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AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Our social life in the United States, our society, has been developed from the principles which form the basis of our government. It is well now and then to look below the surface of things and consider why we so seldom feel the pressure of our government—that in fact we scarcely realize we have a government. We forget the cause that gives every man the right to vote, and to aspire to any high place he may desire, and every woman the right to hold her property and govern her children, and go when and where she will without question. This is not simply because we have a republican form of government, but it is because our republicanism is founded on standards of law and order, on principles of justice and morality, both written and unwritten, which regulate the relations of man with man, yet leave him free in his individual life. In this respect our government is as beneficent as Nature, whose inexorable laws cannot be violated with impunity, and yet few of us realize that we are subject to such laws. The laws, established by our forefathers, find their consumption not only in our government but in our society. If to be a good citizen we should learn something of the underlying principles of our government, and of its organization and its forms, so as members of society we should learn something of its principles and forms. We speak of government as a science, and we may call society an art. Art finds its method of expression in various ways; in society, art exists in that spirit of refinement which pervades the household and the social circle, in the adornment of the house and the person; and especially in the forms that illustrate the thoughts, sentiments and tastes which prevail in society.
Webster defines society to be, "the more cultivated portion of the community in its social relations and influences." Here then we must seek for the art by which such thoughts, sentiments and tastes as exist in society are expressed; and here we find pure and elevated work to do, noble ambition to gratify and power to exercise. Every American is animated with a desire and a laudable ambition to do some good work, and thereby exercise a certain influence or power, and especially is every American woman at the present time stimulated to such desires.

Now when so many avenues of business, so many opportunities of effort are open to woman, it is important for her to make a just estimate of the relation between the business world and the social world. While she should appreciate the business opportunities offered, and gladly embrace them, she should not lose sight of her rightful position in society. There she may always hold supreme power. If she does not sustain this higher power, which is now accorded to her as a well-defined heritage; and if she does not maintain her influence through this social power, then we may expect our race to return to a semi-barbaric condition. This is strong language, but surely it is not wealth nor labor, nor learning, nor even religion that holds mankind to a refined method of living. Riches and work, wisdom and religion may each and all exist amid a coarse and even a revolting mode of life. It is the standard of good society that lifts humanity and upholds it in the refined regions which give opportunity for the growth of the most delicate sentiments and the purest lives, and an adherence to such standards stimulates the religious sentiments.

The impression prevalent in some directions, that a desire to enjoy the privileges of good society is reprehensible, that it indicates a frivolous taste and a trivial ambition, is a mistake. This view of social life is taken from a low standpoint, and induces a judgment from the surface of things. It is the same kind of view that leads society people to look on politics as a debasing pursuit; the same kind of view that influences the pessimist to despair of human life; it is the standpoint from which are pictured the realistic novels, which in their crude truthfulness bear the same relation to true realism that mere
nakedness does to the nude creations of high art. No phase of human life can be fairly judged by the external only. In the human being we search for the soul, in human affairs we must likewise seek the motive power that stimulates action and creates the forms of expression.

We find this motive power, this spirit of society, in certain unchangeable principles, which are the same in all countries and at all times. For this reason persons of true politeness recognize that quality in each other in any place, and under all circumstances, although they may differ greatly in their opinion and knowledge of etiquette. The etiquette of society is its external life, its body. The conventional decorum of society is a matter of fashion, and is as fluctuating as all things that come under the rule of that whimsical power. Goldsmith says: "Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is the same everywhere. Politeness is the result of good sense and good nature."

The elements which form the spirit of good society are the common virtues of justice, honesty and charity, which exist also in the rough and uncultivated part of the community. In these classes such virtues are found as uncut gems or untried ore; the sterling worth of the gem and the metal is there, but its value is obscured and its beauties are hidden. In good society the sharp instruments of conventional restraint and the high polish of a fine courtesy abstract all dross from the ore; they shape and polish the rough gem until it is beautiful, lustrous and of a higher value. There is also a dishonorable class where these virtues are basely imitated, and are covered by a false glitter; they are mere pieces of colored glass to which the delicate instruments of courtesy give an external polish while they remain intrinsically worthless.

In the older governments the forms of society are sharply defined and rigidly enforced. In the official society of our country, as in Washington, such rules are gradually being formed and accepted. A necessity for them impresses itself so strongly on the sense of society that it has been unable to resist the pressure, although protesting against the very rules it is obliged to make. This protest and a resistance to this
development is a mistake, and unjustifiable while these rules designate only such distinctions as have a real existence, and set up no shams. While the principles of our government and of our society affirm that all men are entitled to equal opportunities, and that no law must be made and no form adopted that will restrain a person or a class of persons from aspiring to the highest positions, they do not affirm that all such positions are equal. All men are at liberty to labor and to aspire, but the things to which they aspire are not equal, and never can be. Do we not rightfully accord more applause and respect to a judge of the supreme court and a senator of the United States, or a cabinet officer, than we do to a simple copyist, a clerk in the government departments? Since this distinction is genuine, and we admit that it is a just distinction, as more ability and experience are required for one place than the other, it may legitimately have an outward expression, it will, in fact, obtain an outward expression whether we define it or not. In time the clerk may become the judge, the senator, the cabinet officer, and then he will receive the honors denied him now.

Society cannot exist without form as seen in its conventions. We may as well talk of art without expression as of society without form. Immediately after the Revolution, the natural conservatism of society held to many of the ceremonies of the aristocratic period just passed; thus Washington and later Presidents and Governors of States were addressed as Your Excellency; people signed their names as your most obedient and humble servant, etc. In the beginning of this century there was a rather violent reaction from such habits, and there followed an annihilation of form which was in advance of the conservatism of our government. This was a forced movement, an unnatural one, hence we find the conservatism of society reasserting itself, and demanding a return to legitimate forms and ceremonies. The peculiarity of our government is in a combination of progress and restraint, freedom and conservatism; our social life must be in harmony with this characteristic.

The forms of society, are as essential to the good order of society as are the forms of law to the administration of justice.
The bit of pasteboard that we call a visiting card establishes a barrier in social intercourse as effectual as if it were a bar of steel; this little thing, lightly thrown about, is really a symbol of the sacredness of home; like many forms it may be abused, it cannot be spared. The ceremonious bow, or lifting of the hat, expresses the respect which each acquaintance should entertain for the man or woman with whom he is willing to hold social intercourse; it indicates a principle which cannot be dropped from society. And so we might multiply the reasons for ceremonies that often appear to us useless and insipid.

While we attach due importance to ceremony, it is essential to the artistic sense of society that we preserve a severe simplicity, such as constitutes the noblest type of art in music and painting. Such simplicity is ever the distinguishing characteristic of the most agreeable people in society who have a generous cultivation and a large experience.

A brief survey of society in America shows it divided into many and various cliques and coteries. We have most conspicuously the stylish set, dashing and arrogant; and the circle of descendants from the good old colonial families, respectable and conservative. Each of these express a contempt of politics, the first declaring that politics are low, stupid, intolerable; the last are deplorably indifferent to politics, intimating that they are in the hands of new people, corrupt and degenerate, and should be avoided. The men and women of these sets forget that—

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands reveal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
That make or mark the common weal.

* * * * * * * *
Nor lightly fall,
Beyond recall,
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote.

They also forget that if politics have become degenerate it is because public sentiment is debased, and that public senti-
ment is led not only by the business part of the community, or if it is so led this indicates a weak and inferior social life, for society in its legitimate action should have a large if not a controlling influence on politics. In the great centres of political life, as in Washington and the capitals of the states, a social power might prevail which would radiate from thence throughout the country. It is the first, the most important, business of women in society to retain or to develop this influence; the ambition of style should not be paramount but accessory to the ambition of power, the power to sway events and men.

Besides the stylish and the aristocratic sets we have the literary circles, the musical set, the artistic coterie and the religious sociables and circles of various kinds, together with the many clubs organized for an infinite number of purposes. All of these sets and circles, these cliques and clubs, are the elements from which good society, in its broad and generous and in its higher signification, should be drawn. Of themselves, neither individually nor collectively, are they good society.

During the first half of this century we had in America a good society; it was distinctly recognized in all parts of the country, and its leaders were known in every centre of the higher social life; it exerted a large influence on the politics of the country. The men and women of that time were filled with enthusiasm, and were not ashamed of it. They had great thoughts and great purposes, and talked about them; and they had amusements, active and animated. The characteristics of that society were sensible and amusing conversation, protection and assistance extended to the young, deference and gentleness accorded to the old; dignity, kindness, and above all a generous hospitality.

The immense growth and development of the country, and especially the disorganization consequent on the late war, utterly destroyed this early society, and nothing has yet worthily replaced it. But we have what is, perhaps, better; what will be better if we use the material we have to develop a society—elevated, liberal, and genuine—modeled on the liberality and conservatism of our government.

Our theories of government demand integrity, capability and intellectual superiority as essential qualities for a participation
in its highest offices, and demand nothing more—no test of birth or wealth; so our society must demand only refined manners and intellectual cultivation based on those common virtues to which we have referred.

Upon these standards we should form our ideal, and all others be resolutely put aside. The first and most important test of admission to society should be the simple, genuine qualities of the true gentleman and the true lady, that is, refined manners based on the essential virtues. We may criticize the words lady and gentleman, and prefer the good strong terms, men and women, as a matter of taste and correct English, yet to our finer sense there is a quality of refinement associated with the old fashioned words lady and gentleman that we do not quite catch in the stronger substitute. In good society no mere external polish, no ability nor intellectual brilliancy should be allowed to cover a deficiency in refinement; no elevated position, and no amount of wealth should be accepted in its place, nor may even good moral character or finely finished manners alone pass current. Society must have the power to create her own standards in which she will include, and yet demand something more than morality, knowledge or polish alone. The good man may be boorish, the intellectual man may be willfully rude, the polished man may be covertly coarse; she will tolerate none of these faults; each one within her circle must show a willingness to conform to her laws, and check his awkwardness, his surliness, and his grossness while within her rigid precincts.

When we have created an ideal society, led by the choice spirits of the fashionable, aristocratic, religious, literary, musical, and artistic coteries—what should be its leading object? Milton says, all human society must proceed from the mind rather than the body. Thus dress and eating and dancing, which are prominent features of good society, and are not only allowable but desirable, pertain to the body and therefore should not be leading objects in society, although they are to be encouraged, for treated in their finest sense they are the embellishments and indulgences necessary to society. It is believed by some that the principle object of social life should be an interchange of views on moral and religious subjects;
others say that it must be intellectual advancement, and others again urge that it should be for amusement only, and for a rest from all definite pursuits.

Each of these objects can be gained more directly outside of society, and either of them as a leading object would narrow the influence of society while gaining little for their immediate purposes. All persons require relaxation, not simply as rest, but relaxation with entertainment; and such relief is sought by public, and private amusements. The drama, opera and concert, the exhibition of works of art, select readings and lectures constitute the public entertainments. They offer rest and relaxation; they please and amuse, and often elevate the sentiments; but they do not satisfy a longing in the human heart for social life. At times we endeavor to satisfy this longing by a repetition or imitation of public entertainments in private life. These amusements are either for the pleasure of invited guests or for the benefit of some charity. However managed, the majority of such attempts are the result of an ungratified desire for the advantages, the stimulant and enjoyments of good society.

The same longing often leads to the organization of various clubs and societies, which are established ostensibly with a definite object in view relating to literature, science or art. A few earnest spirits labor zealously in behalf of the leading object of the club, but the larger number will be found to use the association for the enjoyment of social intercourse. This is an innocent and an honorable desire. Its indulgence may be misplaced in some of these clubs, but there are others in which it is legitimate. It will be found, however, that as good society develops and becomes clearly defined in a community, these clubs and associations will lose their impetus and decline except as a means of actual work toward special objects, which is their legitimate end.

Neither clubs and societies, amateur entertainments nor public amusements will satisfy the social desire, because such an instinct demands activity as well as passivity; it must give as well as receive. The mere performance of a set part in a play, a reading or a concert, or the listening to such a part, will not satisfy this demand; it aspires to something more, and
again urges its appeal. It calls for the excitement, the friction, the intense pleasure of mind striking against mind, of fancy playing in and out of the intricacies of another fancy; of wit sharpening itself on the edge of another wit; of amiability mingling its sweet incense with the aroma of another lovely nature; it demands—conversation.

This, then, is the legitimate object of good society;—relaxation and entertainment as found in conversation. This is the fine art of social life. Numerous as are the allowable and desirable side issues, the highest object of good society should be the encouragement, cultivation and acquisition of facility in conversation, of tact and power in conversation.

Madame de Staël says: “Conversation as a talent exists in France alone; in all other countries it answers the purposes of politeness, of argument and friendly intercourse;” and again, “In France it is an art to which the imagination and the soul are no doubt very necessary, but which possesses besides these certain secrets whereby the absence of both may be supplied.”

As conversation has been so little cultivated and enjoyed among Americans, we may believe that we are justly included among those who do not possess it as a talent, but we may take a hint from the subtle French woman who intimates that there are secrets whereby the absence of talent may be supplied. To discover these secrets will require not only thought and theory, but experiment and practice.

We are a practical people; as soon as we seize upon an idea we are straightway mad until we witness its practical workings. We cannot theorize like the Germans, and let our everyday lives drift on as if we had no theories. We cannot believe like the Frenchman, and cover our belief with a light and airy expression which may be taken either as jest or earnest. We see the advantages of a community of goods and interests, and we establish a Brook Farm; we believe in socialism, and we found the Oneida Community; we consider Joseph Smith a prophet, and we have Mormonism; we believe in a liberal religion, and a church of ethical culture is the result. If we would study Shakespeare, we organize a society for that purpose; to understand Browning, we have a host of clubs. When the Centennial of 1876 created an era in Decorative Art in this
country, we had societies and clubs and circles without number as an illustration of our awakened interest in art in all of its forms. Such a fervor of enthusiasm brings about some follies and exaggerations, but these are faults attendant upon the experimental conditions of our life. We have the exuberance of youth, and deal in superlatives, but we do many beautiful and wise things as a result of our experiments.

The good society which we are to develop in this country will be of slow growth, as judged by our standards, for we have proverbially the impatience of youth; an art must have time for growth, and this art cannot be perfected in a season. Yet we are not to sit with folded hands and await its development; no good thing will come to us unless we believe in it and struggle for it.

Toward the practical attainment of the main object of good society, and as a means of discovering the secret of de Staël we should individually test and improve our usual modes of expression; and in every city and village the clubs and societies now established for mental cultivation of any kind should introduce the practice of conversation as an art to be attained. These organizations do indirectly lend themselves to this object by demanding a definite expression of ideas and opinions, but they also render our deficiencies more palpable. There might be among these associations a friendly rivalry for advancement in clearness and facility of expression. It is only by a community of effort that we will make progress.

We are but men, no gods are we
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,
Each separate, on his painful peak,
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency!

It is in clubs and societies that opportunity will be found for unity of effort; but care should be taken that the meetings of such associations do not become schools of pedantry or forums for the display of personal vanity. There is a tendency of intellectual Americans toward these faults, and it indicates an ignorance of the charms of conversation as an art, of its even movement, its impetuous flow and its repose. To talk, to instruct, to chatter, to hold forth, is not conversation. To do either one or the other is to be a menial, not an artist, in the
circle where high standards are held. Such a talker takes the
rank in conversation that a drummer who marks the time for
a military company does in music; but one who while he con-
verses has his learning, his judgment and his wit ready for a
stroke, a pause, a trill—ready for a solo or a grand harmony,
as time and occasion demand—is an artist in conversation as
the prima donna is in music. Such a person will study, without
seeming to study, the lights and shadows, the distances and
forms, the colors and effects of what he says himself, and of
what is said to him, and skillfully, with the brush of ready
speech will take from the palette of good sense the brilliant
hues of imagination, and the subdued tints of propriety, and
will paint a picture which seeming to fade while he paints,
will yet be imprinted on the memory and heart of the listener
with a lasting endurance. But the artist in conversation must
be able not only to impress on the listener his own personality,
but be equally able to draw from the listener the best that is in
him, and also to give him a conscious of having done his
best. Indeed, this quality of drawing out another may be so
distinct a character as to form an ideal conversationalist,
even when there is no marked ability in the power of expression.

