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WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

MARCH, 1908

WILLIAM ABBATT

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EXTRA NUMBERS

The next two issues of the "Extra Numbers" of the MAGAZINE will comprise several very interesting and scarce Rebellion items, viz.:

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE *Kearsarge* AND THE *Alabama*, by F. M. EDGE.

Published in 1864, within three months after the battle, it is now scarce (I paid \$2.50 for my copy), and is especially interesting as the only narrative by an English Union sympathizer, who visited Cherbourg immediately after the battle. The preface is by Captain WINSLOW, of the *Kearsarge*. I hope to illustrate it by a rare photograph of which I am now in search. Another pamphlet on the *Alabama* from a Confederate sympathizer in England (also very scarce) will be added if it can be found, as also

ABOARD A SEMMES PRIZE,

from a newspaper of 1896.

The third "Extra Number" will be devoted to the very interesting subject of Blockade-Running during the Rebellion. The scarcest book on this subject is "Never Caught," by Captain A. Roberts. It was published in London, 1867. The name of "Roberts" is fictitious, the author being no less a person than Augustus Charles Hobart-Hampden (1822-1886), third son of the sixth Earl of Buckinghamshire, one of the English Rebellion sympathizers, and noted later as Hobart Pasha, Admiral in the Turkish Navy. His biographer describes him as "a bold buccaneer of the Elizabethan period, who by some strange perverseness of fate was born into the Victorian."

His book is most interesting, and not entirely devoted to blockade-running, as he visited Charleston while the "Swamp Angel" was throwing shells into the city, and also Richmond, where he met Jeff. Davis and other Confederates, and from which he made his way northward through the lines to Washington.

The price of the "Extra Numbers" will hereafter be *One Dollar* each, unless otherwise stated. I regret that the subscriptions for No. 1 were so few that I shall find myself a loser on the venture unless the remaining copies shall be taken. This I urge on all my subscribers, as the contents cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$5.00, and it is not unreasonable to expect that a publication of this sort will not be suffered to result in a loss to its promoter.

Several other valuable items are preparing for the future numbers, due notice of which will be given.

141 East 25th St., New York

WILLIAM ABBATT

PLEASE SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THESE TWO AT ONCE

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NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN AT THE CONCORD FIGHT

WHEN I accepted an invitation to make an address on the subject of "The Men of New Hampshire in the Concord Fight," it was in the hope of finding out something about it. I was then in perfect darkness on this question,—“How could any man from New Hampshire take a part in a sunrise engagement twenty miles from your province border, when the Massachusetts men who fought there had to get up at three o'clock in the morning to do it?” For weeks I sought in vain the answer to this conundrum. The books throw no light on it; those chroniclers of the unknown and unknowable, the New York dailies, had nothing to invent about it; and I was all but ready to give up my engagement, as the British did theirs on that eventful day, and take refuge in Boston from the incensed antiquarians whom I had deceived with false hopes.

But we have in old Concord, near the scene of that running fight, an accomplished native antiquarian, Mr. George Tolman, who had long been studying our historical affair, and in my despair I appealed to him. It was a forlorn hope, but it was not disappointed. He placed in my hands the printed story of "The Remarkable Military Life of Major Thompson Maxwell," a New Hampshire warrior, born 160 years ago, and still living for aught that appears to the contrary in that document. But I have reason to think that he died and was buried near Detroit some time before he reached his hundredth year. The story, which is truly remarkable and very illustrative of New Hampshire qualities, was published in October, 1891, in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, that useful quarterly which we all revere, and upon whose high authority the celebrated and corrosive "higher criticism" has made no successful attack. It was written down some seventy years earlier by Benjamin Gleason of Charlestown, Mass., who had married a kinswoman of Major Maxwell, and it was dictated to him by the hero himself, then

—Read before the N. H. S. A. R.

on a visit from Michigan to his relatives near Boston, where he was himself born.

Thompson Maxwell, however, was but the youngest son of a stalwart family which had emigrated from Ireland (Tyrone county and Winterburn parish), in 1733, ten years, almost, before this lively lad was born. His father, Hugh Maxwell, born in 1699, married in Ireland a wife named Corbett, and their three oldest children (out of seven) were born in Ireland. The most distinguished of the sons was Colonel Hugh Maxwell, one of the founders of the town of Heath in northwestern Massachusetts, and a brave and useful officer all through the Revolutionary war. He was nine years older than his brother Thompson, and enlisted earlier (in 1754) in the French and Indian war which preceded our Revolution, and trained many of our soldiers to military life. Hugh Maxwell served through five campaigns in the Lake George region and in Canada, and was one of those entrapped and surrendered at Fort William Henry in 1756; but he escaped and was promoted to be ensign before the surrender of Quebec. At the age of fifteen his brother Thompson (born in his mother's fiftieth year) ran away from his home in Bedford, near Concord, where he was born September 22, 1742, and enlisted in a company of "Provisional Rangers," commanded by Captain Nehemiah Lovell of Dunstable, the border town of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, which is now Nashua on your side on the line. It is hinted by the descendants of the elder children of the Maxwells that Thompson was a ne'er-do-well and could not be kept under family discipline very well, hence his early military experiences. Be that as it may, you will see that he was an effective soldier, and in every war that his country had from his fifteenth year to his seventy-fifth. The Rangers whom he joined were an unattached company of those extraordinary Rangers of Rogers and Stark, whose prowess makes a proud chapter in the history of that dragging war. In all, these rangers numbered some 700, and distinguished themselves greatly by their fights against both French and Indians. Recalling the deeds of his youth, more than sixty years after, Thompson Maxwell said:

"Active and patriotic, our march under Capt. Lovell was to Pennycook, now Concord,—thence to Pigwacket Pond in Fryeburg, Maine. Thence we scoured the woods for Indians to the Connecticut River near White River, Vt. From there we reconnoitered down river to Number Four, now Charlestown, N. H., which was burned by Indians three days

before we got there. Thence southward to Hinsdale; then northward to Brattleboro, and to Black River, one day's march above No. 4; then to White River, Connecticut River, and back to Number Four again. Twenty or twenty-five of us finally returned, via Walpole, Keene, and Swanzey, to Winchendon, Fitchburg, Groton, etc., and so home."

In copying this record I have inserted a few connecting links in the rapid narrative of our octogenarian, who may have been drawn aside a little from the accepted course of history by the fervor of his patriotism or the activity of his vivid memory. Not yet sixteen when discharged from this first expedition, Maxwell soon thirsted for war again, and in April, 1758, he enlisted once more in Captain Lovell's company, which now seems to have joined the Rangers of the celebrated Robert Rogers. They rendezvoused at what Maxwell calls "Fort Edward," which I suppose to have been in the Connecticut valley near Deerfield. And now I follow Maxwell's narrative again verbatim:

"Thence to Deerfield; up Deerfield river to Rice's fort in Charlemont; over the mountains to Adams and Williamstown, to Fort Hawkes. Maj. Hawkes and his whole party prisoners. Get provisions: up the Hoosac river to within 10 miles of Bennington; cross to Troy, to Half-Moon fort (now Waterford) on Mohawk river. To Fort Edward again,—Gen. Abercrombie in command (strict and severe) with 4,000 British, 3,000 provincials and 700 rangers, besides Fraser's Scotch regiments with their kilts, plaids, etc. We reconnoiter from Fort Edward to Fort George, and east of Lake George to the bluffs, 15 miles; when the Indians attack, the first day in a body, second day scatteringly, and the third day are dispersed. We then arrive at Fort Anne. While Maj. Rogers' party are shooting at a mark, after breakfast, Maj. (Israel) Putnam with his battalion moves for Fort Edward. At two miles advance we are ambushed, and fight hard for six hours from 10 till 4 o'clock. The brave Maj. Putnam (was) made prisoner, suffering greatly after his capture; 58 men were killed, 84 wounded in the conflict. The firing is heard at Fort Edward. In the evening recruits came with carts to bear off the dead, and the wounded are borne on the back or biers to the fort. We remained ten days at Fort Edward, and the army then moves to Fort George.

In August we crossed Lake George to Sabbath Day Point; Sunday had an action; the boats returned to Fort George, the army advance to Ticonderoga. Lord Howe and Gen. Abercrombie order a reconnoiter

along the Indian trails. A sergeant, a corporal, and three or four men of our scouting party, arranged six or eight rods apart, directed by occasional whistling, move cautiously through the woods; but the Indians waylay watchfully, and, unseen, fire upon us, killing the corporal and file leader; and we are obliged to retreat. Hurrying over a hill I am met abruptly by two Indians, who give chase for a mile; when, at a breathing pause, with deliberate aim, I kill one and leave the other logged. Then, meeting the sergeant, he swims the outlet with me holding on by his shoulders, and we arrive safely at the fort. September the attack: Ticonderoga stormed; loss 1500. October at Fort Edward, December, home."

Thus concisely does the young warrior describe the disastrous events which in Parkman's history occupy many pages; the adventures of Putnam, Rogers, and Stark; the rash attack on Montcalm at Ticonderoga and the victory of the French. The next year, 1759, he is off again,—this time under Capt. Samuel Brewer of Waltham, enlisted for eight months, and again ordered to Fort Edward. In June he writes: "In an action at Rogers' Rock, 400 feet high, west of Lake George, we lose 30 men; retreat to Fort George, and have a hard fight at landing." (This, I think, was one of Stark's engagements.) "To Ticonderoga, and thence to Crown Point: find both evacuated. December to St. Francis, Rogers commanding; lose all our blankets, etc. Massacre and burning; surprisals frequent by the enemy. Seventy of us under Gen. Stark, to Number Four; realize great suffering. Thirty-seven die; the rest surviving various hardships, get safely home at last."

Here ended the second campaign. But still unsatisfied with war, in 1760, after Wolfe's capture of Quebec, Maxwell enlisted again, this time under Captain Barnes of Chelmsford. The men marched to Chambly, St. John, Montreal, and after wintering in Canada went on to Detroit and to Mackinaw, occupying 1761 and 1762 in garrison duty in the new possessions of England. In the spring of 1763 Maxwell was at the point where Chicago now stands, and in the summer he was near Detroit during the conspiracy of Pontiac, which he briefly describes. This was his longest campaign as a youth; but he soon engaged in a longer one, that of matrimony. Returning to Massachusetts late in 1763 he married Sibyl Wyman, "being then 22 years old and she 27; we lived together 38½ years." And now Maxwell began to be a New Hampshire man. He moved to Milford, N. H., in 1764, then to Amherst and continued farming, teaming, etc., in New Hampshire, with frequent trips to Boston,

until the Revolution began in 1775. But do not imagine that his residence in Hillsborough county kept him away from the scene of activity in Boston, for in the early winter of 1773-'74 he was concerned in a famous affair, which he thus records:

“ 1773, December 16, was in Boston, when the tea was thrown overboard. Seventy-three spirited citizen volunteers, in the costume of Indians, in defiance of royal authority, accomplished the daring exploit. John Hancock was then a merchant. My team was loaded at his store for Amherst, N. H., and put up, to meet in consultation at his house at 2 p. m. The business was soon planned and executed. The patriots triumphed.”

Without claiming to have been one of the seventy-three spirited citizens, Maxwell leaves us to infer that he was “thar or tharabout” as the backwoods preacher said of Abraham when the Ark was building. And now we come to the immediate subject of my story, the fight at Concord, all which Maxwell saw, and a part of which he was. The account goes on:

“ 1775, April 18. Happened at Boston with my team, and that evening to Bedford, at Capt. Wilson’s (my brother-in-law) and concluded to stay. The team was sent home to Amherst, N. H. Messrs. Hancock and Sam Adams at Lexington. Lieut. Col. Smith and Maj. Pitcairn, with 900 British regulars, met the alarmed colonists at Lexington, 19th, and then to Concord, destroying stores, arms, etc. At the bridge opposed by Capts. Davis, Buttrick, Wilson, etc., with about 500 men. The British retreat, and are met by Lord Percy’s recruit of 400 or 500 British, with two field pieces, at Lexington; the Americans following them to Charlestown. This day Capt. Wilson killed. The report of Americans killed, 50, and wounded, 70; of the British, 65 killed, 180 wounded, 25 prisoners; probably a much larger number. Our company from Amherst arrive under Capt. Crosby. My rank is lieutenant. Soon 2,000 troops are assembled at Cambridge, Gen. Ward commanding.

