fellow a thousand lashes on his bare back, and that once or twice in Halifax a soldier committed suicide from fear of the terrible punishment he had sentenced him to undergo. In the use of cards and drink in the army the Duke was very strict, in order to discourage gambling he never touched cards himself, and to promote temperance both in the army and in civil society he used great moderation in wine. To prevent drunkenness in his regiment he used to make his men get up at five o'clock in the morning for drill, which regulation of course precluded their being away from barracks in Halifax bar-rooms late at night. At this early morning drill he used to be present regularly himself.

The severity of the Duke of Kent's discipline we may attribute partly to inherited traits, partly to the inflexible training he had received in Hanover, and partly to the almost utter lack of sympathy he seems to have found in his royal father and his carousing brothers. The Dukes of Clarence, Cumberland, and Cambridge, all appear to have received from Farmer George some proper share of consideration, but poor Prince Edward was early sent away from home, and during his fourteen successive years of foreign service, in the Mediterranean, Canada, the West Indies, and Nova Scotia, was kept on a starvation income, and allowed to contract debts which for many years made life for him a burden. He was, we believe, one of the best of George the Third's sons, and why the old King or indeed Parliament, should

us that once, when His Royal Highness was in Quebec he went to the Isle of Orleans to see an old woman, a centenarian. Having talked to her for some time he asked her if he could confer any pleasure on her. "Yes," said the old lady, "I should like to have you dance a minuet with me, that I may be able to say before I die that I have danced with the son of my Sovereign." The Prince at once complied with her wish and after the dance, conducted her to her seat and bowed gallantly, the old lady curtseying low in return.

have permitted him to live most of his life under a heavy burden of debt it is quite impossible to tell. It is stated in a pamphlet published sometime after 1815, called "A detailed statement of the case of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent," that Mr. Pitt shortly before his death became thoroughly aroused to Prince Edward's necessities and took great blame to himself for not having considered his case earlier. Mr. Pitt's death, however, put an end to any hope the Prince may have had from that quarter, and so, appeals to his spendthrift brother the Prince of Wales being met with prompt refusal, at last in 1815 he tried to get permission to sell by lottery Castle Hill, the only piece of property he owned, in order to raise sorely needed ready cash. From first to last he seems to have had a hard time. His earliest military training was received in Hanover under an execrable man, Baron Wagenheim, whom his father persisted in keeping as his tutor, but whom the Prince himself, no doubt quite properly, once characterized as a "mercenary tyrant." When he was twenty, he was removed from Hanover to Geneva, a better place, but one he found so utterly uncongenial that as soon as he came of age he resolved to go to England (without leave) and try by personal remonstrance to get that consideration which his father had hitherto wholly denied him. Accordingly, he went to London and took up his quarters at an hotel, where he was at once visited by his brother the Prince of Wales. Together the two went to Carlton House, and were there joined by another brother, the Duke of York, who undertook to communicate Prince Edward's arrival to the King. The King's anger was terrible. He refused to see the Prince, and in a few days sent him written orders to proceed within twenty-four hours to Gibraltar. On the night before he left, his royal father deigned to see him for a few minutes, and this was the first time the King and his son had met for six years.²¹

21. Of George the Third himself, Leigh Hunt says: "He was a very brave and honest man. He feared nothing on earth, and he acted according to his convictions. But, unfortunately, his convictions were at the mercy of a will far greater than his understanding; and hence his courage became obstinacy, and his honesty the dupe of his inclinations." He possessed "an extraordinary mixture of domestic virtue with official duplicity; of rustical, mechanical tastes and popular manners, with the most exalted ideas of authority; of a childish and self-betraying cunning, with the

In spite of the Duke's extreme severity with his soldiers and his strictness regarding their conduct, the following amusing story is told of him. One evening in one of the Halifax streets he suddenly came upon one of his men who was much under the influence of drink. Staggering towards his colonel, the soldier jocosely said: "Aha Neddy, you've caught me at last!" The Duke was amused at hearing once more his old nursery name, and laughing a little to himself passed on without even reprimanding the man. Prince Edward had a special fondness for young men, and many a youth who afterward rose to high rank in the army owed his earliest promotion to the good offices of the Duke.²² It is said that the 7th Royal Fusiliers needed severer regulations than other regiments, for the Duke had filled it with good looking fellows, many of whom had little but their fine physical appearance to recommend them.

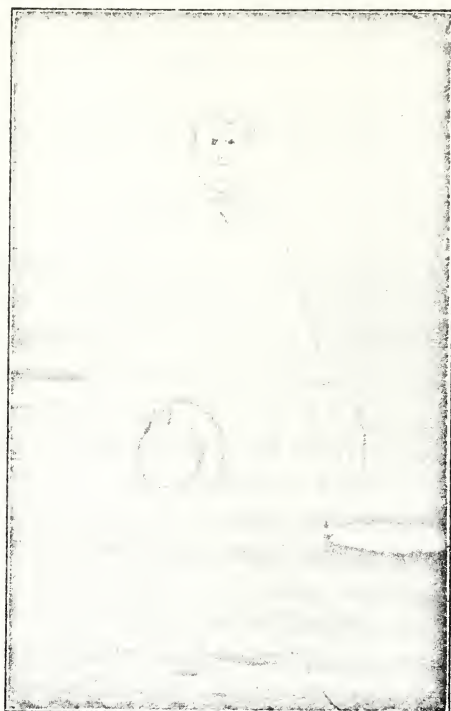
The friendship of Prince Edward for Sir John and Lady Wentworth was of a very intimate and enduring character. When Mr. Wentworth received his baronetcy in 1795 the Prince, as we have seen, with all the officers of the garrison, went to Government House in due form to offer his congratulations, and it is evident that no important function given by Sir John while the Duke was in Halifax was neglected by this royal soldier. When the ocean came to divide the Wentworths and him the correspondence between the friends

most stubborn reserves; of fearlessness with sordidness; good nature with unfor-
giveness; and of the health and strength of temperance and self-denial, with the
last weaknesses of understanding, and passions that exasperated it out of its reason."

22. One of Prince Edward's protégés and warmest admirers in Halifax, among the young men of the period, was Brenton Halliburton, who began life as a lieutenant in the Duke's regiment, the 7th Fusiliers. In later life, as Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, Sir Brenton wrote of the Prince: "A tale of woe always interested him deeply, and nothing but gross misconduct could ever induce him to abandon any one whom he had once befriended." Another Nova Scotian who was taken into the 7th Fusiliers was young Charles Thomas, son of Hon. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, one of the Boston refugees in Halifax (who finally settled in Windsor, Nova Scotia). Charles Thomas was accidentally shot by a brother officer in a road-house near Halifax, in August, 1797, and the Prince mourned him as a personal friend. At Lieutenant Thomas's funeral his commander is said to have shown much feeling, and a little later he had a tombstone erected in St. Paul's burying-ground, bearing the following inscription:

This Stone | sacred to the memory of | Lieut. Charles Thomas | of | His
Majesty's | Royal Fusilier Regiment | who departed this Life | on the 16th of Au-
gust, 1797 | aged 24 years | is placed as a Testimony of | His Friendship and Es-
teem | by | Lieut. General His Royal Highness | Prince Edward | his Colonel.

did not cease, and when at last the Prince had married and his illustrious daughter was born, Sir John sent his own and Lady Wentworth's congratulations in due form. To Sir John's letter the Duke replied: "I have received your kind congratulations on the birth of our little girl, which you may be sure I highly appreciate, as coming from the heart of one of my best and oldest friends. You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that the Duchess has been able to suckle her child from the first to the present moment, and that both are doing wonderfully well." When Lady Wentworth died, the Duke wrote Sir John expressing his sorrow, and ending with: "I look forward anxiously to the time when I shall receive you again at Castle Hill, and retain you there as a guest."