These methods show conversation as a fine art. It is to-
wards such ideals that we must aspire. To some persons the
conception of an ideal may seem out of keeping with this sub-
ject. Is any fine art trivial, is anything that tends to elevate
the mind and the taste puerile? Can this art be insignificant
which is a gymnasium for the exercise of a knowledge of all
arts, and of philosophy and science? Here we will have no
specialties, but a recognition of the best in all things. It will
be one of our peculiar merits that in this age of specialties,
when mind and manner have a tendency to run in grooves, to
become contracted and one-sided that we will thwart this
tendency; not by diverting the mind from the special object of
study or activity, but by impressing it with the value and im-
portance of other pursuits. To run in a rut and become
narrow minded is a natural, but not a necessary result of earnest
application to single departments of knowledge and peculiar
forms of art. It is the office of good society, and largely by
means of conversation, to preserve the equilibrium of cultivated
men and women, by bringing them together "to hold the mirror up to nature," in which each may contemplate a reflection of himself in association with others, and thus prevent that distorted view which comes from gazing always on the same object, or on different objects from the same standpoint.

We have seen the necessity for individual effort and far associated effort in the development of the main object of good society in our country with the combined influence of both men and women: But as it is peculiarly the province of woman to establish the habits of society—at least until such time as men and women stand upon equal ground politically and socially—it is also her province to assume the main responsibility of a true development of American society in the attainment of conversation as a fine art. Women should be the leaders, the heroines in this movement, and they will reap the fame and the power, for such leaders will become queens of society in a noble and royal way that will surpass the queenliness of all times and places. They will be queens by right of nature, by right of genius, of cultivation and effort; by the admiration and respect of wise and great men, by the love and homage of generous and loyal women. We should have thousands of such queens reigning in the simple and tasteful, as well as the sumptuous and luxurious, drawing-rooms that are scattered all over our prosperous country. Queens to whose drawing-rooms and tables statesmen and politicians, authors and artists, judges and professors, the refined and cultivated from every part of the country, from every part of the world, should feel it a privilege to be admitted.

The women who may aspire to these honors are not only the wives and daughters of millionaires and the representatives of renowned families. These should, indeed, feel an added responsibility to become instigators and models in an advancement of our social life; but all women who preside in pleasant and comfortable parlors, at orderly and well-served dinners, should have blooming in their households the thrifty plant of conversation, for it must take root first in the family. Women in homes simple, beautiful or luxurious should realize that their parlors and their tables are thrones from which, by means of the golden words that fall from their lips, shall emanate the
radiance of their virtues, the influence of their intellectual gifts and the graciousness of their charity. To reign worthily on such a throne is the legitimate ambition of every American woman; married or single, young or old, she has her domain in which she may yield a supreme influence. Her dominion need not be limited; society will gather around her if she has the power to influence it, and her sway will broaden year by year. The power exercised with tact and delicacy in the family extends to public opinion, and from public opinion it extends into the government; and thus the low-toned voice of a frail woman may shake or uphold the mighty fabric of the State.

Not women alone owe a duty to society in the cultivation of conversational power. It is largely the fault of men that conversation in society is so trivial and meaningless, so flat and wearisome. Men know that women are capable of better things than they bring to them or seek from them. They degrade both themselves and women by the simpering stuff they so often present and call forth as a substitute for conversation. No wonder that women turn away from such insipidity in search of earnest work and more noble issues, and that men express freely their disgust with society. It is the duty of men, as it should be their pleasure, to encourage and assist women in an effort toward higher aims in our American social life. Men have proved themselves the friends of higher education for women; they have stimulated her to become their compeer in many novel positions; it may be expected then that they will uphold her in the cultivation of this art, of this beautiful flower of the highest civilization. Men should not enter society condescendingly, nor with a flippant air, nor yet so seriously that the harassments of business seem to hang about their looks and manners. They should let the mind relax without becoming a vacuum; they should not leave all intelligence in the office, or reserve it for a few adoring friends, but use it in society.

We should all, men and women, have words of sympathy, of inspiration, of cheer and pleasantry to help each other onward, that together we may grow strong and agile in mental expression, while resting from the strain of business, and so gather profit from an hour of pleasure.
"A dreamer dropped a random thought, 't was old and yet 't was new,
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true,
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo, its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame;
The thought was small, its issues great, a watchfire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid the crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death;
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast.
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last."

Ellen Harlowe Walworth
NEGLECTED GRAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

"'T is true and pity 't is 't is true," that the future, with all its uncertain results, appeals to us more than the past, with its tender memories and glorious triumphs.

America's past is now far enough removed to have gained a perspective, and to challenge the assertion that "there is nothing to lend a tinge of romance to her history." Her battlefields, moss-grown and ivy-mantled ruins, monuments and historic landmarks, all speak of a country rich in traditions and proud of her struggle for principle. From such a past should be evolved a deep and ardent desire to keep alive the memories of those who participated in that struggle, and made it glorious by their sacrifices.

During the Colonial and Revolutionary times men were too busy making history to think of burial places; but when the glorious deeds of those patriots passed into history, and they were consigned to the grave, it seems singular that a patriotic people, to say nothing of their immediate descendants, did not take some measures for marking their last resting places. In many instances at the South, these men of heroic memories were buried on their plantations, each of which had its own private burial ground in some sequestered spot. General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution, is buried on his plantation, "Belle Isle," in St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina. A crumbling and broken marble slab bears this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Brig. Genl. Francis Marion, who departed this life on the 27th of February, 1795, in the 63d year of his age, deeply regretted by his fellow citizens. History will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution, which elevated his native country to honor and independence, and secured to her the blessings of liberty and peace. This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected in commemoration of the noble and disinterested virtues..."
of the citizen and the gallant exploits of the soldier, who lived without fear and died without reproach."

General William Moultrie is also buried on his plantation, "Winsor Hall," about fourteen miles from Charleston, South Carolina, and has no monument to mark his grave. He it was who, on the 28th of June, 1776, gained the first complete victory achieved by America over British forces, and saved his native city, Charleston, twice from capture. In 1775 he designed the flag, a blue ground with a single silver crescent, which was shot away at Fort Moultrie and restored to position by Sergeant Jasper. The Cincinnati Society, whose first president he was, has placed a tablet to his memory in the vestibule of St. Philip's Church, Charleston. The following inscription is copied from the tablet:

"Sacred to the memory of Maj. Genl. Wm. Moultrie, who by his intrepidity and good conduct on the 28th of June, 1776, gained with his regiment the first complete victory achieved by America over the forces of Britain, preserving Charleston from capture, giving confidence to the Union, and showing that the boasted navy of England was no longer invincible. Who, in 1777, saved Beaufort from capture by gallantly displaying his faithful band of militia in the open field, discomfiting an equal number of British regulars and proving the superiority of patriotic valor, well directed, over the sheltered discipline of despots. Who, again in 1779, by his activity and firmness, rescued his native city, Charleston, assailed by a formidable British army, thus thrice meriting the mural crown, and who, though captured and imprisoned, rejected with disdain the splendid bribe of rank and emolument in the enemy's army, demonstrated that a reverse of fortune could only add fresh luster to his laurels. Though daring in action and inflexible in patriotic principles, he was in society mild, benevolent and unassuming. No domestic character was more beloved; no friend more cherished. He died the 27th of Sep., 1805, in the 76th year of his age."

Gen. Thomas Sumter, the "Game Cock of the Revolution," has no stone to mark his resting place. He is buried in the family graveyard, near Statesburg, Sumter County, South Carolina. The place is called the "Home House," and is
owned by his youngest grandson. The General died in 1832. His son and only child died shortly afterward. The family contemplated erecting a handsome monument to their illustrious ancestor, but the money set aside for that purpose was lost during the war, and so the grave remains unmarked.

General Christopher Gadsden, who introduced the flag to be used in the American navy with a yellow field and a rattle-snake coiled and ready to strike, with the words “Don’t tread on me” under it, lies in an unmarked grave in St. Philip’s churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina. He it was who, when the Stamp Act was passed in 1765, cried out, “There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us known only as Americans, for we stand on the broad common platform of natural rights.”

John Rutledge, one of the signers of the Constitution of the United States, known in South Carolina as “The Dictator,” and pronounced by Patrick Henry to be without a peer for eloquence in the First Continental Congress, lies buried in St. Michael’s churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina, his grave marked by only a plain, low headstone, with the simple inscription—

“On the 18th of July, A. D., departed this life in the 61st year of his age, John Rutledge.” Not even the year of his death is given.

Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is buried in St. Philip’s churchyard, Charleston, his monument being no more pretentious than that of “The Dictator’s.”

Thomas Heyward, Jr., signer of the Declaration of Independence and the Articles of Confederation, is buried at “Old House,” the original Heyward plantation, West of Combahee river, South Carolina, on the road to Savannah.

On the banks of the Ashley river, along the picturesque road, stands the old “Middleton Place,” the home of Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The old gates with their massive pillars stand intact, but of the homestead itself only the chimneys remain, the building having been burned down during the late war. Here, in this secluded and beautiful spot, rest the remains of the old signer.
Bolt upright against the wall, back of the chancel of old St. Michael's church, Charleston, South Carolina, we find a low, plain headstone with the simple inscription, "Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, born 25th of February, 1746, died August 1825." This was the grand old Roman, who uttered the immortal words, "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute." He was also a signer of the Constitution of the United States. By his side lies Charles Pinckney, another signer, with a similar headstone.

In a secluded burial ground at Rantowle's Bridge, in the Parish of St. Paul's, South Carolina lies the gallant hero of Cowpens, Trenton, Eutaw Springs and Hobkirk's Hill, Col. William Washington, a cavalry officer in the war of the Revolution; born in Virginia Feb. 28th, 1752, died March 6th, 1810. The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, have erected a handsome monument to his memory in Magnolia Cemetery.

Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, a signer of the Articles of Confederation, President of the Continental Congress, Minister to Holland, a captive State prisoner in the Tower of London for several years, and one of the Commissioners with Franklin, Adams and Lee, who formed the treaty of American Independence with Great Britain, was cremated by his own request at "Mepkin," his estate, in South Carolina.

At "Hayne Hall," in St. Paul's Parish, Carleton County, South Carolina, a few miles from Jacksonboro, on the Edisto River, can be seen the unmarked grave of the "Martyr Hayne," who on August 4th, 1781, was led from his cell, in the basement of the old postoffice, Charleston, South Carolina, and executed at Radcliffe's Garden, then situated above the old fortification lines, now known as Radcliffe street, at a point between Jasper's court and Cumming street. William Gilmore Simms, the South Carolina novelist and historian, has given the most touching and graphic description of this event in his "Katharine Walton."

At the south-end of Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast, at a place called "Dungenese," we find a little family burial plot containing several dark lichen-covered slabs, upon which the inscriptions can scarcely be traced. One of them covers the grave of the gallant "Light-Horse Harry Lee,"
the father of General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia. General Lee was wounded while trying to quell a riot in Baltimore, in 1817. With the hope of restoring his health he took a sea voyage, and stopped at Cumberland Island, to visit his old friend and comrade, Gen. Greene, where he died, and was buried in the plot containing the graves of Mrs. General Greene and her daughter. It is a lovely spot, overlooking Cumberland Sound. The walk leading to the burial enclosure is lined with banana trees, and is known as the "Banana Walk." Strange that he should find a grave at the home of his friend, whose grave is unknown, although a handsome monument is erected to General Greene's memory in Savannah.

Pulaski's and Jasper's graves are also unknown.

In the burial ground attached to St. Mary's Church, in Charleston, South Carolina, is a massive tomb, bearing the following inscription: "Underneath lie interred the bodies of Dlle. Amelie Maxime Rosale De Grasse, deceased the 23 day of Aug. 1799, and of Dlle. Milaine Veronique Maxime De Grasse, deceased on the 19th of Sep. 1799, daughters of the late Francois Joseph Paul Count De Grasse, Marquis De Lilly of the former counts of Province and Sovereign princes of Antibes, Lieut. Genl. of the Naval armies of his most Christian majesty, Commander of the Royal Order of St. Louie, and a member of the Military Order Society of Cincinnati." The De Grasse coat of arms also appears.

In a lowly unmarked grave, eight miles below Columbia, South Carolina, lie the remains of the heroic girl, Emily Geiger, who, when the woods of her native State were filled with Tories, volunteered to take a message from General Greene to General Sumter, a distance of many miles. With his usual precaution, Greene communicated the contents of the letter to the young woman verbally, fearing she might lose the written message on the way. Mounting a swift horse, the brave girl crossed the Wateree and pressed on to Sumter's camp. On the second day of her journey she was captured by Tory scouts, taken to a house on the edge of the swamp and searched. Being left alone a short time before the search she ate up Greene's letter piece by piece, and when the search was made nothing was found. With many apologies from her captors, she was allowed
to pursue her journey. She reached Sumter's camp, communicated Greene's message, and soon Randon was flying before the Americans. Surely her native State owes this brave girl a fitting monument.

Fourteen miles from Charleston stands the old Colonial Church of St. James, Goose Creek, built in 1711. Above the high pulpit and quaint sounding-board can still be seen the royal arms of Great Britain, the identical decoration that preserved the temple from destruction during the Revolutionary war. This historic church is considered the most interesting relic of colonial times, principally from its being kept in good repair, with everything about it as in days of yore when stately dames in four-horse coaches rolled up to the door, and with their attendant cavaliers filled the seventeen straight-backed mahogany pews. The floor of the church is of stone. In front of the pulpit, set in the floor, is a tablet, "To the memory of the first rector of the Parish, the Rev. Francis Le Jan, D. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, who died in 1717."

Among the curiosities to be seen here is the "Izard hatchment," said to be the only one in the country. At the funeral of Ralph Izard, that devoted patriot who predicated his entire fortune for the benefit of his country during the Revolution, this hatchment was borne before the body into the church, where it has remained ever since in accordance with the English custom. In the graveyard, fortified by a wall and ditch, are many old gray tombs, with their lichen-covered inscriptions so nearly obliterated that it would take an "Old Mortality" to decipher them. Old landgraves lie here who have been mouldering since 1694. One of these landgraves, Thomas Smith, Governor of the Province in 1694, was the first person who planted rice in South Carolina. The neighborhood round about this church is truly a classic region, and suggestive of many a tradition and adventure of ye olden time. Here were the residences of many of the wealthiest families of colonial times who spent their winters upon their splendid estates, retaining much of the style to which they had been accustomed in their homes across the sea. Here Marion and his men, Sumter and Greene, bivouacked time and again, and many a fair colonial dame waved a farewell to her husband or lover.
from the windows of the mansions now in ruins, or fired a gun through the port-holes at their assailants. Nor is the place lacking in ghost stories and hints of underground passages to the river, of haunted houses with secret chambers and the echo of mysterious foot-falls, which, like the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow," fly as the whirlwind when pursued.

* * * *

The Greeks and Romans honored their illustrious dead; the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt bespeak the same national trait. England has her Westminster Abbey and France her mortuary structures in bronze and marble. The Chinese and Japanese share the same sentiment, and worship their ancestors as gods and demi-gods. Even the North American Indians erected "barrows" or "cairns" in commemoration of their dead. Not only is the instinct of human nature, which teaches us to honor the virtues and achievements of our heroic dead commendable; but it kindles in the breast of the rising generation a laudable ambition to emulate the example of their noble ancestors.