It must not be supposed that the Amherst company, in which Thompson Maxwell was ensign or second lieutenant, got to Concord in time to help drive the redcoats back to Boston; their arrival was a few days later, and it is probable that New Hampshire’s one known soldier in the Concord fight went back to Amherst before the Bunker Hill fight occurred, two months later. But by the time his older brother, Hugh Maxwell,

who had settled in what is now the town of Heath, on the Vermont border, in Western Massachusetts, had come down from his hill-farm with a company of Hampshire county soldiers, of which he was made captain, three weeks before Bunker Hill, he found the Amherst lieutenant there, in Colonel Reed's regiment, Hugh Maxwell himself being in Colonel Prescott's regiment, and detailed the night before the battle to aid in fortifying the hill. Thompson's account of the battle is brief; he had seen so many battles before he told his story in 1821 that he had not a great deal of space for each one. He says:

“June 16, 1775. Col. Reed's regiment was stationed at Charlestown Neck, Prescott and others on Bunker Hill. In the evening I walk on the Hill with Captain Reed. My brother, Captain, afterwards Colonel Hugh Maxwell, an engineer, and about 1,000 men were at work there. I drive some stakes. June 17, I engage in the action, and then retreat to Winter Hill, General Sullivan of New Hampshire there commanding.”

Hugh Maxwell had a more prominent share in the fight. One of his company, Aaron Barr of Rowe, near Heath, was the first man wounded in the action, and was carried back to Cambridge. His captain remained in the redoubt which he had helped build until the British grenadiers came swarming over the low mound. One of them aimed at Hugh Maxwell and wounded him in the shoulder, making his right arm powerless. Prescott then ordered a retreat, which General Stark covered with his New Hampshire marksmen, and Captain Maxwell picked up his coat with his left hand,—he had thrown it off in the heat of action,—and fell back with his men to the Neck and to Cambridge, where his wound was dressed. It proved serious, and it was not till September that he was able to join his family in Heath and provide for them in the coming winter, while he returned to the army besieging Boston. Meanwhile General Washington had reached Boston and taken command, and Thompson Maxwell thus proceeds with his account:

“July 3, 1775, Gen. Washington arrived at Cambridge. The last of August I went with a select number of volunteers to Hog Island, and brought off cattle, sheep, horses, etc. Soon after, a British sloop of war got aground in Mystic River, having 12 guns and a guard of 16 men. A small part of us made an attack on them; ten of the 16 escaped in the boat, but we took the other six prisoners and burned the vessel. Gen. Putnam was now commanding at Winter Hill, with about 5,000 men.”

It was about this time that Elkanah Watson of Plymouth, whose schoolmaster had been Alexander Scammell, a New Hampshire officer of distinction afterwards, visited Washington's army from Providence, escorting a ton and a half of powder which his employer, John Brown, the rich merchant, had just imported. He found Washington "in the act of admonishing a militia colonel with some animation," and was sent with his welcome supply to store it at Mystic, two miles northward. He adds these details, which are characteristic of the early months of the war:

"Whilst delivering my load at the powder-house, I observed to the young officer who escorted me, 'Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here already,' He whispered a secret in my ear, with an indiscretion that marked the novice in military affairs: 'These barrels are filled with sand to deceive the enemy, should any spy by chance look in.' While passing through the camp I overheard a dialogue between a captain and one of his privates which forcibly illustrated the character and condition of this army: 'Bill' said the captain, 'go and bring a pail of water for the mess.' 'I shan't; it is your turn now, Cap'n, I got the last one.'"

The siege went on to success, and Thompson Maxwell and his brother went to join the army in New York and along the Hudson. This is briefly stated thus:

"March 17, 1776. Boston is evacuated by the British. The 20th we march to Boston, the 22nd to Mendon, and the 24th to Providence; and so on to New Haven, and in vessels to New York. April 11th we arrive there; our number 4,000 troops. April 18, with Gen. Sullivan's brigade of these 4,000 men, I leave New York City for Albany."

These dates are no doubt exact, and show the ordinary rate of travel for our New Hampshire soldiers when brigaded. Twenty days were occupied in marching and sailing to New York from captured Boston. In the muster for the siege of Boston, the year before, after the general alarming of the country by the invasion of Lexington and Concord, the movements of individual soldiers were, of course, more rapid; but I hardly think any man from New Hampshire took part in the chase of the redcoats from Concord to Charlestown, April 19, 1775, unless, like Thompson Maxwell, he had a brother-in-law near the scene of action, and was spending the night there. Very likely there were other New Hampshire teamsters from Rockingham, Strafford, or Cheshire counties,

who happened also to be near Boston that April day, and who took a hand in the encounter, but if any such there were, I have not learned their names. Could the place of invasion have been known even twenty-four hours before hand, no doubt a thousand New Hampshire marksmen would have been there, or on the road when our "embattled farmers" "fired the shot heard round the world."

They have ever been quick to resist invasion and slow to invade the rights of others. This is Flag Day, your announcement tells me, the anniversary, that is, of the first display of the flag of the United States. I could wish it were the anniversary of that running up of the old state flag of New Hampshire, for which provision was made by our legislature in June, 1786, when a committee of the general court, sitting here at Concord, and having for its function "to devise Standards" reported thus:

"That the field of the New Hampshire Flag be a dark purple on a white ground, an oval shield in the middle, encircled with laurel, within which is to be the following device, viz.: A man armed at all points in a posture of defence, his hand on his sword, the sword half drawn; the motto, Freedom, not Conquest: thirteen silver stars dispersed over the field of the Standard, and properly arranged so as to encircle the device and motto."

How this looked, or would have looked, artistically, if ever wrought in silk and silver, I cannot say, for it was soon superseded by the flag of the Union under the constitution of Washington, Franklin, and Madison, adopted in 1787. The "man armed at all points" no longer carries a sword either drawn or half-drawn "in a posture of defence"; he uses, as the brave Boers did so effectively, in their long resistance to British conquest, the long-range rifle, which has put even the bayonet out of countenance. But that noble motto—"Freedom, not Conquest,"—I could wish had been engraved among the increasing stars of our national standard, to check that lust of invasion taken at second-hand from European empires, which cannot be indulged in a free republic, however powerful, without endangering the whole fabric of democracy. I am addressing you to-day in commemoration of one of those shining points in the world's history, the running fight from Concord to Boston, which takes rank with Marathon and Salamis in illustration of this happy device and motto of our old state flag. They were victories over conquest, by freedom, defeats of invasion by sturdy defenders of their own homes,

who were free-men armed at all points against the hosts of despotism. Though restricted to a single point, my subject admits a more ample treatment.

I have been able to find only this one hero from New Hampshire who assisted the men of Massachusetts at Lexington and Concord; but I must ask you to notice that he was so early and so often in the field of war that he has the effect of a whole platoon, if not of an entire regiment. Think of a warrior who fought under Stark, Putnam, and Lord Howe in 1758; who helped suppress Pontiac's Indian conspiracy in 1763, was in the Boston Tea-Party of 1773, and who saw his kinsman shot down by his side in April, 1775. These were ancient wars; but I know a lady of Plymouth who has heard Priscilla Cotton, the sister of Elkanah Watson whom I just cited, tell how she saw Indians rush down School street to cast the tea overboard, and recite the stirring verses describing the affair at the time:

As near beauteous Boston lying
 On a gently swelling flood,
 Without jack or pennant flying,
 Three ill-fated tea-ships rode,
 Just as glorious Sol was setting,
 On the wharf a numerous crew,
 Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
 Suddenly appeared in view.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky
 Three bright angels there were seen;
 This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
 And fair Liberty between.
 Quick as thought, without delay,
 Axes, hammers were displayed;
 Spades and shovels in array;
 What a glorious crash they made!

But our hero went on to aid Prescott in fortifying his hill, and Stark in destroying his foemen on the 17th of June; he was foremost with Sullivan in the surprise of Trenton that dismal December night, and he assisted at the capture of Princeton and the defeat of Burgoyne. Then he left New Hampshire for the new settlements in the Deerfield valley, rep-

resented Buckland in the constitutional convention of 1788, after taking the field along with his brother, the colonel, to put down Shays' insurrection; and, when the hills became too thick with farms and houses, migrated to Ohio and became a pioneer in that great state. There he served under General Harrison at Tippecanoe, and might perhaps have put in a claim that he, and not Colonel Johnson, killed Tecumseh. The war with England came on a year later, and Thompson Maxwell joined the army of Cass and Hull at Detroit, only to be surrendered in that unlucky expedition. Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and he was mobbed in Ohio by fellow-citizens whose rights he had defended before they were born, because he was unfortunate enough to be included in Hull's surrender. When exchanged as a prisoner he joined the northern army again, and, falling in with a more fortunate commander, our Peterborough hero Colonel Miller, Maxwell fought more successfully in Canada, but was wounded and again taken prisoner when seventy-two years old; and the peace of Ghent found him in confinement at Quebec. Being released he returned to the military service, which he finally left at the age of seventy-five, receiving a captain's pension with the rank of major. If any of the Revolutionary pensioners had a more extended record I have not heard of them.

Meeting the other day in Ohio with the Historical Society of that state, I sought to find the record of Thompson Maxwell there; but his memory had not come down to the present generation. So much the more need that we should perpetuate it, along with that of his brother Hugh, whose grave-monument I have read on the green hills of Heath. He, too, was one of the "embattled farmers," though he did not fight at Concord. While I am on this subject, I may as well correct an error in date for the singing of Emerson's hymn at the battle-ground by the Bridge, which the poet himself never corrected, and which appears in every edition of his poem that I have seen. It stands printed therein, "Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836," but it was not really sung there until July 4, 1837, and for the sufficient reason that the monument was not completed until early in 1837, though it had been intended to dedicate it at the date given by Emerson, and doubtless the verses were written before April 19, 1836. I ascertained this curious fact by searching through the local newspaper, the *Yeoman's Gazette*, of April, 1836, and the following year, to find an account of the celebration, and the earliest printing of the poem. I was unable to find it until the first week in July, 1837, when a brief account of the dedi-

cation was printed, with a copy of the hymn. I had learned long before that the Concord choir sang it to the tune of "Old Hundred," and that Thoreau was one of the singers, he being then a senior in his college vacation, unless he was a junior passing his examinations in Italian and Spanish. The poem itself has become almost as memorable as the battle, and, though familiar, I may well recite it here. No New Hampshire man could have written it in 1836 or earlier; but that great orator from our state, Daniel Webster, could have given its equal in his stately prose.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream that seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit! that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

This simple and imperishable tribute, which will outlast the shaft and defy time, because it conforms to nature, is known to all. But there is another poem of Emerson's, less known, which deals no less grandly with the conflict of which you honor the memory to-day. It was written years afterward in remembrance of his eloquent brother, Edward Emerson, the friend and disciple of Webster, who died in Porto Rico before the Concord monument had been erected, but who had taken part in the early celebration of 1825, when Lafayette was visiting America, and who afterward was the guest of Lafayette at his French chateau of La Grange. Speaking of the fight at the bridge, Emerson wrote:

I mourn upon this battle-field,
 But not for those who perished here:
 Behold the river bank
 Whither the angry farmers came,
 In sloven dress and broken rank,
 Nor thought of fame.
 Their deed of blood all mankind praise;
 Even the serene Reason says
 It was well done.
 The wise and simple have one glance
 To greet yon stern headstone,
 Which more of pride than pity gave
 To mark the Briton's friendless grave.