This picture of the author is from a *carte-de-visite* photo taken in Birmingham (now Derby), Conn., early in 1861.

Recollections of a Half Century and More

BY ANDREW M. SHERMAN, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

VI

MY BOYHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

(Continued)

THE coming of Barnum's Circus to Birmingham was considered an extraordinary event, by the boys especially; and not the least pleasure experienced by us was that of rising early in the morning so as to welcome the grand parade as it emerged from the long covered "Huntington bridge" into Birmingham, and afterward following the parade through some of the principal streets to the circus grounds on the broad meadows between Birmingham and Derby on the left hand side of "the causeway" going toward the latter place. It was a one ring circus, it is true, but the performance "the great showman" gave each year was sufficient to draw large numbers of the town's people; and from the surrounding country for a distance of ten miles the people flocked to attend "the greatest show on earth."

Among the people drawn from the country in every direction was a man who was annually the center of attraction outside the tents before the circus opened. This man not only carried hayseed in his uncombed hair but he shed the unmistakable odor of hayseed about him. He couldn't have been more than five feet and four inches in height and to add to his otherwise peculiar appearance he was unfortunately decidedly bowlegged in both legs; so bowlegged, indeed, that a good sized fox—I repeat the remark of a witty observer—could have run between his legs without

touching on either side. He was truly "a sight to behold" because of his deformity.

But this deformity was not, by any means, the most conspicuous characteristic of this countryman from "away back." He was also what is by some termed a "skycraper" and by others "a skygazer;" that is to say, instead of looking straight ahead like people in general he looked, or seemed to be looking, skyward, the explanation of which is that his eyelids fell down so as to nearly half cover the balls of his eyes, and he was therefore obliged to look upward in order, so to speak, to look straight ahead as others do.

As if the peculiarities already mentioned were not sufficient to make this countryman a conspicuous mark for the crowds attending Barnum's circus he was "everlastingly" eating peanuts. With his chin held high in the air and with his eyes apparently pointed skyward he would perambulate the circus grounds in every direction—evidently determined to get his money's worth by "taking in" everything to be seen—before the circus opened, meanwhile chomping peanuts as if that was the only season of the year he was permitted to indulge in this luxury; and an inexpensive luxury it was in those days, for if my memory is not at fault, peanuts were only five cents a quart at the time. This countryman was everywhere visible—although apparently oblivious to the attention he was attracting—and wherever he was seen he was gazing skyward and chomping peanuts. I do not believe he ever missed attending Barnum's circus, and he had come to be regarded by the boys, at least, as a part of "the show."

I must not omit mentioning an experience a small boy once had with Columbus, the giant elephant of which I spoke in a former article.

During one of the annual visits of Barnum's circus to Birmingham, this boy, thinking to have "some fun," approached the big elephant, who was chained to the trunk of a tree on the grounds, and for a few minutes opened and fed peanuts to the animal, which was something Columbus was very fond of. At a moment when the attention of the elephant was fixed upon the peanuts, the boy slyly gave the animal a piece of plug tobacco, and hastily retreated backward as if anticipating some retaliation

on the part of Columbus. As soon as the elephant discovered what the boy had given him he spit it out, at the same time exhibiting his disapproval of having been fed "the vile weed."

The keeper of Columbus having in some way learned what the boy had fed to the elephant, walked up to him, and said: "My boy, you must never go near Columbus again; if you do, he will punish you in some way, for he will never forget that you fed him tobacco."

The following year Barnum's circus came to town again and again pitched its tents on the same grounds as previously. The giant elephant was, as usual, chained to the trunk of a tree, near the river's bank. At this point the river was only about a foot in depth and the bottom of the river was stony. The boy who the year before had fed Columbus the plug tobacco was on hand for the circus and evidently for some "more fun," and, as we shall see, he had the "fun," but not in exactly the same form he had anticipated.

The keeper of Columbus seeing and remembering the boy and his experience with the elephant the year before again warned him to keep away from the animal; but the boy "on mischief bent" couldn't quite understand how a dumb beast of the elephant tribe could remember anything that occurred twelve months before; so, after a while the boy cautiously approached Columbus, and perceiving no signs of recollection or of anger on the part of the animal, began to open and feed him peanuts again. The shrewd animal accepted enough of the peanuts from the boy to allay any latent fears the latter might have, and when the unsuspecting boy was within reaching distance of the animal he quietly, and with great care, wound his long trunk about the boy's body, turned toward the river, only a few feet away, held the frightened boy for a few moments over the water as if to give him time to prepare himself for the fall, and then dropped him into the river. The fall, was so slight—the elephant evidently not wishing to seriously injure his last year's tormentor—that the boy received no injury save a thorough wetting. As soon as the boy recovered his self possession he scrambled to his feet and hurried out of reach of the animal who had so judiciously punished him. The lesson had never again to be learned by this boy. He had had all

“the fun” he wished with an elephant; and he was once for all convinced that an elephant, as Columbus’ keeper had told him, never forgot an injury done him. And it might well be added, that this animal never forgets a kindness done him, neither.

Phineas T. Barnum was not only the prince of showmen in his day but he was a man of great natural ability, and had he been educated in statecraft he would probably have ranked with the most eminent statesmen in American history. Not the least interesting feature of “the greatest show on earth” was the appearance of Barnum in the ring before the beginning of the performance, when and where he made a brief address worthy of a trained public speaker. Strange as it may seem to not a few who may read these lines he was also a man of most excellent character and hence commanded the respect of all who were acquainted with the showman.

Barnum’s small beginnings as a showman may not be known to all of *Americana’s* readers, so I may be pardoned if the following incidents are here related: He began his remarkable career as a showman in Bethel, Connecticut, where he was born of humble parents, by giving shows in a stable, for which he charged a small admission. It is related that the young showman once advertised among the attractions to be exhibited “a cherry colored cat;” and on entering the stable the highly expectant patrons saw a black cat, such as most of them had frequently seen; and the joke of the thing, as Barnum explained it, was, that the cat on exhibition was a *black cherry colored cat*.

On another occasion the young showman advertised to exhibit “a horse whose tail was where his head ought to be;” and on entering the stable the people saw a horse tied in a stall with his tail inward next to the manger and his head pointed outward into the stable; and the people had a hearty laugh over the “curiosity.”

From such small beginnings Barnum became the prince of showmen, and a showman, as all his patrons conceded, who always gave them more than they paid for.

While the following episode in the career of the great showman may be considered out of chronological order this seems to me to be an appropriate place to relate it: Barnum, as some, at

least, of the older readers of *Americana* may recall, was three times burned out in New York City, and all within a few years. His losses must have been very great, enough, indeed, to crush the spirit of most men. After the third fire he gathered a new circus and menagerie with new and beautiful accessories and many fine horses. I chanced to be in New York one day soon afterward and had the pleasure of witnessing his show parading Broadway. On one of the largest and handsomest wagons in the parade were the words, painted in conspicuous and artistic fashion: "My Ambition Survives the Fire!" The effect of these words, in view of his repeated losses and his heroic recovery therefrom, was truly thrilling; and now, after the lapse of the intervening years, the effect of those brave words furnish an inspiration to perseverance amid the embarrassments and losses which, in one form and another, come to us all.