The name of any one of the Revolutionary patriots mentioned in the foregoing pages would have been enough to illustrate an era or distinguish a nation, yet we find most of them without monuments or even memoirs to commemorate their eventful lives. We have been content to enjoy the liberty and independence achieved through their sufferings and bloodshed, but have manifested an unpardonable indifference to the perpetuation of their memories.

Now that the "Colonial Dames" and the "Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution" have organized societies, whose keynote is "Perpetuation of Historic Spots," we hope soon to see the sacred resting-places of these brave patriots crowned with fitting monuments.

Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine,
Ex-State Regent for South Carolina.
A GERMAN REGIMENT FIGHTING FOR INDEPENDENCE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Having often remarked the prevalent impression that in the struggle of the Colonies for Independence, the only foreign assistance rendered our forefathers was by the French, and that all the Germans engaged, with the glorious exception of Baron Steuben, fought on the other side, I have thought it might interest the Daughters of the American Revolution to hear of one German regiment which crossed the broad ocean to fight in behalf of liberty.

Of course we all know there were many German regiments in our war of Independence, but they were Hessians, sold by their ruler and fighting to enforce the British yoke upon the descendants of that same British nation.

The Germans of whom I would speak were from another part of Germany, the Palatinate, which now forms part of the kingdom of Bavaria.

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, in that beautiful and fertile part of Germany which might well be called the "Garden of Europe," there still existed a small principality whose lord took his name from the chief city, the Residenz, Zweibrücken, called by the French "Deux-Ponts." This prince had a favorite regiment called the "Pfalz-zweibrücken," and which, from its foundation, had always been entrusted to the care of one of the princes of Zweibrücken. That it was permitted to come and join in the battles of the infant Republic was due to the persuasion of a Saxon princess, Amalie, who subsequently married the successor of the prince and became Duchess of Zweibrücken.

The regiment was commanded by Baron Eberhard von Esebeck, the "stately colonel" of the old Chronicle, and whose descendants still live in that little Rhenish Bavarian town with whose history they are identified. Under his command were the two young Counts von Forbach, sons of the Duke's morganatic wife.

This regiment was in Lafayette's command, and its members
are probably counted among the "French" who came to our assistance. It was also engaged in the battle of Yorktown, where one of the Forbach brothers, Count Wilhelm, especially distinguished himself in the successful storming of a redoubt, "for which services," says the Chronicle, "he was decorated with the order of the Cincinnatti."

Kate T. W. Tittmann.

Note.—[In a volume of "Revolutionary Letters" recently translated from the German by Wm. L. Stone, it is said by a Hessian officer writing home after the surrender at Saratoga, and referring to the reception of the Hessians in the American camp: "A number of officers formerly in the Prussian service were fairly in ecstacies at sight of our blue coats—bringing back to them recollections of the battles of Sohr, Prague and Kesseldorf. Brigadier Weissenfels, of Konysberg, has rendered many services to those of our officers who were taken prisoners." Mr. Stone says in a note, "The statement of the writer (of this letter) that so many French and Prussian officers were in Gates' army, is quite a new revelation. There were doubtless, however, numbers of foreigners fighting on the side of the colonists whose names have not come down to us." Here is an interesting field of inquiry open to students of American history. In Rosen- garten's "The German Soldiers in the Wars of the United States," he says: "Among the French allied army sent to the help of the struggling Colonists were many Germans, and the investigation of H. A. Rotterman attest both their number and influence. * * * France had troops from the Rhine Provinces, Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland." This being the case, why may we not have Daughters of the American Revolution in some of these countries? With the Zweibrücken regiment came not only the two Counts Forbach, but also Captain Haake. Count Christian Forbach left a very full journal in manuscript, which has been translated by Samuel Abbott Green. In his journal he notes the fact that

*Decorations being the rule in foreign countries, the historian seems to think our ancestors provided themselves with a supply of them for use in the war with the Mother country.
when he led the advance at Yorktown, he was challenged by a Hessian soldier stationed on the parapet, crying out in German, "Wer da." The brothers Forbach returned to Bavaria when the French Revolution obliged them to leave France, and they lived in Munich, holding posts of honor in the court until they both died in that city. It would be interesting to follow the career of the Princess Amalie, through whose intercession these gallant officers fought in behalf of American Independence.—EDITOR.]
MRS. A. S. HUBBARD.

Mrs. Hubbard is a representative of two hundred and fifty years of New England civilization; her ancestors, both on the paternal and maternal side for several generations having made their home in Massachusetts.

She is the youngest daughter of the late John Sylvester and Hannah Goodrich Holt, his wife, both of Charlestown, Massachusetts. She was born under the brow of Breed's Hill and within a stone's throw of the celebrated battle monument, Bunker Hill.

Through the Holts she is of the seventh generation in lineal descent from Nicholas Holt, of Romsey, England, who, accompanied by his wife Elizabeth and one child, sailed from Southampton, England, in the ship James, of London, April 6th, 1635, arriving in Boston the 3d of June following. He settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, and removed from thence in 1644 with his wife and four children to Andover, Massachusetts. He was the sixth family to settle in the town, and he was one of the original founders of Andover Church. Her great-grandfather, Joseph Holt, was a graduate of Harvard College in 1739, and for a number of years had charge of the Grammar School at Andover. He was in the Canada expedition of 1758, and kept a journal which was published in the New England Historical Magazine of 1856, vol. x., page 307. Her grandfather, Valentine Holt, from whom she derives her eligibility to membership in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, entered the Revolutionary Army when a lad of thirteen years of age, serving with his brother-in-law, Capt. Benjamin Farnham of Colonel Tupper's regiment. He was in the battle of Bennington, Vermont, August 16th, 1777, under General Stark, and was discharged in November, 1777, near West Point. He entered the service for the second time and served in Captain William Barrow's company, Colonel Nichol's regiment, New Hampshire militia, and was discharged from the service October 22d., 1780. His application for a pension is on file in the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C.
Sarah Isabelle Sylvester Hubbard was educated in the public schools of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and was the youngest girl at that period who had ever been admitted to the Charlestown High School, the Hon. Samuel Pasco, present United States Senator from Florida, being the youngest boy. She had for instructors such eminent men as Paul Hart Sweetser, Robert Swan, and later Prof. Caleb Emery, of the Boston Latin School. In 1857 she left New York in the steamship George Law for San Francisco, where she subsequently married Col. A. S. Hubbard, who was made an Honorary Past President-General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, at the National Congress of that body held in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1890. He has also been accorded the honor of having founded the California society. When the Society of the Daughters of Revolutionary Sires (an auxiliary of the Sons) was organized in 1876, in San Francisco, Mrs. Hubbard's name was enrolled, and she remained a member until this branch fell into "innocuous desuetude." She is the mother of two sons, one of whom, now a freshman in an Eastern college, enjoys the distinguished honor of being the youngest and only member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in the United States under twenty-one years of age. She has been and is now identified with several religious and fraternal organizations of California. She was prominently connected with the founding of St. Luke's Church, now the largest and most influential Protestant Episcopal Church of San Francisco. She was for four years Deputy Grand Matron of the Grand Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, an auxiliary, bound by the dearest ties, those of wife, mother, daughter and sister, to Freemasonry, and was the presiding officer of Golden Gate Chapter No. 1, of San Francisco, and has been prominently mentioned as the presiding officer of the Grand body of the same order.

Those who have kept themselves informed of the good work done by the Daughters of the American Revolution on the Pacific coast will be pleased to be brought near the lady who has been so active and zealous for "Home and Country" beyond the Rocky Mountains.

She has said that her ambition for this society is "that it should embrace in its fold one undivided sisterhood from
the Atlantic to the Pacific shores," and her efforts have been on a large and liberal scale commensurate with this desire. Strong in character and fearless in expression, she is well calculated to lead the van in a great popular movement, and the success of the Sequoia Chapter in San Francisco proves her ability, while her plans for the development of Chapters throughout the State of California promise a future for the Society which will bring to light many a historical treasure that has been carried from the original Thirteen States to the Golden Gate.

L. M. B.
HYMN OF THE VESTAL VIRGIN.

Not yet! Not yet!
The stars will rise and set,
The maiden day lie tranced and still
Upon the heart of night,
Lost in the mystic shadow of the light,
The moon will witch the sea
With wonder of white witchery;
Deep call to deep,
Wave leap to meet the wave,
The impassioned surges sweep
Into the sky,
The while I lie and sleep
And dream, and lose myself in Thee,
Thou infinite indwelling mystery.

Not yet! Not yet!
The sea and sun are met,
And mingled into one;
The night is done and gone;
The earth doth bare her bosom to the dawn,
The roses blush before the glimmering lawn,
The lily tells her beads in shining tears
That, one by one,
Are stolen from her by the ardent sun,
And many a pulsing thing
Doth wake and run
To live its little day,
And fling its life into a matin song—
To sing and fade away
Into the memory of a wing—
The while I lie and sleep,
And dream, and wake, alone
With this white thought of Thee,
Thou shadow of infinity.
HYMN OF THE VESTAL VIRGIN.

Not yet! Not yet!
The summer shall forget
The glory of her noon, and her regret
Be buried with forgotten violet
Beneath the snow.
Days come and go
And follow their appointed ways
Into the far eternity;
Time and times shall ebb and flow
Into the vast unfathomable Now;
Until the angel soundeth,
Time shall be no longer.
Wake! Awake!
All ye who sleep.
The earth shall shake
Through all her hidden deep;
The Heaven roll into a shrivelled scroll,
And death be swallowed up in victory.
Then, Thou, my Lord, Thou with me,
And I alone with Thee,
One with infinity.

—JULIA SADLER HOLMES.
THE LIBERTY BELL EPISODE OF 1777.

The Liberty Bell* of Philadelphia, famous as having first proclaimed the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776, has made two remarkable journeys which are in striking contrast; the last one in January, 1881, to the World's Fair in New Orleans, where it was one of the greatest attractions, was heralded throughout the country, while the precious relic was escorted by three city policemen, two of whom never left it day or night; it was bedecked with flowers, and honored in every possible way until its return to Philadelphia in June of the same year. Its first journey, made in September, 1777, one hundred and eight years earlier, was of a different character; but few persons were entrusted with the important secret of its removal from the State House or of its destination.

A panel of a large stained glass window adorning the facade of Zion's Reformed Church of Allentown, Pennsylvania, has a representation of the old bell, with the following inscription: "In commemoration of the safe-keeping of the Liberty Bell in Zion's Reformed Church; A. D. 1777."

It will be remembered that when the British troops invaded Philadelphia the bell was secretly removed for safe-keeping, and that it was loaded on a wagon and carried off ostensibly with the baggage train of the Continental army. The impression was given that its sacred and patriotic tongue had forever been drowned in the river of the Delaware. Some historians say it was taken to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where Congress repaired in September, 1777, the same month removing to York, Pennsylvania, where Congress remained until June 27th, 1778.

*The "Independence Bell" was imported from England in 1752; on trial it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper and was recast in Philadelphia under the direction of Mr. Isaac Norris, who placed upon it the remarkable inscription which surrounds it, taken from Lev. xxv: 10th. "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Immediately beneath this is added, "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in Philadelphia."
The fact was, that in September, 1777, by order of the Executive Council, the State House bell, the bells of Christ Church and St. Peter's Church, eleven bells, were removed to Allentown by way of Bethlehem. This action was taken, it is said, because at that time it was recognized as one of the rights of the captors of a town to seize upon the church bells as spoils of war and transmute them into cannon. After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, the bells were brought back and put in their respective places in the latter part of the year 1778. The diary of the Moravian Church of Bethlehem, kept by the presiding Bishop, has the following entry under date of September 23d, 1777: "The bells from Philadelphia brought in wagons. The wagon with the State House bell broke down here, so it had to be unloaded; the other bells went on."

They were all taken to Allentown, and the State House bell and chimes of Christ church were buried beneath the floor of Zion's Reformed Church. The church was built in 1762 of logs, re-built of stone in 1770, and again re-built later. The Rev. Abraham Blummer was pastor of the church at the time the bells arrived, and assisted in the work of concealing them. His son Henry was married to Sarah, a daughter of John Jacob Mickley (my great-great-grandfather) who had charge of the bells from Philadelphia to Allentown; he brought them on his wagons drawn by his own horses; his son, John Jacob, (my great-grandfather) then a boy of eleven years, rode on the wagon which carried the State House bell, and was occasionally allowed to drive. The description, as he gave it, of his first visit and ride to and from Philadelphia, as told to his grandchildren (of whom my father is one), would be an interesting story. The bells were taken from Philadelphia during the night, and had the appearance of farmers' wagons loaded with manure, the strategy used to conceal them and insure their safety. The breaking down of the wagon at Bethlehem was a most aggravating delay just six miles from home and four miles from the place where they were to be concealed. John Jacob Mickley, who had charge of the bells, was the son of Jean Jaques Michelet, a Huguenot refugee of the Michelet family of Metz, Lorraine, France. The family fled to Deux Ponts, then a German Province, whence the son left for
Amsterdam and came to America on the ship Hope to Philadelphia. On this ship his name was registered Johan Jacob Mückli. Arriving in Philadelphia, he took the oath of allegiance August 27th, 1733, and settled in White Hall, Lehigh county, Pennsylvania, where many of his descendants reside. The name has undergone many changes. In various deeds and other documents in my possession the name is written Michelet, Miquelet, Mückli, Michley, and finally fell into the present form of Mickley, used during the past four generations. Jean Jaques had three sons, the eldest, John Jacob, who with his large means, aided, in every way he could, the cause of the Continental army. He gave his teams for its use, and his personal assistance in secreting the bells of Philadelphia.

John Martin was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and was in the battle of Germantown. John Peter served in the capacity of fifer, was in the battle of Germantown, and served during the whole continuance of the Revolutionary war.

Minnie F. Mickley,
Mickleys, Pennsylvania.
ANCESTRY.

Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace.
—Cowper.

Alterations of surnames have obscured the truth of our pedigrees.
—Camden.

There may be, and there often is, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes a weak pride—but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.
—Daniel Webster.

REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF
CATHARINE HITCHCOCK (Tilden) AVERY.

Regent of Western Reserve Chapter, Cleveland, Ohio.

National Number, 135.
Local Number, 1.

I, Catharine Hitchcock Tilden Avery, was born December 13, 1844, at Dundee, Mich.; married July 2, 1870, Elroy M. Avery, of Monroe, Mich. I am the eldest daughter of

Junius Tilden and Zeruah (Rich) Tilden. He was born at Yarmouth, Mass., November 28, 1813; died at Monroe, Mich., March 1, 1861. She was born at Wellfleet, Mass., January 28, 1813; died at Dundee, Mich., June 30, 1854. They were married at Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1838. They had six children, of whom four died in infancy. A second surviving daughter, Augusta Lovia, was born at Dundee, February 21, 1849; married George W. Hanchett, October 31, 1870, and lives at Hyde Park, Mass. They have two sons: George Tilden Hanchett, born September 4, 1871; and Junius Tilden Hanchett, born August 28, 1873.

Junius Tilden was the son of Dr. Calvin and Catharine (Hitchcock) Tilden. Dr. Calvin Tilden was born September 29, 1774, at Scituate, Mass.; was graduated at Brown Univer-
sity, 1800; died at Hanson, Mass., June 28, 1832. His wife was born at Hanson, Mass., June 8, 1783; died at Hanson, September 22, 1852. They were married December 23, 1804. Calvin Tilden was the son of

Samuel Tilden, born September 14, 1739, at Marshfield, Mass.; died May 29, 1834, at same place; married Mercy Hatch, November 10, 1763, at Marshfield, Mass.; and he, the said Samuel Tilden, was a revolutionary patriot.