* * * * *

Ah, brother of the brief but blazing star!
 What hast thou to do with these,
 Haunting this bank's historic trees?
 Thou born for noblest life, for action's field,
 for victor's car,—
 Thou living champion of the right!
 To these their penalty belonged;
 I grudge not these their bed of death,—
 But thine to thee, who never wronged
 The poorest that drew breath.

* * * * *

What matters how, or from what ground
 The freed soul its Creator found?
 Alike thy memory embalms
 That orange grove, that isle of palms,
 And these loved banks, whose oak-boughs bold
 Root in the blood of heroes old.

Here is asserted the imperishable truth upon which the honor of the slain soldier is founded; he must have been a living champion of the right; if he was not, we must say of him and his comrades,

To these their penalty belonged,
I grudge not these their bed of death.

It is not given to every man to say that

He never wronged
The poorest that drew breath.

But it is allowed to all of us to put ourselves on the side of the poor, the weak, the oppressed, and the invaded; and he who fights and dies for their cause is the man whose memory is honored so long as his name is remembered. The men of New Hampshire who rushed to repel the British invader, whether at Concord, at Bunker Hill, at Bennington, or at New Orleans, had this good cause for their justification; and though we may not learn all their names, we give them all, the known and the unknown, the praise that righteous valor deserves. Unhappy indeed is the soldier who goes, willing or unwilling, to fight against the defender of his home and his country, who exacts the penalty of death for what he knows to be in itself a virtue. Such was the misfortune of the Englishmen who fell at Lexington and Concord, and in the dreadful slaughter wrought by Stark at Bunker Hill; such must be the misfortune of all who take the sword or perish by the sword in any but a righteous cause.

F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, MASS.

THE ANTI-RENT WAR OF DUTCHESS COUNTY, N. Y.

WHILE the "Anti-rent War" of 1840-45 in New York is a matter of history, the fact that a similar though only local outbreak occurred in 1766, is hardly known outside of Dutchess County. It arose from the same cause—the feudal tenure of vast tracts of land in the hands of a few wealthy proprietors who would rent, but not sell; and the seed sown by William Prendergast was destined to bear fruit three-quarters of a century later.

We believe this is the first time the story has been told in detail.

Twenty-five years ago, before the older Quakers on Quaker Hill* had so largely passed away, a lad trained in the traditions of Indian wars and revolutionary days from a New England ancestry, found himself on Quaker Hill. The quiet annals of the Quakers did not appeal to him, but the revolutionary memories of the Hill did. Before long his Puritan scent for combat had taken up the trail of the Prendergast revolt. Here was a little war of which he had never before heard. He felt all the joy of a discoverer; and he began trying to trace the tradition, but with little success. Finally he was referred to one of the beautiful older Quaker women then on the Hill.

"I do not know the story well," she replied to his inquiries, "and I do not think thee will find many who do. The Prendergast family moved west long ago, and thee knows Friends are not fond of keeping memory of wars and fightings, so I fear that not much tradition is left about it. There is a little printed, but thee will not find the full story anywhere. And thee will find almost as little in the minds of the people about here. I know, because I have always been attracted by that story of Mehitable Wing. When only a girl I got some inkling of it, and began to inquire about the story. It fascinated me. But very soon my father noticed that I was asking about it. I still remember his rebuke. 'Daughter,' he said, 'if thee wants to inquire into the past thee can find something more profitable than wars and rumors of wars.' So after that I was less urgent in my inquiries; perhaps because of what my father said; but perhaps partly because I found that inquiries were of little avail. But the figure of Mehitable Wing still continued to haunt my fancy, and

* Near Pawling, Dutchess County, N. Y.

has all these years. The Friends don't like to acknowledge it, but often we have a good deal of fighting blood in us after all. I suppose it is what the world's people call heredity, and it is the same thing our people call the Old Adam. Does thee remember the Quaker in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, who helped George and Eliza to escape, who was so anxious that the fugitives should have their pistols in good condition, and who prayed that he himself might not be tempted to shoot, but if he was tempted too much—why let them look out? That is the fighting blood of the Quaker, and I think thee will admit that just a little of it is a good thing. Anyway, I have always thought so; and I could never make it seem wrong to rejoice in the memory of Mehitable Wing. Once when I was a girl, I had occasion to pass the house where it is said she lived at the time of the battle. I was riding alone. It was just after dusk, and I slipped off the horse and sat down on the bank and stayed there as long as I dared. I went over it all in my mind—how she must have felt in those days when William was preparing for the conflict and then how the day of the battle must have been a day of strain. I think I know how she felt. She must have been in favor of his going on with his plans of resistance. No man, even if he did have such a long name as Prendergast, could have done what he did under the disapproval of a wife like Mehitable. People need not think that Quaker women are meek little things. No, indeed! Especially not when we are built like Mehitable. I am afraid that was why I liked her. Thee knows that they say William was Irish. I have always thought that the persistence of Quaker passive resistance and the fire of the Irish temperament would make a very explosive compound. There is no doubt in my mind that William took his musket with at least the quiet encouragement of his wife. But, all the same, those days between the plan to resist and the capture of William must have been very sad days. Thee knows that women stay behind and do a great deal of quiet thinking while men go out and blunder around without always having thought very much anyway. Many a time Mehitable must have had misgivings about the way things would turn out. Thee knows how to this day, good republicans though we all are, there is a sort of solemnity about the phrase, 'The King's troops.' It must have been still more so then. And I can't but think that the words of the Master, 'Resist not evil' with all the emphasis that had so often been laid on them at the meeting-house, must have often and often come to her mind in those lonely days. Not that they were idle days—there were the cows and the horses to take care of, and all the farm work as well as the house work to attend to.

And after that was done, she went to spinning with more vigor than ever. Such a women as that could not be idle. Besides, *if*—that great *if*. I don't think she ever finished the sentence, only she spun faster, for it might be she would soon stand in sore need of money from all the yarn she could sell. Then—hark—there was a hoof-beat. Was it news? And out she went, bareheaded, to stand at the roadside and question the passer-by. Had he heard anything of the company? One man had seen them. 'And they looked fine, too,' he added. 'They was a marchin' north, and they all had good horses and guns. There was about fifty of 'em a-goin' along a-singin', and there is more to jine. There ain't no British troops will stand afore them fellers.' But the messengers were not always so enthusiastic. One said that ten men from up north had sneaked out and gone home again. Another reported that the big 'renters,' upon whom they had relied, would have nothing to do with them. That was a heavy blow, and it was a very sad heart that Mehitable took back to her spinning. From that time on she had a presentiment of evil. And so she gathered up the reports, one after the other, and wove their conflicting statements together as best she could. It did not seem to her to be going right. By and by, when she went out at the sound of still another hoof-beat, she found it was an old neighbor from Quaker Hill. And when she asked him, he only looked solemnly at her and said sternly, 'Mehitable, thee is beginning to see the fruits of thy sowing when thee married out of meeting. Only beginning to see, Mehitable. Those that take the sword shall perish by the sword,' and he went on. Mehitable fled back into the house, and burst into a passion of tears. The old Quaker had echoed the voice of her own conscience. She felt as though God and man had both forsaken her. But soon she dried her tears, though her heart was not the less heavy. Here was all the work to do, and other messengers might ride past at any time. Soon she began to hear reports of the British troops. One boy, riding rapidly, with big eyes and excited manner, said that the troops and William's band were already fighting. He had heard the reports of guns off to the west of him.

"Oh, I thought it all out as I sat there on the bank. Girl-fashion, I was completely carried away with it. I had brought it, in my fancy, to William's capture, and was living through it so thoroughly that it was a relief to my emotions when my horse moved and called me back to myself.

"Well, that evening only made my fancy stronger. Thee knows that we Quaker young people did not have fiction as young people do

now. We had to make our own fiction. I was quite grown up before I ceased to always have a story in my mind. I called it my story, and I carried it along in my head day after day, or, more properly, night after night. I used to think myself to sleep about it. Sometimes a story lasted me for months, and then I would lay it aside for another. I suppose that is what people called day-dreaming. The story of *Mehitable* always came back to me, when others failed, like the continued stories in the monthly magazines now. And especially that trip she made to New York to see the Governor. I used to lie awake at night and go over that trip with her again and again. I could fairly hear the footfalls of her horse upon the road. I think I have been over every inch of the ground with her, from the time she shut the door of the house till she got back with the Governor's reprieve in her pocket. Sometimes the weather would be pleasant when I went with her, fine fall days, with the colored maple leaves dropping on her as she rode under the trees. Sometimes it was stormy and the rain beat her in the face. Then—it is funny how a comic element will intrude itself into the midst of the most serious things—then I always had a vivid sense of her anxiety not to get those clothes she had borrowed from her sister all spotted with mud. I used to find myself actually tired out trying to get that borrowed dress all tucked up out of the wet. Some corner of it always would get blown out and spattered with mud. Sometimes I would really cry with vexation. If *Mehitable* had only thought far enough to wear her big kitchen apron over her dress, it would have been all right. But I was sure she didn't! I knew she didn't, and that best dress of her sister's would get all wet and muddy. And then the straits she went through before she could get to see the Governor! I fancied all sorts of ways of getting her into his presence. Sometimes she rode up to his residence and the dignity of her bearing overcame the soldiers—I always placed a guard of soldiers at the gate—and she was ushered straight into his presence. But the next time I went over it, like enough it would be totally different. I think I had some sense of humor as a girl, and if I brought her to the Governor's door in a storm, all bedraggled and wet, and then tried to take her into his presence with a great deal of dignity, it would seem so incongruous that I would just laugh out loud. And yet I never could make *Mehitable* go down on her knees and cry and 'take on' just like a common woman. She wouldn't do it for me. If she had, I could have aroused the Governor's pity for a poor, miserable woman; but she wouldn't. I just knew that *Mehitable* Wing never got down on her knees to any human being. And when she landed at the Governor's in a storm, the trouble I had to

get her into his presence properly used to keep me awake nights. I never wrote a story. I never dreamed of doing such a thing; but I think I know all about the troubles of a story-writer, and how he has to work to make things fit in.

“ But after the reprieve had once been won, the next was easy. It was a very jubilant woman that came back up the roads, hurrying her horse in the joy of her journey. It was always pleasant weather then, and hour after hour she rode through the glorious autumn fields and forests. Now and then she would break into speech. ‘ Praise ye the Lord ’ she said, ‘ Praise him in the highest.’ Thee knows we Quakers have no music, but I think Mehitable’s horse-hoofs made as good music on the road as any one could ever wish to hear.

“ But when she had herself taken the reprieve to Poughkeepsie, and had seen William and got back home again, then she took up the burden that she had been putting off all this time. The reprieve was not sufficient, it was only the first step. It only held the execution till a petition had been laid before the King. The Governor had been very explicit in urging that no delay should be made in sending the petition. ‘ The King objects to feeding dead men,’ he had said. And so there was the petition to be made. She had scarcely left her husband’s presence before she began to frame it in her mind. Some women might have gone to a lawyer, but I know Mehitable Wing did not. This was her own matter, and she would carry it through herself. She would get the best penman of the county to engross the petition, but she would first write it with her own pen.

“ The first night at home, after she had herself seen that the cattle and the pigs and the poultry had not suffered while she was gone, and after the candles were lit, she got her goose quills, made a new pen, and sat down to write. Now writing, thee knows, was not so common a practice in those days, and not to be undertaken without serious thought. People sat down to pen and paper almost as reverently as they sat in the meeting-house. She unfolded the big sheet of paper she had brought from New York, dipped her goose-quill into the ink, and began with firm strokes, ‘ Fredericksburg.’ Then the date. Then the formula of opening, which she copied from provincial petitions that she had seen :

“ ‘ To his Majesty, the King: ’

“ ‘ Your humble petitioner showeth, ’

“ The next few words were easy: ‘ that her husband, your Majesty’s

most loyal subject, William Prendergast,' and then she came to a pause. How could she tell the whole story on paper? How could she put in proper form that her William and the other farmers had been unjustly treated; that anyway it was not William that had been really to blame, but that scamp who had absconded and who ought to be in William's place to-day? If she could only go to the King and talk it out! Her tongue had never failed her yet, and she didn't believe it would before the King himself. But to write it for the King to sit down and read—for it never occurred to her but that the King would himself read it—that was another matter.