Sheldon Lake was the name of one of the eccentric characters living in the vicinity of Birmingham when I was a boy; but I'll venture to express the opinion that his most intimate acquaintances would have been under the necessity of thinking more than twice before recognizing the man by that cognomen. If, however, he was spoken of as "Shel Lake" everybody within a radius of twenty miles or more of Birmingham knew, in the twinkling of an eye, who was meant.

"Shel Lake" was about six feet in height and being "long, lean and lank" resembled a bean pole in appearance. His clothing, which hung like a bag on a broomstick, looked as if it had been worn since the year Columbus *didn't* make a landing on the main land of North America; and if I was requested to describe "Shel's" toggery as to its neatness I should ask to be excused.

Well, "Shel Lake" almost invariably appeared on the streets of Birmingham with a worse-for-the-wear violin and bow under his arm—he called the thing he lugged around with him a "feedle"—and everybody who spoke of the thing he carried about with him also referred to it as a "feedle." "Shel" was usually willing to play most anywhere for the few cents he gathered from his charitable listeners; but his favorite place for sawing on his "feedle" was in barrooms, where he usually received as compensation a few drinks of something that limbered up his elbows and

added vehemence to the manipulations of his "feedle." "Hello, here comes 'Shel Lake' and his 'feedle' " was a frequent and familiar remark elicited by his approach. He was as good natured as the day is long, hence the oft repeated efforts of the small boys to tease him by inquiring, as they met him on the streets: "How's your 'feedle' this morning, 'Shel' "; or "'Shel,' where'd you get that coat?" the tail of which, by the way, was approximately where the waist ought to have been. But this boyish raillery only elicited a broad smile, and some humorous reply that threw the questioner off his guard; for "Shel" was well endowed with Yankee wit.

"Shel Lake" had two sisters, the name of one of which, abbreviated, was "Sal." "Sal" was ailing one day, and on the arrival home of her brother—they lived up the "river road" about two miles from Birmingham—she was reclining on a lounge. It was nearly dinner time, but no dinner was on the table awaiting, as usual, "Shel's" hunger. Seeing his sister on the lounge exhibiting signs of pain, and glancing at the table, minus the expected dinner, and then glancing again at "Sal" he exclaimed: "Git up an' peel the taters, 'Sal,' 'an' don't be layin' there gaspin' for breath.'" Not that "Shel" was hardhearted, not at all; but he did not realize the seriousness of his sister's illness. But "Sal" didn't get up and "peel the taters" that day, and a physician was soon called to treat her. Who peeled the "taters" during the sister's illness I was never informed; perhaps "Shel" took a hand in the peeling rather than go without his regular meals.

In Birmingham, when I was a boy, was a son of Erin named John Collins—"Johnnie Collins" he was popularly called. He was as goodnatured as could be and bubbling over with genuine Irish wit. The boys were very fond of "Johnnie Collins." I must say, however, that he was decidedly superstitious, as the following incident will illustrate: In one of the large mills in the lower part of the village was a wide, swiftly running leather belt used in propelling some of the machinery. It was favorite sport of some of the boys, including the writer, to fill an empty soda water bottle with fine steel filings from one of the machine shops in the village; place a small steel rod in the bottle of filings, join hands in a circle and hold it up close to the running belt. The electric-

ity drawn from the swiftly running belt would pass through the entire circle of boys, causing no little amusement because of the shock received from the current.

Thinking to have a little extra "fun" the boys once invited our friend, "Johnnie Collins" to join them "at the belt," which invitation he innocently accepted. Having all joined hands as usual, with Collins included, one of the boys held the steel rod of the bottle up close to the belt, and the entire circle, of course, received a smart electric shock. The instant Collins felt the shock he suddenly and with considerable effort unloosed his hands from the circle and, with an exclamation indicative of his fright, rushed away from the scene of his mysterious experience; and nothing could thereafter induce "Johnnie Collins" to come within several feet of the revolving belt. Indeed, I do not believe a yoke of oxen could have drawn him near enough to that mysterious leather belt to reach out and touch it. Even now, as I recall the rapid flight of our friend from the Emerald Isle from that belt I inwardly laugh. No doubt my old time friend, J. Clarence Hubbard, of Shelton, Connecticut, remembers the incident related above and I'll venture to say that as he recalls it his face is considerable elongated, sidewise.

If "Johnnie Collins" was afraid of the electricity drawn from the leather belt in the woolen mill in Birmingham he was not afraid of powder and minnie balls, for on the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in one of the regiments furnished by "The Nutmeg State" and served his adopted country faithfully.

During a visit to the scenes of my boyhood in Birmingham a few years after the close of the war for the Union I called upon Mr. Collins at his home, and we laughed over the amusing episode at the leather belt in the woolen mill "Befo' de wah." I presume my old friend Collins has found rest and peace in paradise ere this.

When I was about fifteen years of age one of my boy friends and I concluded, after due consultation, to embark in a little business for ourselves in the hope that it might eventually assume such large proportions as to yield a generous income for each of us and in due course *make us wealthy*. So we procured a dozen small, round wooden boxes, more or less; mixed a recipe for gold

and silver polishing powder we had found perhaps in an almanac; filled the boxes, pasting a handwritten label on each box, and in due course started out one day early in the morning to sell our wares. We chose the outlying country for our field of operations. Full of bright expectations we left our homes on that beautiful Saturday morning; but after travelling several miles and calling at a score of houses on the way we disposed, as near as I am able to recall, of *one* box of our *superior gold and silver polishing powder*. The remainder of our stock in trade we brought back to our homes and never again attempted to offer it for sale to an unappreciative public.

My partner in the business venture above mentioned was — — —, but perhaps I had better not give his name for fear his relation, after his decease, may scramble for a portion of the wealth he accumulated from the sale of *superior gold and silver polishing powder* in the days of his youth in the "Nutmeg State."

My partner in the business venture above described doubtless remembers our experience in the polishing powder business, and when he reads these lines, as he almost certainly will, for *Americana* goes to his address each month, I'll wager half a pint of peanuts he'll not be able to keep a long face as he is reminded of our little business scheme that "flashed in the pan."

While a boy in Connecticut, my father, then a resident of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, visited Birmingham. During his visit he and I went through an old, abandoned copper mill in the lower part of the village which had in former years done a flourishing business. The reader will doubtless remember that I have previously remarked that my father in the latter part of his life was a skillful pattern maker with a national reputation. Unknown to me he had, many years before his visit to the "Nutmeg State," made the patterns for some of the machinery in the old copper mill in Birmingham; and as we passed from one portion of the large mill to another, examining the dust covered machinery, his eye rested upon an immense cog wheel once used in the manufacture of copper for the trade. This cog wheel must have been fully ten feet in diameter. My father almost instantly exclaimed: "Andrew, I made the pattern for that cog wheel!" Amazed that he should be able to say this, I at once inquired: "Why, father,

how do you know you made the pattern for that cog wheel?" To my inquiry he replied: "My son, I should know a piece of machinery made from one of my patterns if I saw it in Japan." It is needless for me to add that the remainder of our visit to this old copper mill was rendered still more interesting as the result of our little conversation about the big cog wheel; and it is still a pleasure to recall our stroll through the old copper mill so many years ago.

