ETHAN ALLEN.

"I COMMAND YOU IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS TO SURRENDER."
THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

[An address before the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, June, 1894.]

To keep ever alive the sacred flame of patriotism, to revive the memories of the brave men and heroic women of the Revolutionary period, to foster among us a warmer devotion to our common country—these I understand to be the objects of this Association. It is for this reason that I respond with unwonted pleasure to the invitation with which you honor me, to speak of the first important battle of the Revolution. The Battle of Bunker Hill is a great epoch in the history of liberty, a landmark in the progress of mankind toward self-government. In the impressive words of Shakespeare, it is

"A theme of honor and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

The loud echoes of the musketry of the 17th of June, 1775, startled the whole continent, and reverberated even to the distant shores of Britain. The flames that went up from the homes of blazing Charlestown lighted the way to a union of all the Colonies in the great struggle for independence. The sturdy and obstinate resistance of the raw recruits from the farms and shops of New England to the drilled and disciplined regulars of the British Army took out of the Tories the conceit which they had nourished, that the Yankees were cowards who would run at the first fire. It did more: It inspired the Americans with a spirit and a hope stronger than had been felt before. It demonstrated that even with far inferior numbers, inferior equipments and ammunition, inferior generalship, and inferior experience, they could cope with the flower of the British Army.
Thus it came to pass that though forced at length to retreat from their hastily improvised intrenchments, leaving the enemy in possession, their physical defeat was in effect a moral victory. Before leaving their rude breastworks, constructed in a single night, they had inflicted upon the British a loss in killed and wounded greater by two or three times than they themselves sustained. Without military experience, without unity of plan or movement, without any leader in full command, without food or drink during most of the day, without a single cannon that could be used, and in the last hour of the struggle without ammunition for their muskets, they held their ground with a constancy and a fortitude which extorted even the admiration of their enemy. No wonder that all America felt an electric thrill of pride, while British journals printed laudations of the bravery of the rebels. No wonder that the foremost of British statesmen declared that a few more such victories as Bunker Hill would cost them the dominion of the Colonies.

In studying the military history of the event which we commemorate, there is no lack of authorities. Besides the strictly official reports of the generals in command on both sides, we have what may be styled original materials in the form of many narratives or letters of eyewitnesses. Then there are numerous second-hand accounts from the pens of more or less industrious and painstaking collectors of facts. In all, there are between forty and fifty different publications giving some account of the Bunker Hill Battle, besides the almost countless sketches of the event in American and British histories and biographies. Unfortunately the discrepancies and contradictions met with by the careful student of history are numerous. While this is no novel experience to those addicted to such investigations, the stickler for the truth of history is often baffled by running up against absolutely opposite and irreconcilable statements upon some action or detail of the battle. While the authorities mainly agree in the great salient facts of the struggle and its result, as to many minor points they are hopelessly divided. Perhaps the most notable point in controversy is—what General was in actual command of the American forces engaged in that battle? While the great majority of writers concur in giving this post of leader to Colonel William Prescott, some have zeal-
ously insisted that General Putnam was in command, others that General Joseph Warren shared that honor, and others still that all the officers present were under command of General Artemas Ward, although he was not on the ground at all, but in camp at the American headquarters at Cambridge. Under stress of the conflicting evidence, an unsophisticated inquirer might perhaps be pardoned for concluding that no one was really in command at Bunker Hill—a conclusion somewhat supported by the undoubted facts of the very independent and undisciplined actions of many of the private soldiers concerned in the fight. Here is what so good a contemporary authority as John Adams wrote upon this subject, in a letter to George Brinley, of Hartford, in 1818:

"Massachusetts had her army, Connecticut her army, New Hampshire her army, and Rhode Island her army. These four armies met at Cambridge and imprisoned the British Army in Boston. But who was the sovereign of this united, or, rather, congregated, army, and who its commander-in-chief? It had none."

While Colonel Prescott unquestionably commanded the troops of Massachusetts during the action, General Putnam was in actual command of the Connecticut soldiers, and Colonel Stark of those from New Hampshire. The two latter, however, appear to have been but little engaged until late in the eventful day, while the Massachusetts men, under Colonel Prescott, were nearly all under fire from first to last.

Another fruitful subject of controversy has been the conduct of General Israel Putnam during the battle. While all are agreed that he accompanied the army of intrenchment to Bunker Hill on the night of the 16th of June, it is strenuously denied by some authorities, and as strenuously asserted by others, that he took part in the fighting on the 17th. He is declared to have been bent upon fortifying another hill than the one defended by Prescott and his men, and to have actually drawn off his troops, with intrenching tools, for Bunker Hill, to the sound of the enemy’s cannon. On the other hand, his bravery and daring are lauded as unimpeachable during the whole of this critical day’s struggle.

We may fairly be excused from the ungrateful task of balancing the one-sided statements of the partisans to this controversy,
which has filled so many tracts and volumes with unseemly strife and unnecessary rancor. Suffice it for us to know that with all his faults, which were neither few nor small, General Israel Putnam was honored by Washington, on the close of the war, with a letter warmly commending him for the distinguished aid he had contributed toward the freedom of his country, "in whose service," he wrote, "you have exhausted your bodily strength and expended the vigor of a youthful constitution."

A further source of embarrassment to the inquirer, solicitous only for facts, is found in the wide discrepancy in the evidence as to the numbers engaged and the killed and wounded on both sides. Colonel Prescott and Peter Thacher gave the number of troops under command of the former as about 1,000; William Tudor and the Provincial Congress state that there were 1,200; Isaac Lothrop gives them as only 700; Captain Hide carries the number up to 1,500, while "a gentleman in Providence" and another in Weathersfield, writing soon after the battle, both mention 2,000 as about the number engaged on the American side.

Equal confusion attends the arithmetic of the British forces. The Provincial Congress sets them at 3,000 to 4,000; William Tudor and General Burgoyne at 2,000; Peter Thacher and Captain Hide, 3,000; the Massachusetts Spy, 2,000 to 3,000, and Isaac Lothrop and "a gentleman in Providence" carry the roll of the British troops engaged up to 5,000 men.

Less wide discrepancies are found in the accounts of the military losses. General Folsom and the unknown "gentleman of Providence" set the loss of the Provincials down at 200 men; William Tudor at 280, and the official statement of the Provincial Congress states it at 449, viz, killed, 115; wounded, 304, and missing (taken prisoners), 30.

On the British side, Tudor and Lothrop say that 1,400 were killed and wounded; Peter Thacher and the Provincial Congress, 1,500; the Providence Gazette carried the number up to 1,700, the extremest statement, while General Gage's official report admits a loss of 897, of whom no less than 191 were killed and 706 wounded, which was afterwards increased to a total loss of 1,022, as reported by Gage himself.*

The unpracticed reader, under these bewildering and mutually contradictory figures, is forced to the inevitable, if unwelcome, conclusion that history is not an exact science; and the more he reads of military history, the more bewildered he is liable to become, until he will perhaps conclude, finding that most historians do little except to repeat one another's errors, that all history is a series of romances, mingled more or less with facts.

Still another difficulty remains which has perplexed many readers, involving the actual locality of the battlefield. While Bunker (then called Bunker's) Hill was ordered to be fortified, it was not done, but the height nearer to Boston, and known as Breed's Hill, was taken for the defensive works, as better suited for the military exigency. Thus the fact that the battle of Bunker Hill was not fought on Bunker Hill at all, but on a quite different field, and that the present monument stands not upon Bunker Hill, but upon Breed's, remains among the many paradoxes of history.

It was such contradictions as these among the writers upon the subject that drew from Charles Hudson his ingenious pamphlet of historic "Doubts Concerning the Battle of Bunker's Hill," published in 1857, in which he affects to show, through the conflicting testimony as to the officers in command, the troops engaged, the mistaken locality, and the discrepancies as to losses on both sides, that no such battle was ever fought.

We may, however, by assiduous sifting of the numerous accounts of the battle and what went before, gather together a sufficient number of well-authenticated facts to give a clear idea of what actually happened on that memorable Saturday, one hundred and nineteen years ago. After Lexington and Concord, just two months earlier, had shown the Colonists of New England that they were to be subdued by force of arms, if British power and British bayonets could do it, they had gradually gathered an army of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand men in the vicinity of Boston. The British, occupying that city, had Charlestown directly under their guns, and patrolled the harbor and the rivers which hemmed it in by their well-armed war-vessels. The town of Charlestown contained from two to three thousand people, which were then reduced, since
the daily threatened destruction of their homes, to only about three hundred, the most of the citizens having fled to places of greater safety, scattered about the country. The Provincial Army was mostly encamped at Cambridge, three miles distant from Charlestown and six miles (overland) from Boston. Some ten thousand of them were of Massachusetts, under General Ward; about two hundred from Connecticut, commanded by General Israel Putnam, at Roxbury and Dorchester; twelve hundred from New Hampshire, led by Colonel Stark, encamped at Medford, and a single regiment from Rhode Island, with whom was General Nathaniel Greene. He, as well as Stark and Putnam, afterwards rose to distinction in the military history of the Colonies.

The troops they commanded were made up mostly of country yeomen, hastily gathered into companies, undisciplined, almost unorganized, and ignorant of the art of war. They were all volunteers, summoned only by post-riders on horseback or alarm bells on meeting-houses, to face a common danger and a common enemy. They wore no uniforms, but were clad in homespun shirts and summer frocks or jackets. Their arms were their old home fowling-pieces and muskets, such as had been used for a generation or more upon wild squirrels, wolves, and woodchucks; and if they knew nothing else, they did know how to shoot. Their enlistment, such as it was, was pretty much during convenience. All their officers, from the lowest sergeant up to General Washington, found to their cost that the provincial soldier was a singularly independent body. He might stay, as some of them said, "for a spell, to see what was up in camp," or he might depart at any hour without leave or notice, to look after his haying, or to provide for his family. "The American troops," wrote William Tudor, "were little better than an armed mob." The army in camp, before the day of Bunker Hill, had no commissary, no military supplies, no roll-call, no hospital, and hardly any tents. The towns from whence the men came were expected to supply them with subsistence. When the twelve hundred were sent out at night to fortify and to hold Bunker Hill, they were furnished with rations for only a single day, while the British regulars, dispatched on the spur of the
moment to dislodge them, carried three days full rations in their haversacks.

The motley companies of the patriot army included literally all sorts and conditions of men. The Minutemen of Danvers elected a deacon of the church as their captain, and the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, the pastor, as his lieutenant. There were farmers and merchants, blacksmiths and millwrights, lawyers and physicians, carpenters and masons, wood-cutters and fishermen, gentlemen and day-laborers, among the ranks of the Provinceals. Their camps were so arranged, surrounding the city of Boston on every side except the sea, that they presented the strange spectacle of Americans beleaguering their own chief city, which held over ten thousand British troops, and less than eighteen thousand other inhabitants. For weeks after the Concord fight the patriotic citizens of Boston had been gradually thinning out, multitudes removing to the country, under an arrangement by which General Gage permitted all to withdraw who would leave their arms behind, and pledge themselves not to aid "the rebels" in hostilities against the British. Boston was, of course, full of Tories, and the feeling of bitterness between them and those who espoused the cause of Colonial liberty was getting to be at white heat. Families were broken up, and relatives and friends were estranged.

Such were the circumstances and the surroundings when the decisive movement which led to the battle we commemorate was determined upon. It was ordered in pursuance of a vote in the "Committee of Safety," on June 15, that the heights of Charlestown and Dorchester should be at once taken possession of. Generals Artemas Ward and Joseph Warren (who had just been appointed a major-general) were doubtful about the expediency of taking up positions which must be defended against the whole British Army, reinforced by at least twenty-five armed vessels in the harbor. General Gage had strongly fortified Boston, and his batteries on Copp's Hill commanded Bunker Hill at easy raking distance. But the more daring counsel prevailed, reinforced by the impetuous but not always prudent Putnam, and General Ward issued the order to Colonel William Prescott to prepare secretly during Friday, the 16th, to take with him wagons with intrenching tools, and to march at nightfall, under
cover of darkness, to Bunker Hill, to fortify it and hold it against the enemy. The detachment was drawn up in front of the clergyman's house occupied by General Ward as headquarters, and just as it was ready to march, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Langdon, President of Harvard College. Those were men who feared God as well as trusted in Him, and who believed in praying as well as in fighting. The march to Charlestown began at nine o'clock, and not until they encountered the wagons with intrenching tools, on Charlestown Neck, did the troops know the destination or the object of this most secret expedition. Still less did the British know it, for all their sentinels and patrolling vessels appear to have slumbered in peaceful security all that night, until the solid earthworks of the rebels on Bunker Hill greeted their astonished vision at daylight on Saturday morning.

The intrenching party was kept waiting after arriving on the peninsula of Charlestown by uncertainty as to which of the heights was actually to be fortified. The order designated Bunker's Hill, which was an eminence one hundred and ten feet high, while Breed's Hill, nearly half a mile south of it, though only sixty-two feet in height, was much nearer to Boston, and commanded the British lines and defenses. It was also the spot which the enemy would have occupied, to the great danger of the Provincial Army on the farther summit, if the Americans failed to possess and fortify it. The Congress of Massachusetts, in their account of the battle, said that Breed's Hill was occupied and fortified by a mistake. Yet it seems clear enough from the topography of the region that Colonel Prescott chose the one spot for his redoubt which was best fitted both for aggressive and defensive warfare, having in view the position of the enemy. Much of the confusion that has prevailed about the two summits arises from the fact that the heights of Charlestown were vaguely termed Bunker's Hill, the name of Breed's Hill not having been commonly used until a later period.

The hesitancy about which hill should be fortified was at last compromised, on the urgent warning of Colonel Gridley, the engineer in charge of the work, that no time remained if it was to be completed by morning. So General Putnam (who was the stoutest advocate in favor of Bunker Hill against Pres-
cott and others, who were in favor of Breed’s) yielded so far as to give the priority to the latter, with a reservation that Bunker’s Hill was to be fortified as soon after as possible.

The spades and pickaxes were now vigorously plied, for midnight had come. Colonel Gridley marked out a redoubt one hundred and thirty feet square, with a breastwork about four hundred feet long, running from the top of the hill toward the Mystic River. Four hours the strong arms of the patriot band toiled on under the bright starlight, until the early dawn began to streak the eastern heavens with red. There is in that midnight march, and that daring challenge of an improvised fort in the very face of the enemy, something very touching, something also sublime. That handful of ill-furnished, poorly armed sappers and miners, silently toiling all night to build up a fortress from which to beard the British lion in his den, liable to be enfiladed at any moment by the enemy’s batteries pouring their deadly shot upon the works, and subject to instant attack from ten thousand veterans skilled in the art of war—it was indeed an audacious, a heroic enterprise. It is certain that they worked under pressure of fearful anxiety, not less than of settled and grim determination. The celerity with which the American works were improvised was a complete surprise to the slow European soldiers.

The moment that the morning light revealed the industrious rebels, and the intrenchments that had sprung up like magic in a night to the height of seven feet, the British cannon opened upon them from several points at once. The floating batteries in Charles River and the man-of-war “Lively,” which lay nearest, poured out volleys of shot and shell, while the Copp’s Hill battery in Boston, only twelve hundred yards distant, joined its fire to theirs.

The brilliant day came on apace, full of the tranquil beauty of a New England summer—the earth all adorned with freshest green, smiling under the sunlight, and all unconscious of the fearful tragedy of blood on which that day’s sun was to set.

As the morning advanced, the day grew intensely hot. The weary soldiers were without water, and many without food. Still, the larger share of them kept on working in the trenches, not heeding the showers of balls, which had already killed one
soldier who ventured outside the works. Colonel Prescott was urged to send to Cambridge for another detachment, to relieve his exhausted men and to hold the fort. He was resolute against this, declaring that those who had built the works were best able to defend them, and deserved the honor, which he ventured to predict, of a sure victory. The courage of the commander inspired fresh spirit in the men. It is related that General Gage, reconnoitering through a glass on Copp's Hill, saw Colonel Prescott, and asked of Counsellor Willard, at his side, "Who is that officer commanding?" Willard, who recognized in him his own brother-in-law, named Colonel Prescott. "Will he fight?" asked Gage. "To the last drop of his blood," replied Willard; "but I cannot answer for his men." Prescott could answer for his men, and nobly did they redeem the confidence of their commander.

By nine o'clock the movements of the British troops toward an attack of the Bunker Hill works in front were plainly visible from the redoubt. Colonel Prescott saw that a heavy force was about being prepared to attack and carry his position. Swallowing his pride, he now sent a courier to General Ward for reinforcements, and Colonels Stark and Reed, with the New Hampshire troops, were ordered from Medford to the point of danger. They were hastily equipped, each man with a gill of powder and fifteen balls. The lead organ pipes of the church in Cambridge were beaten into slugs to suit the caliber of the muskets used.

Prescott's men worked on until noon, when they saw the glittering ranks of several thousand British soldiers, landed from twenty-eight barges, and moving up the hill to attack them in front. While they were yet forming their lines, the Connecticut men, under the brave Captain Knowlton, constructed another line of defense for the Americans by using a rail fence which ran in the rear of the redoubt some seven hundred feet toward the Mystic River. The ingenious Yankees pulled up another fence hard by, and set it in a double line with the other, filling the space between with sticks, stones, and fresh-mown hay, which lay on the Charlestown meadows. This made an improvised rampart, which, however rude and slight, served well its purpose of a screen, from behind which the soldiers could discharge their muskets at the enemy.
Just before the fight began, General Warren, who was President of the Provincial Congress and the Committee of Safety, arrived on the field with his musket. Putnam and others tried to dissuade him from exposing his life, but he demanded to know where the enemy’s attack was likely to be the fiercest. Putnam pointed to the redoubt, where Prescott and his men stood intrenched, and Warren, being recognized by that officer as his superior, said that he had come as a volunteer, and would serve under Colonel Prescott’s orders.