"The trouble I had with that petition! I never got it written. Night after night Mehitable came back to it, and she and I struggled along somehow, but we never got through; which shows that I wasn't any help to her, for thee knows that she *did* write the petition, and all the neighbors signed it, and the great men of the county too, and it went across the water to the King, and the answer came back—'Of his gracious mercy, his Majesty, the King, pardoneth William Prendergast, yeoman.'

"Well, I am afraid thee won't be interested in an old woman's fancies. It has been years since I have thought very much of Mehitable. But really, I don't know that there is any more interesting story in this whole region than hers. I wish some of the great writers would put it into a form that is worthy of it. When thee gets older, my boy, thee must write it out."

When, twenty-five years later, the boy did write it out, he could find no more fitting form in which to tell it than the beautiful old Quaker lady's tale of the day dreams of her girlhood.

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NOTE.—The disappointment of his failure, and the stigma of a sentence to death seem to have weighed on William Prendergast; and he, with all his family, emigrated westward; traveling with thirty horses and seventeen vehicles, first northward, then southward, and finally, after visiting several States, to their permanent residence on the shore of Chautauqua Lake. There and in nearby towns their descendants have been of great influence. James, son of William, was the founder of Jamestown, N. Y., and the Prendergast Library commemorates his branch of the family, now represented by no living member. (William Prendergast was born in Waterford, Ireland, 1727; married Mehitable Wing, of Beekman, N. Y.; settled in Chautauqua, where he died, 1811.—*Centennial History of Chautauqua County*, 1904.)

KENTUCKY COUNTY NAMES

KENTUCKY was organized as a county of Virginia in the autumn of 1776, the year following the first permanent settlement within her borders. The two leading settlements, Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, founded about the same time (1775), were, in a measure, representative of two rival and antagonistic forces; the North Carolina, or Transylvania, and the Virginia faction each eager to dominate in this new tramontary world.

We cannot here enter upon the romantic story of Richard Henderson and his North Carolina company, and their efforts to establish the new and independent colony of "Transylvania" west of the Alleghanies; that story is part of that border-land dream of an independent nation west of the mountains, which flitted through so many daring heads in those early days, and took definite form in such political creations as Azalia, Transylvania, and Aaron Burr's wild phantasm of a Mississippi empire with its capital at New Orleans, his accomplished daughter Theodosia as its queen, and himself as its regent.

Boonesborough was the center of the Transylvania, or Henderson, faction; and Harrodsburg of the Virginia settlers. With the erection of "Kentucky" County in 1776, Harrodsburg became the county site; and the death blow was dealt to Henderson's Transylvania dream. Harrodsburg began to assume political importance in the Colony, while Boonesborough never rose from its rank as a mere village and a fort for repelling hostile savages.

In 1780 Kentucky County disappeared from the map, having been divided in that year into the three counties: Jefferson, Fayette and Lincoln, named in honor of Revolutionary heroes, whose respective stories need not be told.

Nelson, Kentucky's fourth county, was created by the Virginia legislature in 1784, and named in honor of Thomas Nelson, a former governor of Virginia, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

1785 witnessed the formation of three new counties: Bourbon,

named for the reigning dynasty of France; Mercer, in memoriam to the patriot general who fell at Princeton, and Madison, named for the future President, but who was then prominent in the councils of the new and struggling nation.

Mason and Woodford counties were formed in 1788, and named, the former in honor of George Mason, the distinguished Virginia statesman, the compeer of Jefferson and Henry; the latter in memory of Gen. William Woodford, of the Revolutionary Army, who was wounded at the battle of Brandywine; was captured at Charleston in 1780, and died in prison.

1792, the year of Kentucky's admission to the Union, saw also seven new counties carved out of her territory. Of these seven additions to the family of counties, five were christened with the names of great actors in the Revolutionary drama, George Washington, Charles Scott, Isaac Shelby, George Rogers Clark, and Nathaniel Greene, whose histories need not be recounted to students of American annals. The other two, Cols. Benjamin Logan and John Hardin, were not less well known to the pioneer records of the "Dark and Bloody Ground." Benjamin Logan, a farmer on the Holston, had been captivated by the stories of the rich cane lands. He migrated to the new Canaan, built a fort near the site of the present town of Stanford, and was thenceforward a leading figure in the State's military and political history. Colonel John Hardin was one of the best specimens of the border clansmen that even Kentucky has ever produced. It is said that he was in every expedition save one made by the pioneers against the hostiles, and he was accounted the most skillful of hunters in a land where all were hunters. He was at last murdered by the Ohio Indians to whom he had been sent on a mission of peace.

The seven counties just named were the first created by a Kentucky legislature. The nine older counties were all the legislative offspring of the "Old Dominion." We are surprised that the "Mother of Presidents" had not attached the name of her greatest son—the Father of his country—to one of the new counties of this paradise of the West. She had bestowed on these the names of men much less known, none of whom had ever dwelt in the new commonwealth or had been identified with her interests. We may justly suspect the existence of some feeling of jealousy in his native State toward the greatest of all her sons. It remained for the new commonwealth to repair the slight thus put upon

the great patriot, by affixing his name to the first county formed by her legislature.

Harrison, the seventeenth county, was formed in 1793, and named in honor of Benjamin Harrison, a citizen of Bourbon County, and the least prominent of all those who had yet been honored with county namesakes.

In 1794 the county roll was lengthened by the addition of two new members: Franklin and Campbell. The former was of course called from the name of the great statesman-philosopher; the latter was named for Colonel John Campbell—a somewhat prominent citizen of Jefferson County.

Bullitt, Christian, Montgomery, Bracken, Warren, Garrard were the six counties created by the legislature of 1796. Two of these, Montgomery and Warren, were called for the two distinguished Revolutionary generals, Richard Montgomery and Joseph Warren, both of them early martyrs to the cause of Liberty. Hon. James Garrard, at that time (1769) governor of the State, was honored in the naming of one of the counties, and a like tribute was bestowed upon Alexander Scott Bullitt, the first speaker (1792) of the Kentucky Senate, and later the first lieutenant-governor. Bracken County received its name from two creeks—Big and Little Bracken—which water the county, and these in turn were called from the old pioneer, William Bracken, an early settler in the county, who was killed by the Indians. A like death befell (1786) Colonel William Christian, for whom Christian County was called. He had been present at Braddock's Defeat, and had served gallantly through the Revolution as a colonel of the Virginia line. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1785, the year before his death.

1798 was the most prolific year in county-making of Kentucky's history, for thirteen of these sub-commonwealths came into being during this year. Several of the new county names were heirlooms from our Revolutionary history—names familiar to all intelligent readers, viz.: Pulaski, Livingston (Robert R.), Henry (Patrick), Gallatin (Albert), Muhlenberg (Gen. Peter),—while Edmund Pendleton a prominent Virginia jurist of that era, was also honored with one of these county names. Fleming County received its appellation from Colonel John Fleming, its most prominent pioneer settler, who died at Fleming's Station in 1794.

Two of the new counties—Cumberland and Ohio—received names

from the two great rivers which drain most of the State's area; and the latter (Ohio) is the only Indian name preserved by Kentucky's counties; while Jessamine is the only county named in honor of a woman. Jessamine Douglass was the beautiful daughter of an early (Scotch) settler. One day while sitting, all unconscious of danger, upon a rock overhanging a stream near her home, a savage stealthily approached from behind and buried his tomahawk in her head. The stream was named "Jessamine" for her and later, the new county received the same appellation. Barren County received its designation from the "barrens," or treeless plains, which in the State's pioneer days, embraced a wide area of its surface. The remaining two counties—Boone and Henderson—commemorate the names of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, and of the hardly less famous Richard Henderson, founder of that dream republic "Transylvania," whose short-lived capital was Boonesboro, the namesake of the old pioneer.

It seems to us strange that the Blue Grass commonwealth should have been so tardy in recognizing her debt to her greatest pioneer, for "Boone" was the *thirtieth* on the roll of her counties; and before its formation the old hero had left the State never to return, and was a wanderer on the banks of the Missouri, and a subject of the King of Spain.

It seems probable that the Virginia jealousy of old Transylvania and of Henderson, Boone, and other "promoters" of that visionary State, may have had much to do with the injustice which finally drove Boone from the beautiful "Cane Land" of his early love.

Breckenridge, Floyd, Knox, and Nicholas were the legislative product of 1799. One of these counties—Knox—was in honor of General Henry Knox, Washington's great compeer in the Revolutionary army. Floyd bears the name of Colonel John Floyd, founder of Floyd's Station, near the Falls of the Ohio, and later a victim of Indian assassination. Colonel George Nicholas, a gallant patriot of the War of Independence, who came to Kentucky from Virginia in 1788, and was regarded as the leading jurist of the new commonwealth at the time of his death (1799), left his name to another of these new counties; while his compeer, John Breckenridge, the first of that prominent family in the State, and at this period specially prominent as the promoter and author of the famous "Kentucky-Virginia Resolutions," left his name also to another of the new county creations.

Wayne County, bearing its name from "Mad Anthony," was the only county formed during the first year of the new century, as Adair was the only county marked out in 1801. General John Adair (b. 1757; d. 1840) was a South Carolinian who came to Kentucky in 1787, and was thenceforward an active participant in the wars and politics of the West. He commanded the Kentucky troops at New Orleans (1814-15), and was elected governor in 1820.

Greenup County, formed in 1803, was another Kentucky tribute to her Virginia ancestry; for Christopher Greenup, a patriot of the Revolution, who migrated to Kentucky directly after the war and became governor in 1804, was honored in the naming of the forty-fifth county.

The legislature in 1806 added four to the county offspring: Casey, named from the pioneer, Colonel William Casey, who came from Virginia to Kentucky about 1780, and established a fort in the Green River country; Clay, in honor of General Green Clay, also a Virginia Kentuckian, prominent in the war of 1812; Lewis, in honor of the great explorer of the West, Meriwether Lewis, who with Clark penetrated the continent to the Pacific in 1803-6; and Hopkins, named for General Samuel Hopkins, a Virginia officer of the Revolutionary army, who came to Kentucky in 1797, settled on Green River, and was thereafter prominently identified with the State's military and political history.

Estill County was named in 1808 for Captain James Estill, a pioneer who commanded the Kentuckians in the sanguinary battle of Little Mountain (1782), near the present Mt. Sterling, in which both whites and Indians were nearly exterminated.

Caldwell County (1809) was named for General John Caldwell, who came to Kentucky in 1781, settled near Danville, became lieutenant-governor in 1804, but died shortly after his inauguration.

Rockcastle, Butler, Grayson, the triplet birth of 1810, received their christening: the first from the Rockcastle River, whose name was suggested by its giant palisades and boulders of rocks; the second, from General Richard Butler, a gallant Revolutionary officer, who fell in St. Clair's defeat (1781); and the third, in honor of Colonel William Grayson, a Virginia politician and statesman.

Union and Bath Counties were organized in 1811; the former is supposed to have been named from the unanimity of its people for sepa-

ration from the mother county, Henderson, while the latter received its name from the number of mineral springs within its borders.

Allen and Daviess, Kentucky's twin offspring for 1815, were called for the two talented patriot lawyers, Colonel John Allen, who fell with nearly half of his regiment at the disastrous battle of the River Raisin; and Colonel Joseph Hamilton Daviess, the prosecutor of Aaron Burr, who fell at Tippecanoe. Friends in life, they were hardly divided in their deaths.

Whitley, the fifty-ninth of the county brood, was organized in 1818, and called from William Whitley, a Virginia pioneer of 1775, who built a station in Lincoln County, near Logan's Station, St. Asaph's.