Methodism, when I was a boy in Birmingham, was a radically different thing, so far, I mean, as its outward manifestations were concerned, from what it is now. As examples of the manifestations of Methodism during my boyhood in New England I will mention the following:

Among the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Birmingham was Jesse Beecher, a local preacher. I remember him as a sincere follower of Jesus Christ; indeed, no one who knew brother Beecher doubted his sincerity. During revival meetings in the church with which he was connected he became very much exercised over what he considered the lost condition of those in the meetings who had not united with the church; and in praying for those in the meeting who were along in years he made use of substantially the language following: "O Lord! convict and convert the aged persons for whom we pray; they have one foot in the grav—er and the other all but—ter." I need not say that the young people in the meeting were greatly amused, and the unique phraseology of brother Beecher's prayer on the occasion referred to was not soon forgotten by those who listened to it.

In the same church was a member named George W. Cheeseman, a prosperous business man of Birmingham. Aside from his occasional Methodist manifestations—"antics," some staid Congregationalists called them—brother Cheeseman was a man of more than ordinary intelligence; indeed, I am of the opinion that he had received at least a fair education.

During a revival meeting, when the fervor of the brethren was at white heat, and while brother Cheeseman was engaged in prayer, he made use of substantially the following language: "O Lord, come down! come down in great power! come down, if it

takes the shingles off the roof of the church! I'll pay for them! I'll pay for them!" And he was able to pay for them, and would have done it had it been necessary. But the revival meetings in progress were successful, as success was then conceived, and brother Cheeseman was not called upon to replenish the shingles on the roof of the church in which he worshipped.

I have no doubt that if brothers Beecher and Cheeseman were living in the Twentieth Century they would both have a good hearty laugh over the manifestations of old-fashioned Methodism, and over their own unique manifestations in the days long gone.

It may have been when I was about sixteen years of age that I began to be active in amateur theatricals in Birmingham. A dramatic club composed of boys of about my own age was organized, which, after no little discussion, was named "The Thespian Club." This club was organized for the purpose of presenting plays in our public hall, known as "Nathan's Hall," because of the name of the sole owner, a shrewd Welshman, who for many years had been employed in a copper mill in Ansonia, a thriving manufacturing village about two miles to the northward of Birmingham, at which latter place Mr. Nathans resided. I cannot make mention of all the plays our dramatic club brought out, but I can mention two or three of the most interesting ones.

One of the most popular of the plays our dramatic club presented was "Paddy Miles' Boy," an exceedingly funny farce. In the production of this farce we had the assistance of an Englishman named "Tom" Gardner, who, in his native country, had been identified with theatrical companies as a comedian, but who was, at period suggested, a resident of Birmingham. It was "Tom" Gardner to whom the part of Paddy Miles' Boy was assigned, because of his familiarity with "the lines." Owing to a scarcity of young ladies to take women's parts in our plays we were sometimes under the necessity of utilizing one or more of the boys of the dramatic club to personate the part of women. In presenting the farce of "Paddy Miles' Boy," for example: J. Clarence Hubbard, or "Clare," as he was popularly called, was assigned the part of a woman. With the aid of a lady friend "Clare" was properly dressed for the part he was to enact. His

costume included, in accordance with the prevailing custom of the day, a large hoop skirt. "Clare" managed quite well with his feminine attire with the sole exception of the hoop skirt; and among the amusing incidents in connection with the presentation of the farce in public was the fact that while attempting during the performance to cross from one side of the stage to the other he caught one of his shoes in the wires of the hoop skirt, and before he could extricate the toe of his shoe from the skirt he had made quite a scene before the alert audience—a scene, by the way, that was not laid down in the text of the play. The amusement caused by this special scene was not confined to the audience for the performers behind the scenery were all thrown entirely off their equilibrium in hearty laughter. In spite of the strenuous efforts of the stage manager to compose "the players" a perceptible "hitch" in the performance occurred. But the sympathetic audience accepted the "hitch" as a part of the farce and refrained from any overt act of disapproval. The farce caused great amusement for the audience, due, chiefly, it is only just to remark, to the excellent manner in which our English friend portrayed the leading character of Paddy Miles' Boy.

In one of the scenes of the farce above mentioned Paddy Miles' Boy, when very hungry, ate, or "gobbled it down," as he expressed it, a bowl of starch which had been prepared for starching the week's washing; and in subsequently relating, in the course of the play, the occurrence, he declared that by reason of the starch hardening in his stomach he became "as stiff as a stake!" It was a long time before "Tom" Gardner heard the last, on the streets and elsewhere, of his having become "as stiff as a stake," after "gobbling down" a bowl of starch, when hungry.

As for my old time friend, "Clare" Hubbard, I'll venture the remark that the first, last and only time he ever enacted the part of a woman "in a play" was the occasion on which he got the toe of one of his shoes tangled in a hoopskirt on the stage in "Nathan's Hall," in old Birmingham.

Another play brought out by "The Thespian Club" of Birmingham was entitled "The Wreckers," an English production. I recall that in presenting this play we had on the stage an excel-



lent representation of the hull of a sailing vessel, including a portion of the rigging, which added greatly to the realism of the play. To assist us in the presentation of "The Wreckers" we had the efficient services of another Englishman named Jackson, who had been but a short time in this country. Mr. Jackson not only coached us in our rehearsals but he furnished music for our public performances. He was an entire orchestra in himself; by which I mean, that because of his proficiency as a violinist and because also of his having, in the old country, played in a theatre orchestra, he was qualified to furnish music for "The Wreckers" with such fine effect as to add very greatly to its acceptance by the audience.

Before coming to this country Mr. Jackson had in some way lost every finger on his left hand up to, but fortunately not including, the third joint, the thumb only of that hand remaining uninjured. The left hand, as the reader will please be reminded, is the hand used by the violinist in "fingering" the strings and making the various tones required in playing the "king of instruments." And yet, with only those stubs of fingers remaining Mr. Jackson was a splendid performer on the violin.

At our public performances, Mr. Jackson, instead of sitting in front of the stage in sight of the audience, as an orchestra usually does, took a position behind the curtains—for we had all the necessary accessories of the theatre—where he could watch the progress of the play being enacted, and as was needed would introduce appropriate music. The excellent music thus furnished by Mr. Jackson beside effectually supplementing the play was also an inspiration to the performers, and thus greatly assisted in making our plays acceptable to the audience. Our English friend was as deeply interested in our performances as the members of the club, entering enthusiastically into the details of the play, and thus, in a sense, becoming "one of us;" for this and other reasons we became very much attached to him.

I must not forget to mention that Mr. Jackson was an excellent machinist, and in Birmingham he was employed in the large rolling mill, most of the time, in turning down, in a great lathe constructed for the purpose immense steel rollers used in rolling out red hot iron into plates of varying width and thickness. This

was work that required an expert machinist. I used now and then to go to the department of the rolling mill where our English friend was employed and chat with him, which I could properly do, for the rollers he turned down revolved so slowly that our conversation did not interfere with the performance of his duty. I can see him now, standing in front of his great lathe, looking now and then, as was necessary, at the slowly revolving roller, and occasionally, as was needed, readjusting the finely tempered steel chisels used in turning down the rollers.