The fateful moment of the first attack was near. The provincials stood intent, their firelocks ready cocked, eagerly watching the advancing enemy. Their officers ordered them to withhold their fire until the British were within one hundred and fifty feet, and, when they could see the whites of their eyes, to aim directly at their waistbands. Some of the men, chafing at this restraint, discharged their muskets, but Prescott sternly threatened death to any who should repeat it, and told them he would give the word of command at the proper time. A few moments of breathless suspense, and the word “Fire!” rang out loud and clear. The hundreds of guns were discharged at the same moment, with sure and deadly aim; the front ranks of the assailants were mowed down by hundreds. The provincials reloaded their weapons, and poured another volley into the reforming ranks, which broke under this galling fire, until General Pigot, their commander, gave the word for retreat. The provincial soldiers, well protected by their works, lost but a few men from this first onset of the British.

Meanwhile General Howe had made another attack, at a different point, upon a part of the rebel army posted behind the rail fence. Here General Putnam and Captain Ford met the British advance with the six pieces of artillery brought from Cambridge, and the deadly musketry which their men knew so well how to wield. Heaps of the fallen soon strewed the ground, and Howe’s detachment was compelled to retreat in its turn, some of the flying rushing for their boats to escape the “Yankee devils,” whom they had before despised.

On the American side there were some instances of cowardice and desertion, inevitable in any army; but the great majority were as true as steel. They had indeed a spirit and a cause
which gave them a great advantage over the mercenary troops who opposed them. They were fighting for their homes, and for the principle of self-government—two things dearer to them than life. They felt that they had a country worth living for, and a country worth dying for.

But now General Pigot's command, reinforced by four hundred fresh soldiers from Boston, prepared to renew the assault upon the redoubt. At the same time, General Howe had sent an order over to Copp's Hill to Burgoyne and Clinton to fire Charlestown, if possible. This was quickly done by shells, and over two hundred dwellings were soon in a blaze, adding a new horror to the scene of carnage.

The British lines again advanced, marching steadily up the hill, their officers stung with their first defeat. The provincials again had orders not to fire till the enemy were within eight rods, when they poured in a deadly discharge of musketry, which was even more fatal in its effects than the first, since the Americans had learned just how to aim and to fire. For a few moments only, the British stood the tremendous fiery ordeal, then, with men and officers fallen in heaps, though General Howe made frantic efforts to rally them, and some of his brave soldiers even made ramparts of their dead comrades, behind which to renew their fire, they broke in wild retreat, amid the shouts of victory from the American lines.

Once more the assault was renewed, this time with a reinforcement under Clinton, who had witnessed the two successive repulsions of his countrymen from Copp's Hill with rage and mortification. The regulars came on this time divested of their heavy knapsacks, which in the terribly sultry day were so much dead weight upon their efficiency, and they were ordered to stand fire on the first attack, and then to rush in immediately with the bayonet, charging the rebels in their works. One of Prescott's men had incautiously cried out that their ammunition was almost spent, and this rumor was spread among the British. The little band of exhausted but devoted patriots remaining, barely one hundred and fifty, as avouched by Colonel Prescott himself, rallied around their brave leader, received from his own hands the few rounds of powder left, and when that was spent they clubbed their muskets against the foes (having no
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bayonets), and with stones and butt ends of guns kept up an unequal hand-to-hand conflict against the bayonets, slowly and reluctantlyretreating from the bulwark of a night, so heroically defended, as the British soldiers poured into the redoubt, until the remnant of the brave garrison, their faces still mostly toward the foe, reached the American lines to the north of Bunker Hill. General Warren was one of the last to leave the lost redoubt, when a musket-ball struck him in the head, and proved instantly fatal. Fame and a grateful country took care of his illustrious memory.

The other body of Provincials under Putnam, after fighting long at the rail fence, were overpowered by numbers and hostile artillery, and in spite of General Putnam’s mingled prayers and curses (for he swore terribly under adequate provocation) they straggled back, each his own leader, toward Cambridge. The British might have pursued, and perhaps even taken the ill-protected camp at headquarters, but they were so badly cut up and demoralized that no pursuit was made.

Prescott, his clothes all pierced and torn, hastened to report to General Ward, bitterly and justly complaining of the failure of reinforcements, and begging for only three regiments to retake the blood-stained field of Bunker Hill. Prudence, however, prevailed over valor, and nothing was done except to occupy and fortify Prospect Hill, a height distant a mile from the battlefield, until General Washington arrived, two weeks later, to take command of the American Army.

The battle lasted something more than two hours, and was over at five o’clock. All night and all the next day (Sunday) the transports were engaged in carrying the wounded and the dying over to Boston. The hospitals were all crowded to overflowing, and new ones improvised from public buildings and private houses. All Boston was in mourning. How officers high in the British Army viewed it may be seen from the report of their chief commander, General Gage: “The rebels,” said he, “are not the despicable rabble too many suppose them to be;” and he speaks also of their “military spirit,” and “uncommon degree of zeal and enthusiasm.” Another British officer wrote: “They [the Americans] behaved with the most unexampled bravery. The victory has cost us very dear, nor
do I see that we enjoy one solid benefit in return. We have, indeed, learned one melancholy truth, that the Americans are fully as good soldiers as ours." General Nathaniel Greene, ten days after the battle, wrote: "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price," the grim irony of which well depicts the feeling uppermost in the minds of the Americans. And General Burgoyne wrote:

"And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived: If we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; to the left, the enemy, pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land; and in the arm of the sea, our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town in one great blaze—the church steeples, being timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us, the church steeples, and heights of our own camp, covered with spectators of the rest of our Army which was engaged; the hills round the country covered with spectators; the enemy all in anxious suspense; the roar of cannon, mortars, and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks, and whole streets falling together, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubts, with the objects above described, to fill the eye; and the reflection that, perhaps, a defeat was a final loss of the British Empire in America, to fill the mind: made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came to my lot to be witness to."

Finally, what was the military and what the moral effect of the battle, and what its lessons? High British military authority has pronounced the contest at Bunker Hill "one of the most sanguinary battles on record." Its effect in England was immediate and long-continued. It enlightened, if it did not revolutionize, the public opinion of Englishmen regarding the true character of the Americans. The falsehoods and slanders of the royal governors, who had represented them as cowards, under the lead of a few noisy demagogues, were conclusively disproved. General Gage's report of the battle was received by the ministry with dismay. The people received the news with feelings of sympathy or of resentment, according to their opinions of the justice of the struggle. Burke and Pownall and Chatham, and other powerful friends of America who had denounced the rashness of the ministry in undertaking the conquest of the patriots, were fully vindicated. There was a shower of remonstrances, petitions, and public assemblies, which gave vent to the popular
censure of the Government and the war. The enlistment of fresh levies to replenish the decimated ranks at Boston was slow and difficult. Free-born Englishmen did not relish the business of cutting down in battle their own fellow-subjects, or of being themselves made food for powder. High bounties had to be paid, and Hessian and other mercenaries to be hired. The battle and the discussions and agitations that resulted added to the already large number of the avowed or secret friends of America, and thus inured greatly to the advantage of the Colonies. On the Continent, the news of Bunker Hill traveled fast, and filled the world with its fame.

At home, the effects of the fight at Bunker Hill, both in a military and a moral sense, were yet more conspicuous. While some have declined to view it as either the most critical or the most important action of the eight years' war that followed, all must admit that, viewed in its results, it was chief in the calendar of the battles of the Revolution. This initial conflict, so bravely and admirably fought, against every military disadvantage, powerfully influenced the public opinion of the whole continent in favor of the Patriot cause. It did more: it drew the line, at once and decisively, between the friends and the foes of that cause; it put an end to lukewarmness and half-hearted patriotism, to trifling and to whiffling; it unmasked the Tories, and sent them into the British camp, where they belonged; it enabled the Colonists to say, as they armed for fresh struggles, "He that is not for us is against us."

Another thing that it did was to stop the current of petitions and prayers which had so long been poured into the deaf ears of the British ministry. Britain had now flung the sword into the scale, and the American patriots frankly accepted the challenge. Though independence was not formally declared until a year later, the minds of men were everywhere getting prepared for independence. It was felt that it was a very different thing to assert independence of a country full of brethren, and under the sway of mild and equal laws, and a country which was sending thousands of invading troops to enforce the most odious and tyrannical laws, to lay waste their homes, to burn their towns, and to murder their people.

Again, the brave and almost successful defense at Bunker
Hill had an immense moral effect upon the Colonists, who had before them a long and exhausting war. As the story ran from mouth to mouth, or was read in the broad-sides of the newspapers, it worked like a tonic in the blood, to nerve every patriot heart in the land to new determination and to fresh devotion. In this view it is not possible to exaggerate the importance of that day's action. The keynote of the Revolution had been struck in that simple, that sublime, appeal sent to England just before, with the pathetic news of Lexington and Concord:

"Appealing to Heaven for the justice of our cause, we determine to die or be free!"

So is it ever with all those, in every age, who nobly do and dare for the great cause of human liberty. Theirs are the laurels of immortality. They who, like the patriots at Bunker Hill, have sacrificed life to honor; they who have devoted all that they have, and all that they are, on the altar of their country's freedom; they who have conspired or died in the noble warfare against tyranny, will win the gratitude of mankind and the guerdon of immortal fame.

"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die,
Is where he dies for man."

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

THE MEMORY OF JOHN ADAMS.

[Congressman Everett pays it a tribute of praise.]

Representative Everett, of Massachusetts, delivered a brief but eloquent address before the Martha Washington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at their celebration of the 17th of June, at Marshall Hall, Maryland, opposite Mount Vernon. Dr. Everett's remarks were heartily applauded and warmly complimented. He said:

"I thank you deeply for the honor of being selected to address you on this venerable spot and on this doubly sacred day. I cannot claim Bunker Hill Monument itself, for, though it casts its shadow over the dwellings in my district, the actual shaft
rises just over the boundary; but the redoubted Charlestown Neck, the site of the fence where Knowlton's heroes held the wing of the British at bay while Prescott was withstanding their onset at the breastworks; the village street whereby Putnam hurried his scanty supplies of ammunition to the rescue and the gallant Warren ascended to his doom—this hallowed soil of Charlestown is in the district I call mine, as it was my father's before me.

"Old as is the story of the Bunker Hill battle and hackneyed as its incidents may seem, they do not exhaust all the glories of the 17th of June, 1775. When the council of war was sitting in Cambridge, under the very shadow of Harvard College, on the night of the 16th, in the house where our charming poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was born, and which I had myself the privilege of occupying as a residence for many years, an equally solemn council was sitting in Philadelphia, deliberating on the choice of a commander for the Provincial forces just mustered at Cambridge. To choose a captain was not easy. The North was feeling the brunt of the war, and her troops were the first in the field; but as the news of the first bloodshed had gone

FLASHING FROM BOSTON TO SAVANNAH

it had kindled the fire of patriotism in every Colony, and, leaping the Alleghanies, had baptized the first settlement on Kentucky's dark and bloody ground with the name of Lexington. The South had made the cause of the North her own. She was sending regiments to the field in defense of our joint and inseparable rights; and, as has happened since, the shrewd sons of New England saw that if they wanted anything practical done for the whole nation it would be very good policy to offer the leadership to a Southern man.

"Happily the Southern man was not far to seek. There was but one; his courage, his energy, his foresight, his self-control had been household words in the whole country for twenty years. His future greatness had been prophesied by the president of Princeton College, as well as by the savage of the frontier, and Massachusetts told Virginia that to keep the Colonies one in war, as they were by nature one in peace, she would cheerfully place her troops under a commander from
the Old Dominion. When John Adams, on the 15th of June, gave his controlling voice in the Continental Congress that the chief command of the Armies of Liberty should be given to George Washington, the Father of his Country appeared on the 16th before the Congress, and, with his unfailing modesty, excused himself as unequal to the tremendous task. But the Congress well knew what they were about, and on the 17th of June, at the very hour when their brethren were contending on Bunker Hill, they formally pledged him their undivided and unflinching support. The formal motion for his appointment was made by Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, but the proposal, it was well known, came from John Adams.

"From the home where I live in the ancient town of Quincy I see swelling to the sky a woodland hill, and it rises above the lowly farmhouse

WHERE JOHN ADAMS LEFT HIS WIFE

on his departure for the Continental Congress. On the 17th of June, 1775, Abigail Adams led her eight-year-old boy to the top of the hill, which I see almost peering into my southern windows, and bade him look northward, where volumes of smoke were rising over another hill, ten miles distant. She told the boy that that smoke came from the burning dwellings of Charlestown, fired by Sir William Howe in his attack on Prescott’s redoubt on Bunker Hill, and she made her son understand what was the cause in which those dwellings were the sacrifice. The lesson entered into the boy’s blood; it made over his whole being. When his time came he maintained his country’s independence as tenaciously as his father had done before him, and the 17th of June, 1775, received its full commensurate fruit when, on the 4th of July, 1826, that boy, as President of the United States, witnessed the deaths of the twin founders of independence—his father, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson.

"Daughters of the American Revolution, maids and matrons of the Potomac, these are the memories of the 17th of June. You have done well to revive the recollections of that and its kindred days; you have done well to teach them to your sons, your husbands, and your brothers. Oh, see to it, Daughters of the American Revolution, that you not only revive the tale of
THE OLD HINGHAM CHURCH, HINGHAM, MASS.
the past, the lives and exploits of our fathers, but that you inspire those you love with their principles and their spirit, that those in whose hands are the destinies of our beloved Nation shall prove by lofty words and noble deeds that they are indeed worthy to be successors of Putnam, of Prescott, of Adams, and of Washington."

HINGHAM IN THE REVOLUTION.

[Delivered at the gathering of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Hingham, July 4, 1894.]

ONLY under the magical influence of some master of research who combines a statesmanlike judgment of the importance and proportion of events with an artistic and poetical power of depiction can we become actors in that about which we eagerly read, feel the glow of participation in occurrences which have become grand with the lapse of time, understand with the understanding of experience the motives and movements of some mighty historical epoch, breathe its spirit, throb with its passions, hope with its hopes, and at the same time live in and be a part of its rich product.

To comprehend alike the causes, the development, the present position, the apparent or real tendency of a people's growth, of a religious or political departure; to rightly weigh a military conquest, a diplomatic triumph; to bring together two periods of time and view with one intelligent eye that which was and that which is, and then to tell the story of it all in words that instruct while they charm, and stimulate aspiration while kindling the imagination—all this is to grasp a historical period and so color and shade the descriptive canvas that while accurately picturing the past there shall be suggested the light of a new departure in humanity's progress.

Such was the work of that broad mind and recreator of the past, Francis Parkman, who, while crowding his pages with glowing narrative, kept his heart full with belief in the present and hope for the future. With him we have learned to know the Iroquois, the Huron, the Mohawk; have mingled in their
savage orgies, sat at their council fires, triumphed in their bloody victories.

The privilege of conspiring with Pontiac; of threading the dark forests and floating in the Great Lakes of the North with the Jesuit fathers, imbibing their devotion and glorying in their sacrifices; of seeking with the fur-trader the haunts of the otter and the beaver; of idling with the French gallants at Versailles and becoming confidants of the intrigues of the court of Louis XV—all this has been as a living panorama passing before our eyes. We have seen, too, the iron hand of Pitt bringing order out of chaos, and a British army once more strike with energy and with purpose.

The brave defense, the pitiable massacre at Fort William Henry, the brilliant spectacle of the English army on Lake George, the gayeties and treacheries of the little court at Montreal, where during the long winter the old nobility of France danced and sung and flirted, while the fir balsam and the pine surrounded them and stretched somberly away into illimitable distance. The tragedy of Acadia, the splendid victory of Montcalm at Ticonderoga—we have been at them all.

With Wolfe we have floated on the St. Lawrence and listened while he repeated to his officers, the night before his death, Gray's majestic elegy, then just written; and with him have climbed the Heights of Abraham, seen his flush of triumph, caught his dying words. With crushed hearts, and far from his home in sunny France and the wife and mother he so loved and hoped soon to rejoin, we have laid Montcalm to rest in the Convent of the Ursulines. Following the lilies of France and the cross of St. George, the splendid pageant set in the magnificent framework of the beauties of a continent passes before us; the tragedy and the triumph are here and now. Nay, more, as the brilliant colors commence to fade, there come to us, under the same guidance, comprehension of motives, understanding of purposes, influence of ambitions. We perceive something of the destiny of peoples; the meaning of the great struggle becomes apparent; the combat of races, yes, of civilizations, which once appeared but a strife for territory, bears fruit in the birth of a new nation. France and England in the New World have finished one mighty act, taught one great lesson.
With unequaled grace Parkman has thus written the prelude to the American Revolution. Its matchless story is yet to be told, and one of the objects of the Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution is, while stimulating an enlightened public opinion and devotion to the duties of American citizenship, to gather and preserve the apparently unimportant, as well as the obviously valuable, threads of historical incident, which, added to the accumulated resources, may in the hands of some future genius be welded and woven into a beautiful and powerful memorial of that wonderful milestone in Liberty’s progress.