Harlan, Hart, Owen, Simpson, and Todd were carved out of different and distant former counties by the legislature of 1819. Four of these county-names were in memory of fallen heroes: Major Silas Harlan and Colonel John Todd both were slain by the Indians in the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks (1782) which was Kentucky's Wyoming; Captain John Simpson fell at the River Raisin, and Colonel Abraham Owen with Joseph Hamilton Daviess, was of the fallen at Tippecanoe. The first two battles—Blue Licks and the River Raisin—brought more of sorrow to Kentucky homes than all other conflicts prior to our great Civil War. Nathaniel G. T. Hart, whose name is perpetuated in one of these county names, was a son of Thomas Hart, one of the leading spirits in the founding of "Transylvania."

Monroe, Trigg, Grant and Perry Counties date their legal birth to an act of 1820. Two of them, Monroe and Perry, were called in honor respectively, of James Monroe, then President, and Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie; while another of these names was a tribute to Colonel Stephen Trigg, also a victim to the tomahawk at the fatal battle of the Blue Licks. As to Grant County's name, there has long been doubt as to whether it was derived from Colonel John Grant who founded a station in Fayette County in 1799, or from his nephew, Samuel Grant who was killed by the Indians in 1794.

Lawrence, Pike and Hickman were the legislative offspring of 1821, and they are three more witnesses to Kentucky's admiration for military glory, in the persons of Captain James Lawrence, the famed commander of the *Chesapeake*; Captain Zebulon M. Pike, a gallant officer of the "late" war with Great Britain, and the discoverer of Pike's Peak;

and Captain Paschal Hickman, another Kentucky victim of the melancholy River Raisin.

Calloway and Morgan Counties were created in 1822; the former having its name from Colonel Richard Calloway, the comrade of Boone in the building of Boonesborough; the latter from General Daniel Morgan, commander of the famous riflemen corps of the Revolutionary army, many of which body finally settled in Kentucky.

Oldham, Graves and Meade, formed in 1823, are three more tributes to heroes dead: Colonel William Oldham, a gallant officer of the Revolution, and in 1779 an immigrant to Kentucky, fell under the tomahawk at St. Clair's defeat (1791); while Captain Benjamin Graves and Captain James Meade were two more of Kentucky's sacrifices by the "dark-flowing" Raisin (1812).

Spencer and McCracken, created in 1824, commemorate with their names the patriotism of two young Kentucky captains whose lives were given for their country. Captain Spencer fell at Tippecanoe with Daviess, Owen and many of Kentucky's chivalry; while Captain Virgil McCracken, at the head of his company of riflemen, perished with most of Allen's regiment at the Raisin.

Edmonson, Laurel and Russell were the yield of 1825. The first was named for Captain John Edmonson, another Kentucky sacrifice by the ill-omened Raisin; the second received its name from the Laurel River, and that from the profuse laurel shrub growing on its banks; while the third was in honor of Colonel William Russell of the Revolutionary army who came to Kentucky in 1780, fought at Tippecanoe, afterwards commanded the north-western frontier. This had been an era of county-making. In the six years, 1819-1825, twenty-two members had been added to the roll of State sub-divisions—an increase out of all proportion to the increase in population. Henceforth the lengthening of the list proceeded at a more moderate rate, though still rapidly enough for all practical purposes.

Anderson County was the single birth of 1827, and received its appellation from Hon. Richard C. Anderson, a prominent politician of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. He died in 1826 while on his way, under President Monroe's appointment as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Congress at Panama during the South American revolution.

Hancock County was marked out in 1829, and called from the Revolutionary patriot, John Hancock.

Marion was legislated into existence in 1834, and named for Francis Marion, the famous "Swamp Fox" of the Pedee.

Clinton, a memorial to DeWitt Clinton of New York, was established by an Act of 1835.

Trimble County, created in 1836, received its name from Judge John Trimble, one of the judges of the first Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

Carroll and Carter came into being in 1838, the former being named for him of Carrollton, one of the "Signers"; the latter for Colonel William G. Carter, a politician of some prominence at the time of the county's birth.

Breathitt. 1839 witnessed the creation of this, perhaps the most famous (?) of Kentucky's sub-divisions. It was named for John Breathitt, who was elected governor of the commonwealth in 1832, but died before his term of office had expired.

Kenton, Kentucky's *ninetieth* county, was a tardy recognition of the eminent services of her second greatest pioneer. Many names which, but for their linking with the State's sub-divisions, would have been lost, had been preferred before that of Simon Kenton; and many tricksters had cheated him out of his just inheritance, and had driven him an exile and in poverty from that *Dark and Bloody Ground* which he had done so much to win; and not until several years after his death was his name perpetuated in a permanent memorial by the State he had served so well.

A fresh spasm of county-making now seized the legislature, almost rivalling that of twenty years before. Henceforth Kentucky politicians were to have almost a monopoly in the *god-fathering* of new counties.

Crittenden, Marshall, Ballard, Boyle and Letcher were created by Act of 1842. The names of the first two are from men of national renown: John J. Crittenden and Chief Justice John Marshall. Boyle County was named for John Boyle, Chief Justice of the commonwealth; and Letcher from Robert P. Letcher, a former governor of the State; while Ballard County is commemorative of the pioneer hero Bland Ballard who was one of the most prominent of the State's Indian fighters.

Owsley, Johnson and Larue. Three counties were added by the legislature of 1843. The first of these was named in honor of William Owsley, the fourteenth governor of the State; while the second received its name from Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President with Van Buren, and the reputed slayer of Tecumseh. Larue County perpetuates the memory of John Larue, a pioneer settler within the county's borders. In this county is the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

Fulton County, named for Robert Fulton, the great inventor, was organized in 1845.

Taylor County was formed in 1848, the year of General Zachary Taylor's election to the presidency, and called in his honor.

Powell County, organized in 1852, was christened in honor of Lazarus W. Powell, then governor of the commonwealth, and the first Democratic governor since the division of parties under the names of Whigs and Democrats.

Lyon and McLean were the twin offspring of 1854; the former was named for Chittenden Lyon, a somewhat brawny politician of the early days, of Irish stock, and as ready to clinch an argument with his fist as with his logic. McLean County was set off and named for Judge Alney McLean, a prominent politician of the Henry Clay school.

Rowan County, laid off in 1856, honored in its name the memory of John Rowan, one of the early judges of the Court of Appeals, and later a United States senator from Kentucky.

Jackson was carved out of several counties by the legislature of 1858, and named for "Old Hickory." Kentucky had been steadily a Henry Clay State, and it was not until the final downfall of the Whig party that such recognition could be given to the old lion of the Hermitage.

1860 witnessed the birth of five counties, only one of which—Webster—bore a name of a specially national character. Two of the others—Metcalf and Magoffin—were named for chief executives of the commonwealth: Thomas Metcalf and Beriah Magoffin, the latter the "War Governor" at the outbreak of the Civil War. Hon. Linn Boyd, for whom one of the counties was called, was elected lieutenant-governor in 1859 on the ticket with Magoffin, but died almost immediately after his inauguration. Wolfe County took its name from Hon. Nat. Wolfe, a member of the legislature when the county was formed.

Henceforth the carving of counties, with the exception of "Carlisle," was confined to the mountain districts. Political reasons seem to have been at the bottom of the work.

Robertson and Bell. These twins were born in 1867, and were named, the one for Chief Justice George Robertson; the other for Hon. Joshua F. Bell, one of the most prominent politicians of the commonwealth. The latter county was at first called "Josh. Bell," but the legislature afterwards abbreviated the name to "Bell."

Two years later (1869) the commonwealth again created twin counties, christened "Menifee" and "Elliot"; the former in honor of Richard H. Menifee, a brilliant young statesman who entered Congress at the age of twenty-seven, but died when only thirty-one. Judge John M. Elliot furnished the name for the other twin of this legislature.

The next year the prolific Blue Grass State brought forth another pair of twins; the former called Lee in honor of the famous Confederate General Robert E. Lee; the second was in honor of Colonel John P. Martin, a prominent politician of the *ante-bellum* period.

Knott County was carved out of mountain territory in 1884, and named in honor of J. Proctor Knott, a former Congressman, afterwards governor of the State, widely known for his famous "Duluth" speech.

Carlisle brings up the rear of Kentucky's counties, and is named in honor of John G. Carlisle, whose national reputation relieves us from the need of further description. The county is in Jackson Purchase, that little nook of the State which lies between the Tennessee and the Mississippi rivers, and which was the latest territory to be included in the State's bounds.

The very close connection between Virginia and Kentucky is shown by the naming of Kentucky's counties. Nearly one-half of the whole one hundred and eighteen bear names of men native to the Old Dominion even though many of them became residents of the Dark and Bloody Ground. Comparatively few names are drawn from other commonwealths. This Virginia trend helps to account for the long delay—oft-times the total neglect—in recognizing the services of many Revolutionary heroes, as well as of many deserving pioneers born elsewhere than under "*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" Kentucky was the first-born and the favorite child of the "Mother of Presidents."

We are surprised to find in this, the red man's favorite hunting ground, so few local names to attest his former presence here. Only one of Kentucky's counties bears an Indian name. Hardly any of her towns, rivers, hills, mountains, "licks," mounds, or other locals, bear witness to the Indian's former residence in this, the most hotly contested of all his former homes—a marked contrast to the States further south where Indian names abound. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the Indian had no habitation in his beloved "Cane-land" when the pale faces were first seen here. More than twenty years before that time the last of the aboriginal dwellers here had been driven beyond the Ohio by their southern rivals, and their transient abodes were but nameless rubbish heaps before the invaders' eyes. In Kentucky alone of all the States, there was never concord, nor even armistice, between the two races; never for even a day did they dwell in amity side by side. The status between them was always of war; there was no friendly intercourse, no trading, no mingling of blood in a new race; there were no half-breeds. Consequently there was no opportunity—no inclination, doubtless—on the part of the whites to even learn, much less to perpetuate, the Indian local names in the beautiful "Cane-land."

We wish now that it were otherwise. How gladly would we substitute the soft, flowing, expressive Indian names of many a hill, river, valley, mountain-pass, mound, cave, or fountain, for the inexpressive, malapropos cognomen of some settler, or of some local politician whose claims to such distinction are of the least deserving.

Such was the work—*tanta molis*—to found and to *name* the subdivisions of the beautiful Blue Grass commonwealth.

H. A. SCOMP.

PARKSVILLE, KY.

PRACTICAL WORK OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

I. IN NEW YORK

THE Sons of the Revolution, a society formed to perpetuate the can Independence; to promote and assist in the proper celebration memory of the men who by their acts or counsel achieved American Independence; to promote and assist in the proper celebration of the anniversary of Washington's Birthday and other prominent events connected with the War of the Revolution; to collect records and other documents of that war and to inspire a patriotic spirit: has in carrying out these principles, placed tablets, erected statues and preserved historical buildings. Some of the most important of its achievements are the following: A bronze tablet placed on the building at the northwest corner of John and William Streets, New York, to commemorate the conflict there between British troops and the "Sons of Liberty," January 18, 1770. This locality was then known as "Golden Hill," and the tablet thus represents the site of the actual collision and bloodshed following the various efforts of the soldiers to destroy the Liberty Pole in the City Hall Park.

As the "battle of Golden Hill" is generally considered the first resistance to British authority immediately preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, it was eminently fitting that this should be the first memorial erected (1892) by the society.

The second memorial is a large bronze tablet, placed on the front wall of the building at the northwest corner of Broad and Beaver Streets. It commemorates the resolute act of Marinus Willett (subsequently colonel of New York troops, brigadier general, Mayor of New York, etc., whose Revolutionary services are too well-known to need recapitulation here). On June 6, 1775, as the British troops were leaving for Boston, marching down Broad Street, Willett and a few of his associates among the Sons of Liberty stopped the first cart accompanied by the soldiers, and loaded with the spare muskets of the force. All the carts were thus seized, and the loads deposited at John Street and Broadway, to be afterwards used in arming New York's first troops for the Revolution.