Mr. Jackson's end was a most unfortunate one, however, the circumstances of which, concisely related, were as follows: The wife of his youth and the mother of several grown up children was called from her earthly home. After a suitable length of time he married a widow. The only daughter of this widow by a former husband had previously married a young man in town, and a son was duly born to them. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson made their home with the young couple. Of the grandson, by marriage, Mr. Jackson was exceedingly fond. When his grandson was four or five years of age Mr. Jackson became insane; and, calling the boy to him one day he took him on his knee, as had been his custom, drew a knife from his pocket and cut the boy's throat. Mr. Jackson then cut his own throat with the same knife. Both died. This sad incident is a most striking illustration of the saying, that an insane person who does violence to another almost invariably selects as a victim one for whom he has cherished a special fondness.

I still remember with affectionate regard our English friend! Among the violin specialties of Mr. Jackson was the following: He would take the ring end of a brass or composition key between his front teeth, place the other end lightly against the bridge of the violin, and while executing some pathetic piece of music he would speak through the key the words "Mama, Mama," in well nigh perfect imitation of a small child uttering this endearing word. The effect of this performance was tear-impelling, and he was frequently requested by his numerous appreciators to repeat "the Mama" selection, which he usually did, for he was a most kind-hearted man.

With what great pleasure do I remember the coming of

"Wyatt's Theatrical Company" to Birmingham, and their presentation of the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's wonderful story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, as the readers of *Americana* are aware, is considered by millions to have done more to bring slavery in this country into disrepute and to hasten its passing away than any other single agency. The characters of Uncle Tom; Little Eva; Topsy, who "jest growed up;" Legree, the brutal slave driver, and others introduced in the thrilling drama, stand out before my "mind's eye" as distinctly, almost, as if I had witnessed the presentation of the play only last week. How, as a boy, did I loathe Legree; with what deeply sympathetic interest did I follow "poor Uncle Tom" as the object of the cruel lash, in his devotion to the members of the southern family by whom he was owned and his final deliverance from the "ills his flesh was heir to" as a chattel slave; how I wept over Eva in her affection for Uncle Tom and as she passed upward where there are no black and white—the recollection of the thrilling, softening and uplifting effects of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as presented by "Wyatt's" itinerating theatrical company lingers with me after the lapse of many years!

George Wyatt, the proprietor of the theatrical company mentioned, was an excessively fleshy man. After his decease and burial, his remains, for some reason, were disinterred; and it was discovered—so came the report to Birmingham—that he was turned on one side in the casket, and his arms showed signs of having been gnawed. The explanation given was that he was buried before he was dead, and that on discovering this fact he had turned in his casket and had gnawed his arms as a means of physical sustentation. This and other similar cases have made many people careful about burying their dead until they are certain that life has become extinct.

Another theatrical company that occasionally visited Birmingham in the days of my hopeful boyhood was that known as "'Tom' Hampton's Company;" and among the favorite dramas presented by this company during one of its visits was "The Poachers," a three act play, as I remember, of the melo-dramatic style. Because of my frequent participation in the local amateur theatrical performances I had acquired something of a reputation

as a disciple of Thespis. Mr. Hampton having been informed of my experience as an amateur Thespian engaged me to take the leading character in "The Poachers," and I did so, after careful study of "the lines." While my performance was far from satisfactory to me my friends who attended the play predicted a bright future for me if I should adopt the stage as a profession.

Taking the readers of *Americana* into my confidence for a few minutes I will say, that for a few years in my early life I seriously contemplated adopting the stage as a profession. As to whether I should have succeeded in this profession I will permit another to give his opinion. While on a trip to New York City I visited the office of Fowler and Wells, the expert phrenologists, then on Broadway, for an examination of my head. The examiner, the then aged Nelson Sizer, after a thorough examination, said, in substance as follows: "There are three professions to which you are, by nature, adapted. If you wish to make money, enter the legal professional; if you wish to make 'a decided hit,' enter the theatrical profession, but in view of your temperament I would not advise you to engage in this profession, since a large proportion of those who follow the theatrical profession are morally injured thereby; you are adapted to the ministry, but you would not attain to eminence in this profession; if you should devote yourself to medical lecturing you would attain to eminence."

But I didn't adopt the stage as a profession and so very likely escaped not a few dangerous pitfalls; I didn't enter the legal profession and haven't made money; I didn't, in accordance with the advice of my venerable phrenological examiner, Nelson Sizer, devote myself to medical lecturing and thereby attain to eminence in that important field—although I have always been, as I am now, deeply interested in the various lines of thought I should naturally have treated had I taken the advice of Mr. Sizer—hence I have not attained to eminence as a medical lecturer. I have, however, devoted no little time to a study of the various lines of thought familiarity with which would have prepared me for lecturing upon medical themes; and, as a result, I will modestly venture to express the opinion that there are some things that some physicians know that I don't know and there are some things concerning the general principles of medical practice that

some physicians don't know that I might be able to tell them.

After due meditation, observation and actual experience I am of the opinion that Nelson Sizer wasn't far from right when he advised me to engage in medical lecturing. Modesty forbids me to say more along this line.

I did enter the ministry, and while I have not attained to eminence in this profession I have, as my ministerial record will show, accomplished practical results, of which, to say the least, I am far from ashamed. Further reference to the practical results of my ministry will appear at a later stage of my "Recollections."

But I have been wandering, and must at once return to the main path from which I departed.

It was soon after my appearance in the leading character of the play of "The Poachers," in Birmingham, that, through the influence of a friend in Paterson, New Jersey, who had formerly resided in Birmingham, that I went to Paterson and supervised the arrangements for a theatrical performance to be given by local talent. In this entertainment I took, by request, the principal characters.

I have a distinct recollection of having met during my several days stay in Paterson a number of young men and women, none of whose names, however, I regret to say, do I remember. If these articles should come to the attention of any or all of those young people it would be a pleasure to hear from them.

If the friend and former resident of Birmingham is still "in the land of the living" I should be more than pleased to get in touch with him again.

Paterson, as I recall, was a comparatively small town of a few thousand inhabitants when I visited there just before the opening of the Civil War—or it may have been in 1861, before I became one of Lincoln's Boys in Blue.

I was entertained in Paterson at the same boarding house with a minister who has since had a long pastorate over one of the Presbyterian Churches of that city. I think it was the Rev. Charles D. Shaw, D. D., deceased, if my memory serves me.

Some of the Women who Skillfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence

BY J. C. PUMPELLY, A. M., LL. B.

XV

MARTHA BRATTON OF SOUTH CAROLINA

At a celebration of Huck's defeat given on July 12, 1839, at Braltonsville, York District, South Carolina, the following toast was proposed and drank.

"The memory of Mrs. Martha Bratton. In the hands of an infuriated monster with the instrument of death around her neck she nobly refused to betray her husband; and in the hour of victory she remembered mercy and as a guardian angel interposed in behalf of her inhuman enemies. Throughout the Revolution she encouraged the Whigs to fight on to the last; to hope on to the end. Honor and gratitude to the woman and heroine who proved herself so faithful a wife, so firm a friend to liberty."

The battle took place fifty-nine years before, on ground within a few hundred yards of the residence of Dr. Bratton, whose father was one of the victors, and it was here the celebration was held.

This was the first victory of our troops after the fall of Charleston, and had a most encouraging effect upon the then depressed spirit of the people, and thereafter the Whigs took new courage and in the end gained the victory.

It was the wife of Colonel Bratton that showed her heroism, for when the British officer, Captain Huck, arrived at her

house the night before the battle and rudely demanded that she induce her husband to join the royalists, she replied she would rather see him remain true to his duty even if he perished in Sumter's army.