To us who live in this beautiful old town of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, there comes the satisfaction and pride of being descendants of participants in not only that conflict from which the United Colonies emerged a nation, but of those who faithfully served and bravely died in the preliminary struggles, as well as of them who later never suffered her to falter in the cause of humanity or the sacrifice for country.

You need not be reminded that Jotham Gay and Joseph Blake led your ancestors in Nova Scotia; that near half your Hingham company, under Major Samuel Thaxter, was slaughtered at Fort William Henry, or that your townsmen followed the King’s standard from the St. Lawrence to the Mohawk. You recall, and not without a tinge of satisfaction, that when the war whoop rang out from the gallery of the Old South on the afternoon of December 16, 1773, four Hingham men were there to respond to the summons; and our blood stirs the quicker that Amos Lincoln, Jared Joy, Abraham Tower, and Samuel Sprague were among those who dared to forcibly resist the tyrannical edict of Parliament and King. And so we find it in all those stirring and exciting years and months preceding the opening days of that contest which changed the face of the world and which we are here to commemorate.

Wherever aid, sympathy, counsel, preparation, and remonstrance could be of value were found the voices and the hands of the people of Hingham. Her citizens sat in the Provincial Congress, served on committees of safety, gathered military supplies, and prepared for war.

Picture to yourselves for a moment the town as it must have
appeared one hundred and twenty years ago. Its deep-rutted, grassy lanes, with the wild rose on either hand and the violet blooming along the footpath; the cosy cottages shingled and weather-stained, with generous barns adjoining, and little gardens where old-fashioned hollyhocks and thyme seem ever blooming. Here and there, too, are stately dwellings, where paneled doors bear landscapes painted upon them, and grand staircases and wide-tiled fireplaces and tapestries give an air of grandeur. There, too, is the old meetinghouse on the hill, already venerable with its ninety-odd years, while the church at Glad Tidings Plain is stained and brown with the New England winters and summers. There are mills—sawmills, several of them; cornmills at the Cove, at Cushing's Pond and elsewhere; fulling-mills at Fulling Mill Pond and at Crooked Meadow River. Cooper shops abound near the shipping, and the farms look thrifty in the forward spring. See the bright blue harbor lined by wharves and shipyards, with stores filled with West India goods and barrels of mackerel. See the cod drying on the flakes, and smell, if the wind is right, the odor of the fish. More than all, see the white sails of near a hundred brigs and ships from almost every quarter of the globe, riding at anchor or coming into port.

It was a busy place, this little town of two thousand or more people, with many and prosperous forms of industry; ships were built here, all along the water front; cloth was woven; logs sawed; boxes and pails and buckets, thousands of them, turned out; great flax fields were cultivated; sheep were raised; rum and molasses and knickknacks imported; fish cured.

The beautiful street through which you have just driven to this charming spot was a lane barred at another lane leading to Crow Point, and then continuing on nearly to these grounds.

Many fine old houses then standing are now gone; more we still have; some altered in appearance, others nearly as then. General Lincoln's home is much as when he left its peace and comfort to lead the militia of New England to the victory at Saratoga.

The Anchor Tavern, on the site of which Mr. William O. Lincoln's house now is, and which was famous in its day, was pointed out a few years since as the temporary abode of the
Marquis de Lafayette when on a tour of inspection of the fortifications along the South Shore; the Pine Tree Tavern on the same street, a little farther west, has gone also; but another near Ship street (then Fish street), and known as the Nye Tavern, is interesting as the place where were quartered officers of the British army—prisoners of war. The old garrison house, still standing on North street, near Cottage, was even then one hundred and thirty years old.

At the foot of Fish street was the shipyard of Captain Francis Barker, and at the mill pond two cornmills sang merrily as they ground the yellow grain.

The splendid elm in front of Captain Peter Cushing's house at Rocky Nook was even then a noted tree. An inscription tells us that it was transplanted in 1729, nearly fifty years before. We know, too, that a company of soldiers marching for duty here rested and listened to a farewell sermon by Reverend John Brown, himself a veteran of the French and Indian wars.

At Broad Bridge the town brook came babbling along from the meadows above, and here broadened into a pond, where cattle and horses paused to drink its sweet waters.

The village graveyard crept down the hill which happy children now climb in going to Derby Academy, and at its foot nestled then, and nestles still, the cozy cottage of Elisha Cushing, now the Hollis House, while where the road runs in these later days some of Acadia's lost and exiled children were then sleeping their long sleep. On the crest of the hill and southeast of the Academy the old fort, erected an hundred years before against King Philip, kept watchful eye over the harbor and the town. It is there now, too, and within its grassy ramparts quietly rest many of Hingham's first settlers—the hardy toilers who felled her forests, tilled her soil, fished in her waters; the brave men who defended her homes and followed her colors in the swamps and morasses of Rhode Island, to the frowning ramparts of Louisburg, on the placid waters of Lake George, in the frozen woods of Canada.

It was a lovely town, this of ours, in that time, with the loveliness of the days of a century and a quarter ago, when the roads were rougher and the buildings less finished, but when also the forests were more extensive and the streams purer. It was a
martial town, too, as it had been from the days of the war with the Pequots; and so when on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, straining ears caught the sharp click, click of the hurrying horse's hoofs through the streets, and the rider's cry, "'To arms! to arms!'" the drums commenced to roll and rattle, and the fifes, to awaken the sleeping patriots, and in the morning there marched out four companies of Hingham men, commanded by veterans, with the crimson colors of the King floating over them, but with the spirit of the Commonwealth, the stern determination to secure self-government, stirring in their hearts. One of those beautiful banners, at least a part of one, never again to be marched under or fought under by an American, I hold in my hand. It was carried by Lieutenant and Ensign Nathan Lincoln, my own great-grandfather, in whose right, in part, I am here to-day, as in the right of the brave service of those others most of you are here.

We need not follow these men in the details of their service then, or of the hundreds who with them in the succeeding days and months and years never faltered in the hour of need. It is enough that when that shot whose reverberating echoes are still heard wherever Liberty is menaced went ringing out at Concord Bridge and sounding the tocsin to freemen, our fathers were already on their way; that Joseph Thaxter, preaching as a candidate for the ministry at Westford, seized his pistols and dashing to the scene of battle on horseback, there received the fire of the British and gave to Hingham the honor of participation in the first conflict of the Revolution; that a month later, almost to a day, from the shores of the beautiful Huit's Cove, but a step from where we are gathered, these same men and their countrymen from Scituate and Quincy and Weymouth beat off a British force foraging on Grape Island, and thus brought to the old town the proud distinction of being one of the battle-grounds of the Revolution; that in the trenches at Dorchester, the disasters in Canada, the bitter cold and starvation of Valley Forge, the victories of Trenton and Princeton, the expeditions to Rhode Island, the glorious triumph at Stillwater, the defense of the Hudson, the protection of the coast at Hull, the garrisoning of our own post at Broad Cove, the retreat through the morasses of Georgia, the long march through Virginia, and the
crowning success at Yorktown, Hingham men filled the ranks and fought the fight. We cannot forget that hot, windy, dust-filled, disastrous day in September, 1777, when at Brandywine young Joseph Andrews, only twenty years of age, and in command of a battery manned by Hingham men, persisted, though already wounded, in fighting his gun with such bravery, and until a cannon shot ended his manly life, that forty years afterwards Lafayette recalled it to one of our townsmen. From Lexington to Yorktown there was no shadow of turning. All through these long eight years, in camp, march, battle, and siege, your and my townsmen and ancestors formed part of that noble body that knew the faces of the enemy, waited patiently that they might see the whites of the eyes before firing, stood like the rocks of New England in the hour of danger, and when others fled, panic-stricken, gave hope and confidence to Washington and heard his grateful "God bless the Massachusetts line."

Do not your hearts throb and thrill with it all? Mine does, and I thank God that my fortune has been to be descended from one—yes, from four—who were participators in the immortal days when Washington led and brave men followed. More, that this grand old town, filled with its traditions and memories and history, is my town, as you are, also, that it is yours. Hingham, the home, the first American home of such families as the Lincolns, than which no other has rendered equal service to the country in peace and war; the Otises, the Fearings and Cushings and Herseys and Burrs and Towers and Barnes, the Spragues and Wilders and Whitons, the Thaxter and the Shutes, the Gays and the Wares. The community which knew no religious persecution in the days even of the greatest intolerance, and where a more liberal and kindly spirit and a broader Christianity almost may be said to have received its birth at the hands of Dr. Gay.

The native place of such artists as the Gays—Allan and Walter, who are adding fame to American achievement every year in the city of France; the birthplace of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet; the mother of soldiers like Samuel Thaxter and Benjamin Lincoln; the seat of culture, almost, in this Commonwealth, for many years in the early part of the century,
when there came even from the West Indies scholars to attend her then newly founded Academy; the sturdy old town where the New England town government still exists in all its purity and vigor, in whose bosom rests the great civic general of the Revolution, Benjamin Lincoln, and the great champion of freedom during even a mightier struggle, John A. Andrew.

Salem, Deerfield, Concord, Lexington, Plymouth, Hingham! What a heritage have the children of any of them! What traditions to keep alive, reputations to preserve unsullied!

The smoke and the tumult of battle have long since rolled away. We have come to know the American Revolution better in another way in these last few years—more broadly, more justly; to comprehend its causes and its meaning as never before; to understand that it was not an end, but only a beginning; to see that not resistance to taxation, but a faith in self-government and a determination to enjoy self-government was its cornerstone; to know that in the progress of mankind it is the great milestone of the later centuries; to feel that when humanity had almost ceased to move forward it was the propelling force that opened the gates of promise to the future.

Daughters of the American Revolution, daughters, most of you, of the men of Hingham, we all—the thoughtful, sober-minded, conservative lovers of American institutions—have a growing duty to perform in these days when anarchy and socialism and nationalism come with their new promises and their dark menaces. Not only are such societies as yours to preserve the traditions of the past, to encourage the study of history, to commemorate its great names and events which have made it luminous, but with open hearts to welcome that which the experience of time shall develop as wiser and better than that which has gone; to stamp upon indifference to public affairs as treason for which there can be no forgiveness or tolerance; to insist at all times upon a pure, upright, loyal, active American citizenship; to make brave, manly men of your sons; sweet, pure, womanly women of your daughters, and to stand for liberty under God at all times, in all places, whether in adversity or in prosperity, in peace or in war.

WALTER L. BOUVE.
THE MONTH OF MAY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

[The following paper was read at a recent meeting of Mary Silliman Chapter.]

When it was first suggested that I write up the historic events of May it seemed to me that, carrying it through the eight years of the Revolution, I must find a large mass of material at command; but it is astonishing to observe how perversely great events seem to have avoided this particular month. For instance, the opening battles of the Revolution, Lexington and Bunker Hill, around which cluster so many interesting incidents, fall the one just before May 1, the other shortly after May 31.

Throughout the whole period of the war critical actions seem to have taken place somewhat later in the year; but some minor affairs are connected with May, and the first of these, the capture of Ticonderoga, is especially interesting to us because it was planned by members of the Connecticut Assembly and executed under the leadership of a man who, though cherished as one of the heroes of Vermont, was yet of Connecticut birth—Ethan Allen.

For three weeks before the fight occurred at Lexington vague hints and rumors were flying about in regard to the seizure of Fort Ticonderoga. Not only would the ammunition stored there be of great assistance to the Colonists, but its position was such that it held the key to the entrance of Canada. The idea did not take definite shape, however, until eight days after "the embattled farmers" fired "the shot heard round the world." Then several members of the Colonial Assembly at Hartford planned the affair as a private enterprise, but they afterwards obtained a grant of money from the Colony to assist them.

Only sixteen men started from Connecticut, but they were joined as they went through Massachusetts by forty or fifty more, and upon reaching Bennington found Colonel Allen, who had been apprised of the expedition, waiting for them with a company of his Green Mountain boys. At this juncture Colonel Benedict Arnold appeared with a commission from the Massachusetts authorities, who were unaware of the Connecticut move-
ment, to organize an expedition for the capture of the fort. As the Vermonters flatly refused to serve under any one but their own leader, Colonel Arnold finally solved the difficulty by joining their company as a volunteer.

May 10, 1775, very early in the morning, Colonel Allen, with eighty-five men, not daring to await the arrival of the rest, who were to be brought over in small boats, crept up to the fort and woke the garrison with cheers. So complete was the surprise that scarcely any resistance was made, and a few moments later Allen stood before the commandant’s door demanding his surrender. The captain, who had arisen hastily on hearing the noise, appeared at the door half dressed, his pretty young wife peering over his shoulder, and upon recognizing Allen, with whom he had some acquaintance, inquired by whose authority he made that demand. “In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” was the reply. Some one has remarked that the British captain probably had as much respect for the last as Allen himself had for the first-mentioned authority; but however that may be, the words have become inseparably associated with Allen’s memory, and two summers ago when I visited his grave in the old burying ground near Burlington, I found them inscribed on his monument.

Thus easily did the Colonists gain possession of a post which it had cost Great Britain £8,000,000 to fortify, and two days later Crown Point was also taken. The prisoners, I believe, were most of them sent to Hartford, and Connecticut assumed charge of the two forts. In the glow of victory Allen desired to push on into Canada, and if he had been permitted to do so, possibly the disastrous failure of the Americans before Quebec the next year might have been averted.

On the same day that Fort Ticonderoga was taken the Second Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia, but nothing of importance resulted from its meetings during this month. Its expressions of opinion and its advice to the Colonists were on the whole rather timid and hesitating, though it showed a commendable spirit of firmness in upholding Massachusetts in her resistance to British oppression.

During this whole month Boston was in a state of great excitement. The British held it under military rule, and the
patriots shut them in so closely it was difficult to get food into the city. There was a struggle between the parties for the possession of the islands in the harbor, many of which were well stocked with cattle and hay, being the homes of prosperous farmers.

In these little skirmishes the Americans were usually successful, and in one affair near Noddle's Island they quite covered themselves with glory. This happened on Saturday, May 27. A party of Americans set out to secure the cattle from Hog and Noddle's Islands, which are near Chelsea. The British, perceiving their movements, sent against them a sloop, a schooner, and some small boats filled with marines from a man-of-war. The Americans were driven from Noddle's Island, but not till they had burned a house and barn and secured most of the stock. On their retreat they stopped on Hog Island, drove off more cattle, and landed on Chelsea Neck, where, receiving reinforcements under General Putnam, they began to fire at the enemy. This was kept up until the schooner had to be abandoned, and it subsequently ran aground and was plundered and burned by the Americans. The next day firing was renewed, and the sloop so disabled that it had to be towed off. As a result of this affair the patriots not only gained a large amount of cattle, but a considerable sum of money and several pieces of cannon. Even so slight a success as this was quite encouraging and gained a great deal of praise for General Putnam and his men.

A few days previous to this engagement the three British commanders, Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, arrived in the port of Boston, and in their arrogant English way they poohed at the idea of the British army being shut up in Boston, remarking that they would soon "make elbow-room." This expression was repeated and passed into a byword, and it is related that after Burgoyne's surrender, when he was brought to Boston and a great crowd had gathered to see him, an old woman who occupied a post of advantage in an upper window called out to the men in the street, "Give the General elbow-room," to Burgoyne's great chagrin.

During this month also the fathers of the State of Kentucky held their first council, and began their task of founding a great State in the wilderness.
In May, 1776, the American Army, which had been besieging Quebec during the winter and had suffered terribly from lack of food and clothing and also from the ravages of smallpox, gave up all hope of accomplishing its object, and began to retreat.

May 2, 1777, General Wooster died in Danbury. You remember that after the burning of Danbury, on April 27, Wooster pursued Tryon, and in a skirmish near Ridgefield received the wound which caused his death in a few days.

During the remaining years of the war May furnishes us no very striking occurrences. In the irregular guerrilla warfare carried on in the South during this period, it is difficult to single out any one important action, excepting perhaps the capture of Charleston by the British in 1778. After a siege of several months, during which the Americans, in spite of the wretched condition of their forts and defenses, held out obstinately and refused several times to ratify terms of surrender proposed to them, the garrison finally capitulated, receiving terms which would have been favorable if adhered to faithfully, but which were soon ignored by the English on the ground that British supremacy had been re-established in South Carolina.

There are two other matters of which I should like to speak, namely, the Mischianza and the founding of the Society of the Cincinnati. Although they are not, strictly speaking, events of the war, yet they are so closely connected with it that I may perhaps be pardoned for referring to them. Mischianza is an Italian word meaning medley, and was the name given to a celebration which took place in Philadelphia on May 18, 1778. The entertainment was given by the officers of the British army in honor of their commander, Sir William Howe, and his brother, the admiral, on the occasion of the former's departure for England. The leading spirit in this unique affair was Major André, who was then only a captain. He designed the elaborate tickets of admission and superintended the decorations, and he seems to have felt very proud of his success, for in a letter to a friend he describes the entertainment as being the most magnificent ever given by an army to its commander.