Catharine Hitchcock, the wife of Calvin Tilden, was the daughter of Gad Hitchcock, M. D., who was born at Hanson, November 2, 1768; married Sagie Bailey, July 9, 1778; and died November 29, 1835. The said Sagie Bailey, M. D., was a revolutionary patriot. He was the only child of

Gad Hitchcock, LL. D., who was born February 12, 1719; was graduated at Harvard College, 1747; died August 8, 1803; and he, the said Gad Hitchcock, was a revolutionary patriot. He was the son of

Ebenezer Hitchcock and Mary (Sheldon) Hitchcock, and she, the said Mary Hitchcock, was the mother of six boys who were revolutionary patriots.

Sagie (Bailey) Hitchcock, wife of Gad Hitchcock, M. D., was the daughter of Col. John Bailey, who was born October 30, 1730, and died October 27, 1810, and he, the said John Bailey was a revolutionary patriot. The wife of John Bailey was Ruth (Randall) Bailey, and she was the mother of two revolutionary patriots.

Every one of my father’s ancestors, who was of military age or nearly so, was a revolutionary patriot. Two were more than seventy-two years of age and died soon after the war began; one was less than a year old when the war broke out; the rest were revolutionary patriots.

Revolutionary Services of Deacon Samuel Tilden.

In 1775, Deacon Samuel Tilden was a member of Joseph Clift’s company of militia for six months. (See History of Plymouth County, Massachusetts.)

In 1776, the Committee of Correspondence for Marshfield consisted of four members, of whom Deacon Samuel Tilden was one. (See History of Plymouth County.)
The Committee of Inspection for Marshfield consisted of twenty-one members, of whom Deacon Samuel Tilden was one. (See Marshfield Records.)

A paper is still in existence at Hanover, Mass., dated June 14, 1775, and directed to Capt. Amos Turner, giving a list of the names of a committee whom he should notify "upon the appearance of an invasion of the enemy," and the name of one of the committee is Deacon Samuel Tilden.

Samuel Tilden was an only son. His father was dead and his eldest son was only ten years old when the war broke out; there was no other of that family to go to the war or to perform revolutionary services.

Revolutionary Services of Gad Hitchcock, M. D.

May 27, 1775, Col. John Thomas returned the name of Gad Hitchcock as surgeon's-mate in his regiment of the Massachusetts Line. (Force's Archives, 2:826.)

On the afternoon of Friday, June 30, 1775, it was ordered that a warrant be issued to Dr. Gad Hitchcock as surgeon's-mate in Col. John Thomas's regiment of the Massachusetts Line. (Force's Archives, 2:1464.)

He was surgeon's-mate to Dr. Lemuel Cushing, in Col. Thomas's (afterwards Col. John Bailey's) regiment from May to September, 1775; he was then transferred to the hospital at Roxbury as surgeon's-mate, under surgeons Hayward and Aspinwall, where he remained till May, 1776. In June, 1776, he was appointed surgeon in Col. Simeon Cary's regiment of the Massachusetts Line, going to New York. Here he was soon appointed chief-surgeon of General Fellows's Brigade Hospital, where he continued till February, 1777. (See Documents in Old War and Navy Office in the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.)

He was placed on the pension roll June 10, 1819, at $240 a year; this was increased March 4, 1831, to $355 a year.

He was an only child; therefore he had no brothers to go to the war.

Revolutionary Services of Gad Hitchcock, LL.D.

Gad Hitchcock was the son of Ebenezer Hitchcock, who was a lieutenant in Col. Dwight's regiment in the Louisburg
expedition, 1745. His mother was a descendant of the "worshipful Major John Pynchon," of Springfield, and of Capt. Joseph Sheldon, of King Philip's War.

Gad Hitchcock settled in Pembroke, Mass., in 1747. In 1774, he was chosen to preach the election sermon before Governor Gage and the Massachusetts House of Representatives on the occasion of the "Election of His Majesty's Council for said Province."

The following copy of an interesting document tells its own story:

**In the House of Representatives,**

*May 26, 1774.*

*Resolved, That Mr. Turner, Major Morey, and Doctor Holton, be and hereby are appointed a Committee to return the Thanks of this House to the Reverend Mr. Gad Hitchcock, for the Discourse delivered by him yesterday, being the Day of the Election of Councillors; and to desire of him a Copy of the same for the Press.*

*Attest.*

SAMUEL ADAMS, Clerk.

The fierce excitement and spirit of resistance that preceded the outbreak of the Revolution had reached its height. The tea had already gone overboard in Boston Harbor and blood was soon to flow at Lexington. "Pembroke had been among the foremost towns in indignant protest and threats against the tyrannical action of the royal government, and the preacher's whole heart was with his people" whose ideas he had helped to mould. He had chosen for his text, Prov. xxix: 2, "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn." "The very text was like a trumpet call to battle. Fresh from the people whose excitement and indignation he shared, he arose in the presence of the hushed assemblage and launched full on the bosom of the astonished Governor 'When the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.'" (Headley's "Chaplains of the Revolution.") He proceeded "to make a few general remarks on the nature and end of civil government—point out some of the qualifications of rulers—and then apply the subject to the design of our assembling at this time."

He then went on to say: "The great end of a ruler's exaltation is the happiness of the people over whom he presides;
and his promoting it, the sole ground of their submission to
him." In such governments as the British, "rulers have their
distinct powers assigned to them by the people, who are the
only source of civil authority on earth, with the view of having
them exercised for the public advantage. * * * And as
its origin is from the people, who not only have a right but are
bound in duty for the preservation of property and liberty of
the whole society, to lodge it in such hands as they judge best
qualified to answer its intention; so when it is misapplied to
other purposes, and the public, as it always will, receives
damage from the abuse, they have the same original right,
grounded on the same fundamental reasons and are equally
bound in duty to resume it and transfer it to others."

In the end he says: "The people of this province, and in the
other colonies, love and revere civil government—they love
peace and order—but they are not willing to part with any of
those rights and privileges for which they have, in many re-
spects, paid very dear.

"The soil we tread on is our own, the heritage of our
Fathers, who purchased it by fair bargain of the natives, unless
I must except a part, which they afterwards, in their own just
defense, obtained by conquest—we have therefore an exclusive
right to it.

"But while we are disposed to assert our rights, and hold
our liberties sacred, let us not decline from our former temper,
and despise government; but may we always be ready to esteem
and support it, in its truest dignity and majesty. Let us re-
spect and honor our civil rulers, and as much as possible
lighten their burdens by a cheerful obedience to their laws,
without which the great end of government, the public safety
and happiness, cannot be promoted."

Governor Gage was filled with great wrath on account of
the boldness of this position. Dr. Hitchcock in after years
said: "It was doubtless a most moving discourse, in as much
as it moved many of the congregation from the house," refer-
ing to some of the governor's party who left the church in
their indignation. After listening to the sermon, the legislature
ordered it printed and then proceeded to elect councillors in full
accord with the preacher's advice. Governor Gage negatived
thirteen of them, and adjourned the legislature to meet at
Salem, June 17, as a punishment and as a means of keeping
them from coming together. At Salem, he again adjourned
them, but they locked the doors, refused the governor's mes-
senger admission and transacted their business in spite of him.
Such sermons had something to do with the Revolution. There
are several of the original copies in existence and a few years
ago it was reprinted.

Gad Hitchcock served as chaplain, but was not commissioned.
He was elected July 12, 1779, a member of the convention to
make a constitution for Massachusetts. The convention met in
1780 and formed the constitution under which Massachusetts
was governed till 1820.

Joseph, one of the brothers of the Rev. Gad Hitchcock, was
a Revolutionary soldier and one of the Committee of Safety for
Ludlow, Massachusetts.

Daniel, another brother, was colonel of a Rhode Island regi-
ment at the siege of Boston, commanded a brigade at the
battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777, and did such good service
that Washington publicly thanked him and Greene gave him
his own watch as a keep-sake. The watch is in the possession
of a member of our family. Daniel died a few days after the
battle of a disease from which he was suffering at the time
he led the gallant charge.

Abner, another brother, served under Capt. Walker for eight
months from May, 1775, and was also at the "Lexington
Alarm."

Seth, another brother, also served in the Revolutionary War,
but in what capacity, I know not.

Revolutionary Services of Colonel John Bailey.

Col. John Bailey was the elder son of Capt. John Bailey, of
the militia of Hanover, Mass. He was lieutenant-colonel of
Col. John Thomas's regiment at the beginning of the war of
the Revolution. When the continental army was reorganized
he became colonel of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

He was at the siege of Boston, was one of those who crossed
the "Neck" and fortified the hill. On March 29, 1776, he
marched his regiment to New York and played an important
part in the siege of that city. He lost some of his men at White Plains, was in the battle of Princeton; crossed the Delaware with Washington, and aided in the capture of the Hessian general, Rahl. He was then sent to the northern army, assisted in the campaign, and saw the surrender of Burgoyne.

There is a letter in the State Department at Washington from Col. Bailey to General Washington, dated November 16, 1777, at Hardwick, N. J., stating that he is on his way with his regiment to join him near Philadelphia. There is also a letter dated West Point, June 13, 1779. He resigned April, 1780, on account of ill-health. His resignation was accepted October 21, 1780, and he was retired on half pay. During the latter part of his service he acted as "Colonel Commandant" of "late Leonard's Brigade."

There has always been a member of the "Order of the Cincinnati" in the family.

Luther Bailey, second son of Col. John Bailey, served through the entire war, ending his services as major of the second Massachusetts regiment.

Col. John Bailey's daughter, Ruth, married William Stockbridge. He was one of the six tories of Hanover. She, however, was a staunch patriot, and employed her time, unknown to her tory husband, in aiding the cause; she even "ran" bullets for her father and brother while her husband was at church.

The wife of Col. John Bailey was Ruth Randall. She had a brother, Stephen Randall, who served in the Revolutionary War.

KATHARINE SEARLE McCARTNEY,
Regent of Wyoming Valley Chapter, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

The ancestry of Mrs. McCartney is closely associated with the earliest colonial period. She is descended from five of the Mayflower pilgrims, viz.: Wm. Mullins and wife; Priscilla Mullins, who wed John Alden; Elizabeth Alden, the "first Puritan maiden," who married William Pebodie; Elizabeth Wabache, who married John Rogers (John^2 Thomas^1 of the Mayflower); Sarah Rogers, who married Nathaniel Searle;
Nathaniel Searle, Jr., assistant Governor of Rhode Island from 1757-62, wed Elizabeth Kennicutt, sister “Lieutenant-Colonel” Kennicutt; Constant Searle, killed in the battle of Wyoming, married Harriet Minor, descendant of Thomas Minor and Grace Palmer; Rogers Searle, named from paternal grandmother, was in battle and escaped; married Catharine Scott; Leonard Searle married Lyda Dimock, whose grandfather was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army and had charge of Fort Vengeance, a northern frontier of Vermont, and great-grandfather of Mrs. McCartney. She is also descended from Rev. John Mayo, Rev. John Lathrop, Nathaniel Bacon, John Coggeshall, first President of Rhode Island; John Rathbone, who came in the Speedwell in 1620, from Margaret Beach, sister of Gov. Winthrop’s wife, and wife of John Lake, through daughter Harriet, who wed Captain John Gallup; Captain James Avery and other early colonists. Some details of this genealogy are promised for a future number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Mrs. Searle, the mother of Mrs. McCartney, was the author of a valuable work entitled “Washington Our Example.” When she died it was said:

“The death of Mrs. Searle at her residence in Montrose yesterday will be widely lamented. She was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Dimock, one of the memorable pioneers of Susquehanna County, and she has been for more than half a century one of the leading literary as well as social characters of Northern Pennsylvania. With all the tenderness of woman, and a most devoted wife and mother, she had a strong love for literature and singular fitness for literary labor. Her “scrap-books,” both of politics and of the choice productions of the most gifted poets and authors, are among the most complete to be found in any library, and her original articles were marked by unusual force and excellence. No woman of the northern portion of the State will be more widely or more gratefully remembered than Mrs. Searle, of Montrose, and her life and character will long be pointed to as among the noblest of examples.”

ONE GENERATION FROM THE REVOLUTION.

It has been stated that only three daughters of Revolutionary heroes now live. This is a mistake. Mrs. LOUISA ROCHESTER
Pitkin, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester of Revolutionary fame, is a member of the New York Chapter, and an honorary Vice-President of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, and resides in Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Pitkin has reached the golden age of eighty-two years. Her reminiscences of these years are of great interest to her friends and to the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is an aunt of General Rochester, U. S. A.

Colonel Rochester (Mrs. Pitkin's father) was appointed a member of the committee of safety for Orange County, N. C., in 1775, whose business it was to promote the revolutionary spirit among the people, procure arms, ammunition, and to make collections for the people of Boston, whose harbor was “blocked” by the British fleet, and to prevent the sale and use of East India tea. In August of the same year he was a member of the first Provincial Convention in North Carolina, was appointed major of militia, paymaster to the Minute-Men and militia, and a justice of the peace. In 1777 he was a member of the Assembly of North Carolina, and appointed a commissioner to establish and superintend a manufactory of arms at Hillsborough. Col. Rochester traveled with wagons to Pennsylvania for bar iron for the factory, and, as history tells us, he filled the offices of trust with bravery and honor. Wherever duty called he was with the first to answer “present.”

Colonel Rochester was born in Westmoreland County, Va., and it is said that “Westmoreland County is the birthplace of only brave men.”

There is a fifth daughter, Anne Mercer Slaughter, who married her cousin, Philip Slaughter, and daughter of Capt. Philip Slaughter, of the Eleventh Virginia regiment of Culpeper Minute Men, under Morgan, raised during the first of the war. Her grandfather, Colonel James Slaughter, was one of the committee of safety. Although eighty-two years old and blind, she has a vivid recollection of Lafayette's ball in 1825, and had the honor of being present at two receptions given to this old-world hero. She has been for two years vainly petitioning Congress for a pension, being
almost totally dependent. A niece named for her became the wife of General Ord, of the United States Army, and another married General Trivine, of the Mexican Army.

JOHN F. LONG.

There is also a sixth daughter, Mrs. MARY WASHINGTON, of Macon, Ga., Chapter Regent Daughters American Revolution.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE LOUISE LAWRENCE, a daughter of the American Revolution, has the following interesting ancestry: She is (1) a great-granddaughter of Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration, who was her mother's grandfather. (2) A great-granddaughter of Major Morgan, her father's grandfather on his mother's side. (3) A great-granddaughter of Col. Jonathan Bliss, of Longmeadow, Mass., by her father's grandmother on his father's side, who commanded a Massachusetts regiment of the Continental Line, and (4) a great-great-granddaughter of David Morgan, from her father's grandmother on his mother's side, who was a private in Captain Joseph Hoar's company of Colonel Gideon Bart's regiment of Massachusetts militia, who served in 1782 in the army of Canada.
There is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society an interesting Revolutionary relic, presented to that society in 1886. It is a powder-horn, nineteen inches long and three inches in diameter at the larger end. It is almost completely covered with drawings representing on the upper part the houses and churches of the city of Boston; in the middle, Boston Neck, many ships and fishes, and on the lower part a lion, a deer, redoubts and barracks. These illustrations are labeled: "The Regular Breastwork," "The Yankee Breastwork," "Morter," "Ship America," "Block House," "Redoubts." The horn is inscribed with the name of the owner: "Major Samuel Selden, P. Horn made for the defense of Liberty." Accompanying the Powder-Horn is a letter of which the following is a copy:

"BOSTON, June 1, '86.

"Dear Sir:

"It gives me great pleasure to present to the Massachusetts Historical Society in the name of my good friend, James Lord Bowes, Esq., of Liverpool, England, the accompanying curious and valuable Revolutionary relic, so well described by the inscription which it bears.