A tablet was placed in 1893 at the foot of Lighthouse Street on the North River, to mark the spot where Washington landed on his way from Philadelphia to assume command of the American army at Boston in June, 1775. The Philadelphia "City Troop" had escorted him to the Jersey side of the river.

A second tablet, to commemorate the reading of the Declaration of Independence before the American troops on the parade ground (now the City Hall Park) July 9, 1776, was placed on the south wall of the City Hall, in 1893.

Tablet to commemorate the destruction of the equestrian statue of King George III in the Bowling Green, on the night of July 9, 1776, by the citizens of New York. This tablet was placed on the Washington Building, No. 1 Broadway, in 1893, and is also intended to mark the site of the Kennedy House, once occupied by Washington, Putnam and other generals as their headquarters, and by Sir Henry Clinton afterwards. Here also Major André was a frequent visitor.

A tablet marks the spot where Washington, Putnam and other officers met to stem the tide of panic which seized the American soldiers on September 15, 1776, when New York City was abandoned to the enemy. It was erected November 25, 1893, on the west side of Broadway, between 43d and 44th Streets.

The bronze statue of Captain Nathan Hale, the martyr-spy of the Revolution, facing Broadway in the City Hall Park, designed by the sculptor MacMonnies, unveiled November 25, 1893. Of this memorial, so familiar to all, it only needs to be said that it was accepted at once by our people as an ornament to the City and an honor to the patriotic society that erected it.

An elaborate tablet to commemorate the Battle of Long Island, fought August 27, 1776, was placed in 1895, on the wall of a building at the junction of Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Street in Brooklyn, on the line of the American defensive works.

The work of the society has not been entirely confined to the city of New York, for in 1898 it erected and dedicated a handsome marble monument to the memory of General Seth Pomeroy, at Peekskill, N. Y., near the spot where he was buried with the honors of war, in 1777. The veteran's grave had never before been marked.

Another spot marked by a bronze tablet is the spring of water, from which the village of Cold Spring, Putnam County, N. Y., takes its name, and which Washington used.

A handsome tablet with a bas-relief showing the "Action at Tarrytown," which took place July 15, 1781, between the Continental and British forces, was placed on the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. station at Tarrytown, N. Y., and was dedicated July 15, 1899.

On what remains of the wall of the officers' quarters at old Fort Ticonderoga, near the spot where Captain Delaplace surrendered to Ethan Allen, the society has placed a tablet, which was unveiled June 14, 1900.

The bronze memorial at Columbia College, New York, to commemorate the battle and victory of Harlem Heights, September 16, 1776, was placed by the society. This tablet is one of the largest and most elaborate in the country, and in its reliefs is perpetuated the life and spirit which animated the Revolutionary soldier on the occasion.

A tablet in St. Paul's Church, New York City, was placed by the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of the Cincinnati, to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the death of Washington, on December 14, 1899.

A tablet at New York University, Morris Heights, New York City, to mark the site of Revolutionary forts, was unveiled June 4, 1906, and another at the College of the City of New York, 138th Street and St. Nicholas Terrace, on the site where the American troops were encamped at various times during the Revolution and where several skirmishes occurred. The New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution also took an active part in securing and presenting to the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the Revolution the Nathan Hale schoolhouse at East Haddam, Conn., where Hale served as teacher.

A tablet at 153d Street and the Boulevard, New York City, to mark the site of Revolutionary camping grounds, was also placed by the society.

The latest work of the society is the purchase and restoration, as near as possible, to its original appearance in 1783, of the historic "Fraunces' Tavern," at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, New

York. The society now occupies it as its headquarters, and has restored the "Long Room," where Washington bid farewell to his officers, to its presumably original condition. It is a matter of public importance that this, one of the oldest buildings in the city, and the one most intimately connected with the Revolution, should thus be saved from destruction and be preserved, most appropriately, by a society numbering among its members many persons who are descended from the officers who gathered there on that memorable fourth of December, 1783, to take leave of the Father of his Country.

HENRY R. DROWNE.

NEW YORK.



LINCOLN'S OFFER TO GARIBALDI

AT a recent meeting of an Historical Congress held at Perugia, Italy, in September, Mr. H. Nelson Gay, an American now resident in Rome, submitted an interesting paper, being a part of a work upon which he is engaged, entitled "Le relazioni fra l'Italia e gli Stati Uniti." This paper was based upon original material which Mr. Gay had unearthed in the archives of the American legation at Brussels, and related to an offer of a high command in the Army of the United States made to Garibaldi during the summer of 1861, shortly after the disgraceful rout known as the first Battle of Bull Run. Henry Shelton Sanford, of Connecticut, was then the United States Minister at Brussels, and the material in question was part of Mr. Sanford's official correspondence.

Subsequently Mr. Gay put this material into the form of a paper entitled "Lincoln's Offer of a Command to Garibaldi—light on a disputed point of history," which appeared in the last November (1907) issue of *The Century*.¹ He there gives the history of this offer which, now forgotten, at the time caused some discussion; but the details connected with it are now for the first time revealed. It will be remembered that Garibaldi, in 1861, was living in retirement. The present kingdom of Italy, under the rule of Victor Emanuel, had been brought into existence as the result of the operations in which Garibaldi had taken so famous and prominent a part in the summer of 1860, but did not yet include the Papal temporality. The seat of government of the newly united Italy had been established at Florence; but Garibaldi was looking forward to the occupation of Rome as the capital of the kingdom. His fame was, of course, world-wide. Mr. Gay now makes public a correspondence which passed at the time, and in which Mr. Sanford took a prominent part. As is well known, nothing resulted from the most ill-considered move to which it relates; but none the less it has an historical interest, and moreover it conveys a lesson. The correspondence took place during the earlier months of my father's seven years of diplomatic service in England, he having reached London during the previous May. He knew

—Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

¹ LXXXV. (No. 1), 63-74.

nothing of it until it was over; but I find in his diary the following entry, under date of Friday, September 20, 1861, which has a certain significance in connection with Mr. Gay's article in the *Century*. I reproduce it in full:

Had visits also from Mr. Sanford and Mr. Motley, both of whom came to dine with me. The former seemed very anxious to explain to both of us his agency in the invitation extended to Garibaldi to go to America. This matter has given occasion to a good deal of unpleasant remark in Europe, as indicating that we did not feel competent to manage our business, with our own officers. I had been consulted about it by Mr. Lucas, who wished authority to contradict it, which I could not give him excepting in so far as the story affirmed that the supreme command had been offered to [Garibaldi]. I gave him on Tuesday my version of the matter, which was this: That probably some irresponsible individual had first sounded [Garibaldi] as to his disposition to go. Then that the government on receiving information of this had authorized an offer of a command:—That Garibaldi had demanded a general power, which could not be admitted, and the negotiation had gone off on this issue. My conjecture proved in the main correct, though there were material additions in the narrative of Mr. Sanford. It seems that one James W. Quiggle, officiating as consul at Antwerp, some time since whilst travelling in Italy made acquaintance enough with Garibaldi to induce him to volunteer a letter of enquiry as to his feeling on the American question. The reply was of such a kind as to induce Mr. Quiggle to send a copy to the Department of State. This had brought a letter of instructions to Mr. Sanford to go and make Garibaldi an offer of a position of Major General, *being the highest army rank* in the gift of the President. At the same time it eulogized Mr. Quiggle, and directed Mr. Sanford to offer him any place under the General that he might prefer. Sanford, professing to be well aware of the responsibility resting on him, and desirous of keeping the control of the matter in his hands, yet posts off first of all to Mr. Quiggle and reads him the instruction as well as the compliment to himself. Quiggle insists upon seeing and reading it, is cunning enough to take a copy, and then on the strength of it anticipated poor Sanford by writing at once to Garibaldi to apprise him that the government had forwarded him a formal invitation to *take the supreme command* in America, of which he would receive due

notice presently. Finding this misconception fastened on the mind of Garibaldi by this folly of his own, his next task was to remedy the evil in the best way he could. Accordingly he goes to Turin, where he finds a friend of Garibaldi who has come from him to notify the King of Sardinia that he is ready to go to America, if his services are not wanted in Italy. In other words, he threatens to withdraw the aid of his popularity to the King if he refuses to advance forthwith upon Rome. The King is too wary to be drawn into the trap; so, with great professions of good will, reluctantly grants his consent to the chief's departure. It follows that Garibaldi, mortified at the failure of his scheme, has no resource but to execute his threat. But here again Mr. Sanford is compelled to intervene to protect the American Government from the effects of Garibaldi's misconception. To that end he pays him a visit and discloses to him the fact that he can have a command, but not the supreme control. This of course changes his views again. He cannot think of going to America without having the power of a Dictator, and the contingent right to proclaim emancipation to the slaves. On this point the negotiation went off. A strange medley of blunders. Garibaldi however felt so awkwardly placed by his failure to carry the King off his feet, that he still clung to the idea of paying a visit to America as a private citizen. Mr. Sanford offered him every facility to go out as a guest, but he declined it all, and finished by saying that if he decided to go it should be in his own way. This seems to me a lucky escape; for our officers have too much sense of honor not to feel that the introduction of a foreigner to do their work is a lasting discredit to themselves. At best it is little more than a clap-trap. Mr. Seward is unquestionably a statesman of large and comprehensive views, but in his management of his office he betrays two defects. One a want of systematic and dignified operation in the opinion of the world—the other, an admixture of that earthly taint which comes from early training in the school of New York State politics. The first show itself in a somewhat brusque and ungracious manner towards the representatives of foreign nations. The second, in a rather indiscriminate appliance of means to ends. Mr. Sanford evidently felt that he had not gained much in this *melée*, but I made no remark beyond expressing a fear of the effect upon Generals Scott and McClellan.

This distinctly humiliating foot-note, for it amounts to that, in the

early history of our War of Secession, is curiously suggestive of a very similar episode which had occurred some eighty years before, during the progress of our War of Independence. My attention has been recently drawn to the similarity of the experiences while reading Sir George Otto Trevelyan's last volume of his work entitled "The American Revolution."

In there recounting the operations of the third year (1778) of the war, he refers to the strange antics of Silas Deane, then established at Paris in the anomalous position described as "business agent of the Revolutionary government." "Silas Deane, with ineffable folly," he proceeds to remind us, "was at this time (1778) scheming to get the Commander-in-Chief of the American army superseded, and his functions transferred to the Comte de Broglie,—a restless, and not very successful, diplomatist, and a fifth-rate general."¹ "Mr. Deane's mad contract with Monsieur du Coudray and his hundred officers" is also referred to,² and the fact that a wretched French adventurer, as ignorant of both American conditions and character as of the English language, was actually contracted with on terms which would have led to his superseding General Knox in command of Washington's artillery. Naturally, such an appointment led to a tender of resignation on the part of Greene, Knox and Sullivan, who all found themselves outranked and felt humiliated. And so in 1861 history repeated itself, the earlier page of 1778 being quite forgotten; though it is only fair to bear in mind the fact, in a degree redeeming, that Garibaldi was not a Comte de Broglie, nor Sanford a Silas Deane. Even this much, however, cannot be said of the personage designated as "one James W. Quiggle, officiating (in 1861) as consul at Antwerp." But, no matter how charitably viewed, the more recent episode of the two, seen through the perspective of nearly half a century, is, it must be conceded, far from being in strict accordance with a proper sense of national self-respect.

The two incidents, separated by more than three-fourths of a century, are, indeed, suggestive of a certain element of provincialism and lack of self-confidence, so to speak, paradoxical as it sounds, in the American people. We seem never to have quite got over the colonial, or rather the provincial, feeling that, somehow or in some way, the old countries of Europe contain material of which we ourselves are more or less barren. For instance, in the *Boston Herald* for February 11, there is an editorial entitled "A Prophet and his Prophecy." In this article a "distinguished

¹ "The American Revolution," Part III, 42.

² *Ibid.* 40.