The celebration lasted all day and all night, too, and was divided into three distinct parts. First, there was a regatta on
the Delaware River, in which gaily decorated barges and flatboats took part, the guests of honor, with large parties of ladies and gentlemen, being conveyed in these beautiful galleys. They filed down the river to the music of military bands and landed at the foot of the lawn belonging to the old Wharton mansion. The lawn was filled with troops, between whose ranks the guests passed until they reached two triumphal arches, buttressed with pavilions. Here were tiers of seats from which they witnessed a tournament, given with all the splendor of the old days of chivalry. At the close of the tourney the guests entered the mansion to take part in a grand ball and banquet. During the evening a fine display of fireworks was given from one of the triumphal arches, after which followed the banquet, then dancing was resumed and went on till daylight. By that time we can imagine the revelers must have been thoroughly exhausted. The Wharton house was lavishly decorated for the occasion, the supper-room alone being lined, it is said, with eighty-five mirrors all draped with bright silks and garlanded with artificial flowers. It is no wonder that this scene of folly and extravagance aroused much unfavorable comment, when we consider the privation and want then existing throughout the country; but it drew to a fitting close a season of such frivolity and license as to justify Franklin's biting jest that the British had not taken Philadelphia, but Philadelphia had taken the British.

And now in speaking of our last topic, the Society of the Cincinnati, we are brought to the very close of the Revolution. This society was founded May 10, 1783, by the officers of the Continental Army, which was then in camp at Newburg. The cause of it lay in the uncertainty that prevailed in regard to the fate of the men who were expecting to be disbanded soon and to return to civil life. Their future looked very dark. During the weary years of the war they had spent their fortunes as well as their strength in fighting for liberty. Many of them had been obliged to run deeply into debt to maintain themselves and their families; their pay was in arrears; the people showed the proverbial ingratitude of republics toward those who had sacrificed so much for their country; the workhouse or the jail seemed their only resource. The state of feeling may be dis-
covered from Washington's letters to Congress in regard to the matter of paying the soldiers. He says in one letter that if his requests are not complied with he shall then learn what ingratitude is.

In view of these facts it is no wonder that the officers of the Army should band themselves together in some way, so that when they should disperse to their homes they might still have some common interest, and bring their united influence to bear upon any matter that seemed to require it, and that they might aid and comfort each other in every way possible. Accordingly a meeting was held at Baron Steuben's headquarters, May 10, at which the society was formed, and having, as it is expressed in their constitution, "high veneration for the character of the illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus," they thought they might "with propriety denominate themselves the Society of the Cincinnati." It was further agreed that their eldest male descendants, or even collateral branches that were judged worthy, should be eligible to the society. The meetings of the State societies were to be held annually on July 4, but the general society meetings were to be triennial.

Bitter opposition was raised against the society by civilians, who believed that the members were trying to establish a kind of aristocracy in the new republic, and as a matter of expediency Washington himself finally advised its dissolution; but the State branches refused to accept the recommendation of the general society to this effect, so that some of them remain even to the present day. The Connecticut branch, I am sorry to say, dissolved in 1804, for some unexplained reason. I understand that the New York and Pennsylvania societies are now most flourishing.

Of the many brave and famous Frenchmen who were members of the original society it is said that few survived the French Revolution, and as far as I could learn no traces of the organization can now be found in France.

Bessie Bishop Hanover.
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

COULD we find heroines in these days
By marching our broad State through?
Could we walk in the old, heroic ways
As grandmother used to do?

Could we hand the musket to son and spouse,
And bid them be leal and true,
Then take up their labor of spades and plows,
As grandmother used to do?

When, paid by the British to work us harm,
Came howling the Indian crew,
Could we, ourselves, the old kings arm,
As grandmother used to do?

When the heartless troops of the Red Coats came
To burn homes that were dear and new,
Could we, still undaunted, behold the flame,
As grandmother used to do?

Would we cut into soldiers' clothes our cloaks
When our handsome things were few,
And go humbly to church, dressed like poorer folks,
As grandmother used to do?

When we look at her picture, within its frame,
That a once famous artist drew,
We think we could do some things the same
As grandmother used to do.

We think that, perchance, if we powdered our hair,
And had therein pearls to strew,
We would look in the mirror almost as fair
As grandmother used to do.

And then if the generals came to dine,
In their uniforms buff and blue,
We would meet them—elegant, straight, and fine—
As grandmother used to do.

We think at a ball or reception grand,
While many stood round to view,
We could dance, when the general gave his hand,
As grandmother used to do.
But when from such visions and dreams we wake,
These little words still pursue,
"Would we give all for liberty's sake,
As grandmother used to do?"

Yes, surely there are 'midst the daughters here
The many—not one, nor two—
Who would give up all that they hold most dear,
As grandmother used to do.

Who, besides holding her beauty and charm,
Would weave, and would spin and brew,
And give their sons, and work the farm,
As grandmother used to do.

In the century past the tender flower
Of womanhood grew and grew,
Till we think deeper, and more to the hour
Than grandmother used to do:

Yet in these days, when mother, and wife,
And daughter each holds a "view,"
It will bless us to think of the deeds of life
That grandmother used to do?

MRS. HOWARD J. CURTIS.

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

[The following paper was read at a meeting of the Mary Silliman Chapter,
at which the State Regent, Mrs. Keim, was present.]

ON OCTOBER 17, 1777, the Royal British Army, for the first

time in the history of the struggle for independence, under the

command of the proud-spirited Burgoyne, after a long and

disastrous campaign, laid down its arms in submission to the

American General Gates. A more fitting time could not have

been chosen for unfurling to the breeze for the first time in a

formal and conspicuous way the new standard of the young

Republic, the "Stars and Stripes"—the white flag of the infant

navy, and the red flag of the army in alternate parts palewise,

and in a canton in dexterchief, azure, a new constellation, a

cluster of stars representing the Union of the thirteen Colonies.

Four months before, June 14, 1777, this flag had been adopted
THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

by Congress, Washington himself submitting the design to a Mrs. Ross, an upholsterer in Philadelphia, who with one slight correction, followed the original drawing in the making of it. During the following winter at Valley Forge it no doubt sustained and cheered the suffering patriots; it waved victoriously at Yorktown, at the evacuation of New York (though the British left the royal ensign nailed to its staff on the Battery, with the halyards removed, and pole well greased), and it shared in all the glories of the last days of the Revolution.

For some time previous to the Revolution, and even after the Declaration of Independence, a variety of flags was displayed in the revolted Colonies. The Connecticut troops bore as their standard the arms of Connecticut, with the motto “Qui transit tulit sustinet.” General Putnam used the same legend on one side of his flag, with the words “An appeal to Heaven” on the other side. The rattlesnake with the motto “Don’t tread on me” and the “green pine tree” are both familiar to all of us.

At Fort Moultrie we hear of the “white crescent in a blue field” that Sergeant Jasper, leaping the parapet, fixed firmly upon the bastion, amid a shower of bullets, in plain sight of the whole British fleet, and of that other flag, “richly embroidered,” presented to the regiment by the wife of Colonel Elliot, and which the same brave Jasper gave his life to save. The battle-flag of Colonel William Washington, that waved at Cowpens and Eutaw Springs, was a square of crimson brocade cut from the back of a drawing-room chair by his fiancée, mounted on a hickory pole, and never Fleming followed the “Black Lion of Flanders” or Protestant Frenchmen the “white plume” on the “helmet of Navarre” with greater devotion or loftier enthusiasm. In the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore, carefully preserved in a glass case, is the banner made by the Moravian sisters, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, of crimson silk, and presented by them to Count Pulaski, and carried through many a martial scene until he fell, at Savannah, in 1779. The flag carried by the “Washington Life Guards,” a body of picked men, selected from all the Colonies, and often in battle, is in the museum at Alexandria, Virginia, and bears the legend, “Conquer or die.” To tell how our Starry Banner has grown
in power is to tell the long and thrilling story of victories gained, as step by step the feeble thirteen Colonies have grown into a great nation—a growth unequaled by that of any of the other nations of Christendom.

On May 1, 1794, by the act of Congress, two stars were added for Vermont and Kentucky, and the number of stripes was increased to fifteen. No further alteration was made until 1818, when it was resolved to retain the thirteen stripes in memory of the original thirteen colonies, and make the number of stars represent the Union, a new star to be added on the 4th of July next succeeding the admission of any new State, and down to the present time it has continued thus established.

Though we cannot claim great antiquity for our flag, it is older than the present flag of Spain, or Germany, or China, or Japan, or the French tricolor, and twenty-four years older than the present flag of Great Britain. To the brave Scotchman, John Paul Jones, was given the honor of first displaying the new ensign upon a man-of-war, the "Ranger," and later, September 23, 1779, when the "Bon Homme Richard," "the gallant craft cut entirely to pieces between decks, from the mainmast to the stern, with the rudder gone, with five feet of water in the hold and her rigging on fire in several places," fought the "Serapis," it was the captain of the "Serapis" that struck the flag of England to the flag of the United States, giving to it in all foreign waters a reputation never since lost.

In 1805, at Derne, in Tripoli, our first flag was planted upon a fortress of the Old World. Eight years later, America and England met in single naval combat, afterwards in squadron combat, every ship striking its colors to the Stars and Stripes. When, as the result of the annexation of Texas, the United States invaded Mexico, with what pride was followed the Nation's ensign as it floated triumphantly from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, then over the almost impregnable castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and with what breathless expectation the country waited during the fifty days the Army was hid from view, and with what wild joy they hailed the glorious banner when it was flung to the breeze over the halls of the Montezumas, where three hundred years before the colors of Spain had been planted.
Years after, many of these brave men who had fought side by side on the splendid heights of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec were engaged in fratricidal conflict. Sometimes the "Stars and Stripes" went down before the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy. With heroic sacrifice she fought for her opinions and was defeated. Forever furled her banners lie! Time has closed the breach, and now on anniversary days on battlefield and on burying ground the Blue and the Gray mingle in brotherly harmony, pledged to the support of one government, loyal to one flag.

Only a piece of bunting! Yet how the romance of conflict and the strength and glory of the people concentrate about it. We can easily understand how eagerly Francis Scott Key watched in the "dawn's early light" for the "broad stripe" and "bright stars" from his confinement on the British ship.

And when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories
Sweet and endless.

And may it evermore be a "fair vision" to the sight, from the eastern coast to the sunny western slopes, from the icefields of Alaska to the orange groves of the South, on mountain top and boundless prairie, on fortress and schoolhouse, representing all that is heroic in courage, princely in liberality, magnanimous in victory, and grand in compassionate, tender humanity, guarding the rights of all classes, the pride and glory of every American citizen.

Martha Edwards Beach.
KING’S MOUNTAIN.

OCTOBER stands—month Midas-fingered—
Where the forests skyward lift,
And each idly wandering zephyr
Laden comes with golden drift,
Myriad hues of blended blossoms
Banner bright the woodland ways
Where King's Mountain frowns imperial,
Diademed with purple haze.

Backward, backward cast thy vision
Through the cycle's rolling mist.
Lo, the same scene, scarlet tinted
Where the early frosts have kissed.
But beneath the placid beauty
Drowsy with its droning life,
Stirring patriot blood to fury
Heaved a tidal wave of strife.

For the tyrant British leader
Sent his minions through the land,
And their desolating passage
Wide they marked with blade and brand;
Till the hardy mountain heroes
To repel the vaunting foe
Gathered in the deep-set valleys
Where the Western Waters flow.

Gathered, as the storm clouds muster
Ere the outburst of the blast,
And their threats, like muttered thunder,
On the wind west speeding past.
Every cliff gave back its echo,
Every cave and rocky steep
Thrilled with cries of right and freedom,
Startled from their mystic sleep.

Arms and war's supplies were scanty,
But each dim-lit mountain cave
Frosted with its crystal splendor,
Garnered store of niter gave;
And the powder's needed charcoal
Calm-eyed women, undismayed,
Burned upon their lowly hearth stones
Where the thoughtless children played.

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And the red glow every evening
   Filled the humble homes with light,
Touched a maiden dreaming shyly
   Of her lover's last goodnight;
Crowned with gold the silver tresses
   Of a dame whose youth was dim;
Wrapt in warmth a frail young mother
   Singing sweet her cradle hymn.

All these scenes the flashing firelight
   Caught within its tender glow,
And the embers gave no token
   They were death-fraught for the foe.
For the foe who on King's Mountain
   Pitched their white tents in the light,
Deeming not the hated "rebels"
   Dared assail that dizzy height.

Little knew they all the valor
   That assaulting band would show;
Men who fight for home and honor
   Strike with God to guide the blow.
And no man among them wavered,
   Eye nor visage told dismay
As their thin line girt the mountain
   On that wan October day.

On the crest the British leader,
   Like a wolf trapped in his lair,
Struck out blindly, but each movement
   Closer drew the fatal snare.
Vain—in vain his soldiers rallied
   To redeem and save the day,
For the mountaineers' keen rifles
   Picked them off like birds of prey.

Then as moved by one grand impulse,
   One intent and purpose high,
Forward surged that line of heroes
   With a glad, exultant cry;
For a voice struck through the sunlight,
   Through the deafening roar of war
With its call of "Up," and "Onward!"
   Though no man the speaker saw.

'Twas the voice that startled Israel
   By the Red Sea's sounding shore,
And that Tell heard in its glory
   On the Alpine heights of yore,
At whose call above Plataea
All of Sparta held its breath,
And whose echoes bleeding Poland
Caught amid the throes of death.

Now above King’s lofty Mountain
Once again that cry floats free,
And the charging patriots know it—
Know the voice of Liberty!
And responsive to its summons
Up they spring from crag to crag,
Up—to where the British banner
Flutters like a crimson rag.

Up and on—no thought of danger,
(How the ringing rifles flash!)
All of England had not stayed them
In that headlong, upward dash!
Ferguson, the British leader,
Gave his life to stem the tide,
And his horse without a rider
Plunges down the mountain side.

Then from o’er the topmost bowlder
Sinks the red-crossed flag from sight
And another, white and drooping,
Wavers in the fading light,
Sadly, dumbly asking quarter
For the furious fight is done,
And the patriots stand as victors
In the last light of the sun.

Once again the placid autumn
Crowns the peak with purple haze,
Once again the soft-hued blossoms
Banner bright the woodland ways.
Years have left no scar of battle,
But at times I seem to see
Those bold heroes on King’s Mountain
Turn a nation’s destiny!

Memphis, Tennessee.

Sara Beaumont Kennedy.
FRONTIER LIFE DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

From the beginning to the end of the war the Tories sought in every way possible to harass the Patriots by encouraging the Indians to kill or make captive the inhabitants of the straggling settlements on the frontier. From Port Jervis to the Water Gap the better dwelling-houses were stockaded and known as “forts.” The people in this region lived in constant terror, for although they were supposed to be under military protection they had few officers and a mere handful of drilled men. Many heroic deeds were enacted in these wilds by men and women who served their country with true patriotic hearts, though they now fill unknown graves. Those who were nearer the cities or were so fortunate as to be with the main army have received their full portion of honor. On Analomink Creek, three miles from the Delaware Water Gap, in Pennsylvania, there stood, in 1770, a large stone mansion owned and occupied by Jacob Stroud. Early in the war he was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel, and at his own expense he stockaded his dwelling and named it Fort Penn. Thus, not only his services but the best of his worldly possessions were given to his bleeding country. Colonel Stroud owned many acres of land surrounding the house, which it was his intention to eventually convert into a town. This he successfully accomplished in 1795, giving it the name of Stroudsburg. It is now the county seat of Monroe. Colonel Jacob Stroud was well qualified for the position he occupied. When scarcely of age he had served in the French and Indian wars. He was with Monroe at Fort William Henry, and was one of the few who by dexterous dodging and swiftness in running escaped from the savages at the surrender of the fort—a butchery which Montcalm cruelly and treacherously sanctioned. He followed Wolfe when he scaled the heights at Quebec and landed on the Plains of Abraham. He was, in fact, one of the three who carried Wolfe from the field, gave him his last drink, and told him of the fight of the French.

Jacob Stroud never hesitated for one moment as to which
cause he should espouse. That he had the confidence of his
township is evident, for he was elected, only four days after the
signing of the Declaration of Independence, a delegate to the
convention which formed the first constitution of Pennsylvania.
After the war he was sent by Northampton County as a repre-
sentative to the House, where he served for three years. This
was before Great Britain acknowledged our freedom, which was
not until September 3, 1783. In his legislative career, as in
everything which he undertook, he showed much exemplary
punctuality and diligence.

On July 3, 1778, occurred the frightful massacre at Wyoming.
This has formed the theme of poet and painter, but how few of
us at the present day fully realize all the subsequent horrors
of that dire event. A large number of those who escaped the
scalping-knife fled for protection to Fort Penn and its immediate
vicinity. These fugitives made a mad, wild rush over sixty
miles, through wood and stream, fearing naught but the war-
whoop, which seemed to their frightened ears ever about to re-
sound. Bands of women and children, with but here and there
a man, traversed the marshy plateau of the Pocono Mountain,
through well-nigh impenetrable undergrowth. Children were
born and died, as they struggled through the dark, murky water,
which was filled with loathsome creeping things. This fearful
swamp is still known as the "Shades of Death." Some irre-
trievably lost their way; others were unable to bear the fatigue
and hunger, and so perished. The larger number, however,
fed upon the whortleberries which a merciful Providence had
caused to abound that year, and were kept alive until they
reached shelter. Words fail to convey an idea of what a sixty-
mile march under such circumstances meant. These poor crea-
tures were generously and comfortably cared for by the inmates
of Fort Penn. They were also kindly helped on their way, as
the following passport shows:

Permit the bearer, Sergeant William Searle, with twelve women and
children in company with him, to pass unmolested to some part of the
State of Connecticut where they may be able, by their industry, to ob-
tain an honest living, they being part of the unhappy people driven off
from Wyoming by the Tories and Indians, and are truly stript and dis-
tressed, and their circumstances call for the charity of all Christian
people, and are especially recommended by me to all persons in authority,
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civil and military, and to all Continental officers and commissaries, to
issue provisions and other necessaries for their relief on the road.
Given under my hand, at Fort Penn, July 14, 1778.