It was then the soldiers seized a reaping hook and threatened to murder her if she did not give the information they demanded. It was the second officer in command who interposed and compelled the soldiers to release her. She then had to minister to the wants of her enemies who occupied the place.

After they had eaten Huck and his officers went to another house one-half mile away to pass the night, his troops encamping around it. Not keeping a sufficient watch Colonel Bratton and Captain McClure attacked the enemy at midnight and thoroughly routed them. The conflict raged around Bratton's house and Mrs. Bratton made her little son sit within the chimney and while there a ball struck the opposite jam and was preserved by him as a trophy. The conflict was bloody, but brief for a battle. None of the Brattons fell, for as soon as Captain Huck and another officer fell his men threw down their arms and fled, and the route was completed.

Grateful that none of her loved ones had fallen and being of a most noble spirit, Mrs. Bratton opened her house alike to the wounded of either friend or foe and she supplied their wants with every attention.

The Whigs had made the officer second in command to Huck a prisoner, and they were determined to put him to death. As a last favor he entreated to be conducted into the presence of Mrs. Bratton and this was done. Our heroine instantly recognized him as the officer who the day before had saved her life, and she pleaded so eloquently for his life, that her plea was granted, and she thereafter entertained him till he was exchanged.

Another anecdote is told of Mrs. Bratton. Before the fall of Charleston when the want of ammunition was greatest, a supply of powder was sent by General Rutledge to Colonel Bratton to be secreted and carefully guarded.

The colonel being away, the wife had the care of the powder. Some loyalists informed the nearest British officer of this fact

and he immediately sent a detachment after the much coveted prize.

As they approached, Mrs. Bratton seeing no chance of saving her charge, immediately laid a train of powder from its hiding place to where she stood and as the troops came in sight, she set fire to the train and thus destroyed the prize they so much coveted. Being threatened with severe punishment by the officer in command, if she were the culprit, she replied: "It was I who did it, let the consequences be what it will. I glory in having prevented the mischief contemplated by the cruel enemies of my country."

Colonel Bratton was prominent in the battles of Rocky Mount, Hanging Rock, Guilford, etc., and in most of the skirmishes incident to the partisan warfare under General Sumter.

XVI

CATHERINE SCHUYLER

Catherine Schuyler, wife of Philip Schuyler, was the daughter of John Van Rensselaer "Patroon of Greenbush" a patriot noted for his hospitality. He had a residence in Albany and one in Saratoga, the latter Burgoyne destroyed.

One of the most remarkable instances of American generosity in the War of the Revolution was shown when this captive, British General with his suit, was received and entertained after his surrender at Saratoga by the Schuylers' whose property he had wantonly laid waste. In the words of Madame de Rudesel "all these actions proved that at the sight of the misfortunes of others we quickly forgot our own."

Burgoyne said to General Schuyler: "You are too kind to me, one who has done so much injury to you. "Such is the fate of war" said the noble-hearted victor, "let us not dwell on the subject."

Mrs. Schuyler's graceful hospitality so affected the British General that with a deep sigh he said: "Indeed Madame this is doing too much for the man who has ravaged your lands and burned your dwellings."

When the continental army was retreating from Fort Edward

before General Burgoyne, Mrs. Schuyler went up herself in her chariot to Saratoga to see to the removal of her furniture and by orders of her husband to set fire to his extensive fields of wheat rather than to suffer them to be reaped by the enemy, and to request others to do the same, all of which she did. She died in 1813 regretted by a host of cherished friends.

XVII

MERCY WARREN

Mercy Warren, third child of Colonel James Otis of Barnstable, in old Plymouth Colony, wife of James Warren, merchant of Plymouth and friend of Abigail Adams, was a true patriot and brave as she was wise. Thus she spoke to John Adams in 1774, "I have my fears, yet notwithstanding the complicated difficulties that rise before us there is no receding; and I should blush if in any instance the weak passions of my sex should damp the fortitude, the patriotism and the manly resolution of yours. May nothing ever check that glorious spirit of freedom which inspires the patriot in the cabinet and the hero in the field, with courage to maintain this righteous cause and to endeavor to transmit the claims to posterity even if they must *seal the rich conveyance* to their children with their own blood." Thus although not a participant in the war she inspired her men friends to do brave deeds.

She refers to the altered services while General Burgoyne's Lighthouse used the Old South Church for a barracks while "the infamous Dr. Morrison reads prayers in the Brattle Street Church to a set of banditti who after the rapines robberies and devastations of the week dare to lift up their sacrilegious hands and bow before the altar of mercy. I cannot wish to see the sword up in the scabbard until justice is done to America." She says "Generals Washington, Lee and Gates dined with us at Watertown. The first I think one of the most amiable and accomplished gentlemen both in person, mind and manners that I have ever met with. The second I think plain in his person to a degree of ugliness, careless even to unpoliteness and his garb or-

dinary, his voice rough, his manners rather morose; yet sensible learned, judicious and penetrating, a considerable traveller, agreeable in his narrations and a zealous indefatigable friend to the American cause. The last is a brave soldier, a high republican, a sensible companion, an honest man of unaffected manners and easy deportment."

She described Lafayette as: "Penetrating, active, sensible and judicious, he acquits himself with the highest applause in the public eye, while the politeness of his manners and the sociability of his temper insure him welcome at every hospitable board."

Mrs. Warren was a poetess as well as a beautiful writer of prose. She died October 19, 1814, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

Honors a Distinguished Scientist

THE FATHER OF THE WEATHER BUREAU

CONTRIBUTED BY S. G. LAPHAM, OCONOMONOC, WISCONSIN

ON June 18th, the Old Settlers' Club of Milwaukee dedicated in Lapham Park, a very unique memorial to the memory of Dr. Increase A. Lapham, for whom the park was named, and who is credited with having secured the passage of the bill which resulted in the establishment of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

The memorial consists of a natural boulder, six to eight feet in diameter and weighing eighteen tons. On the face of the boulder is placed a bronze tablet showing the face and bust of Dr. Lapham in bas-relief. The finely modeled portrait shows a face breathing life and expression and is exceedingly life like.

The sculptor Mr. Albert H. Atkins is a native of Milwaukee. He is now a member of the faculty of the Rhode Island School of Design, Department of Sculpture.

The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

In Memory of
Increase Allen Lapham
Naturalist.
MDCCCXI—MDCCCLXXV
Erected by his friends in
commemoration of his services
to the cause of human knowledge
and his unselfish devotion to
the welfare of the people.
Under the auspices of the
Old Settler's Club of Milwaukee
County.
(1050)



In the presence of a gathering of the members of the Old Settlers Club; friends and acquaintances of Dr. Lapham, Mr. Wm. W. Wight, President of the Trustees of the Milwaukee-Downer College in a brief address touching upon the life and work of the distinguished scientist presented the memorial to the city. The boulder was then unveiled by Mrs. Guy C. Lindow, a granddaughter of Dr. Lapham.

Percy Braman, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, as the personal representative of Mayor Bading, accepted the gift on behalf of the city.

The ceremony was concluded by the remarks of several members of the Club, who related brief reminiscences of Dr. Lapham.

The park in which this memorial is placed was purchased by the city about eight years ago, and was then named Lapham Park.