French journalist" now visiting this country—whose name, however, does not appear—is quoted as saying that, in case of a war between Japan and this country, as the result of earlier successes on the part of the Asiatic nation, "American money will be inducing soldiers of fortune from all lands to join the forces of the United States. Then the United States will win." The quotation is suggestive of that most illuminating paper of James Russell Lowell, written in 1869, shortly after the close of our War of Secession, entitled "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." That condescension we seem actually through both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to have gone out to seek. We invited it; and at no time in our history do we seem to have been more prone to this tacit self-confession of foreign superiority than during the years which immediately preceded the War of Secession. As Mr. Lowell, writing in 1869,¹ says:

Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shop-keepers. Leigh Hunt expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard.

Mr. Lowell then goes on:

Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life we call country, was not merely unheard-of, but portentous.

None the less, Mr. Gay's paper in "The Century Magazine" reminds us how in the early stages of that struggle we advertised to the world through our highest officials—the President and Secretary of State—our lack of self-confidence, and went forth to invite a manifestation of "condescension in foreigners." But it is curious now to consider what might have occurred had the offer to Garibaldi been accepted. At best, from a military point of view, a daring partisan leader, the probabilities are great that the liberator of the two Sicilies would have sustained a lamentable loss of prestige.

He, it is true was exceptional; but in the "Reminiscences" of Carl

¹ "My Study Windows," 76, 77.

Schurz, recently published, there is a most suggestive passage bearing upon these foreign military adventurers taken as a whole,—“soldiers of fortune,” as they were called,—who came under Mr. Schurz’s own observation. He says that, after his return (1862) from his mission to Spain, and when he had himself been offered a brigadier-generalship in our army by President Lincoln:

While I was waiting in Washington for my confirmation and assignment, I had again to undergo the tribulations of persons who are supposed to be men of “influence.” The news had gone abroad that in America there was a great demand for officers of military training and experience. This demand could not fail to attract from all parts of the globe adventurous characters who had, or pretended to have, seen military service in one country or another, and who believed that there was a chance for prompt employment and rapid promotion. Washington at that period fairly swarmed with them. Some were very respectable persons, who came here well recommended, and subsequently made a praiseworthy record. Others belonged to the class of adventurers who traded on their good looks or on the fine stories they had concocted of their own virtues and achievements [ii. 338].

Mr. Schurz then goes on to specify instances:

A young man, calling himself Count von Schweinitz, presented himself to me neatly attired in the uniform of an Austrian officer of Uhlans. He was very glib of tongue, and exhibited papers which had an authentic look, and seemed to sustain his pretensions. But there were occasional smartnesses in his conversation which made me suspicious. He may have noticed that I hesitated to trust him, for suddenly he ceased to press me with his suit. I learned afterwards that he had succeeded in obtaining some appointment, and also in borrowing considerable sums of money from two foreign Ministers. Finally it turned out that his mother was a washerwoman, that he had served an Austrian officer of Uhlans as a valet, and that as such he had possessed himself of his uniform and his master’s papers [ii. 339].

Recalling these somewhat unsavory reminiscences, it is not without interest to ask ourselves whether this state of affairs will ever wholly

cease to be: whether the time will at last indeed come when we Americans will look upon the older European nations as otherwise than in some way superior; or, on the other hand, whether those nations will ever approach us without a certain sense of that condescension of the foreigner upon which Mr. Lowell animadverted half a century ago. At present it seems to have assumed a most unsavory phase, but one which is perhaps the natural result of the rapid accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of the self-made individual,—the purchase of titles, always encumbered by a man, by American young women, or for American young women by their families, who wish in this way to identify themselves with an aristocracy. It is, in fact, difficult to-day to take up a newspaper without coming across a reference to such cases, usually in the divorce courts,—an Italian prince, an English duke or earl, or a French count, more or less, as the evidence shows, a degenerate, married to a rich Americaness. It is the same old weakness; but, whether studied in the pages of Trevelyan, in Mr. Gay's paper, or in the scandal-mongering columns of to-day's society journals, it is not inspiring; and I confess to a certain sense of satisfaction in thus putting on record the evidence that, with sturdy Americanism, Mr. Adams, when he heard of the Seward-Garibaldi incident of 1861, saw the thing in its true light, and most properly, as well as correctly, characterized it.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

BOSTON.

GENEALOGICAL

FOUR REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS, WITH REFERENCES TO THEIR ANCESTRY

I. Captain Peter Dumont (1744-1821).

PETER H. DUMONT, a descendant of Wallerand Dumont, French Huguenot, who emigrated to America in 1657, resided in Hillsboro township, Somerset County, New Jersey, during the war of the American Revolution, in which he took an active part. He was undoubtedly identical with the Peter Dumont, Captain Second Battalion, Somerset. Tradition recites that General Washington called him from the field to become the commissary in charge of army-supplies at Van Ness' Mills, and, in fact, one of his descendants possesses his original commissary record-book. He was, as "Peter H. Dumont," designated by Congress, in 1777, a member of a Committee of Safety for Hillsboro township, "to act in behalf of the county when necessary." His son, Colonel John Dumont, was the father of General Ebenezer Dumont of Indiana, who did valiant work for the Union during the War of the Rebellion. The history of the Dumont family in America is given in the works below enumerated:

"Documents relating to the Colonial history of the State of New Jersey," vol. xxii., ("Marriage Records, 1665-1800") page 111; Paterson, N. J. 1900.

"Calendar of Wills in New York, 1626-1836," edited by Berthold Fernow; New York, 1896.

"Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," by W. S. Stryker; page 389.

New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, vol. xxix., 103-109; 161-164; 237-240, vol. xxx., p. 36-40; vol. xxxvii., p. 34.

"Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, New York, 1898.

II. Captain Moses Guest (1755-1828).

Moses Guest, son of Henry Guest, an American patriot, was born in

New Brunswick, New Jersey, 7 November, 1755. While following the sea he had an interesting interview with Henry Laurens at Charleston, South Carolina. Subsequently, having sold his vessel, he engaged in the fur-trading business and made a journey to Montreal and Quebec. He was an Ensign in Captain Voorhees' Company, Third Middlesex Regiment, New Jersey militia, on 8 Sept., 1777, and afterwards Captain in the Second Middlesex Regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Simcoe, commander of the Queen's Rangers, was captured by Capt. Guest, 26 October, 1779. The latter died at Cincinnati, in 1828. His ancestry is said to be traceable to the Guests of Birmingham, England. The principal facts concerning the family are to be found in the works mentioned below:

"The Registers of St. Martin's, Birmingham, England," 1903, vol. ii.

"Officers and Men of New Jersey," by W. S. Stryker, 1872.

"Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, New York, 1898.

Private manuscript collections possessed by Robert C. Moon, M. D., 618 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Penn.

III. "Captain" James McPike (1751(?) - 1825).

James McPike (whose mother is believed to have been closely related to the family of Dr. Edmond Halley, the second Astronomer-Royal of England) migrated, *circa* 1772, to Baltimore, Maryland, where he acted as a recruiting sergeant. He served in the American military forces throughout the Revolution, under Colonel John Eager Howard of Baltimore, General Lafayette and others, and participated in several battles including the storming of Stony Point. Therefore, he was probably identical with the James McPike, sergeant in Captain Benjamin Fishbourne's company, Fourth Pennsylvania Line, William Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel.

One James McPike served as a private in Captain John Brisbane's company, Third Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Colonel Joseph Wood. His name appears on a roll dated April 1, 1777, with remark: "enlisted Jan. 16, 1777."

The name of James McPike is again entered, as a private in Captain Benjamin Burd's company, Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Colonel Lambert Cadwalader. He enlisted February 1, 1777, and was promoted to sergeant March 1, 1778.

The published "Pennsylvania Archives" contains several references to the surname "McPike," during the period *circa* 1780; a list thereof was printed in *The Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow, vol. 14, page 170.

Robert McPike enlisted Feb. 5, 1776, as private in Captain James Taylor's company of Colonel Wayne's Pennsylvania Battalion, according to the "Records of the Revolutionary War," by W. T. R. Saffell, page 202; New York, 1858.

The chief sources of additional data concerning the families of Halley, Pike, Pyke and McPike, are mentioned below:

New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, vol. 34, page 55; *ibid.* vol. 37, page 237.

"Pennsylvania Archives," second series, vol. x., page 495.

"Tales of Our Forefathers," Albany, N. Y., 1898.

The "Old Northwest" Genealogical Quarterly, vol. 7, pages 267-270.

Notes and Queries, London, England, ninth series, vol. xi., pp. 205-206; *ibid.* tenth series, vol. vii., pp. 263-264; vol. viii., pp. 44-45.

"Remarks on Dr. Edmond Halley" (British Museum, press-mark 10882 k. 25).

Magazine of History, New York, 1906-1907. ("Extracts from British Archives.")

Unpublished manuscripts in the Museum of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois; catalogue No. 89030; case No. II., 31-2.

Unpublished letter from the Record and Pension Office, War Department, Washington, D. C., dated Feb. 26, 1900.

IV. Isaiah Lyon (1743-1813).

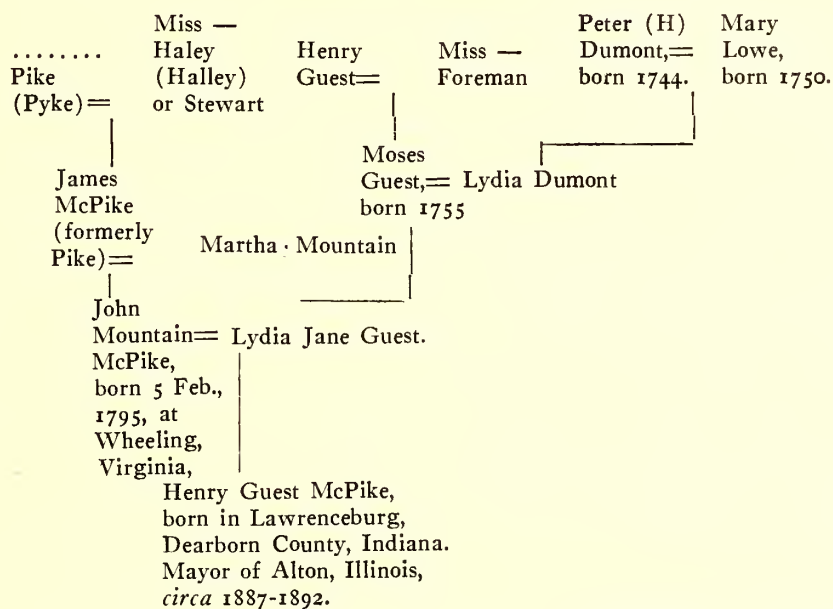
Isaiah Lyon appears as a private in Captain Samuel McClellan's company, of Woodstock ("36 horses rode") during the Lexington alarm in April, 1775. A Hessian gun that once belonged to him is in the possession of a descendant. He was probably a brother of Ephraim Lyon, whose grandson, General Nathaniel Lyon fell at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri. Isaiah Lyon's grandson, Luther Wells Lyon, Jun., (1802-1885) always claimed to be a third cousin of General Lyon. Their

respective paternal grandfathers may have been first cousins instead of brothers. A large amount of information concerning the Lyon family of Connecticut can be found in the two works cited below:

“Lyon Memorial,” edited by Dr. A. B. Lyons; Detroit, Mich., 1905.

New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, vol. 28, pp. 75-79; vol. 28, pp. 235-237; vol. 29, pp. 98-100.

FAMILY RECORD



EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

THREE EARLY WASHINGTON MONUMENTS

AMONG many places and objects seen during the past summer, let me speak of three in England that have a distinctly American connection and interest. Each of them is far out of the busy world of to-day, and each is reached by a delightful ride in a most serviceable motor-carriage. Our first excursion was from Leamington to Sulgrave. No one whom we could find knew anything about Sulgrave, and we had no map. Sulgrave is ignored by small maps as I have found them. Any one who thinks that there is no research involved in such a hunt for historic evidence should inquire and find the way over the five and twenty or thirty miles of country between the two places. We headed for Banbury, somewhere beyond which was our destination, and we reached that interesting old town, perhaps two-thirds of our way, before we gained definite information. Then we had a clue from sign-boards bearing the name, and in good time we reached the end of our journey.