JACOB STROUD, Colonel.

We may be sure that Elizabeth (Macdowel) Stroud, loved
and trusted wife of Colonel Jacob, did her full share in succor-
ing the distressed. Her husband often asserted that the greatest
mistake of his life was in not marrying sooner. He had full
confidence in the wisdom of her opinion, and averred that he
always consulted her in every new undertaking. Her tomb-
stone states that "she was one of the best and most exemplary
of women." There is not a shadow of doubt but that she was
as staunch a Whig as her husband, since he consulted her and
followed her advice. To live in barracks and oversee the prov-
ender for a company of soldiers, who were not provided with
regular army rations, was no slight service to her country.

Letters were written by Colonel Stroud and are on file asking
aid of the Council not only for ammunition, of which they were
sadly in need, but for help to obtain actual necessities. Salt
brought from eight to twenty dollars per bushel, and sometimes
could not be obtained at any price. A kind of fern was often
used when in great need, but it was a poor substitute. A letter
from Colonel Stroud to Colonel Matlock, bearing date October
16, 1779, says:

I must beg of you, if it is in your power, to assist me in getting twenty-
seven and a half bushels of salt that I engaged and paid Abel James for
last April. * * * being alarmed by the Indians, I would not send for
it and looked on it as safer than it would be here, for every day we may
be driven off. We are so far away, we do not stand any chance of getting
salt, * * * and as for sending flour down, we cannot do it, as the
Army has taken all our grain.

The cattle were driven to the cities and they had little or no
meat. Tallow was equally scarce, and they were forced to use
the stems and twigs of the candleberry bush in its place. When
they were boiled a peculiar grease came to the surface, which
was skimmed off, and thus little by little enough was procured
to be dipped and molded. These candles were of a delicate
green color and gave a pale though clear light. A letter of
Colonel Stroud to the President of the Council gives further
account of their distress:
DEAR SIR: The Indians and Tories have gone to Coshickton with their plunder and expect to get reinforcement and be down immediately on us. The greater part of these Tories are persons who have their wives and families in the settlement, with whom they are in correspondence. Wyoming can be of no service to us as a frontier. The small party at Wyoming are barely able to keep that fort. The Indians that we fear will come down the Delaware River with canoes to the mouth of the Mahaughkomack Creek, which is just above our settlement, or they may come a little lower. I know of nothing to prevent. I assure you there are but very few people left above Michael Yensalis' mill, which is twelve miles from my house. Between me and the great swamp there is no settlement, but bare woods. Indians are not like other enemies that we can live with and about. Where they have their camp they destroy all. The Indians came near the time of the oath of that woman, the account of which we sent by Esquire Van Campen, and had it not been for the high waters they would have done more mischief, for there was nothing to hinder them. It was two days after they were gone before the militia could be collected. So I must leave the matter with you and the Council, hoping that you will do, at this distressing time, something for us and give us relief. We have our eyes on you, for we have no other place to apply.

I am, sir, your very humble servant,

JACOB STROUD.

The next year, July 19, 1779, John Van Campen wrote President Reed as follows:

I was the spectator of great distress of many families left bare and destitute of all necessaries of life, who lived formerly in the midst of plenty. Colonel Jacob Stroud acts the part of a brave officer with a few of the neighbors who scout in the woods with him.

Colonel Jacob Stroud was the son of Bernard and Keziah (Harker) Stroud. He was born at Amwell, New Jersey, January 15, 1735. He was decidedly social, very easy in manner, and quick at repartee. At one of the early elections he was accosted with, "Don't you think, Colonel, that one man is as good as another?" "Yes," was the ready response, "and a great deal better." He owned several slaves who lived in his family after freedom and were always loyal to "Ole Massa." With all he required prompt obedience and punctuality. It is related that he once noticed a door which had been carelessly left standing open; he inquired who had been there last, and upon being told the name of the man, with the additional information
that said person was working in a field a mile distant, he replied, "Send him to me at once." When the transgressor appeared with the question, "Did you want me, Colonel?" he was silenced by, "Yes; close that door." The rebuke was understood, and no further comment needed. All orders were given in few words, but they were imperative.

He much disliked intoxicating liquors and always abstained from them. His health was good, and he would probably have lived to a great age had not a chaise in which he was riding accidentally overturned, thereby throwing him with such violence against the stump of a tree as to cause a serious injury to the liver. A settled jaundice followed, which produced his death on the 14th of July, 1806, at the age of seventy-one and a half years. He is buried at Stroudsburg, in the burial ground he presented to the town.

Susan Stroud Robeson.
WHAT WE ARE DOING.

THE FOUNDING OF NEW LONDON.

The historic feeling is so strongly developed in New London that there will be sure to be a deep interest in the commemoration of the 250th birthday of this town, May 6, 1896. Not every place can attain so ripe an age, and although of the feminine gender, there is a genuine pride in New London in seeing the years roll over her head, each bringing more honor and more of hope; and there have been few cities having more glorious records than has been the history of this Connecticut town, whence heroes and statesmen have gone forth to win renown, which has had a part in all that is of prominence in Connecticut doing, which has contributed to the literature of the land some of its best expressions. In two years more there will be a grand display by the entire city. To-day the Daughters of the American Revolution, many of whom have the blood of the first settlers in their veins, have undertaken to prepare the way for the grand and general commemoration of two and one-half centuries, which will be held in May, 1896. As usual, and as it may be ever, it is the ladies first.

Again and again the part which Winthrop played in the founding of New London has been reverted to in every allusion to the place; but it can be related often, for it is evidence of the far-sightedness and wonderful business sense he possessed. John Winthrop, the younger, was the son of the leader of the second Puritan emigration, the most talented man of his age, a member of an ancient Suffolk family, which sent him to the University of Dublin, which he left to join the army of the celebrated Buckingham before Rochelle. In the train of this nobleman he had opportunity to gain the courtly address which made him such a favorite with Charles II. Winthrop left his patron before the assassination whereby Fenton removed one of
the most brilliant and dissolute men of the time. The young
Winthrop gravitated toward his father's way, and in 1631 came
to America, but returned to England after the death of his first
wife and married Elizabeth Read, the stepdaughter of Hugh
Peters, the Puritan divine who tried to make Charles I listen
to his prayers the night before the unfortunate king's execution.
Thoroughly imbued with the sentiments of the Puritans by
this time, Winthrop entered the service of Say and Sele and Lord
Brooke, and by them was commissioned to begin the Say-Brook
settlement. Not satisfied with the limits set in his instructions,
he followed along the coast until he came to Pequett Harboure.
It needed not a second glance to convince his far-reaching
intellect of its magnificent possibilities. He had already settled
on Fysher's Island for a baronial estate, but now he deter-
minded to add to this the beautiful region he saw spread before
him.

But the Pequot war arose almost immediately. The conflict
between the natives and the whites ended with an act of atro-
cious cruelty. In June, 1637, about one hundred prisoners were
taken in the Pine Swamp, Groton. The men, thirty in number,
were brought out into the middle of the river and there encased
in bags and drowned, while the women and children were sold
as slaves.

Although deferred, Winthrop's determination had not de-
creased. In the interim he had gained the favor of Sashious,
sachem of the Nahanticks, and obtained from him the grant of
a considerable portion of his territory. In 1640 he received
from the General Court of Massachusetts the grant of Fysher's
Island. On June 22, 1645, he had already settled upon Pequot,
but the dating of New London's natal day is from the record
of the General Court of Massachusetts, which, May 6, 1646,
gave John Winthrop permission to settle at Pequot.

Faire Harboure was the name settled for the town by the
General Court, but the people were determined to have New
London, and after nine years of pertinacious struggle were vic-
torious at last, and to-day we have New London.
THE DAUGHTERS' CELEBRATION—EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION OF THE NATAL DAY ANNIVERSARY.—The programme arranged by Lucretia Shaw Chapter was as follows, the exercises being held in the Crocker House parlors, commencing at 3.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon:

1. Music—"Star Spangled Banner."
4. Music . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Utopians.
7. Music—"Yankee Doodle."
9. Music . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Utopians.
10. National Hymn—"America."

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY IN HINGHAM.

This year, for the first time within the memory of the present generation, Independence Day was celebrated in the historic old town of Hingham in a manner befitting its origin. This was due to the efforts of the energetic Old Colony Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, recently formed in that vicinity.

The day dawned hot and sultry, and ominous-looking clouds hung over the horizon, but before three, the appointed hour for assembling, the storm had burst and the air was delightfully fresh and clear, and the drive to the Polo Grounds (where the exercises were to be held) over a smooth road, bordered on either side with grand old trees and fragrant flowering bushes, was a pleasure never to be forgotten by those permitted to enjoy it.

The guests were cordially received by Mrs. Robbins, the Regent of the Old Colony Chapter, and a committee of reception. The exercises were held in a large barn, beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers, flags, and bunting. On
either side of a small raised platform, where the speakers sat, were large mows, filled to the roof with the freshly cut hay, redolent with its sweet perfume. Through the large, wide-open doors the assembled guests obtained a beautiful view—on one side, of the grassy Polo Grounds and the woods beyond; on the other, of Huit's Cove and Grape Island, where the British landed and were repulsed in 1775. Mrs. Robbins, who presided with much grace, after a few fitly chosen words of greeting, read a very able paper on "The Origin and Purpose of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution," which has been published in pamphlet form by the State Regent of Rhode Island. Mrs. Green, the State Regent of Massachusetts, then read a paper on the progress of the Society in that State, and Mrs. Draper, Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter, Washington, D. C., spoke briefly in regard to what had been accomplished by the Society throughout the country during the past year, and gave some particulars concerning the Dolly Madison Chapter. There was a peculiar appropriateness in the presence of a representative from the Dolly Madison Chapter on that day, as Mr. Bradley, who, through his daughter, a member of the Old Colony Chapter, tendered the use of his barn and contributed so much toward the success of the occasion, is the same public-spirited citizen who bought and restored "Montpelier," the home of the Madisons. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. Francis Lincoln, an eloquent oration, "Hingham in the Revolution" (which appears in full elsewhere in the magazine), was delivered by Mr. Walter L. Bouvee, and then, after a short address, sparkling with wit and humor, by ex-Governor Long, the formal part of the programme was closed by the audience rising and singing the first verse of "America." After partaking of light refreshments, the guests gradually dispersed, one and all expressing their gratitude to the Old Colony Chapter for having conceived and so successfully carried out such a fitting way for observing the day.

Belle Merrill Draper.
MRS. KATE KEARNEY HENRY, the Regent of the District of Columbia, Daughters of the American Revolution, is the daughter of Surgeon John A. Kearney, United States Navy, and Mary M. Forrest. Dr. Kearney entered the service in 1809, at the early age of seventeen years. At the age of twenty-one he was made a full surgeon and ordered to the United States ship "Constitution," under Commodore Charles Stewart (Old Ironsides), in 1812. He participated in every engagement under that famous naval hero, and received the thanks of Congress and a medal "for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of the British vessels the 'Cyane' and 'Levant' by the 'Constitution,'" he being then only twenty-three years old.

In the Seminole or Indian War Dr. Kearney, in addition to his duties as surgeon-in-chief of the naval forces, was appointed by General Jesup medical director of the Army of the South, and received the thanks of the commanding general in a public order—the first and only instance where an officer exercised his duties in both branches of the service at the same time. In the Mexican War Dr. Kearney volunteered his services, having seen sufficient sea service to prevent his being ordered, and was made fleet surgeon of the blockading squadron operating against Mexico. Here he lost his life, after participating in three wars and nearly forty years spent in the service of his country.
Mrs. Henry on her mother's side comes from one of the oldest families in this country. The various histories of Colonial Virginia record that in 1607 there came with Captain John Smith many persons of distinction; amongst others, Sir Thomas Forrest and his wife, "Mistress Forrest," the first gentlewoman to land in America. Mistress Forrest was accompanied by her maid, Anne Burras, and the latter's marriage was the first that took place in the Colony. In the painting in the rotunda of the United States Capitol representing the Baptism of Pocohontas, at Jamestown, in 1613, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest are seen in the front pew.

In 1634 the Forrests, with others who were dissatisfied with the rule of Governor Berkeley, moved to St. Mary's County, Maryland, and in 1649 Patrick Forrest was a member of the House of Burgesses, and signed "The Religious Toleration Act." Since that time there has always been a branch of the Forrest family in St. Mary's County. Mrs. Henry's great-grandfather was David Crawford, of Scotch parentage. He owned large tracts of land in Prince George's and Montgomery Counties, and was among the first to respond to the demands of the Colony for redress from British wrongs. He was appointed commissioner of revenue for the support of the war; delegate to first convention at Annapolis; was signer of the declaration of Maryland freeman in 1775 (one year prior to the Declaration of Independence); member of the Upper House of Burgesses; contributed £1,000 and two hogsheads of tobacco towards the relief of the army at Valley Forge, and was appointed first judge under the Provincial Government of Prince George's County, Maryland. Her great-grandfather, Zachariah Forrest, brother of General Uriah Forrest of the Continental Army, was judge of Prince George's County at the same time.

Mrs. Henry's grandfather, Richard Forrest, was among the first residents and property-owners of Washington City. He built the house on the southeast corner of Fourteenth and F streets (now covered by the Ebbitt House) in 1800, and being "invited" by Mr. Jefferson to a position in the State Department, occupied it until his death, in 1830. Her father's family owned and occupied the opposite corner of Fourteenth and F streets in 1801, where the three brothers, Colonel James
Kearney, United States Army, and Doctors Robert I. and John A. Kearney, United States Navy, resided until their marriages and deaths.

Mrs. Henry married James L. M. Henry, of Kentucky, a graduate of West Point, in 1844, who served with distinction throughout the Mexican War. After a long and continuous service in the Army, Captain Henry resigned, and died in Washington City in 1881. Captain Henry was eligible to membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, the Colonial Wars, the Aztec Club, and the Sons of the Revolution, of all of which societies Mrs. Henry's sons are members by inheritance.
THE PARMELEE FAMILY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In 1639 a migratory church, including their pastor, left Guilford, England, a small town thirty miles southwest of London, touched at Boston, and when sailing southward from there entered into a covenant that is now preserved in the Massachusetts Historical Society at Worcester. They landed at Fair Haven and purchased of a sachem squaw, September 29, 1639, what is now the central part of Guilford, Connecticut. The covenant is an interesting relic of Puritan times and the names signed are very familiar to us. I therefore give it in full:

COVENANT.

We, whose names are herein written, intending, by God's grace, to plant ourselves in New England, and if it may be in the southerly part about Quinipisac (New Haven), do faithfully promise each to each for ourselves and families and those that belong to us that we will, the Lord assisting us, sit down and join ourselves together in one entire plantation, and to be helpful each to the other in any common work according to every man's ability, and as need shall require; and we promise not to desert or leave each other on the plantation, but with the consent of the rest, or the greater part of the company who have entered into this engagement.

As for our gathering together in a church way and the choice of officers and members to be joined in this way, we do refer ourselves until such time as it please God to settle us in our plantation.

This last was their minister, who remained with them for twelve years and then returned to England. John Parmlin was from the Parish of Ochly, of Guernsey, and was probably of continental birth, as the islands in the channel were not fertile, and the Huguenots did not remain on them but went to English soil. In the will found after his death the name was written as it was pronounced, Parmly, a custom of foreigners at the present time. It is variously spelled Parmly, Parmele, Parmelee, and Parmalee. Theodore Parmelee, an editor in Washington during President Tyler's administration, was fond of the study of heraldry, and when transferred to The Hague made the acquaintance of one Madam Rose Parmlin, of Lausanne, Switzerland, who said: "The name was common in the Tyrol and in Holland. In 1557 one of them, a Belgian prince, fled to Holland to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alba. He afterwards founded the family in Batavia, New York, one of whom was a great-uncle of my father, having received a grant of land in the western part of that State."

John Parmlin, of the above "covenant," had but one son, John Parmlin, Junior, and two daughters, one of whom, Elizabeth; married John Evarts, ancestor of Theodore Parmelee above mentioned.

John Parmlin, Junior, had three wives, and was the father of eight boys and two girls, all of whom married and had large families, and their births are recorded in Guilford. Joshua was married to E. Edwards, and afterwards to E. Houghton; Isaac to Elizabeth Hilands; Hannah to Tobien Hill; Stephen to Elizabeth Baldwin; Job to Betsy Edwards; Caleb to Abigail Johnson, Joel to Abigail Andrews; John and Priscilla, not recorded.

Isaac, who married Elizabeth Hilands, of which we are of lineal descent, had nine children—six boys and three girls; also recorded in Guilford, Connecticut. Ebenezer married Anna Crittenden; Abraham, Mary Bishop; Joseph, Abigail Kimberly; Elizabeth, Nathaniel Baldwin; Sarah, Michol Hill; Isaac, Elizabeth Evarts; Andrew, Anna Crompton; Josiah, Sarah Evarts; Rachel, not recorded.