"With great respect, I am dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"THOS. G. FROTHINGHAM.

"Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President."

The reader will naturally desire to know more of the former owner of the powder-horn and his subsequent history, therefore the following sketch is prepared largely from an address by Prof. Henry P. Johnston, of the College of New York City, delivered at the Selden reunion, August 22d, 1877, at Fenwick's Grove, Old Saybrook, and quoted with additions from the genealogy of the Selden family, in preparation by Henry M. Selden, of Haddam Neck, Conn.
Samuel Selden, born January 11th, 1723, was the son of Colonel Samuel Selden of the Colonial army and Deborah Dudley, his wife, granddaughter of Governor Joseph Dudley and great-granddaughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, the second governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. He was born at Hadlyme on the Connecticut river at the Island Farm near Selden's Cove, a spot of rare and romantic loveliness. He was a farmer and remained on the homestead of his father and grandfather. He married Elizabeth Ely, of Lyme. Both united with the Congregational Church in Hadlyme not long after their marriage; he was elected deacon, which office he held until his death. He was chosen Justice of the Peace soon after and held that position many years. The book containing the records of the cases brought before him is now in the old home. He built some time before the Revolution a large two-story house, still in good preservation and in the possession of the family. The present owner is his great-grandson, William Ely Selden.

"He is presented to us at that time, by tradition and record, as a man of solid character, of influence and popularity in his town, well-known throughout the country, with plenty of friends around him, and acres enough in his possession for a generous support. He was then just in the prime of life, and looking forward to continued usefulness and a peaceful death, when in 1775 the war of the Revolution opened and the American Colonist was called to assert and defend his rights. How much Connecticut contributed to the success of that struggle is a matter of history. At the first alarm her people everywhere rose to arms and through all the war responded in more than their proportion, to recruit the army. In 1776, it was evident that great exertions would be necessary to meet and cope with the new array of force which Great Britain was preparing to send against us."

Colonel—then Major—Samuel Selden was at Boston with the Connecticut troops early in 1776, and during his service there the decorations and inscriptions were made on his powderhorn. On the nights of March 4th and 5th, 1776, the Americans fortified Dorchester Heights as silently as the year before they had fortified Breed's Hill, and in the morning Boston
(then occupied by the British) was at their mercy. Howe decided to risk an assault, but a storm delayed him; his officers lost heart, and on the 17th he embarked his whole army for Halifax, leaving valuable stores for the victors. "Washington well knew that the intention of the British was to seize New York; and while the whole country was rejoicing over the recovery of Boston, he hurried his troops to the Hudson, and perched on the fortifications begun some time before in anticipation of this movement. It is probable that Major Selden in the meantime returned to his home, for his fellow townsmen elected him to represent them at the May session of the Legislature.

Washington, with an insufficient army, was at New York and needed reinforcements. Recruits came in slowly, but in June Congress made an urgent call for more troops, and Connecticut answered promptly. Jonathan Trumbull—"Brother Jonathan"—the old war Governor of the Revolution, ordered six new levies or volunteers to be raised forthwith to serve under Washington until Christmas. The Assembly selected the commanding officers of these regiments, and among them was Colonel Samuel Selden, of Lyme. Colonel Selden's regiment was raised, equipped and the soldiers paid at his own expense.* His nephew, Captain Ezra Selden, who subsequently commanded a Forlorn Hope at Stony Point, was one of his officers. These six regiments formed one brigade under General James Wadsworth, of Durham.

At New York, Colonel Selden's regiment took part in building the many earthworks that were thrown up around the city during that campaign. The military orders from headquarters show that he took his turn with other officers of his rank as officer of the day.

During August his men were stationed with the rest of Wadsworth's brigade along the East River front, from the battery up to about the line of the present bridge tower. Events soon became of a stormy character. On the 22d day of August the British landed on Long Island, and on the 27th was fought the disastrous battle on the Brooklyn side.

*Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of New York."
On the morning of the 15th of September the British, continuing their advance upon the Americans, crossed the East river to capture New York City. Wadsworth’s men and other forces nearer the city were compelled to leave their posts to save themselves from being intercepted; and all hurried to and along the main road toward the upper part of the island. A scene of panic followed, which even Washington himself could not control, and over three hundred of our troops were made prisoners. It was on this occasion that Colonel Selden fell into the hands of the enemy.

On the return of his regiment to Lyme, Colonel Selden was reported as among the killed or missing. His family knew nothing definite of his fate, except that he was taken prisoner. They supposed that he was confined in the Jersey prison ship, and on his decease thrown into the bay, until 1848 when the details of his death and burial were found in the diary of Lieutenant Jabez Fitch, of Colonel Jedediah Huntington’s regiment, who was taken prisoner on Long Island and confined in the same prison with Colonel Selden.

They were imprisoned in the city jail, which still stands as the Register’s office in the City Hall Park in New York, and there he was taken with fever and died about 5 o’clock P. M. on Friday, October 11th, 1776, aged 52 years. In the latter part of his illness he was attended by Dr. Thacher, a British surgeon, who paid him every attention.

His remains enclosed in a coffin were buried the following day in the Presbyterian (Brick Church) graveyard. His captors buried him with all the honors of war, most of the imprisoned officers were permitted to follow him to his last resting place. “The enclosure where he was buried was long since converted to the commercial uses of a busy city. We cannot even gather his dust; but all the more are we called to gather the incidents of his life, to cherish his memory, to recall his patriotic service and death, and to follow whatever we have seen in him to be patriotic and noble.

Colonel Selden left thirteen children. Two of his sons served in the Revolution. One of his granddaughters was the mother of the late Chief Justice Waite, and a grandson was the father of Mrs. Waite. Another granddaughter was the mother
of General McDowell, another the wife of Hon. Lewis Cass, and her sister married Gen. John E. Hunt. Hon. Dudley Selden, of New York, was his grandson.

Seventy-two years after his death, the journal of a comrade and fellow prisoner gave us the story of his capture and death. Nearly forty years later, one hundred and ten years after his death his old Powder-Horn, captured with him, was found by an antiquarian in the enemy's country, and sent over the sea to the scene of its earlier employ, where it tells the story and illustrates Washington's first victory over the British, "There to be preserved as a memento consecrated to the ages to come." Thus was the old proverb verified:

"Time brings all to light."

[Signature]
TO AN ADIRONDACK CAMP.

Our boats move quickly o'er the moonlit lake
Where 'neath a hill our Lodge spreads roof-trees wide;
Beneath its eaves the welcome lights awake
As on the troubled waves our light craft shake
Uptossed by breeze that through the oak trees sighed;
Upon a waste of waves the warm lights ride
Undimmed by pools where distant moonbeams break,
For round a hearth these beacon stars abide,
To guide full many a traveler to that shore:
Alone upon the waves of life's dark sea,
When all things fair are wrapped in mystery
Not often is it that the wanderer's oar
Can bring him safe to such a kindly door,
When treacherous lights to further vistas flee.

CECIL HYDE.
Mr. Eggleston's letter given below has been valued and remembered until a time should come when his advice could be followed. The Daughters of the American Revolution and other persons interested in an effort to rekindle the fires on the hearths of our ancestral homes should keep this department overflowing with valuable material. Original papers, not previously printed and loaned to the editor, will be used with great care and returned, or received as gifts to the National Society to be preserved in its department of "History and Relics;" copies authenticated and prepared for the printer will be appreciated and promptly acknowledged.

"222 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
NEW YORK, DEC. 15, 1891.

"My Dear Mrs. Cabell:

"Perhaps the only thing I can do to show my sympathy with the laudable aims of the Daughters of the American Revolution is to suggest that there is one part of the field of American history of the greatest importance that has received but scant attention, and that is a peculiarly appropriate field for researches of members of your society. Daniel Webster said: "We need a history of firesides." The real causes of the American Revolution would be disclosed by a true history of early American firesides. In order to teach this, it is necessary that domestic letters and other memoranda, illustrating life and manners in the early times, be gathered up and printed.
“More women of ability are trying to write than can find room in the magazines. What an admirable field is open to them in the writing of local history with special reference to ancient manners and customs. Miss Calkins' history of New London, Conn., is a monumental work of this sort.

"Pardon the freedom of advice, and believe me, dear Mrs. Cabell, very sincerely yours,

"EDWARD EGGLESTON."

The originals, time-worn and stained, of the two letters below, from England and from New York in 1776, were loaned by Miss Augusta Wiggins, Daughter of the American Revolution, of Saratoga Springs, New York:

"BRISTOL, ENGLAND, October 17, 1776.

"My Dear Brother:

"Notwithstanding my father has just finished a letter to you and our other friends, I cannot refrain from telling you I am alive and pretty well—my solicitude for my friends and connexions in America has nearly cost me my life. Habit, they say, is second nature, from the length of our sufferings and afflictions we are so familiar to them, they do not affect us so acutely as at first. Would to Heaven I saw an end to the troubles in America. England has now nearly closed a treaty for a great number of Prussians in case they shall be wanted next year; and seems bent upon pursuing the quarrel with unremitting spirit. Adieu! My tenderest love to all my dear friends, and be assured I am, with constant remembrance and love yours,

"To J——, New York, North 'America.'"

"NEW YORK, November 11th, 1776.

"Dear Sister: Your letter of the 27th May last came to my hand not many days ago, together with the duplicate—the letter enclosed for Mrs. Nickols I will forward by the first conveyance to Connecticut, where you no doubt have heard before this she has taken up her residence—at present there is no conveyance from hence to that side, but probably one may offer during the winter. You will wonder no doubt at your having received no letters from the family since the last year; but our situation, when explained to you, will sufficiently account for
it. poor fellow, is now a prisoner in Connecticut; he had retired since last winter with my mother to Long Island to avoid the danger and confusion threatened to the city, and was taken out of his house at midnight by the Rebels some time in August last. Billy retired about the same time with his family to Jersey. I have received no letter from him in five months, as all intercourse has been for some time cut off. I am told he is a prisoner also upon his parole. David Johnston and his family are in Dutchess County, but no possibility of hearing from them for many months, the intercourse being also cut off there. His house in town, a new building, a good one indeed, was reduced by fire the infernal rebels kindled after the city was in possession of the King's troops, the particulars of it you no doubt will have seen. I shall therefore not trouble you with the description. A. Cr. is residing at Musketine with his family, who are well. Lewis Morris is, I know not where, with his whole family, having for several weeks deserted his estate from the near approach of the King's troops. He has from the very beginning taken an active part in this unnatural rebellion and is now a General in their service—his son Lewis is an Aide-de-Camp to General Sullivan and Jacob to Gen'l W. Poor Polly, who was but lately married to Thos. Lawrence her cousin, at Philadelphia, died a few days after being-delivered of a son in July or August. Poor girl, by this timely death has escaped many scenes of distress which are brought upon her unhappy family by the weakness and imprudence of her father. And now for my own situation. I had retired early the spring before the last to my house at Belle View, about seven miles from town with a view to return to the city in the winter, but as I found it was threatened with a fire from the men-of-war, by the imprudence of the soldiers whom there was no opposing, I determined to stay out of town with my family for the winter; but this I was not permitted to do, for about the middle of February I was ordered to turn out with my family and furniture in twelve hours to give place to 300 rebel troops, who were to occupy the house as barracks and the grounds as a place for fortification. Nearly destitute in mid-winter, and as there was no safety in the city where everybody was flying from it, I determined to go to Long Island at a venture and run the risk of getting a home after we arrived at
Musketine. I was so lucky as to get a tolerable farm house near Oyster Bay, where my family has been seated ever since; but I was for many months before the King's troops landed on the island obliged to stay at times from home as parties were continually employed in taking suspected persons, as they denominated all who would not join in their mad measures. The night G—— was taken I happened to be with my family and luckily had information of their intention to take me in just time enough to make my escape before the armed party surrounded the house; a few weeks later I was relieved by the landing of the King's troops. From this account, my dear sister, you will begin to see the distress our several families have endured for near twelve months past. My house at Belle View, occupied by the Rebels till the landing of the King's troops on York Island, they set fire to when they found they could have it no longer, and it was reduced in a few hours to a heap of rubbish and the ground is so broke up as to render it unfit for any use and every improvement totally destroyed. This I expected, as from the beginning I found I was pointed out, but the most afflicting circumstance to me in these unhappy troubles is the wretched situation they have thrown your interests, which are in my brother's and my hands. The moment I was driven from my house I thought it absolutely necessary to put all the papers of consequence out of my hands lest in the violence of party rage when they came to take me they would be destroyed; and as I was so far removed and continually obliged upon alarms to leave my house it became impossible to attend either to yours or my own affairs; besides, if I had been ever so much at leisure, the law being suspended, debtors generally took the advantage of it and payments of all kinds ceased till a few weeks before the arrival of Gen. Howe, when everybody strove to get rid of their Continental money. At that time large sums were forced upon the family in payment of bonds, which, in all probability, will be wholly lost. Amongst the rest I received very large sums on different accounts, and I have now upwards of 1200 pounds of it remaining by me that is of no more use than so much dross. I have the pleasure to acquaint you very little was received on your account. Since the arrival of the army all intercourse with this Province except between the city of New York and Long Island is stopped, and Jersey of
course; so that till the dispute is happily ended by conquest or treaty it will be impossible to recover any debts due in that part of the Province or in others that remain in the hands of the Rebels. From these unhappy circumstances I am so far from having it, to remit you any money for the present, that I have been obliged to borrow money since the coming of the army to support myself and family, as none but gold and silver are received in payment, of which I had not 3 pounds. This is also the disagreeable situation of my mother. When an alteration happens for the better, which God grant may be soon, you may rest assured I will use my best endeavors to collect and remit the interest due on your several bonds. My wife joins me in wishing you and your family health and happiness, and be assured I am, dear sister, your affectionate and obedient servant.

"The state of the King's army and that of the Rebel's, you will see in the prints. Washington still retires and seems determined not to come to a general action. In every encounter the King's troops have beat him.

"To Mrs. H——,

"Bristol, England."

Copies of the following extracts from the journal of a Revolutionary soldier are furnished by Mrs. McCartney, Regent of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania:

AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF LIEUT. DAVID DIMOCK.

"At the battle of Harlem Heights the Americans were ranged on the heights four men deep, awaiting the approach of the British, who were eight men deep. Our men had orders not to fire till the signal would be given. The firing commenced in the right wing, and I could not help feeling an involuntary tremor, as though my knees were giving away, as I was obliged to stand still and listen to the steady 'tramp, tramp' of the approaching foe, but as soon as we received their fire and the man at my right-hand side fell forward shot through the heart, the blood spouting in a stream from his bosom, at the sight of that blood all the tremor was gone in
an instant, and vengeance was the only feeling. We returned the fire, and then ran backward down the heights and formed at the foot. Our orders were not to fire until we could see the feet of the pursuing British through the smoke of battle. We did so. The British kept firing, but not seeing our men they shot over their heads. In this way our men kept on till they crossed a little brook, when they formed on the bank and made a stand. The British finally retreated with great loss, the waters of the little brook running red for many miles with British blood.

"Early in summer of 1776 I enlisted and served nine months in the Continental Army under Lieut. Levis. Was at battle of Brooklyn, L. I., August 27, 1776, which was lost by our troops under General Sullivan, though warmly and bravely contested. Was one of 9,000 men who skilfully retreated, crossing the East River the night of the 20th with all our stores and ammunition unperceived, though surrounded by the foe. Washington was present, and it is said that during the retreat and previous to it for twenty-four hours he never left the saddle. I cannot express my feelings when creeping stealthily along the beach to embark, shrouded by thick fog from the view of the British sentinels, whom we could plainly hear pacing to and fro on the high bank above. I was one of a party employed in endeavoring to destroy the enemy's shipping at that time. I fought at Harlem Heights September 16, 1776, and White Plains under Washington October, 1776."