Increase Allen Lapham

1811—1875

LL. D. Amherst 1860.

Distinguished Botanist, Geologist and Scientist

Dr. Lapham is, perhaps, best known by his work on the Antiquities of Wisconsin, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1855. He was one of the first to point out the value of storm indications, especially on the great lakes. In 1869 Dr. Lapham prepared a memorial to Congress, containing a long list of disasters caused by storms on the lakes which resulted in great loss of life and property. The memorial showed, by instances cited, that by use of telegraphic messages announcing the actual state of the weather at various places, and at stated intervals, notice of the coming of these storms could have been given several hours before they arrived, and many of these disasters would have been prevented.

This memorial was presented to Congress by Halbert E. Paine, of Wisconsin. It was very largely through the efforts of Mr. Paine that a bill, prepared by Dr. Lapham, became House Bill No. 602, the passing of which resulted in the establishment of the Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of Commerce.

When the work was organized under Gen. Albert J. Myer, Chief Signal officer of the Army, the position of meteorologist

was offered to Dr. Lapham who declined to accept it, principally because to do so he would have been obliged to enter the military service, a thing which his quaker principles prevented him from doing. However, in November, 1870, he was appointed assistant to the Chief Signal officer with headquarters at Chicago. Dr. Lapham personally prepared the first storm warning. It was telegraphed and bulletined along the lakes on November 8, 1870.

In January, 1871, Gen. Myer appointed Prof. Cleveland Abbe meteorologist of the weather bureau. Prof. Abbe soon became popularly known as "Old Probabilities." While Dr. Lapham was engaged on a plan for the protection of mariners on the great lakes, he and Prof. Abbe of Cincinnati, Ohio, exchanged data, compared notes, and in various ways endeavored to advance the cause of science.

Dr. Lapham is often spoken of as the "Father of the Weather Bureau." It is not claimed by the friends of Dr. Lapham that he was the only man who worked in this field. There were others working along other lines, and the theory of the progress of storms was well known.

Prof. Abbe had, in connection with the Chamber of Commerce, of Cincinnati, Ohio, an arrangement "for collecting and comparing telegraphic weather reports from all parts of the land and making deductions therefrom."

When the question is asked to whom the credit for any work belongs, the answer is: "In the realm of science as well as in all lines of human endeavor, to the one who accomplishes actual results."

Prof. Abbe's work was in the line of scientific research of storm effects.

Dr. Lapham's work was to find a practical way to prevent the loss of life and property in storms. His work, resulting in the Memorial to Congress, was the direct means of establishing the "Division of telegrams and reports," of the War Department, which afterwards became the Weather Bureau, and the credit for so doing is honestly due to Dr. Increase A. Lapham of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Historic Views and Reviews

AN APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFT

THE following is a reprint from our issue of March, 1915, and appears here with several indorsements of Mrs. Van Loan's book because she has arranged for the proceeds of the sale of the book to go to the cause of the better education of the children of the Mountain Whites of the South.

"THE POWER TO RIGHT OUR WRONGS"

BY ANNA FITZGERALD VAN LOAN

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "The Power to Right Our Wrongs," written by Anna Fitzgerald Van Loan, and after a careful perusal of the same, we take pleasure in commending it to the attention of all who desire to keep up with the trend of all those influences which tend toward social uplift, a *truer democracy*, more justice in *industrial affairs* and a more *practical method* for the establishing of *international peace* by a "Peace Force" to enforce peace compacts and an accepted Board of Arbitration.

Mrs. Van Loan has done her work well, and throughout each chapter of this excellent book has shown a perspicacity and comprehension of American social and economic conditions both bad and good, as well too of International affairs that will, we are assured, meet with the confidence and commendation of every one of her readers.

We cannot refrain, at this time of war and devastation in Europe, from referring particularly to the chapter "An International Peace Force," because it has in it so much that is worthy of careful consideration.

America's opportunity to use her influence for peace will not come until some one of the giant war lords, now engaged in such cruel public murder, shall have become exhausted and shall be willing to join with the countries with which the United States has already treaties of peace and arbitration, and, so combining, aid in establishing an "International Peace Force," which, says the authoress, "shall enforce peace compacts and insist that all disputes arising between these nations shall be settled at their accepted Court of Arbitration, and in case of any one of them refusing to do this, then such power should be *confronted by the united forces of all* the nations of the globe, both small and great, acting in the capacity of a police force, until the refractory nation should consent to settle the quarrel at the stated Court of Arbitration."

"Had Austria been given the alternative of settling her dispute with Servia at the Hague or of confronting the forces of the nations there represented, her attitude in all probability would have been different."

And the authoress goes on to make an interesting argument in behalf of the "principle that national peace must be maintained by force," as was "demonstrated during the Boxer rebellion" when certain nations united "their armaments to enforce peace in China."

"What was accomplished," says the authoress, "in one instance might also be effected again in behalf of international peace," and in answer to the contention "that the interests of different nations are too varied for them to unite for the formation of international force for the prevention of warfare," she replies that they did unite to protect interests in China; "it is obvious that it would be wiser still for them to unite to protect interests" of far greater value to all concerned.

In referring to the "Twenty-six nations (I think the number is Twenty-eight) who have recently signed 'Peace Treaties' with the United States," she says, "it is stipulated in these compacts that in case of disagreement between the parties to these treaties there is to be *no war until one year is passed* in efforts to *successfully arbitrate the questions involved*."

The book has a hopeful, well-balanced Christian spirit through-

out, and in this sense recommends itself strongly to readers of Christian literature.

J. C. PUMPELLY.

"This is a book that should command the attention of all serious students of the causes that tend to the uplift of humanity."

REV. CHARLES S. BURCH,

Suffragan Bishop Diocese of New York.

"This is one of the most forceful and characteristic books of the year."

FLOYD S. LEACH,

Secretary Social Service Commission of the Episcopal Church.

"The most excellent book I have read in years."

HELEN S. WOODRUFF,

Author of "The Lady of the Lighthouse."

"I deem this one of the few volumes written upon political, economic and sociological problems which is so judicious, comprehensive and practical as to be really helpful to a wise solution."

JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER,

Chairman of Commission on Peace and Federation.

INDEX

VOL. X.

January, 1915—December, 1915

| | |
|--|------|
| Billopp House, on Staten Island, now to be included in a new park, The Historic | 961 |
| Book Reviews | 982 |
| Boots, A Bucolic. Rev. Charles Caverno, A. M., LL. D..... | 942 |
| Chapters in the History of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, M. A., D. C. L. | |
| No. I. The Founding of Halifax in 1749..... | 269 |
| No. II. The Coming of the Boston Tories..... | 764 |
| No. III. Social Life of Halifax after the Revolution.... | 828 |
| No. IV. Sir John Wentworth and the Duke of Kent.... | 1002 |
| Chester, Capt. Samuel, of Boston, Mass., and New London, Conn., and Some of His Descendants, Biographical Sketch of. Herbert Merritt-Chester of New York City..... | 975 |
| Commander Cushing and the Virginius. S. G. Lapham..... | 903 |
| Commemorative Tablets of Historic Sites of the Revolution and Some Revolutionary Relics. Edward Hale Brush..... | 79 |
| Cushing Memorial Monument. S. G. Lapham..... | 901 |
| For Conscience Sake. Cornelia Mitchell Parsons. Chap. 8 and 9, 44; Chap. 10 and 11, 105; Chap. 12, 198; Chap. 13 and 14, 289; Chap. 15 and 16, 351; Chap. 17, 18 and 19, 461. | |
| Hamlet at the Bouwerij, The. Hopper Striker Mott. Part I. 660; Part II. 743. | |
| Historic Views and Reviews | 265 |
| Historic Views and Reviews..... | 713 |
| Historic Views and Reviews..... | 906 |
| Historic Views and Reviews..... | 978 |
| Historic Views and Reviews..... | 1053 |
| Honors a Distinguished Scientist—The Father of the Weather Bureau. Contributed by S. G. Lapham..... | 1050 |
| Journal of George Croghan, January-February, 1753-4. Contributed by John W. Jordan, LL. D..... | 677 |