Abraham, who married Mary Bishop, lived and died in Guilford. He, with others, bought a proprietary right in Goshen, Connecticut, and in 1733 his daughter Elizabeth married Na-
thaniel Baldwin and removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, and in 1739 went to Goshen. Abraham, a bachelor brother, boarded with them in Goshen and looked after this land. The second summer he brought a bag of grass seed and, as it was one and one-quarter miles from his cabin to his uncle's, across the woods, he made his bed upon it all summer. He was a large and powerful man. In 1742 his father deeded to him the greater part of his lands in Goshen. The consideration of the deed was "natural affection, love, and good will," and the property conveyed was to be valued to him at £600, legal tender. It was situated near Whist Pond, in the eastern part of Goshen, three miles from the school founded by Lyman Beecher in Litchfield, Connecticut. At the first town meeting Abraham Parmly was chosen "lister," and held afterwards various town offices. He married Mary Stanley May 3, 1746.

In 1776, at the first "alarm" at Fair Haven, Lieutenant Parmeple, as he was called, and his son, Abraham Parmly, Junior, enlisted for the war. Mary Stanley, his wife, said to Theodore, then twenty-five years of age, when she heard vague rumors of the surrender of New York to the British by Tories, some of them her own relatives, "Go, my son! Elisha, Reuben, and I can take care of the farm. I will keep a kettle of hot soap to throw at the Indians should they attempt to molest us. Go! and learn the plans of our enemies, and, if possible, inform our generals of them in time to save New York." Alone and on horseback he wended his way through woods and over stony paths to his uncle's house. To his amazement friends ridiculed the course of the Colonies and any effort to fight the British and their hired Hessians. Every attempt so far had been a failure. It would continue so to be. The idea of a democracy was absurd. Listening and watching, he, in one day, knew too well their plans, and hastened toward the Brandywine to lay them before our commanders. Footsore and weary, he met our troops coming northward. As he gave the facts to one of the generals, the only reply was, "In God we trust." But the young man was soon sent on errands of importance, and soon placed in Major Ezra Seldon's command as lieutenant of Light Horse. No greater battle or one more hotly contested was fought than the succeeding one. In "History of Connecticut
Soldiers of the Revolution," page 305, it is stated "that the gallant and special exertions of Colonel Seldon and Captain Hart in extinguishing the flames of the vessels which had been set on fire by the enemy and rescuing the whole of the stores and ordnances entitles them to the most distinguished notice and applause from the General.

"The loss of the Fifth Regiment is stated as one powder-horn, one drum, and one gun. Colonel Seldon was taken prisoner; therefore his roll is incomplete. He died in a few weeks, as did many of his officers. In 1777 only seventy-four men of the regiment were alive." On page 429 we read: "During the irregular retreat from the city to Harlem Heights, in the confusion and intermixture with the enemy, Captain Holmes was in the power of two Hessians, but, being an athlete, he broke from their grasp and made his escape, and served as captain of the First Regiment for many years."

From the family record of the Parmelees we quote: "This Theodore Parmele, Fifth Regiment of Connecticut Light Horse, recruited in Litchfield and Goshen, was captain of a company of horse, and was present at the capture of New York by the British. He was never wounded. At one time he was sent with a scouting party near the enemy's lines, when he was suddenly surrounded. He did not feel disposed to surrender, but drove through the enemy's lines, warding off several blows aimed at his head, and escaped unhurt. This Captain Parmele was a consistent Christian and esteemed in private life. For many years he was a member of the Church Committee. It may be said of him his mother's God was his God."

Washington reviews the Army June 16, 1782, and says: "The First Connecticut Brigade are as fine a body of men as any in the Army. Some of the maneuvers are of great precision, but they do not take as good aim as expected. Frequent practice, and this habit will be acquired." The clothing did not appear perfectly fitted to the men. He wishes these defects to be remedied as early and fully as possible. From the spirit of emulation and a consideration of the emergency and the contrast between the past and present appearance of the troops, the General anticipates the happiest results.—Ibid., page 403.

Theodore Parmele was promoted to captain on the death of
his superior officer, Major Ezra Seldon, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Harlem Heights.

Oliver Parmele ranked as major in the Light Horse around New York. June 17, 1776, five hundred men disputed whether horsemen should be called to do infantry guard duty, as Washington desired, and the command was dismissed and returned home. Colonel Seymour wrote a full explanation to Governor Trumbull. Later in the season many of the Light Horse returned to the Army, and were thanked by Washington for their services. In November he said: "Relief having come, the corps is now dismissed, with the General's many thanks."

Of his mother, Mary Stanley Parmele, Grant Powers said in his Centennial address: "Abraham Parmele was a warm patriot in the War of the Revolution, and shrank not from any demands made upon him, but in this matter, it is said, he was thrown in the shade by the patriotism of his wife, Mary Stanley that was. She was fixed in the righteousness of the cause of the Colonies, and when the war broke out she said they would prevail. She could pray for the cause of America, and not in the darkest period of the conflict, when many faces were pale and many hands were on their loins, did the woman's confidence fail her in the least, and her actions corresponded with her words. Four different times did she fit out her son Theodore for the battlefield and gave him her parting blessing. With her own hands did she make five soldier blankets, not to sell, but sent them as presents to the poor soldiers, who, after the battle of the day, had neither bed nor covering for the night."

Captain Theodore Parmele had three or four terms of service. The force was organized and reorganized many times and for various reasons. He was at the capture of Burgoyne, having reported with Colonel Samuel Seldon, of the Seventeenth Regiment.

Governor Wolcott in his proclamation said: "The rectitude of our cause and feeling for humanity and regard for ourselves should influence us. Each one shall receive such regard as is honorable and just."

Three hundred joined the Army just before the surrender to General Gates. Captain Parmele returned to private life after the war and married Keziah Hudson, daughter of David Hud-
son, Senior, of Goshen, March 8, 1781. His son, David Hudson, Junior, founded Western Reserve College in 1811, at Hudson, Ohio, on land which was given to Captain Parmele for services during the war.

They had ten children—six boys and four girls; they lived and died in Goshen. The Captain died in 1795, aged seventy-eight years, and his wife in 1815, aged ninety-three years (of old age).

Theodore Hudson Parmele, the second son, was educated for the ministry at Litchfield. He discussed with Lyman Beecher, his tutor, the principles of Calvinism and resolved never to preach them. He secretly left school the last term of his college life and located in the township of Norton, which was surveyed by and named for his uncle. After one year he returned to New England and married Harriet, daughter of Elijah Holcomb, a landholder of Canaan, Connecticut, and granddaughter of Captain William Wells, of Lenox, Massachusetts.

Ensign John Norton and Private John Hudson were in Captain Hezekiah Holcomb's company, which arrived in New York August 26th and discharged September 8th. It also had Sergeant Benjamin Holcomb, Privates Consider Holcomb and Seth Holcomb. In Lieutenant Hays's company we have Obed and Seth Holcomb, Corporals Judah, Eldred, Ezekiel, Thomas and Abner Holcomb.

In the Liberty Party Theodore Hudson Parmele was the first and only one to cast a vote in his township. In 1842 he took his third daughter to Oberlin, although his relatives had charge of the school in Hudson. He had eight girls and one boy, and he believed there was no sex in brain or in race—that with equal advantages for the same length of time the results would be similar. Five of his children graduated from the Oberlin School—Eliza, in 1844, for twenty years a teacher in seminaries and still active in all good work when seventy-four years of age; Clara, at seventy an artist and a graduate of a medical school; Amanda, who married an Episcopal clergyman, both of whom are deceased; Charles, a farmer and a church worker, and Martha, who married William G. Rose, of Cleveland, Ohio. She is the mother of five children. One died in infancy. Evelyn, graduated from Cornell University in 1880, traveled in Europe,
in 1883 married Charles R. Miller, cousin of Governor McKinley. She has two sons and two daughters. Hudson, who studied four years at Cornell, visited England, Germany, and France, married Molly Merrill, of Kansas City; Frederick Holland, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1892, and William Kent, who graduated from Harvard College in 1890. The three sons are members of the bar and active business men.

Dan Parmelee (fifth generation from Joel and Abigail Andrews, son of John Parmly, Junior, of New Haven) was a staff officer in the Revolutionary War under General Israel Putnam. Captain Thomas G. Parmelee was wounded, and lame the rest of his life. Thomas Hastings, the composer, descended from this Thomas G. Parmelee.

Miss Salsbury says: "Miss Mehitable, sixth generation from Joel and Abigail Andrews, married Rev. James Eels, of Weatherfield, New York, and left three sons, Dwight, James, and Dan P. Eels, the latter a banker in Cleveland, Ohio. James was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Cleveland, Ohio, for nine years, and of the church in San Francisco for eight years, and died in 1886, when professor in Lane Seminary, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

"William Parmelee, of Albany, New York, was mayor in 1840.

"Ezra Parmelee graduated from Yale in 1808, and was one of the first students in Princeton University. He removed to Ohio in 1820, and was editor of the Zanesville Gazette, and was ancestor of William H. Seward."

The record of the Parmelees in the War of the Revolution gives thirty-eight of that name. Their descendants are in all professions of life, and worthy of the Puritan stock of their forefathers. MARTHA PARMELEE ROSE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, September 1, 1894.

To THE EDITOR: Not long ago Mrs. John Cowing, of this city, found in a package of old papers several ancient, time-stained documents. Among them was a receipt for money, written and signed by George Washington, and of these docu-
ments. I am permitted to send to you copies. The copying has been very faithfully done, even the division of the text into lines being as appears in the originals. I have no doubt as to the authenticity of the documents.

Yours truly,

ELROY M. AVERY,
President of Western Reserve Society,
Sons of the American Revolution.

Wethbg, Jan. 1, 1780.

Dear Sir

No mail from the Northward, nor letter. Capt la Clause from Chas'town in 25 days called on me this morning. He saw three Indians bring to Gov't Rutledge dispatches informing him of the taking of Pensacola and investiture of St. Augustine with a strong force. He sais 7000. these Indians arrived at Charleston the 3rd Dec. he heard Gov't Rutledge publish the news. Putting dates together does this not account for the embarkation at New-York? the inclosed were put into my hands this moment. do not forget my beer. Adieu.

Yours affectionately

TH: JEFFERSON.

NOTE.—The blank half sheet on which the superscription of this letter was written has been torn off.

Harlam hights Septr 13th. 1776—

D' Sir,

I arrived here last Tuesday with the Regiment after a long and Tedious march of upwards of five hundred miles. the character I had of the road through Baltimore induced me to alter my rout and take the upper road through York and Lancaster which th're about, had many Advantages, for an Army. My men seem'd rather fatigued till they got in hearing of the Cannon which roused them so that the last forty miles was marched by the poor bairfooted fellow with as much Alacrity as the first. we found our Batteries and the Enemies at it Ding, Dong, which has Continued ever since with Sheels & Cannon Ball. No great Damage however of either side, save some few heads knocked of. The Advantage the Enemy has over us is prodigious. Their
Fleet Consists of at least 200 sail, & Navigable Water in every part of this Country which is intersected with Rivers and Creeks enumerable. Their Army 30,000 effective men, with plentifull Supplies from Long Isl" & Staten Island of which they are in possession, and are Encamped for fifteen miles up East River. Our lines Extend from N. York to Kingsbridge I can't say so well man'd as I could wish, indeed the Army is not only inferior in Number with the Enemies, but under Exceeding bad Dicipline, it being Composed of all sorts of people, Numbers of them badly Armed, and worse Officered. I pitty the brave & good Old General from my sole. he is indefatigable, but freted & Crossed in Many things. every prudent step is taken for the Defence of the place, and a general Attack is every hour looked for which will be Bloody come when it may, we have Expected it these three nights, and this night look for it in particular, four Frigates having passed our Batteries this afternoon and come up East River to Cover a Landing (as is suspected) about four miles above the Town. The cannonaid has been furious this afternoon from our Batteries at Town & * * *, they have returned two for one, and are throwing Sheels.—The Conference between L* Howe & Delegates from ye Honb* Congress ended in nothing as was Expected, however his Lordship did Condesend to meet them, what passed has not transpired as they only broak up last Wednesday.

I have the Honor to be Your

Most Ob'. Serv'

G. WEIDON.

P. S

The 1* Regiment is not yet got up, my mind would be at ease were all the Southern Troops with us. The Gen' would also, I am shure, reather see them than three times their Number of yankees. for god sake Hurry them up, we have a powerfull Enemy to Cope with, and a stand at this place secures us the day.—

G. W.

NOTE.—The asterisks above indicate an illegible word. The superscription of the letter is "The Honble John Page, Esq', Williamsburg, per Mr. Hawkins." Page was a Virginia patriot, who later served four terms in Congress, and, in 1802, succeeded James Monroe as governor of his State.
April 25th., 1776. About the 10th. of this month
2500 Brunswickers, with 1000 English, said
from Portsmouth for Quebec under Gen'.
Burgoyne, & 7 Regts filled up to about 3000
effectives with 200 miserable german
Recruits, from Cork. The Hessians are
just now arrived at Portsmouth. They,
to the amount of 10,000, with 700 from
Hannau, 1000 of the foot Guards & 3000
new raised Highlanders are to compose
the main Army under Howe. Whether
the remainder of the Brunswickers, being
about 2000 not yet arrived, will join
them or go to Canada, is uncertain. It is
probable they will all be saild the middle
of May. Their destination was certainly
once to Long Island & New York, & that in
detached parts. But M' Elliot Compt'. of
N. York, having written over authortive in
telligence to his Br'. J'. G. Elliot that Genl.
Lee was entrenching N. Y. that design is
said to be altered for Rhode Island or some
part of the Massachusetts, so as to flank the
Lines. They will besides come in a larger
Body & better prepard after this alarm. The
Hessian Troops & Officers,-are good, the
Brunswickers indifferent, the british
new raisd & bad men. The two last will
give way if pushed vigorously at first.
The skillful here, say, that a defensive con-
duct on the part of the American Army,
seizing every advantageous post, throw
up redoubts, & not long lines, harassing
their march, cutting of their convoys

[End of first page.]

& not hazarding an engagement but with
manifest advantage, & means of recruiting & facing immediately in case of a defeat.

Much is expected from the provincial Generals, particularly Washington, Ward & Lee; & much from a people contending in such a cause. On the other side Howe is the only one possessed, even of moderate military talents, & the troops in general neither animated nor able. Lord Howe is not yet said. Probably he will go with the Hessians. Personally, he is as brave as his Brother, but his head is confused, & as a planner, weak. Col. Frasor is to command the Grenadiers & light Infantry in Canada. His orders are these: "No Body of men is ever to march without their flanks coverd. The flank* parties must advance 2 or 4 men in their front, & extend themselves in such a manner as to cover a good space that they do not pass any thing in ambush. When they discover an enemy, they are to take post & by no means to run back on the main body. They are to extend themselves as the Body opposed to them does, & take special care that the enemy does not gain the flank of the main Corps, & when the whole is formd in a line, the flank* Parties must remain at the extremity. When the Commd' wishes to have the whole extend their front to the right, he will order the Bugle horn to be sounded, to be repeated by the horns of each Company—if to the left, a whistle will be the signal, repeated as above. When to advance, the Grenadiers march will beat. When to retire, a Retreat. When the light Infantry is to retire behind the Grenadiers, the beating of the General is to be the Signal. When the Grenadiers & light Infantry, are to close to the center, a trumpet will be sounded."

The Sea force will amount to near 100 sail, of which two only will be of the line.

*Original is interlined as here shown.
To the Editor:

The Hubbard family of Boston owned large plantations in Demarara at the time of the Revolution, and were importers of sugar. Staunch Tories as they were, they regarded the rebellious Americans as "the enemy," and the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Mary Hubbard to her brother David Greene gives an interesting account of the battle of Bunker Hill as viewed by a Loyalist. The letter bears several dates, ranging from June 15 to 20, 1775, and in an early portion appears this sentence:

Sister B Greene very well the Club din'd there to day but I who am a Daughter of Liberty in the true sense of the word chose to come home to my Poor sick Baby.

The letter was written in "Boston," the home of Mrs. Hubbard being on or near the site of the Tremont House of to-day. It is through the kindness of Mr. Gardiner Greene Hubbard, of Washington, D. C., that I am able to send this extract to the American Monthly Magazine.

Anita Newcomb McGee, M. D.

June 18

Sunday

Once more at my Pen I can scarcely compose myself enough for any thing nor will you wonder when you know the situation we are in at present. Yesterday another Battle fought Charlestown the Scene of action they began early in the Morning & continued all day fighting. In the afternoon they set fire to the town & it is now wholly laid in ashes we could view this Melancholy sight from the top of our house one poor Man went on the top of the meeting house to see the Battle was not able to git down again but perished in the flames.