**MY GRANDMOTHER'S LOOKING-GLASS—A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.**

It occurred more than one hundred years ago. The actors in it have passed away. Their children have grown old and followed their parents. The grandchildren, those who are left of us, are among the old people. The mother of the writer gave her these reminiscences over sixty years ago.

The old Looking-Glass had been suspended by a strong rope cord for a century in one place in the home of Deacon Joseph Davis and his ancestors at Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey.
While the Revolutionary war was in progress, a scout of the American troops on horseback brought the news to the village. The marauders are coming! The British troops are advancing!

The "Deacon" had a large family, consisting of a wife and one child, a widowed mother and seven sisters. He was an only son; his landed possessions were vast, his servants numerous. As rapidly as possible the horses and cattle, flocks and herds were driven forward with provisions for man and beast. The young wife and babe, the mother and sisters, safely guarded, were hastened away from danger. The good husband and father, kind son, loving brother and good master lingered behind loading wagons and sending necessities and comforts to the Stone-House Plains, the boundary of his estate, where all were removed.

Knowing the propensity of British soldiers to run their bayonets into everything destructible, his eyes fell upon the long used and faithful friend, "the old looking-glass."

It was his last act before following his family. Hastily taking it down, he sped to the garret, and sliding it down between the rafters and the ceiling, it rested in a secure hiding place seven years till the war was over. It was then restored to its old position, where it remained another century. It is still in the family of Deacon Davis in good preservation.

If this old relic could see, hear and speak what wonderful events it could relate. Not only of the occurrences preceding and succeeding its imprisonment connected with the struggle for independence, but the family history of many generations.

Of the war it would speak of the sighs and groans of the wounded lying upon the floors of the old stone dwelling, while it was hiding in the garret.

It could tell us that general George Washington stood upon the large solid stone door-sill when he was about to occupy the house for his headquarters, but seeing the wounded he went to another stone dwelling.

It would speak, further, of peace and plenty following the war, and tell how the old place was renovated, planted with trees and shrubbery until it was an ornament to the town, and was continually occupied by descendants of the family.

MRS. ANNA M. McDOWELL.
A traveler unlearned in Virginian history sees little to interest him in the monotonous country lying between the Potomac River and the border line of North Carolina.

Wherever the waters of the Chesapeake Bay intersect, with long arms, the stretches of sandy land covered for the most part with sad-looking pine forests, there is the picturesqueness which must always dwell in glimpses of gray distances and shining sails. But unless, when we look landward, "our memory (as Horace Walpole wrote during his tour of Italy,) sees more than our eyes," we shall find little to repay us for a second glance.

Putting aside recollections of great historical events, one may dwell on thoughts of a social life lived here, but based on ideas brought from that "Home," so called even by native born Colonists till the Revolution severed their connection with England.

Here, on the borderland of a vast unexplored wilderness, inhabited by savages, a few English-speaking people lived, as nearly as was possible in the way their forefathers had lived amidst peaceful rural English scenes. They built great houses, many of which still stand, square and sturdy, although Revolution and Civil War have raged about them, and in these houses people lived with ease and abundance, for even the luxuries of life were readily obtained, and a visitor supplied the place which the morning paper fills for us of the nineteenth century.
In the year 1740 a Colonial gentleman and his wife living in a Virginia house, which was forty years later to be demolished by the fire of English guns, watched with pride and interest, as we may imagine, the erection of a more imposing dwelling which was to be the home of their eldest son. This son was then but an infant, unable even to hold the first brick which was to be used in the building, and which his parents decided should pass through his little hands as he lay in his nurse's arms.

The parents were William Nelson, commonly called President Nelson, of the King's Council, and Betty Burnwell, his wife, and the son was to become Governor Nelson, and to be one of the chief agents in destroying the old order of things and bringing about the new, in which eldest sons were to have no sacred rights, and ancestral homes were to grow more and more rare.

The great house built in 1740 still stands at Yorktown, and is still owned by descendants of Governor Nelson, but Yorktown is no longer a centre of active life and varied interests. The world has passed it by and the Nelson house is left, its walls scarred by the shells of the Revolution, a gaunt memorial of other days around which a hundred stories cling.

In the yellowing pages of the old letter-books still to be found there, one catches a glimpse now and then of the child in whose honor the house was built. Tradition has it that his father finding him one Sunday, when he was fourteen years of age, playing on the outskirts of the town with a horde of little negroes, suddenly conceived the idea of sending his heir abroad, where he might find more profitable associates. On the very next day a ship which had lain in the river nearly ready to sail, bore from American shores the hope of the family to be educated in England.

President Nelson's letters to his London agent after this, are full of inquiries after "Tom," showing how much his thoughts dwelt on his eldest son. He ends his first letter to the Agent, who was also a friend, with the injunction "Pray, make Tom write often." His next letters are full of suggestions as to his son's education, warnings and moralizing. One sentence shows that the father's fears have been aroused afresh.
"Captain Johnston," he writes, "delivered to my brother a
cock and hen which Tom sent—I suppose for some of his
young acquaintances here, since he knows such a present not
very proper to be made to me who hope his thoughts are more
fittingly engaged on other things." In those days the ideas
associated with fowls of the species herein named were not
always simple bucolic.

In a letter which follows this President Nelson puts aside, for
a while, the subject of his son and writes at length of the incur-
sion of the French into the West, and of the appointment of
"Colonel George Washington, a most promising young man,"
to succeed Colonel Fry, who had recently died. Then fol-
lows an enthusiastic account of "our brave young officer's"
conduct in the engagement which ensued, and he concludes
with the following observations: "This success of so small
an affair hath had a very good effect by fixing many of the
Indian Tribes to our interest who before were wavering.
For these Savages have in this business of war, as much cun-
ing as those Princes in Europe who take care to join that
side on whom success is likely to attend."

President Nelson's next letter is addressed to the Reverend
Mr. Porteous (afterward the celebrated Bishop of London) who
was the tutor in whose charge young Thomas Nelson had been
placed at Cambridge. This letter is so fine in sentiment and ex-
pression that the writer's lament over having himself been taken
from school at the age of 17, seems uncalled for. So also,
seems his solicitude lest his son's "vivacity and turn for plea-
sure" should cause him to waste his time. This fear is shown
in every letter, and seems strange when one remembers that
son's subsequent noble and self-sacrificing career.

Only one of the letters written by young Nelson to his
parents has been preserved. This was written to his mother,
whom he addresses as "Honor'd Madam," and is dated 1756.
He begins by mentioning the unusual time which has passed
since he has heard from home, but adds magnanimously, "I
don't charge any one with neglect, for indeed there have been
no ships from York lately. Your beef and oysters," he con-
tinues, "were very good that I had last, and should be glad
of some more with some potatoes (a strange request surely to
come from the land of roast beef!). I find England agrees so very well with me that you would scarcely know me if you were to see me, especially as I have got a wig. I don't in the least doubt but you knew my picture very well, for it was allowed to be as good a likeness as could be taken. School becomes easier every day, and this is as happy a time as I shall ever enjoy, but can't say I thought so when I was at Mr. Yates' (a former school). ** * I thank God I am in a better state of health than ever I was since I can remember. We are in great expectation of a war with the French Hoppers, but if they come I hope we shall make them hop and dance to a tune they will not be very fond of."

The portrait referred to is still a much-prized possession amongst the descendants of Governor Nelson. It is a good painting, and represents a boy with a face of great sweetness and intelligence, and dressed in a much-ornamented buff suit. A little sword hangs by his side, and a cocked hat is under his arm. A copy of this picture in crayon hangs in Independence Hall among the signers, another in the Capitol at Richmond, while a bronze figure on the base of the Washington monument in that city represents Governor Nelson when grown to manhood.

When Thomas Nelson returned to America after an absence of seven years, his appearance and manner seemed to have pleased his father, yet he writes discontentedly to an English friend that "he hath not improved as much in literature as he might, and I find the youngsters from Cambridge have fallen into a bad custom of smoking tobacco, filthy tobacco, of eating and drinking (not to inebriety) more than consists with the hopes of a long life."

It was evidence of President Nelson's standing in the Colony, and of the sentiment of the time, that his son, while on the ocean, was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, although for seven years he had been absent from the country.

The story runs that young Nelson's mother, on hearing of the arrival of his ship, hastened to make a most elaborate toilet, saying she well knew how much depended on first impressions.
This lady was of a sad and prayerful nature. Her childhood had been darkened by a contest as to her guardianship, owing to a singular clause in her father's will. This was to the effect that should his widow marry a man of rank lower than her own, her only daughter should be taken from her and placed in the care of an aunt. The widow married a Scotch gentleman, who was adjudged—by what tests, it would be interesting to know—to be of a degree lower than his wife, for the testator's sister (Mrs. Page, of Rosewell,) carried the matter into court, won her case and bore off the little girl.

As a mother Mrs. Nelson had to suffer from the loss of many children—indeed the great mortality of young children in that day strikes one in glancing over family records.

She was an unfailing attendant at church, to which she was borne in a velvet-lined sedan chair, which had been brought from England for her use. After hearing an anecdote of a Yorktown clergyman of that day one wonders if he did not contribute to the sadness with which her life was clouded. It was said that another lady of his congregation was heard on her return from church to call in haste for her maid to remove her stiff brocade dress, for, said she, Parson Shield had preached so much about death, hell and damnation that it would take her all the evening to get cool. Parson Shield's fulminations were also responsible, perhaps, for Mrs. Nelson's life-long dislike of making positive statements. It was said that in her old age, her grandson, desiring as a magistrate her acknowledgment of the signature to her will, could, for a long time, only extract from her the evasive answer, "Whether or no, my dear Billy, did you not see me write it?"

Mrs. Nelson had two negro attendants, one of whom was expected to be at her call during the day and one during the night, for she was broken in health as well as in spirits for many years. In addition, she had a maiden lady as a companion. It was this lady who on one occasion wrote by Mrs. Nelson's order a list of articles to be brought from London. One of these was a gown to be fashioned of a mourning material called robe de mort, but the list having been given to Mrs. Nelson's young granddaughter to copy, she finding it rather illegible naturally set down robe de mort as robe d'amour.
Hence, instead of the sombre mourning robe expected, a rose-colored, festive-looking garment was forwarded from London which caused a thrill of horror to run through the Nelson household. The gown was finally made over to the damsel whose carlessness had caused the mistake, and she, the story goes, received it with a burst of tears, fearing lest her grandmother might have regarded her mistake as intentional. This gown is still in existence and is in truth worthy of its poetical name.

It is with a sensation of relief that one finds in a letter of President Nelson to his London agent a message from his wife concerning trivial matters.

"She begs to return her thanks," he writes, "to your sister, for her care in choosing her last things, in which she hath hit her taste to a T."

In the same letter he offers, in her name, an apology for her failure to answer two letters—an apology gracefully abject and complete.

He writes: "But the most difficult part of my undertaking in her behalf is to make a proper apology for her not answering yours and your sister's obliging letters. At best, I am but a poor apologist, unless I could allow myself to deviate a little from the truth, and then I could form a plausible story enough. As it is, I can only say she hath been so long still that she cannot attempt it, and chooses to throw herself on the mercy of the offended party."

On the 11th of October, 1771, President Nelson writes a letter which excites a smile at this day when one reads it in the light of after events. He was no prophet, surely.

He writes: "Lord Dunmore arrived here the 25th of September, and I believe from appearance we shall be very happy with him, for I think I discover many good qualities in him."

President Nelson did not live long enough to find that his prediction was never to be realized. He died in 1772, at the dawn of a new epoch, leaving his son to play an heroic part in the drama just beginning.

ELLEN BRUCE BAYLOR.

BY MRS. DEB. RANDOLPH KEIM, REGENT OF CONNECTICUT.

An Appendix to her Report to the Continental Congress February 22, 1782.

I deem it proper in connection with this first report to refer to the part which the Colony of Connecticut took in the Revolution.

At the beginning of that struggle Connecticut was one of the most important centers of wealth, patriotism and population in America.

It is not necessary to discuss in this place the causes which led to the conflict with the Royal Government. Beginning with the Boston Port Bill in 1774, the people of Connecticut sympathized with their countrymen in Massachusetts, and began at once to organize to aid them in their resistance to that oppressive measure.

A report having been circulated that the British vessels were firing upon Boston, the people of Connecticut from one end of the State to the other began to rally. From the shores of Long Island to the hills of Berkshire, was heard the cry, "To arms, to arms," and it is told upon undoubted authority that not less than 20,000 men, completely equipped, were actually on the march to Boston when the news came that the alarm was false.

The capture of Ticonderoga, one of the most dashing exploits of the war, was concerted in Connecticut. The projectors of this expedition, Gen. Samuel Holden Parsons, Silas Dean and David Wooster, were members of the General Assembly convened in Hartford, in April, 1775. They organized a small force, which increased as they proceeded to the scene of their daring enterprise. Captain Noah Phelps, of Simsbury, visited the Fort and reported its condition to the rest of the expedition which now included 150 men. A picked body of eighty-three men under Colonel Ethan Allen, a native of Connecticut, made the assault and captured the Fort May 10th, 1775, without the loss of a single man.
This was the first offensive military operation of the Revolutionary war. One thousand militia from Connecticut, under Colonel Hinman, the same year garrisoned the captured forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

The General Assembly of the Colony in 1775 passed a law to raise one quarter of the militia for special defense of the borders, which was fully organized into six regiments, with a major general, two brigadier generals and six colonels. This body of militia, after the news of the battle of Lexington and the concentration of troops at Boston, marched to the relief of that city. In the list of captains of companies, to the glory of Connecticut, be it said, we find such names as Captain Matthew Grant, of East Windsor, the ancestor of General U. S. Grant, the great captain of the recent War of the Rebellion; Captain Daniel Lyon, of Woodstock, the ancestor of General Nathaniel Lyon, killed in the battle of Wilson's creek, Missouri, at the outbreak of the late Rebellion; Captain Return J. Meigs, of Windham, grandfather of General Montgomery C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General U. S. A.; Captain Samuel McClellan, of Woodstock, great-grandfather of General George B. McClellan, commanding the army of the Potomac; Captain Benedict Arnold, of New Haven, one of the most gallant spirits in the early military exploits of the continental armies, but later a traitor to his country; Captain Thomas Knowlton; Captain Nathaniel Terry, of Enfield, ancestor of Major-General A. H. Terry, U. S. A.; and Captain Israel Putnam, of Brookline, who left his horses and plow in the furrow, and rode 100 miles to Boston to join the ranks of the patriots in the desperate encounter at Bunker Hill. Thus Connecticut also participated in that first regular battle against the British veterans.

The military spirit of the people was vigorously supported by the colonial and local civil authorities. Among the foremost was Captain Benjamin Sumner, an officer in the French and Indian War, 1756–63, later Highway Surveyor and Moderator of Ashford, Windham county, in 1765–7 promoter, with others, of a movement in favor of "total abstinence from foreign luxuries" and the "encouragement of home industry;" in 1774 chairman of the committee of correspondence to cooperate with the other counties in opposition to the crown,
and in 1775 member of the General Assembly of the colony, where he was active, with the other members of that patriotic body in hastening the first war-like preparations for the impending conflict.

The soldiers of Connecticut were also the first to sustain the patriotic cause in the tory commercial city of New York in the summer of 1775, her militia having gone there under General David Wooster. The colony of Connecticut, at the request of Washington, in 1776, raised several regiments which were commanded by General Lee, for the occupation of New York city. Upon arriving at the borders of the colony, they were requested to halt, but, disregarding these entreaties, boldly marched into the city, overthrew the royal authority, and for the first time planted the American standard. This force of Connecticut troops held the city until the arrival of the army under Washington, in April, 1776.