| | |
|---|------|
| Mormon Church, History of the. Brigham H. Roberts. | |
| CXIV, 52; CXV and CXVI, 116; CXVII, 204; CXVIII, 299; CXIX and CXX, 363; CXXI, CXXII, CXXIII, 480. | |
| Paine, Thomas. George R. Boynton..... | 881 |
| Peace Conference at the Billopp House, Staten Island, September 11, 1776, The. | 968 |
| Recollections of a Half a Century and More. Andrew M. Sherman. | |
| I. My Paternal Ancestry | 723 |
| II. My Boyhood in New England..... | 731 |
| III. My Boyhood in New England (continued)..... | 793 |
| IV. My Boyhood in New England (continued)..... | 863 |
| V. My Boyhood in New England (continued)..... | 915 |
| VI. My Boyhood in New England (continued)..... | 1029 |
| Rhode Island Settlers on the French Lands in Nova Scotia in 1760 and 1761. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, M. A., D. C. L. Part I, 1; Part II, 83; Part III, 179. | |
| Rouse Family, The | 684 |
| Some of the Women who Skilfully Planned and Heroically Suffered in the Revolution for the Cause of American Independence. J. C. Pumpelly, A. M., LL.B. | |
| Introduction | 647 |
| I. Hannah Arnett of Elizabethtown | 648 |
| II. The Tragic Fate of Jane McCrea..... | 650 |
| The Story of Old Fort Edward, and the marking of the Site where it once stood..... | 652 |
| III. Mrs. Robert Murray | 791 |
| IV. Emily Geiger | 791 |
| V. Lydia Darrah | 792 |
| VI. Molly Pitcher. | 818 |
| VII. Margaret Corbin. | 824 |
| VIII. Anna Warner Bailey..... | 825 |
| IX. Nancy Hart of the Georgia "Hornets Nest.".... | 894 |
| X. Susanna Keith. | 896 |
| XI. Cornelia Beekman of New York..... | 899 |
| XII. Dicey Langtson of South Carolina..... | 954 |
| XIII. Elizabeth Zane. | 955 |
| XIV. Lucretia Shaw. | 956 |
| XV. Martha Bratton of South Carolina..... | 1045 |
| XVI. Catherine Schuyler. | 1047 |
| XVII. Mercy Warren. | 1048 |
| Winthrop Family, The | 985 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | OPPOSITE PAGE |
|---|---------------|
| Bailey, Anna Warner..... | 825 |
| Boynton, George R..... | 912 |
| Cushing Monument at Delafield, Wisconsin, (By Courtesy of The Waukesha Freeman, Waukesha, Wis..... | 901 |
| Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearn, K. G., K. T., K. St. P., Etc. | 1002 |
| Fort Edward, N. Y., Jane McCrea Monument..... | 652 |
| Haliburton, Thomas Chandler..... | 39 |
| Haliburton, Thomas Chandler..... | 828 |
| Her Royal Highness, Victoria-Mary-Louisa, Duchess of Kent.... | 1008 |
| Keith, Susanna (By courtesy of Miss Mary Vanderpoel)..... | 896 |
| Longfellow, Henry W..... | I |
| Massacre of Jane McCrea, July, 1777..... | 650 |
| Mercer, Hugh, Tablet of..... | 968 |
| Mother Bailey House, The, Groton, Conn..... | 826 |
| Old Billopp House, Staten Island..... | 961 |
| Original Peregrine White House, Marshfield, Mass., as it appeared in the days of William Sherman, Sr., a near neighbor of Mr. White, The..... | 726 |
| Paine, Thomas | 881 |
| Perkins, Mrs. Amelia Bartlett, Residence of, widow of Mr. Henry Perkins, Bridgewater, Mass. In this house the author slept on the night before his departure for Birmingham, Conn., in the autumn of 1855..... | 915 |
| Protestant Episcopal Church and Burial Grounds at "The Works," Bridgewater, Mass., The..... | 802 |
| Public Library, Bridgewater, Mass..... | 863 |
| Relics from the Old Tavern at Hollis, L. I..... | 135 |
| School Building, Birmingham (now Derby), Conn., where I attend- ed school in my boyhood. This building has been superseded by a fine brick structure..... | 925 |
| Shaw Mansion (rear view)..... | 957 |

| | |
|--|------|
| Sherman, Rev. Andrew M. This picture of the author is from a tintype which was copied from an ambrotype, the latter of which was taken in Birmingham (now Derby), Conn., when about 14 years of age..... | 917 |
| Sherman, Rev. Andrew M. This picture of the author is from a <i>carte-de-visite</i> photo taken in Birmingham (now Derby), Conn., early in 1861..... | 1029 |
| Sherman, Rev. Andrew M., Morristown, N. J..... | 723 |
| Shirley, His Excellency William, Esq ^r . Captain General and Governor in Chief, etc., of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England and Colonel of one of His Majesty's Regiments of Foot..... | 269 |
| State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass..... | 863 |
| St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Birmingham, (now Derby), Conn., where I attended church and Sunday school and in which I was baptized when a small boy. It is a substantial stone structure | 919 |
| St. John's Episcopal Church, North Main St., Providence, R. I., which the author attended when about six years of age. He lived directly opposite the church..... | 728 |
| Stuart, Gilbert Charles | 41 |
| Tablet, College of the City of New York. (By Albert Weinert) .. | 124 |
| Tablet, Fraunces's Tavern. (By Albert Weinert)..... | 81 |
| Tablet, New York University. (By Albert Weinert)..... | 137 |
| Tablet in St. Paul's Church, New York. (This tablet is by Albert Weinert) | 79 |
| Tablet, Washington Heights, New York City. (By Albert Weinert) | 80 |
| Tablet, Nathaniel Woodhull. (By Albert Weinert)..... | 121 |
| This covered bridge connects Birmingham (now Derby), Connecticut, and Shelton (formerly Huntington), Conn. It replaced the covered bridge carried away by a freshet when I was a boy. The upper part of Shelton is shown in this picture and a portion also of the Housatonic River..... | 929 |
| Town River, Bridgewater, Mass..... | 872 |
| Trinity Church, Bridgewater, Mass., constructed in part of material taken from the Protestant Episcopal Church, which, in the author's early boyhood, was at "The Works"..... | 803 |

INDEX

vii

OPPOSITE PAGE

| | |
|---|-----|
| Webster House, The, Marshfield, Mass., in 1829, showing the enlargement and improvements made by Aaron Simmons Sherman in 1827, the year of its purchase by Webster from Capt. John Thomas..... | 730 |
| Wentworth, Sir John, Bart., Governor of Nova Scotia, 1792-1808. | 83 |
| Wentworth, Lady Frances, Wife of Sir John Wentworth..... | 83 |
| Witherell Place at "The Works," The, Bridgewater, Mass., as it now appears. In this house the author lived as a boy between the ages of eight and ten years..... | 793 |