About five in the afternoon they began to send home their wounded here my dear Brother was a Scene of woe indeed to see such numbers as pass'd by must have moved the hardest heart, judge then the feelings of your Sister, some without Noses some with but one Eye Broken legs & arms some limping along scarcely able to reach the Hospital, while others were brought in Waggons, Chaise, Coaches, Sedans, & beds on mens Shoulders the poor Women wringing their hands & crying most pitifully all excepting one who on seeing her Husband in a cart
badly wounded you'd revenge went of but soon return'd compleatly Equip't with her gun on her Shoulder her Knapsack at her back march'd down the street & left the poor Husband to try how many she could send along to tell he was comeing.

there is a vast Number of our Men kill'd & wound a great many Officers two are sent to their long homes amongst the rest one fine looking Man much about your age who stoppt against our windows to have his leg which was sliping moved a little he lived till this morning the poor fellow came a shore but yesterday or the day before, Perhaps his Mothers darling & his Fathers Joy cut of in the midst of his days his Sisters two if he had any must weep his untimely fate hope it will never be my lot to have any of my near connections follow the Army. Major Pitcarn & M' Gore* both dead with many more that I dont know. we cannot yet learn how many of the enemy are kill'd, think it likely M' Hubbard who I supose will give you a particular account of the Battle will be able to write you word, to his Letter I refer you.

*have since heard M' Gore is a live O is ill
CHIEF JUSTICE OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND HIS FAMILY.

As a great granite rock, the symbol of strength and power, takes on an added charm when all unexpectedly one comes upon its hidden side and finds growing over it some graceful vine with rich and tender hues, so is the fireside life of one who has only stood before the public as an eminent jurist and statesman. Such a figure in the early history of our country looms up before us in the person of Oliver Ellsworth, and just such a hidden side adds grace to his solid worth.

His affectionate wife, of the honored house of Wolcott, he esteemed as worthy of all honor in their quiet home in Windsor, Connecticut. She it was who ministered to his punctilious toilet by providing the dainty ruffled shirts, the polished knee buckles, and shapely silk stockings, tying his queue with the neat black bow.

This often-absorbed and absent-minded father seemed to the little ones a rather stern and awful personage, and when he did unbend proportionately great was the rejoicing. By the thoughtful care of the mother no blight of household cares disturbed his soul in public life, and he could easily make felt that commanding influence which caused Aaron Burr to say that if Ellsworth chose to spell the name of the Deity with two d's it would take the Senate three weeks to expunge the superfluous letter.

The large farm with its hired men and the spacious homestead, together with the frequent and protracted absences of the master, laid many a burden upon his wife. Speaking of these absences, the story goes that he was much discomfited to learn that one day one of the children had asked her privately how long a visit father was going to make.

Her children and household assistants were carefully taught and trained. Here let me say that no list of the members of the family would be complete without mention of "Old Katy," the faithful colored cook to whom they were all much attached and who lived and died among them.
Mrs. E.'s great heart was full of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, and her busy hands found time to minister to them—a disposition left in legacy to her daughter Fanny to the special knowledge of the writer.

She knew how to fit herself into any and every emergency, and among her descendants the following story is told of her: When General Washington was making a tour of New England in 1795 he sent one of his aids in advance from Hartford to ask his "old friend, Judge Ellsworth," when it would be convenient for him to visit him. Mrs. Ellsworth, busy in the kitchen, herself answered the summons to the door. Without making herself known she took the message to Mr. Ellsworth and returned with his reply.

Tradition has it that it was a breakfast visit, where she presided in dress suited to the occasion, and the young officer never suspected, probably, that the gracious hostess and the maid who opened the door to him were one and the same. The same young gentleman, I think it was, who politely requested another cup of her "excellent coffee," although to her inward mortification, with that fatality which is apt to attend such special occasions, it was that morning, as she well knew, a lamentable failure. The tall silver coffee-urn and the steel knives and forks used at this time are still treasured up and cared for, with other precious things, in the old home by the widow of her grandson Frederick. This was the visit when General Washington sang to the twin boys, two or three years old, as he dandled them on his knees, the quaint old song of "The Darby Ram," as has been often chronicled before.

There hangs before me a photographic copy of the large old painting which still adorns the spacious parlor where General Washington was received. I look into the sensible kindly eyes of the mistress as she sits by her husband's side. Her cap is rather overwhelming in size, and the sheen of her white satin gown is toned down by a demure kerchief crossing her breast. A distinguished English portrait painter stayed with them and worked upon the picture six months, more or less. He occasionally indulged to excess in the use of brandy, and sometimes when Mrs. Ellsworth had arrayed herself to give him a sitting he was found to be unfit to wield the brush, which annoyances she bore with a cheerful patience.
In the same room hangs a rare piece of Gobelin tapestry, presented to Mr. Ellsworth by Napoleon the First in 1797, at the time he was sent from this Government to France as Minister Plenipotentiary. It is said that when Napoleon first saw him he remarked to some one, "We shall have to make a treaty with that man."

Two quaint oval mirrors also used to hang near by, which he brought home from Paris. These were given to the twins, "Billy and Harry," then boys of eight years. During his absence he addressed to them the following letters, the originals of which are in the possession of Mrs. Waldo Hutchins, of New York City, whose father was Governor William W. Ellsworth, of Connecticut. The other twin, the Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth afterwards became the first Commissioner of Patents.

TO BILLY AND HARRY.

"Daddy is a great way off, but he thinks about his little boys every day; and he hopes they are very good boys and learn their books well and say their prayers every night, and then God will love them as much as daddy does. There are a great many fine things here and a great many strange things; Oliver [the eldest son, who accompanied his father] writes them down, and he will have enough to tell the boys twenty nights. The robbers came around the house where daddy lives the other night and the gardener shot off his two-barrel gun and killed two of them; and daddy believes if the robbers come into his room they will get killed, for he keeps a gun and two pistols charged all the time; and when he comes home he intends to give his gun to Martin and his pistols to Billy and Harry. This letter is from our daddy."

The reference to the robbers, etc., reminds us that he was in France during the revolutionary disturbances there.

A LETTER FROM OUR DADDY.

The men in France are lazy creatures
And work the women and great dogs;
The ladies are enormous eaters,
And like the best toadstools and frogs.
The little boys are pretty spry
And bow when Daddy's paid them,
But don't think they shall ever die,
Nor can they tell who made them.

But daddy's boys are not such fools
And are not learned so bad,
For they have mamma and good schools,
And that makes daddy glad.

Daddy won't forget them pistols.

The same twin boys are affectionately referred to in a letter written to his eldest daughter, Abigail, when they were about a month old. Here is the letter entire:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16, 1791.

DEAR NABBY: Your welcome letter of the 7th of this month reached me a few days since. I am exceedingly glad to hear that the family are all well, and in particular your mamma and the two little ones whom "having not seen I love." Your idea that they will make two fine men is a very pleasing one to me, and I devoutly wish it may be realized. I regret the loss of the persons who have died in Windsor since I left it, and especially of Perry Newberry, who bid fair to be useful in life. But so it is, while some are coming onto the stage others are going off to make room for them, and it is of much less consequence what time we spend in the world than how we spend it. This life is but an embryo of our existence and derives its consequence only from its connection with future scenes.

The ladies of your acquaintance in this place are frequently asking me why you did not come again. I give them such good-natured answers as happen to occur, but have told no one, what I might have told with' truth, that it was necessary for you this winter to become the mistress of a family.

Miss Wadsworth enjoys high health, which she takes much pains to preserve, walking frequently three or four miles before breakfast. The rest of her time she spends much as you do yours, in seeing and being seen. She has some advantages beyond what you had—a richer and more fashionable father, and perhaps a fonder one, though that is more than I admit, notwithstanding she gets a kiss or two from him every time he comes in and goes out.
If you find any leisure, which will probably be very little, I wish you to amuse yourself with books. It is mental improvement after all which alone can give sweetness to manners and durability to charms.

Ollie must write daddy a letter and Martin must put a line into it, and Fanny and Delia must tell Ollie something to write to daddy about the babies. With best wishes for you all,

I remain your affectionate parent,

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

In 1790, the winter previous to the date of the above letter, Nabby accompanied her father to Philadelphia, and was, of course, brought into contact with all the elegant people of the time. Timid and sensitive by nature, her pillow at night was often wet with her tears for fear of failing to meet the demands of ceremonious etiquette. That she conquered herself was apparent to all who knew the dignity and courtliness of manner that distinguished her even to old age.

The great elms before the Ellsworth house, now nearly shutting it off from the passing traveler who flies by on the Consolidated Railroad half a mile away, were at the time of these incidents small and newly planted by Mr. Ellsworth's hand. They were thirteen in number and were named for the original States. Singular to relate, South Carolina was struck by lightning, and after dragging out a protracted and feeble existence, was finally supplanted by another tree, which continues to this day smaller than the rest. On one side of the house stood a relic of the old original forest that once covered the ground, a gnarled and knotty cedar, where the first settlers used to assemble for a general hunt, and where previous to those times the Indians held many a council of war. It was for many years adorned with an old pair of deer's antlers. This ancient landmark fell a victim to the fury of a storm ten or a dozen years ago, but souvenirs made of its red wood are hoarded up in the family, and a bag of its sawdust still keeps its old-time fragrance.

MRS. W. IRVING VINAL.
IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. J. M. CAHOON.

THE Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, records with great sorrow the death of Mrs. J. M. Cahoon, the first of their members to pass the gates and enter the heavenly rest.

While a letter from her daughter was being read to the Chapter, that daughter was weeping over the beloved mother who had just passed away.

Mrs. Cahoon was rich in experience, bright and intellectual, entertaining, with the beauty of age blended with the happiness of youth, so that the years did not make her grow old.

At a special meeting of the Society resolutions were adopted expressing deep sense of loss and sympathy with the family:

Whereas in the death of Mrs. J. M. Cahoon the Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has sustained a great loss, and a still greater loss has fallen upon her immediate family:

Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Western Reserve Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, mourn the death of Mrs. Cahoon, a member for whom we had great regard and respect; one who loved her country and her flag, and who reverenced the history of our beloved land.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved and loving family, and we ask for them the help of God, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed friend and be placed on the records of the Society.

MRS. E. M. AVERY, Regent.
MRS. CHARLES H. SMITH, Secretary.

MRS. ELIZABETH G. METTLER.

It was with sorrow Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, heard of the death of one of their number, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mettler, widow of the late Wilson Mettler. She died on Tuesday, the 17th of April, 1894, after an illness of only four days.
Mrs. Mettler, with her husband, was for many years a resident of New Brunswick, New Jersey. In 1887 they removed to Bound Brook, New Jersey, to reside with their daughter, Mrs. F. V. D. Voorhees, on Union Avenue, where Mr. Mettler died in 1889.

Mrs. Mettler had many friends, both in Bound Brook and in New Brunswick. She was descended from prominent Revolutionary ancestors. Her grandfather, Garret Nevins, during the Revolution actively espoused the cause of his country, and was in the Army under General Washington during the darkest period of that struggle, in the winter of 1776–1777. He entered the Army early, and continued in it during the War. Besides having been in several skirmishes, he was engaged in the battle at Monmouth. Her father, George G. Nevins, was in the War of 1812.

Three children survive her—George N. Mettler, of Burlington, Kansas; Mrs. F. V. D. Voorhees, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, and Mrs. Lodewick, wife of the Rev. Edward Lodewick, of Park Ridge, New Jersey.
CHAPTERS.

REUNION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION (in Saratoga Springs, Thursday, August 30, 1894).—The reunion of the Daughters of the American Revolution was an interesting meeting at the United States Hotel Thursday morning. Over thirty-five ladies filled Parlor A, and after a few minutes of social intercourse Mrs. Walworth, who presided, introduced Mrs. Mary Wright Wootton, registrar of the New York City Chapter. She is a lady of fine appearance and happy address, and gave a spirited account of the business meetings at “Sherry’s” and of their popular social gatherings at the same place. Miss Rankin, secretary of the Newburgh Chapter, New York, was also introduced, and told of the earnest work of the “Daughters” in that historic place and of the coöperation of the Historical Society in their patriotic celebrations. Mrs. Rountree, secretary of the Norfolk Chapter, Virginia, on being presented to the assemblage, said that the Society had many flourishing chapters in her State; that in Norfolk they recently received their charter and were enthusiastic in their work. Miss Rice, of the Mary Washington Chapter, Washington, D. C., the original and most powerful chapter in the country, was also present, as were Mrs. Douglass and other members of the New York City Chapter. Mrs. Cairns, who will be a charter member of the Saratoga Chapter, read by request an account of the origin of the Society as published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and opening the large volume before her showed a fac-simile of the invitation to the first meeting held for the organization of the National Society in Washington. It is on a visiting card of Mrs. Walworth’s, and bears the date August 9, 1890. Now the Society has about six thousand members organized in forty States, and its officers are the leading conservative women of the country.

Mrs. Walworth then delivered a forcible address in the clear and pleasing manner that is her characteristic. She said, in
part, that American women are by nature and habit aristocratic. In the family they make the laws for the husband, children, and servants; they are at once legislators, judges, and executive officers; they are autocrats. In society the conventionalities are subject to their dictation, and there they are autocrats. It is only in the churches and in charities that women practice the principle that "all men are born free and equal." Men exercise this principle in politics and in business; thus they fraternize and work together in a way unknown to women. Mrs. Walworth argued that while an aristocratic tendency had its uses in the family and society, it should not bring its limitations into the broader life that is now open to the women; they should unite as Americans to stem the torrents of socialism and anarchy that threaten the country from foreign lands, and to educate the children in the public schools in the principles of good government for which our forefathers struggled and died. To understand the Constitution and laws women should study history and search for the names and deeds of their forefathers. In this search they found the rock that was the basis of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution; that is the genealogy which answered the simple question, "Did your ancestor, man or woman, do anything for the cause of Independence?" If so, and you are acceptable to the Society, your claim is established.

She said this was a society descended from patriots in distinction from the Colonial Dames, who are often of Tory descent; very many "Dames," however, are also Daughters of the American Revolution and frequently find their Colonial descent through their researches as Daughters. There is no antagonism between the two societies. The speaker made a warm appeal to Saratoga women in behalf of the historic memories of Saratoga County, and reminded them of the long companionship of years in which she had worked with them for the preservation of Mount Vernon and the Exposition of '76; for the Society of Decorative Art and the revolution of art instruction in this region; for the elevation and progress of the public schools; for literary and scientific advancement in the old Shakespeare Society and the later Art and Science Field Club, and she asked that they would still be her companions in an effort, however imperfect, toward a broader and higher life. She announced that
a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be established here which will cherish the history of the country and will uphold those rigid principles of our forefathers which drive vice to its hiding place.

FANNY LEDYARD CHAPTER (Annual Report submitted July 7, 1894).—In Southeastern Connecticut, on the banks of one of the most romantic rivers in New England, lies the beautiful village of Mystic, famed for its Revolutionary and patriotic associations. Her sons fought bravely on many a battlefield of the Revolution, and later in the struggle to maintain that freedom so dearly won. Her vessels have anchored in many a foreign port, as extensive maritime interests were once her pride. Her hardy sons and daughters were fearless and daring, as the following incidents will prove: Many years ago a number of her sons conceived the project of rounding Cape Horn in a fishing smack. Such an enterprise in those days was considered extremely hazardous and associated with great danger. Preparations for the voyage were completed; it was supposed the last farewells were spoken, and the little craft sped on its way. An English man-of-war was lying off the Brazilian coast. The man on the lookout sighted a mere speck in the distance. As it approached it proved to be the little fishing smack hailing from Mystic. Cheer after cheer from both vessels rent the air. Salutes were fired. The band on board the large vessel played “Yankee Doodle.” The little smack modestly lowered her colors, dipped them in the water, then hoisted them aloft, thus paying to England’s noble war-ship the highest honors any navy can confer. The voyagers returned and lived many years to relate their adventure.

When our historic old neighbor, Stonington, was invaded by Commodore Hardy’s fleet of war-ships in 1814 the men from our village were summoned and went to the rescue, and when the invaders were driven, disabled, from our shores the first cannon that announced victory was manned and fired by a Mystic woman!

For natural scenery and historical associations this village is rarely surpassed. In one of its quiet homes a little band of patriotic women assembled in the spring of 1893 to discuss the
matter of forming a Chapter of the "Daughters of the American Revolution." April 1 Mrs. Hiram C. Denison received the appointment of Regent, and with fifteen charter members our little band started on its mission. Our papers were sent to Washington, accepted, and returned. We organized June 8. We have held fourteen meetings, regular sessions every month. September 6 we visited Groton Heights, a spot sacred to us all, but doubly so to several of our members, whose immediate ancestry lost their lives there and lie buried beneath the noble shaft commemorating their deeds of bravery and sacrifice. The charter members gave five dollars toward the portrait fund of Mrs. Harrison, and the new members are still contributing for the same. We also gave the same amount for the badge for Mrs. Keim. Mrs. Keim has visited us three times during the year, at all of which meetings pleasure and profit were combined. We gave no contribution for the Liberty Bell, as sufficient material had been received when our donation was ready. In response to a call from Sequoia Chapter, California, for historic soil, one of our number sent soil from the house where the wounded were carried after the massacre at Groton Heights, and another from the grave of Fanny Ledyard, the noble woman for whom our Chapter was named. In a previous article for the Magazine we gave our reasons for the name, and paid our tribute to the memory of this dear, devoted woman. Our Regent, one vice-regent, and registrar attended the Continental Congress at Washington in February.

On May Day we gave a surprise reception to our Regent at the spacious residence of Mrs. A. K. Simmons, corresponding secretary. Her rooms were elegantly decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. Invited guests, numbering fifty, were present and great enthusiasm prevailed, our hostess entertaining in her usual charming manner. Clothed in beautiful language, Mrs. Hortense D. Fish announced the object of the meeting. General George Washington arrived at a late hour (Rev. Mr. Danforth), greeted the Daughters, and after complimenting their work bade them adieu. Our charter has been filled, the engraving being very finely done by Mr. Julius Dudley, one of our townsmen. As he would accept no compensation, the charter members were called together and presented
him a gold, spoon style "D. A. R.,” handsomely engraved. Our Regent attended a meeting of the Society at Middletown, by invitation of Miss Clarke, by whom she was royally entertained.