In the very outset of the civic part of the struggle against the oppressive acts of the British Parliament, Connecticut espoused the common cause of the thirteen colonies. In the Continental Congress which formulated the Declaration of Independence, we read among the signers the names of such stirring patriots as Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams and Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut.

During the dark and troublous times of the protracted struggle, Washington, the commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, turned to Jonathan Trumbull for counsel and encouragement, in providing the necessary sinews of war; hence he was known as "Brother Jonathan," during the Revolution.

When the British force of 24,000 men and 130 vessels, driven out of Boston, concentrated at Sandy Hook in August, 1776, the American army under Washington was reinforced by fourteen regiments of militia raised in Connecticut, comprising 10,000 men. These fourteen regiments, together with the Connecticut quota in the regular army, constituted at least one-third of Washington's army in the vicinity of New York, at the commencement of operations on Long Island. Nine more regiments of Connecticut men were soon after sent to the relief of Sullivan on Long Island, leaving but two of the twenty-five regiments for the home defense of the State and all this for the aid of New York.
After the defeat of Long Island, while the continental troops were still in the field, the State was left to rely upon her own resources against two British armies, one on her right stationed at Newport, R. I., and the other on her left, at New York city, while a large British fleet cruised in Long Island Sound.

Under these circumstances it is to the glory of the women of Connecticut that they had made themselves familiar with the use of the implements of agriculture, and but for them the State would have experienced the added privation of famine.

The name of Nathan Hale, a son of Connecticut, will be imperishably remembered in connection with the operations of the Americans on Long Island. It was he—alone of all the officers of the army who responded to Washington’s call for a volunteer willing to penetrate the British camp and obtain information. He had succeeded in his errand, but at the last moment was betrayed by a relative. He was arrested and executed as a spy. His last words were “that he lamented that he had but one life to give for his country.”

The men and money of Connecticut were now voted freely for the cause of the Revolution. The standing militia of Connecticut sustained five heavy drafts for actual service during the year 1776 alone.

In April, 1777, the British invaded Connecticut by landing a strong force under Tryon and marching to Danbury. This force of the enemy was resisted by the militia under Generals Wooster, Zimmerman and Arnold. In one of these engagements General David Wooster was mortally wounded when victory was within his grasp. Before the close of this campaign the British were glad to return to their ships and sail back to New York. During these operations General James Wadsworth, of Durham, took an active part.

In the summer of 1777 in the rout of British Veterans and Tories at Bennington, Connecticut bore a very prominent part.

The geographical location of the colony of Connecticut, abutting on the royal province of New York, made her soil the scene of repeated forays from the British military rendezvous at New York City, resulting in numerous bloody contests both along the sound and seaboard and also through the interior. These frequent invasions of her borders by Tories and traitors
like Benedict Arnold only served to continue the patriotic ardor and determination of the men and women of Connecticut to the end of the conflict.

In the defense of Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, in July, 1778, where a colony of Connecticut people had early settled under her original charter, the men having gone to the army, Colonels Nathan Denison and Zebulon Butler commanded the small body of men who could be rallied for the defense of the fort at Wilkes-Barre. But for the treachery of one of Colonel Butler’s own men his gallant defense would have been turned into a victory instead of a dreadful massacre. Colonel Nathan Denison, (of the collateral line of my family,) held the fort at Kingston until nearly all his men were killed or wounded.

In March and July, 1779, the British General Tryon repeated his forays into Connecticut but was quickly repulsed by the valor of the farmer soldiers. In September, 1781, the traitor Benedict Arnold led the last expedition against his native State. The bloody battle of Fort Griswold in Groton, fought September 6, and the burning of New London and Groton caused great destruction of property and loss of life. This campaign, one of the most merciless and desperate of the war, was met by the unexampled valor of the yeomanry of the surrounding country. The blood of many of the best families drenched the soil and prisoners were carried away to suffer and die in the loathsome prison ships of Wallabout Bay. In addition to her large land force the citizens of Connecticut owned 250 vessels, which cruised along the New England coast transporting supplies and harrassing the enemy.

In the column of Continental troops which marched from the Hudson, in New York, to York, in Virginia, a distance of 400 miles, and participated in the capture of Cornwallis' veteran army at Yorktown, the State of Connecticut was represented by Col. Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., military secretary, and Col. David Humphreys, aid-de-camp to Washington, general in chief. In Lafayette's division, commanding Continental troops, were Major John Palsgrave Wyllys, of Hartford, Lieut. Col. Ebenezer Huntington, of Norwich, and Captain David Bushnell. In the desperate assaults on the British entrenchments, Major Wyllys and Captain Stephen Betts, of Stamford.
with their Connecticut Continentals, on Oct. 14, 1781, took part in the storming of Redoubt No. 10. The forlorn hope consisted of twenty men from the 4th Conn., under Lieut. John Mansfield. General Washington was enthusiastic in his admiration of the brilliant conduct of this storming party.

Five days after, the proud army of British veterans, under Lord Cornwallis, marched out of their entrenchments to the old British tune, "The World Turned Upside Down," and surrendered their arms, thus closing the active military operations of the war for American Independence.

The troops of Connecticut, as we have seen, were engaged in the first aggressive military event of the war, at Ticonderoga, and participated in the last assault, which ended the struggle, at Yorktown.
WYOMING VALLEY CHAPTER, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.—On the 1st of May, 1891, a notable gathering of women assembled at the home of Mrs. William H. McCartney, to organize a "Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution," women who were descended from some of the most illustrious officers and soldiers of the American Revolution, many tracing their ancestry to the early colonists by a proven lineage.

The house was decorated with American flags and the portraits of Washington and his wife, Martha Washington, together with a picture of Mount Vernon, issued by the Mount Vernon Association and presented to the mother of Mrs. McCartney, who was one of the lady managers of the Mount Vernon Association for the purchase of the home of Washington, were appropriately placed.

The meeting was opened with singing "My Country 'tis of Thee," by Miss Nellie Williams, the Chapter joining. The meeting was then called to order by Mrs. McCartney, regent by appointment. The object of the organization was stated. The constitution and by-laws were read and business relating to the future of the Chapter was discussed.

The following officers for the Chapter were elected: Mrs. Stanley Woodward, vice-regent; Miss Mary A. Sharpe, registrar; Miss Ella Munroe Bowman, secretary; Miss Sally Sharpe, treasurer. Local Board of Managers—Mrs. Colonel Bruce Ricketts, Mrs. Benjamin Reynolds, Miss Emily Cist Butler, Mrs. Sheldon Reynolds, Mrs. Murray Reynolds, Mrs. Isaac Platt Hand. Advisory Board—Mr. Sheldon Reynolds, president Wyoming Historical Society; Hon. Charles E. Rice, Hon. Stanley Woodward, Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts, General Wm. H. McCartney, Mr. Alexander Farnham, Mr. Andrew F. Dow.
Light refreshments were served. "Hail Columbia" was sung by Miss Williams in a patriotic, spirited manner, and the meeting then adjourned to meet at the home of Mrs. Richard Sharpe on Monday, May 4, 1891.

It was peculiarly fitting that the women of Wyoming Valley should unite with this "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution" in honoring the deeds of their ancestors, who "braved and dared so much that we might live." And it was a lamentable fact that the women of this beautiful historic valley, who have been so patriotic as to erect the monument at Forty Fort to commemorate the names of those slain by the savage foe, had ceased to manifest their patriotism and allowed each 3d of July to come and go without making a pilgrimage with their children to this spot, which should ever be a hallowed one to them. This was the first Chapter organized in Pennsylvania.

On the 7th of May a meeting was called to assist the Mary Washington Monument Association and the regent, Mrs. General McCartney, issued the following:

"To the Men, Women and Children of Wyoming Valley:

"This work is to be entered upon at once, and by the Daughters of the American Revolution very appropriately, as their first effort to fulfill the object of their society. As persons are eligible to membership through the mother of a Revolutionary patriot, that the mother of Washington may be honored, what more noble work can they do than take from obscurity and neglect this spot, and raise over her resting place a monument of which the women of America will be proud in future generations. The New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have already commenced this work; and as the Wyoming Valley Chapter is the first Chapter in the Keystone State, may we not hope for great aid from you.

"Katharine L. McCartney,
"Regent, D. A. R."

At the following meetings of the Chapter it was considered that the most urgent duty before these patriotic women, most of whom were descended from the heroes and heroines who endured the hardship and tortures of the Wyoming Valley mas-
sacre, was to awaken renewed interest in a commemoration of the sufferings and services of these forefathers. It was, therefore, resolved with great enthusiasm, that the members of the Chapter in a body should attend the anniversary exercises of the Wyoming Monument Association on July 3, 1891, and that an invitation should be extended to Mrs. Harrison, our beloved President-General. Ill-health prevented the acceptance of this invitation to the great regret of the "Daughters," who lamented both her absence and the cause of it.

A newspaper account of this celebration says that carriages arrived on the ground filled with stately Daughters of the American Revolution wearing fluttering blue badges. As they came on the ground Colonel Dorrance gave them an individual greeting with the courtly manner of the last century. The ladies were all from Wilkes-Barre, and they were seated in the front rows of the semi-circle of chairs that faced the monument. Their Regent, Mrs. William H. McCartney, was at their head. Many distinguished people were present. Among them were two men of Revolutionary lineage. One was ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, of this State, and the other ex-United States Senator Patterson, from South Carolina. Mr. Patterson comes from the well-known Patterson family that settled in Lancaster county in the early days.

Rev. Dr. George Frear, of Wilkes-Barre, then delivered the invocation. The Welsh singers sang "The Lord's Prayer."

"I see I am down for a president's address," said Colonel Dorrance, as he arose. "It wouldn't do to apologize, but I smiled when I received the program fresh from the printer and saw that I was to make a speech, and I don't know how; but as long as this heart beats and I am able to keep out of bed I will be here to honor the memory of those whose dust lies under this monument. We are here to keep alive the memories of those men who sacrificed their lives for us. Any one who heard, as I heard in the winter nights of long ago, the story of the horrible scenes on this spot from the lips of the survivors of that massacre, would not wonder that we are stirred to emotion at the memory of those scenes."
There was a tremor in the venerable patriot’s voice as he said that it was the last time they would see him in his capacity as president of the Commemorative Association, and called on his hearers to keep green the memory of the Revolution. [He died soon after this meeting.]

Mr. Johnson then called attention to the fact that the namesake of Wyoming Valley is Wyoming, the last State to be admitted to the Union, and that on to-morrow, the glorious Fourth, a star would be placed on the Nation’s banner in honor of Wyoming’s namesake. He said that when Wyoming was celebrating its entry into the sisterhood of the States, he sent a greeting to the namesake of old Wyoming. The greeting was: “Old Wyoming feels justly proud of the honor of having given her name to a member of the great sisterhood of States. May the child-namesake emulate the example of the mother Wyoming of bloody memory, and in all things show itself worthy of bearing the name of this beautiful and classic valley here in Pennsylvania, so rich in patriotic memory, immortalized by the poetry of Campbell, endeared to our people by the 3d of July massacre, and the sad story of Frances Slocum and her life-long captivity among savages; and withal, bearing within her ample bosom untold wealth of anthracite coal, not second in importance to the commerce of the whole world, to the gold fields of the Black Hills of your own Rocky Mountain State.”

“The forty-fourth, youngest State of the Union,” came the reply from Governor Warren, “sends you greeting and confident assurance that the child and namesake will emulate the virtues and patriotism of the mother—the Wyoming of that historic valley of bloody memory. The State may not develop such wealth of anthracite coal as has the parent, but the new State has a known area of bituminous coal amounting to more than 30,000 square miles.”

Ex-Governor Hoyt was then presented as the orator of the day.

Ably and in eloquent language he pictured the heroic struggle of the Connecticut settlers of the “Susquehanna tract” against the aggressive demand of the Pennites, who laid claim to the land as a part of Pennsylvania.
In concluding, he quoted from Upham's life of Pickering: "The devastation of the fields, the conflagration of the dwellings and barns, and the repeated massacre of the people—men, women and children by savage hordes, all these combined could not destroy or weaken the tenacity with which they clung to their lands. Those who escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife had come back, over and over again, from their places of refuge. The invincible, indestructible community persevered in its contest against all, and no power, civilized or barbarous, could root it out."

John Butler Reynolds, a descendant of the gallant Colonel Zebulon Butler, who, with Colonel Nathan Denison, commanded the settlers, then made an eloquent comparison between the "old and new"—the Wyoming Valley of forest and farm and the Wyoming Valley of this busy age.

The venerable president arose.

"I now introduce to you," said Colonel Dorrance, "a young man whose ancestors were killed in their field the day before the massacre." He was John S. Harding. He spoke briefly, but with a happy faculty.

"I now introduce to you," said the Colonel, "another Butler. His name is Woodward, but it ought to be Butler."

Mr. Woodward, in a neat address, said that many of the fantastic stories about the Wyoming massacre were not founded on facts. He said it was believed now that General Brant did not take part in the battle, and that Queen Esther did not sit on the bloody rock and pick out her victims. He defended the memory of Colonel John Butler, the Tory leader at the massacre, who he said was a brave and honorable man.

As an indication of the influence which our patriotic society has exercised we may refer to the celebration at the Wyoming Monument this year, 1892, which was the largest since the great centennial of 1878. Fully six hundred persons were present. A large delegation from the Daughters of the American Revolution was present, including Mrs. McCartney and daughter Ella, Mrs. Isaac P. Hand, Mrs. G. M. Reynolds and Miss Helen Reynolds, Mrs. Alexander Farnham, Mrs. Colonel R. B. Ricketts, Mrs. Stanley Woodward, Miss Emily Butler, Miss Laura Heilner of the New York City Chapter, Mrs. Colonel E. B. Beaumont,
Mrs. Caleb Bowman, Mrs. John B. Reynolds, Miss May Tubbs, Miss Mary Slosson, Miss Ella Bowman, Mrs. Thomas Graeme, Mrs. H. H. Harvey, Mrs. Irving A. Stearns, Mrs. Sheldon Reynolds, Mrs. B. Dorrance, Miss Loveland, Miss Hoyt.

Among the visitors was a Chicago daughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. M. E. Miller, who is a descendant of Daniel Gore, whose name is inscribed on the monument.

The new President, Captain Calvin Parsons, said he was one of the few present who were at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument fifty-nine years ago. The only others present so far as he could learn were Mrs. Judge Pfouts, William P. Johnson, of Dallas, and Hon. L. D. Shoemaker. Mr. Parsons said the name of Parsons was not on the monument, there were none of that name here in 1778, but his great-grandfather, Anderson Dana's name was there and that of his grandfather, Stephen Whiting. Both were tomahawked and killed by the Indians. He alluded with much feeling to the death of the late president of the association, Colonel Charles Dorrance.

Rev. F. B. Hodge, D. D., read a paper in memoriam of the late Colonel Dorrance, and it was a fine tribute to one who had ever taken such a live interest in these commemorative gatherings and was president up to the time of his death, which occurred at the age of eighty-seven.

The address of the day was by Henry Coppee, LL. D., professor of history and literature in the Lehigh University and the gentleman who wrote the ode for the centennial observance of 1878. The paper was an admirable dissertation on the part which the Wyoming incident played in the history of the country, together with an analysis of Campbell's poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming."

The old settlers were all delighted over the increased interest. They attribute it to three things—organization, active part taken by the "Daughters" and the greater newspaper mention the event has received.

The meetings of the Wyoming Valley Chapter have been frequent, every two weeks, and its principal pursuit has been a study of American history, with a series of questions and answers which have been diligently pursued. The crowning feature of the winter was a lecture before the Chapter by Miss
Jane Meade Welsh on "The Making of the Constitution," when the spacious parlors of the celebrated Wyoming Valley Hotel were generously proffered by the proprietor. A servant in Continental uniform received the tickets (printed in the colors of the Society—blue and white) and ladies and gentlemen in full dress attended. The lecture aroused the utmost interest in the Society, and at the same time silenced the doubts of those who have said that the organization would not be permanent.