May 15 eleven of our Chapter went to New Haven to attend the first State Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution ever held in the United States. The day was perfect, the air fragrant with the perfume of spring blossoms, and the breezes were invigorating. We arrived at the old "City of Elms," and, having ample time before meeting was called, we visited the classic grounds and buildings of Yale College. The commodious memorial buildings erected to the memory of the early dead attracted our attention; the campus, where the games of a century have been played; the grand old elms upon the college green, where many tired had often lain them down to rest, some of whom are now resting forever in the cooling shadow of the "tree of life." We assembled in the Church of the Redeemer at eleven o'clock, meeting opening at that hour. Decorations of flowers and bunting added to the splendor of the occasion. The collation prepared by the Mary Clapp Wooster Chapter, whose guests we were, was not only elaborate, but very finely served, the dining-rooms being artistically decorated with flowers and our national colors. The addresses, papers, and music were overflowing with patriotism, love, and devotion to country and to the memory of those whose deeds we commemorate.

June 25 four of our Chapter gave a reception to our State Regent, Mrs. Keim, on the lawn at the home of Mrs. S. H. Buckley. The grounds were resplendent with flowers and bunting. Carpets and India rugs were spread and comfortable seats provided for the guests, numbering one hundred. Under an arch trimmed with flags the guests were met and presented by ushers to Mrs. Keim. The exercises opened with a greeting from Mrs. Denison, our Regent; next came the annual report from the historian, and recitations from Misses Eliza Wheeler and Della Beebe. A letter from Dorothy Ripley Chapter was read by the corresponding secretary. Mrs. Keim gave a very able and pleasing address, listened to with interest and attention. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Wheaton, Rev. Mr. Mitchell,
and Mr. Guernsey, of "Mystic Press." An arbor trimmed with laurel and flags, within which George Washington stood silent sentinel, concealed from view the Mystic Cornet Band, which discoursed patriotic music while the elegant collation was being served, after which the delighted company dispersed, well pleased with their entertainment, so instructive as well as enjoyable. For our success great praise and credit is due to our Regent, Mrs. Denison, who labors with zeal untiring for the prosperity of our Chapter, now numbering thirty-four members.

It is true, over one hundred years have passed away since the deeds of the noble men and women were performed, but they still live and their voices are speaking to us in loud tones of their undaunted courage, their valor, their unswerving faith, and the unfading beauty of their heroism and love of God, home, and country.—A. A. Murphy, Historian.

**FREDERICK CHAPTER.**—The AMERICAN MONTHLY has not heard from us, I believe, since the very successful celebration on the 23d of November last, which was the day upon which the Stamp Act was declared unconstitutional for the first time, and as that took place at the court-house in Frederick, we naturally feel proud of it. We have not been altogether idle. We contributed largely to the soil for the Liberty Tree planted in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, sending earth from the historic old court-house where the Stamp Act was repudiated; from the grave of Maryland's first Governor, in 1777; from the graves of General Roger Nelson and Colonel John Lynn, of Revolutionary fame; from the tomb of Roger Brooke Taney, fifth Chief Justice of the United States; from the grave of Francis Scott Key, whose memory is ever kept fresh in the hearts of the American people by his immortal ode, "The Star Spangled Banner;" from the grave of the brave Sergeant Everhart, who fought through the whole Revolution and saved Colonel Washington's life at the battle of Cowpens. These are all historic spots in our midst and of which we are justly proud, and I would say just here that the grave of Key is marked by a simple stone, and we are trying for a national tribute in the appropriate marking of this spot. Would it not be a graceful compliment if each chapter of the "Daughters of the American
Revolution' would send a contribution to make it indeed a nation's tribute? I hope to have some answers to this from the patriotic members of our band. Since the organization of the Chapter we have had on the Nation's birthday a short service at the church—a fitting way, we think, of acknowledging our Heavenly Father's hand in the blessings we enjoy. This Fourth of July was particularly interesting. We had invited four of our Vice-Presidents General to be with us, and regretted greatly their absence. The music was very inspiring. The choir consisted of picked voices, and the national anthems were well sung. The address by Rev. Addison Ingle was so full of patriotism and wisdom that I inclose it, feeling that it will benefit us all to have it printed in the MONTHLY. After this service we repaired to the old English graveyard attached to All Saints Parish, where in the early part of the century many of our patriots were buried, our object being to mark the grave of Thomas Johnson, whose mortal remains had been placed in a vault seventy-five years ago. As was the custom then, it was constructed far under ground, and there was not elevation enough to show that anything was beneath. The ravages of time had played havoc with this neglected spot, and with the passing generation all traces would have been lost of this grave. We there placed a heavy block of marble, bearing this inscription:

Thomas Johnson,
Born November 4, 1732;
Died November 26, 1819.
First Governor of the State of Maryland.
1777-1779.

A simple service in placing the stone by the Rev. Osborne Ingle was impressive and appropriate. He said: "You all know the occasion that brings us here is to mark the grave of Governor Johnson. He was not only a patriot, but a Christian, and I hold in my hand his prayer book, from which I shall read the prayers." After the benediction the Daughters placed a wreath of ivy on the grave. It ended the simple ceremony in doing honor to one whose life had been spent for the good of his country and whose most honored act was the appointing of Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies.—Ann Grahame Ross, Regent.
BRISTOL CHAPTER, with invited guests, celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island, August 29, as a field day by a visit to the historic ground.

A pleasant trip of a lively party on the steamer down the beautiful Narragansett Bay as far as Tiverton was all too short in its enjoyment. Making a landing and taking carriages at that point, a ride of about two and a half miles brought us to the spot where the breastwork was thrown up and the British entrenched themselves for the memorable battle.

Having laughingly decided by vote that the luncheon should first receive attention, the party grouped themselves on the ridge of the hill and leisurely enjoyed their lunch. Our Regent then, in well chosen words, called our attention to the day we were celebrating and the strangely different scene enacted on that very spot a little more than a hundred years ago. We looked abroad upon peaceful towns, delightfully nestled among the trees and surrounded by richly cultivated fields, stretching out to meet the waters of the lovely bay. Scarce a sound disturbed the quiet. By contrast, we were bidden to picture the rapid passing of troops over the very road we had taken, the roaring of cannon and clashing of arms, the flight of the British from their intrenchment on the hill to the fields below, the engagement and final retreat. To this spot many of our forefathers had come to fight for home and fatherland and to rid their country from the oppressor. We, their children's children, owed to them and such as they the great inheritance now enjoyed.

At this point the Regent presented Mrs. B. O. Wilbour, who read to us a most interesting paper upon "The Battle of Rhode Island." As she proceeded we carefully noted the different localities mentioned, many of them still retaining their early names, and thought of the brave Sullivan and the much-loved Lafayette and a host of others who, not famous, made the place and themselves famous by their heroic deeds. Against hired Hessians and men trained to fight, they, fighting for their homes, put the enemy to flight. "The best-fought battle of the war" was the encomium bestowed upon the conflict by Lafayette, who had witnessed many engagements. Very real seemed all these things to us, imagination peopling all the re-
region with moving forces, as the present owner of the farm, in whose family it has remained for more than a hundred years, described the appearance of the fortification before the hand of time had leveled any part, adding reminiscences of those far remote days, coming to him from lips long since silent.

Is it strange that from out of a full heart we joined our voices in singing "America," and, inspired by the occasion, wished as we turned our faces homeward that we might be

\[
\text{Within the universal chain a link, whereby}\\
\text{There shall have been accomplished some slight gain}\\
\text{For men and women when we come to die.}
\]

C. MARIA SHEPARD, Secretary.
Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 1416 F Street at 4 p.m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Brackett, Dr. McGee, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Clark, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Gannett, Miss Desha, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Miller, Mrs. Heth, and Miss Washington; Mrs. Foot and Mrs. Stanley, members of the Advisory Board, were also present.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of June 7 and 8, which were accepted as corrected.

Dr. McGee moved that the minutes of the meetings be open to all members of the Board before being approved by the same. Motion laid on the table.

It was moved and carried that the Recording Secretary-General has entire charge of the minutes, and no one has a right to see them until they are laid before the Board of Management.

A request was received from the Mary Washington Chapter for the loan of the shield of the State of Massachusetts. Upon motion of Mrs. Brackett, the request was granted.

At the request of the President-General, Mrs. Brackett took the Chair while a protest from the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Bloomington, Illinois, was read by the President-General in regard to the delay in the receipt of their charter and announcing their decision to retain the name they had chosen.

Miss Eugenia Washington moved that the Chapter in Bloomington, Illinois, be named "Letitia Green Stevenson."
Chapter, and that the Recording Secretary-General make the charter out immediately and send it, without delay, to the Chapter, and the protest be entered upon the minutes. Motion carried.

Mrs. Gannett moved that the protest be omitted in the minutes. Motion carried.

Miss Desha offered the following resolution:

*Whereas the amendment now numbered section 7, article XI, was inadvertently omitted from the minutes of May 11, I move that said section be voted upon now.*

Resolution accepted and amendment voted upon favorably.

Miss Washington moved that Miss Lockwood be made Business Manager of the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett moved that 20 per cent be paid to agents for every new subscription to the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Goodfellow requested that during her absence from the city for the summer Miss Washington should take charge of the issuing of charters. Motion carried.

It was also moved and carried that all bills should be forwarded to the Recording Secretary for her signature until her return.

Mrs. Blackburn offered the following resolution, which was accepted:

*Resolved, That nothing shall be considered as official action of the Board except what appears in the approved minutes.*

The Recording Secretary read the following letter from Mrs. Pope, State Regent of Kentucky:

"The Executive Committee ought unquestionably to be empowered to do all necessary work during the summer.

"Mrs. Geer having authorized Miss Desha to do her work during her absence has been a great comfort to me, for my work in Kentucky would have stopped unless an efficient lady had been appointed, and Mrs. Geer knew best who could do the work.

"The Business Manager of the Magazine should be not only of lineal descent but strictly lineal in principles. I find in my work in Kentucky that the Congress's deciding in favor of the lineals has awakened a much deeper interest. Ladies do not
Miss Washington moved that the business of the Executive Committee be to accept application papers and have the proceedings of such committee printed in the Magazine. Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett, on behalf of the Dolly Madison Chapter, presented the following:

"I take pleasure in reporting to the National Board, informally, that the board of management of the Dolly Madison Chapter passed a resolution yesterday appropriating half its annual Chapter dues to the Continental Hall, and one of its members, Mrs. C. C. Snyder, headed the individual list with a hundred dollars. The report of others will be given later."

The following resolution was offered and accepted:

"The National Board of Management returns its cordial thanks to the Dolly Madison Chapter for its recent action with regard to the Continental Home, and the generous and patriotic example set to the Chapters of the country is worthy its membership and its name.

A book was presented the National Society by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth entitled "Battles of Saratoga," which was accepted, with thanks.

The President-General referred to the resolution making the meetings of the National Board open sessions, to which Miss Dorsey had moved a reconsideration at a subsequent meeting, and requested Miss Dorsey to withdraw the same; Miss Dorsey said she would, with pleasure, if it were constitutional to have all meetings open to all Daughters.

Miss Desha stated that under the orders of her physician, she declined doing any work but that of the Corresponding Secretary during the summer.

Mrs. Clark announced that the stationery which the National Board requested her to purchase for the Society is now ready and will be sold at about cost price to Chapters and members of the Society, being $1.00 a box of five quires of paper and envelopes.

Mrs. Clark recommended that Mr. W. F. Roberts, 1421 G Street, Washington, D. C., be authorized to sell the paper at this rate and thus relieve the National officers.
It was moved and carried that Mr. Roberts be allowed to sell the paper. Mrs. Brackett suggested that the paper be adopted as the official paper of the Society. Carried.

Dr. McGee offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That Mrs. Lockwood is authorized to have her manuscript of the Lineage Book printed at such cost and in such edition as the orders received for it shall justify, and with due consideration of the fact that it is the first volume in a series.

Second. That no volume of the Lineage Book shall be issued until supplied with complete indexes of names and places. The Treasurer is hereby authorized to pay an experienced person for making the index of volume 1.

Motion carried.

Mrs. Brackett moved that the Executive Committee be empowered to rent rooms as headquarters for the National Society for the fall. Motion carried.

An inquiry was made if the members of the Advisory Board were expected to advance opinions, etc., during the Board meetings. It was decided that the advice of the Board would always be asked, if desired.

A book entitled "Fragments of Revolutionary History" was presented to the Society by Mrs. Mary M. Barclay. The same was accepted, with thanks.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Morgan, of Georgia, reporting the change of the Regent of the Savannah Chapter from Mrs. Lawton to Mrs. Frances Casey Meldrim, and all official mail should be forwarded to her.

The resignation of Mrs. Morris P. Ferris, of New York, as a member of the National Society was presented.

A letter was read from Mrs. Pryor, of New York, upon which action was postponed. Letter from Mrs. Hetzel relative to dues of a life member.

The President-General presented the additional names of members upon the Committee on Continental Hall: Mrs. Maddox, California; Mrs. Peck, Wisconsin; Mrs. Burdett, Vermont; Mrs. Montgomery, Oregon.

A vote of thanks was given to Colonel Brackett for a copy of the "History of Haverhill, Massachusetts," and the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to acknowledge the gift.
The Treasurer, by Mrs. Clark, reported the sum of $2,600 toward funds for Colonial Home.

Mrs. Burnett, Registrar-General, requested that each registrar be responsible for her individual work. Motion carried.

The Registrars-General presented the names of sixty-four applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society. The Secretary casting the ballot, the same were accepted.

It was moved and carried that Miss Stone be granted leave of absence for one month, with pay, and supply a substitute for that time at $30, the Treasurer-General being instructed to pay such bill.

The following was offered by Miss Dorsey and passed by the Board: I move a vote of thanks for the hospitality offered the National Board and visiting Daughters of the American Revolution by the residents of Fredericksburgh May 10, 1894, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Mary Washington Monument.

An invitation was received from the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution to attend their celebration to be held on July 4, 1894.

The President-General then declared the Board adjourned until the first Thursday in October.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW, Recording Secretary-General.

AUGUST 18, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the Board met at 1416 F Street at 3.30 p.m. Present: Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Dorsey, Miss Desha, and Miss Washington.

In the absence of the President-General, Mrs. Lockwood presided.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

Mrs. Burnett, the Registrar-General, presented the names of two hundred and ninety-five applicants as eligible to membership in the Society.

The Acting Recording Secretary was instructed to cast the ballot.
Seven papers of applicants were presented, but owing to an oversight in not being recommended as the Constitution requires, Miss Washington moved, seconded by Miss Dorsey, that the application papers be returned to the Chapters for recommendation. Motion carried.

Mrs. Geer, Vice-President-General of Organization, submitted her list of State and Chapter Regents, through the Corresponding Secretary, to be read to the Board for confirmation.

Miss Washington reported that she and Mrs. Brackett had been to secure rooms at the Washington Loan & Trust Company, corner Ninth and F Streets; gave terms and description, which the Board accepted as desirable, and authorized Mrs. Brackett, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, to superintend the moving.

The following names for State Regents were presented:
Mrs. John W. Chandler, State Regent for Maine.
Mrs. William H. Sims, State Regent for Mississippi.
Mrs. M. G. Slocum, State Regent for Colorado.
Mrs. Mary C. Prince, State Regent for New Mexico.
Also the following names for Chapter Regents were presented:

**CONNECTICUT.**

Mrs. E. M. Andrews, Chapter Regent for Moosup.
Mrs. Frederick Stanley, Chapter Regent for New Britain.
Mrs. Alfred S. Comstock, Chapter Regent for New Canaan.
Mrs. Theodore P. Terry, Chapter Regent of Ansonia.
Mrs. William Beardslee Rudd, Chapter Regent of Lakeville.

**GEORGIA.**

Mrs. Hattie Chase Kemme, Chapter Regent of Washington.

**KENTUCKY.**

Mrs. M. Louise Marshall, Chapter Regent of Augusta.
Mrs. Bertha M. Smith, Chapter Regent of Richmond.
Mrs. Rebecca Tevis Hart, Chapter Regent of Versailles.

**MAINE.**

Mrs. Thomas Hill Rich, Chapter Regent of Lewiston.
MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. Emily J. Cartwright, Regent of the Paul Revere Chapter, Boston.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Kate Cheatham, Chapter Regent of Edgefield.
Miss Emma Maybury, Chapter Regent of Greenville.
Mrs. Hugh Charles, Chapter Regent of Darlington.
Mrs. W. H. Hunt, Chapter Regent of Newberry.

TENNESSEE.

Mrs. Margaret Campbell Pilcher, Regent of Campbell Chapter, Nashville.
Mrs. Amelia Chamberlain, Regent of the Chickamauga Chapter, Chattanooga.

Mrs. Brackett moved, seconded by Mrs. Gannett, that the State and Chapter Regents be confirmed. Motion carried.
The resignation of Miss Emma C. Hamlin, Regent of Lexington, Massachusetts, was presented and accepted.
The Board then adjourned.

EUGENIA WASHINGTON,
Acting Recording Secretary-General.