A delightful invitation was extended to the Chapter for its last meeting of the season by Mrs. Thomas Graeme, a descendant of Colonel Zebulon Butler, and of John Robinson, the Leyden pastor, to hold the last meeting of the year at her cottage at Harvey's Lake, on June 26th. The ladies were met by Mr. George Wright, a "Son of the Revolution," and brother of Mrs. Graeme, at the railway station, and conveyed by a steamer especially chartered for the occasion, and flying the national flag, across this largest body of fresh water in Pennsylvania, to their picturesque summer cottage. The hours were passed in singing patriotic airs, the raising of a new flag while singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the taking of a picture of the society by Mr. Wright. The same steamer, bearing the same stars and stripes, as the sun was setting, bore us again over this beautiful lake, and a more delightful closing to the first year of our Chapter could not be desired. May the same spirit of harmony which has permeated our first year of existence continue to hover over us in all the years to come is the great desire of

THE REGENT.

MERCY WARREN CHAPTER, Springfield, Massachusetts.—The local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution held its second meeting in the rooms of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society on Saturday afternoon and voted that it should be named the Mercy Warren Chapter, after one of Massachusetts' foremost women in the Revolution. The Regent was instructed to apply for a charter from the National Society, and sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Harrison, President of the national organization. Papers were read on the Constitution of the United States, and the names of
three new members were reported. The papers read on this occasion commemorated the anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the convention elected and convened to prepare that document, the meeting being purposely appointed on that date—September 17th. The papers were written by Mrs. Mary J. S. Smith and Mrs. William R. Sessions. That of Mrs. Smith gave facts concerning the men of the convention; the difficulties in agreement of the North and South that had to be wisely met; the restless impatience of the people, and their anxiety lest a king in the person of a son of George IV, the bishop of Osnaburg, be recommended. Mrs. Sessions gave a graphic account of the acceptance of the Constitution by Massachusetts, including a quaint old poem describing the act.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHAPTER, No. 2, Arlington, Vermont, was organized at the residence of Mrs. J. Burdett, August 11, 1892, the following being a list of the Charter Members: Mrs. Jane Burdett, Arlington, Vermont; Mrs. Edward E. Nichols, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Ida C. Nichols, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Anna M. Nichols, Manitou Springs, Colorado; Mrs. Adelbert Stone, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Elizabeth V. McAuley, Brooklyn, New York; Mrs. Mary A. Brownson Lathrop, Sunderland, Vermont; Mrs. Ann Brownson Boynton, Sunderland, Vermont; Mrs. Herbert King, Manchester, Vermont; Mrs. Samuel West, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Frances G. West, Arlington, Vermont; Miss Sarah Ann Lathrop, Manchester, Vermont; Mrs. Anson Buck, West Arlington, Vermont; Mrs. Edward D. Buck, West Arlington, Vermont; Miss Ellen Hawley, Manchester, Vermont; Miss Harriet A. Hurd, Chenon, Illinois. The following officers were appointed: Mrs. Jane Burdett, Regent; Mrs. Adelbert Stone, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Samuel West, Secretary; Miss Frances G. West, Treasurer; Miss Ida C. Nichols, Historian; Miss Elizabeth McCauley, Registrar; Rev. Richard C. Searing, Chaplain. These ladies are all Vermont girls and were born in this vicinity. The father of the two Mrs. Bucks was in the Revolutionary War. His pension papers are on file signed by Lewis Cass, Secretary of War. Miss Frances West had four great-great-grandfathers.
who also served in the war. The first twelve of the Chapter and the fifteenth are all from the one Brownson family, whose ancestors were "Green Mountain Boys" and several of them were with Ethan Allen. Miss Hurd's grandfather was in nearly all of the battles of the war and carried a number of pieces of lead in his arm. The ancestor of Mrs. Burdett was Gideon Brownson, Captain of one company of the famous "Green Mountain Boys"; served through the war, and was promoted to rank of Major in the Continental service—afterwards General in the Vermont militia. Graham's letters speak of "General Brownson as a violent partisan in the late war, and that as a proof of his valiant conduct, carries eighteen pieces of lead in his body which he received during the fatal contest." He was Captain at the battles of Hubbardton and of Bennington in 1777, also a soldier in the French war. Was taken prisoner with Ethan Allen, a long time prisoner at Montreal, and was exchanged for Marsh, a Tory. Timothy Brownson, father of Gideon and Eli Brownson, was in the war, and was one of the most trusted and confidential advisers of General Washington, and was a member of the "Council of Safety."

This was the second Chapter organized in Vermont. We took the same name as the Burlington Chapter, for our ancestors were the true "Green Mountain Boys" and we liked the name. We expect to hear more of the "Brownson girls" before long.

J. B.

BRISTOL CHAPTER, Rhode Island.—Mrs. W. T. C. Wardwell, wife of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Wardwell gave a reception to the Bristol Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at her beautiful residence, on Metacom avenue, on the 29th of September, to welcome the State Regent, Mrs. Wilbour, on her recent return from Europe. The grounds were prettily decorated, and two large American flags were flung to the breeze in front of her residence in honor of the occasion. The members of the Chapter were warmly welcomed by the hostess upon their arrival and hospitably entertained at luncheon. About three hours were pleasantly passed in social converse. The weather was all that could have been desired, and the reception greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

E. W. BULLOCK, Chapter Regent.
The birthplace of the government of New York, Kingston, New York. At a regular monthly meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held in Kingston, New York, August 4, 1892, a committee composed of Miss Sarah Bernard, chairman; Mrs. Charles Burhans, Mrs. Anna Kenyon, Mrs. John Forsyth and Mrs. Mary Reynolds was appointed to arrange a programme for the suitable observance of the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the completion of the organization of the State government on September 10, 1892.

The constitution of the State was adopted on the 20th and promulgated in front of the courthouse in Kingston on the 22d day of April, 1777. On the 30th day of July, 1777, George Clinton, a citizen of Ulster County, took the oath of office and was inaugurated as first Governor of the State. The first court held under the first constitution of the State was opened by Chief Justice Jay in the courthouse on the 9th day of September, 1777.

The Senate and Assembly organized on the 10th of September, 1777, and on that day both Houses met in joint convention at the courthouse upon the call of the Governor, when he delivered to them his first message.

Hon. Marius Schoonmaker in his "History of Kingston" says: "With the organization of the Legislature the State government became operative and complete in all its departments, the executive, the legislative and the judicial, within the bounds of the then village of Kingston, and the wheels of government were there put in full perpetual motion."

The house in which the first Senate was convened, and which is to-day commonly known as "The Old Senate House," has been purchased by the State. It is in charge of an aged gentleman with his son, whose ancestry is entwined with all that is patriotic and best in the annals of this Revolutionary town. The Senate House is a depository for antiques and curios of various kinds, and it is within these old walls that the Daughters of the American Revolution are holding their monthly meetings and on the grounds of which was celebrated a day which should be dear to the heart of every loyal citizen of the State, and of thrilling interest to the citizens of the town which was once proud to be known as the first Capital of the State of New York.
A stage was erected on the grounds at the rear of the Senate House, which was tastefully decorated with national flags. A portrait of Governor George Clinton hung in a conspicuous position. An historical address was delivered by Hon. Augustus Schoonmaker, an original poem was recited by Mr. Henry Abbey. "The Star-Spangled Banner," with orchestral accompaniment, was effectively rendered by Miss Elizabeth Roosa, and addresses were made by Hon. William Lounsbery, president of the Senate House Association, and Judge A. T. Clearwater, a Son of the Revolution.

Letters of regret were read from Roswell P. Flower, ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, president of the Cincinnati, and Hon. John Bigelow.

The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Burtsell, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, and after the doxology, in which the audience joined with the orchestra, the exercises closed with a benediction by the Rev. C. S. Stowitts, of the Wurts Street Presbyterian Church.

The programme was enlivened and beautifully varied by the music of a full brass band, which played familiar and national airs.

M. B.
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

Truly there is no sorrow without some compensation, some element that inspires better thought or more earnest effort, so in the midst of the anxiety and grief of all members of this Society for the continued and severe illness of our beloved and honored President-General, Mrs. Harrison, there is gratification in the universal expression throughout the country of admiration for her virtues and appreciation of the harmony and completeness of her character. Not only is the nation favored in having the wife of the President a woman whose domestic, social and business capacity is so remarkable, but the Daughters of the American Revolution may well be envied that their first officer of the highest rank is one to whom they may point with such pride and affection. It is fitting that there should be some suitable testimonial of the warm feeling of respect the Daughters have for Mrs. Harrison. Last winter we proposed to have her portrait painted to hang in the White House, and the plan was received with great favor, but was not formulated in practical shape. A private letter just received expresses this same desire, which will doubtless find ready response in many directions. The following is an extract from the letter:

"With what an irreparable loss we are threatened in the dangerous illness of that gifted woman and noble typical American matron, Mrs. President Harrison, our honored President-General. She cannot be spared—and Heaven grant her safe coming through the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death.' If Mrs. Harrison should be taken, or if she is restored, either way, I think the Daughters of the American Revolution would do well to present a memorial to Congress asking that the really exquisite plans for the enlargement of the White House which were prepared under Mrs. Harrison's own artistic auspices should, if possible, be adopted, and that the Daughters should place therein a portrait of this, in truth, 'First Lady of the Land.'"
Without considering a change in the White House, it is certainly desirable that a portrait of Mrs. Harrison should be placed on the walls of that historic building. It will be remembered that the women in this country interested in the temperance cause have placed a very beautiful portrait of Mrs. President Hayes in the White House; there are also in its drawing-rooms paintings of Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler. These are believed to comprise the entire list of portraits of the wives of Presidents in the White House.

In the very first revision of the constitution of this Society on August 9th, 1890, one of the objects of the Association was stated to be the collection and preservation of portraits of distinguished women and especially of the wives of the Presidents of the United States. In a further revision of the constitution this clause was dropped, but it is in full accord with the spirit of the organization; and surely, when the wife of the President is also the most prominent representative of the descendants of the Revolution, these descendants should see that her memory is perpetuated in the place she adorns with her graces and her virtues.

Daughters of the American Revolution owe Mrs. Harrison a debt of gratitude they cannot repay, but they can, by this compliment of placing her portrait in the Executive Mansion, express their appreciation of the brave and patriotic stand she has taken for two years in inaugurating one of the great movements in the cause of true Americanism and the honorable advancement of women; we are confident that it will be their pleasure to do this. No official action will be asked from the Society or the Board of Management, but we desire this to be a free-will offering of all “Daughters” and their friends, to honor a good and gracious American woman, who fills the highest position in the United States with dignity, while she preserves all the loveliness of family relations and a broad sympathy that is national in its enthusiasm.

Let us, as soon as possible, send in the necessary amount to engage an artist of national reputation to paint this PORTRAIT OF MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON. Subscriptions for this purpose will be received by the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. They will be honorably guarded and promptly acknowledged. Two
hundred dollars have already been subscribed. A national committee is being organized, which will be announced in a short time. Please send your subscriptions at once, in amounts to correspond with your own desires or means. Persons willing to aid in facilitating the object in view will address the American Monthly Magazine.

Another private letter received from a life-long friend who visited Washington during the grand encampment of the G. A. R., revives memories of the past which are of general interest. She says: "G—— took us to St. John's church, next to my aunt's old house where I visited with my mother about 1846. The house was built by Matthew St. Clair Clarke. He married my mother's sister, a direct descendant of James Caldwell, the "Fighting Parson" of Revolutionary fame. At Mr. Clarke's table the great men of the day often assembled, and no dinner was complete without several of the capital stories for which he was famous.

"My mother and I while there were invited to dine with Mrs. Webster. Very lately, in looking over some of the few relics left from the burning of my house, I found the old invitation, dated 1846. Several of the foreign ministers were at this dinner, and I remember the graphic stories of French life told by the French Minister. No fête of the present day can compare with one he described as given upon his departure from Paris. Mr. Webster, on a visit to Illinois, had been entertained at my father's house, who sent our carriage with four white horses twenty miles to bring the great man on his journey, and in our grove a barbecue was served. The tree still stands under which Mr. Webster stood and made his political speech; and near by was the pit where a whole ox was roasted, besides sheep and lambs. My dear mother asked a blessing before the feast began; few women would do that now at a great political gathering, and you know what a gentle, superfine little lady she was.

"A sight of the old house on Lafayette Square brought vivid memories to me of the large parlors, as they then were.
with double columns of Potomac marble between them, and the rich furniture of damask and gold; the apricot and pear trees trained on the garden walls, and the porch embowered in honeysuckle and roses, as we breakfasted in the back room, the large dining room being in the front of the house. I can see the dainty lady of the house with her open wrapper, embroidered petticoat and little bronze slippers, tripping down the broad stairway where the stately husband, my uncle, met her and took her on his arm in such formal fashion to the breakfast room. At dinner time we assembled first in the drawing-room, and much etiquette was observed, as in all the arrangements of the household. The butler, who also acted as footman, was a mighty personage, yet Miss Peggy, the housekeeper, exercised a certain control over him, enhanced no doubt by the choice sweetmeats she doled out from her special domain. Yet all this grandness did not fill me with a desire for its long continuance, for I remember thinking silently that the freedom of my prairie home was much sweeter. But I was enraptured with Mrs. Madison, lovely Mrs. Madison! It was a delight to us young people to pay our respects to her very often, when she received us in turbaned cap, and with the dignity of a princess and the urbanity of a truly loyal American woman; we do not often see such a type of womanhood now-a-days.

"Another pleasant memory of Washington on a later visit was watching the Sculptor Mills, who was making the equestrian statue of Jackson now in the park; I was also interested in the finely trained horse that was his model, which I used to see put through his paces, in the Smithsonian Grounds, as I walked across them to my Uncle Josiah Caldwell's. Washington was my first love of all Eastern cities, and I find it lovely yet, although so changed."

To persons of pessimistic tendencies who declare that the times are bad, that the country is going to destruction, mainly through the corruption of politics, here are consoling considerations suggested by a recent writer:
"The great political battles (national conventions) serve to show the matchless energy of the American people. They show also that Americans know one another. * * * They travel and mingle; they stand shoulder to shoulder, and that politics is doing more than anything else except commerce to develop the truly national life of the people."

At a recent meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution in San Francisco the following action was taken:

1st. That the Society places on record that its existence to-day is due to the zeal, untiring devotion, and unceasing labors of Past President Colonel A. S. Hubbard, who aided in its inception, and has almost single-handed brought the Society through trials and discouragements which beset all new societies to its present prosperous condition; therefore it recognizes him as the founder of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and therefore founder of the Society at large. * * * * * * *

Finally, that in appreciation of the long-continued and valuable services rendered to the California Society by Past President Hubbard, there be appropriated from the treasury a sum sufficient to purchase a badge of the first class with the following words engraved thereon:

Presented to
Colonel A. S. Hubbard,
Founder of the California Society,
S. A. R.
By his compatriots of the Society.
July 4th, 1892.

We are glad to notice that in the Working Girls' clubs of New York City, where such admirable work is in progress for the elevation of women, classes for the special study of American history are to be formed this winter.
It is not only gratifying but encouraging to the Daughters of the American Revolution when their objects are understood and their work is appreciated by the older historical associations. The Society of Old Brooklynites, the Rhode Island Historical Society, the Library Association of Morristown and other societies have not only sent friendly words of interest to this Society, but have subscribed for the Magazine.

The New York State Library and several first-class periodicals have kindly offered an exchange with the American Monthly, thus evincing confidence in its usefulness and excellence.