Sulgrave is a small, very secluded, and quiet village. On slightly rising ground stands its little old church, from which gently slopes its one street lined by irregularly placed low gray houses. At the farther end, to the right and back from the streets, stands the manor house, long ago the home of the Washingtons. It is irregularly square, with two stories and gables, built of small stones, with quoins of larger stones now gray except on what might be called the front, which is yellowish rough-cast. At the left of this front is a projecting part with a Tudor-arched door, and a gable in the apex of which, dimly seen, are the Washington arms, covered by glass and put out of harm's way and acquisitive reach. It has been proved that there is need enough of precaution. The roof of the house is of flat stones, dark and lichenous.

Adjoining the house, to the right, enclosed by an old stone wall, is a garden with vegetables and flowers. Most of the side of the house toward it is mantled with ivy. On the opposite side of the house, and also adjoining it, is a barnyard. The building, indeed, is now a farmhouse, of an estate of one hundred and ninety-three acres. All

—Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

around, and on two sides reaching the house, are fields; and farther back is rural prospect. In the lower story, with windows on the garden side and the front, is a square room with a flat ceiling crossed at right angles by two very dark beams that thus form a cross. On the inner side is a large fireplace; on another is a four-bay, square-headed window. It is a simple, good-sized comfortable room, quaint but not fine. Over it is a square chamber, even plainer, with the ceiling rising part way on the slope of the roof, and with a floor of old wide boards, now dark. In this room, we were told, Lawrence, ancestor of George Washington, was born.

The lineage of Lawrence Washington in America was for a long time known distinct to the sea, but the English connection was not found until 1884 or 1885, when Mr. Henry F. Waters, in his important researches, discovered it, a successful close being reached, he tells us, on June 3, 1889.¹ The result is the more notable since the name, as he also shows us, is found in nineteen counties that he mentions. From President George Washington the line seems clearly traced through Augustine and Lawrence to John, who came to Virginia in 1633 or 1634, and from him to Lawrence of Sulgrave and Brington, son of Robert, son of Lawrence, grantee of Sulgrave, who died 19th of February, 26th of Elizabeth, 1584. Robert "of Sulgrave Esq.," jointly with Lawrence (son), sold Sulgrave "8 Jac." (1611).

Visiting Sulgrave, we are impressed both by its characteristics and its wide contrast with Mount Vernon, and also by certain transmitted qualities. Sulgrave, in size and style not one of the lordly rural English class, not the seat of high rank and fortune, but the home of a substantial squire, is solid and enduring, centuries old and yet strong enough to last through more. On its low, secluded site, it has none of the lordly, commanding position and aspect of the house that overlooks the broad green slopes and the wide sweep of the Potomac. Yet, if well cared for, its endurance may fully match that of the American mansion. Each of the houses was the home of solid worth and of good old English qualities. At Sulgrave we are impressed by the wonder that from it, secluded and quiet as it is and always must have been, grew the life and the name now a continental household word and a world-wide glory.

There is something else to see in this small village. It is the small church, mentioned above, built of small gray stones, with a low and

¹ Henry F. Waters, "Genealogical Gleanings in England," 364.

stout tower at its western end, that internally is open to a nave of four bays with aisles, and a chancel. The roofs are of dark, open-timber work. At the eastern end of the south aisle, in the floor, is the Washington memorial,—no modern thing, but old evidence that the Washingtons worshipped there.

In his will, proved January 3, 1620, Robert "of Souldgrave" states that he is "to be buried in the South Aisle of the church before my seat where I usually sit, under the same stone that my father lieth buried."¹ The stone, a large one, now bears a brass with three long lines of inscription in small black letter including the date 1564 (?). Other and important brass plates, the sockets for which are seen, have disappeared. There were six plates let into the stone, one of them with figures of four sons, and another of four daughters. On or about August 10, 1889, two strangers "in gentlemanly attire" visited the church, and then they and most of the brasses disappeared.² Two thieves escaped. Not all of the barbarians were active during the decline of the Roman Empire.

It may be added that during our long drive of some fifty-five miles we passed hardly a village, and few houses for a central part of a densely inhabited country, and also few vehicles. The one exceptional place was Banbury, a large and interesting town, with a tall and elegant Gothic cross, restored and in good order. The country traversed is rural, undulating, moderately wooded, with some considerable hills where the winding road has really long ascents and descents. Everywhere is old English rural beauty.

Our next drive to a Washington monument was from Cheltenham, and was even more varied and beautiful. Crossing the northerly part of the Cleve hills, that commands a wide and magnificent view of lowlands and of the Malvern and Welsh hills,—all far higher and bolder than our Blue hills,—we thence dove into a deep valley and passed through the picturesque and very old English town of Winchcombe, long, stone-built, and gray. Sixteen miles of drive brought us to Broadway, a village with an unusually wide street that may have given the name, or that may have come from the Broadways, an old family of this region. The street is lined by stone or rough-cast houses, midway among which is the Lygon Arms, originally the "Whyte Harte," ranking among the very old, quaint, and good English inns. It has two stories, built of cut stone,

¹ Henry F. Waters, "Genealogical Gleanings in England," 377.

² *Ibid*, 397.

with four gables, and a Jacobean style of stone doorway dated 1620. In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers it was flourishing, and it is also to-day in the era of the motor, that has revived or maintained not a few of the out-of-the-way houses; and there is pleasant life in its well-kept, oak-lined, and oak-ceiled rooms, that were probably known to some of the Washingtons. From there we drove a few miles to Wickhamford, which has a Washington monument.

Wickhamford is a small and very retired hamlet of small brick houses, a few of them modern, others old and thatched. At one side stands the manor house of brick, with gables, and now washed a yellowish color. Adjoining it is the churchyard, and in that the church, rough-cast on the outside, which is small, built of smoothly cut stones, now gray, with a small, square west tower, and a south porch, also small, as are the nave and chancel. Internally the nave has a double-pitch framed roof, and the chancel a three-faced plastered ceiling. This is where the Washingtons of the Sulgrave line also worshiped. Along the north side of the chancel are two canopied tombs of a sort that surprise us in out-of-the-way places in England. They are in elaborate Jacobean style. Each has two recumbent figures of members of the Sandys family; their dates are 1629 and 1680. The great object of interest is, however, a large oblong slab of slate, the foot of which touches the eastern wall of the chancel under the altar table. At its top are cut the Washington arms, a suggestion of the American flag,—three stars above two bars, or bands. Under these is a long inscription, beginning:

M. S.

PENELOPES

Filiæ perillustris & militari virtute clarissimi
Hendrici Washington collonelli
Gulielmo Washington ex agro Northanton.
Milite prognati.

Nineteen lines follow, in the last of which is the date of the lady's death, "Feb. 27, 1697." She was unmarried, daughter of Henry, colonel in the Royalist army, son of Sir William, who was son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, who died on December 13, 1616.¹

Here again we find an example of the rural seclusion, as well as good position, in which members of George Washington's family lived

¹ Henry F. Waters, "Genealogical Gleanings in England," 385.

in England, and of places with which they were familiar that remain substantially unchanged to our time. It is a pleasure to search old records or printed leaves to learn more about persons and things past; and it is, perhaps, an even greater pleasure to search for and visit the monumental, visible records of the valued past. Many facts are, or only can be, preserved by written or printed statement. It would, however, be a rare written or printed account that would, for instance, give as clear evidence of the life of the early Washingtons as is given by the old house at Sulgrave.

JAMES F. HUNNEWELL.

BOSTON.



ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF COL. THEODORICK BLAND TO THOMAS JEFFERSON

[Letter of Col. Theodorick Bland, Virginia delegate to the Old Congress, to Thomas Jefferson (also signed by Joseph Jones. Really an official letter of the Virginia House of Delegates to Jefferson as Governor of the State.)

An important historical letter, giving news of the war, and describing naval and military movements. It is dated June, 1781. At this time La Fayette was watching and following Cornwallis in Virginia and every effort was making to raise militia for his reinforcement.]

DEAR SIR:—We enclose you a copy of a Bill sent me by Mr. Braxton¹ for the balance of the warrant he received from me last December—this payment is ab. £1000 short of the true balance, and was by agreement with Mr. Jones to have been made the last week in April. We presented the Bill to the (illegible) who told us they would accept it and pay it in the (illegible)—the Bill requires payment either in old continental money or of the new emission, but your Excellency knows that if paid in the first the State will be a considerable loser, and if in any of the new emissions, unless of this State, the money will be wholly useless to us—we have therefore, great as our distress is for supplies, declined taking an acceptance, and expect Mr. Braxton will take some course to remit us the value of the money.—the latter end of April, or account with the State for it upon just and equitable principles. We thought it proper to give you this communication, that the Assembly might know we have not received the whole of the warrant obtained by Mr. Jones in December for the use of the Delegates, and that if Mr. Braxton is present some immediate course may be taken by him to render us value or restore the value to the State.

The public letter will give your Excellency information of the proposed mediation of the two Imperial Courts. We may add that we have received information of the arrival at Martinique of the Count de Grasse with the French Fleet, and the day of his arrival engaging the British Fleet and forcing them to run into port. It is also said four ships of war (their force uncertain) with some transports having troops on board left the Grand fleet for the continent. If it be true they must be arrived by

¹ Probably Carter Braxton, Signer of the Declaration.

this time, and although not so considerable an aid as we had reason to expect, will, we hope be sufficient to enable the Fleet of our Ally to go to Sea upon equal if not advantageous terms.

The Delegates have done all they could to hasten (illegible) as well as to forward other assistance to our . . . foreseeing what occasion you would have for aid; but can only get the . . . Under march very lately, and a resolution a few days past to send forward some militia from this State and our neighbor Maryland.² Your situation no doubt you have communicated to the Com'r in Chief, and must refer you to him for such consolations he has in prospect—the Delegates' endeavour to second your efforts in that quarter have not been wanting and we have no doubt the General will do all in his Power.

We are with great respect your Excellency's obdt Servts

JOS. JONES

² Seven battalions of militia Infantry, including 160 horse.

THED'K BLAND.

EXTRACTS FROM THE

VALLEY FORGE ORDERLY BOOK KEPT BY MAJOR PRESLEY NEVILLE.

Major Presley Neville was Aide to Lafayette in 1778. He was taken prisoner at Charleston, May 12, 1780; was on parole until exchanged in 1781, and served to the close of the war as brigade inspector. Died Dec. 1, 1818.

This highly interesting orderly book, or relic of Valley Forge, May 4th to 13th, 1778, written immediately after the hard and memorable winter of 1778, which was the most severe experienced by the Continental Army, gives the full and very interesting orders of General Washington, in reference to administering the oath of allegiance to his small, but tried and true, army. The following officers were designated to administer the oath:

- Majr. Genl. Ld. Stirling to ye Officers of late Conway's Brigade.
- Majr. Genl. Marquis de la Fayette to those of Woodford's and Scott's.
- Majr. Genl. Baron de Kalb to those of Glover's and Learned's Brigades.
- Brig. Genl. Maxwell to those of his own Brigade.
- Brig. Genl. Knox to those of the Artillery in Camp and Military Stores.
- Brig. Genl. Poor to those of his own Brigade.
- Brig. Genl. Varnum to those of his own and Huntington's Brigades.
- Brig. Genl. Paterson to those of his own Brigade.
- Brig. Genl. Wayne to the 1st and 2d Pens. Brigade. Etc.

Probably the most interesting feature of the book is the orders to the army as to their duties and position in the parade to be made in honor of the Treaty of Alliance between the United States and France. The first page of this has been lost, but enough remains to make it of great importance. We quote a portion :

“A third Signal will be given upon which there will be a discharge of thirteen Canon, when the 13th is fired running Fire of the Infantry will begin in the 2d of Woodford's, and continue throughout the whole front line, it will then be taken upon the left of the second Line and continue to the 2d, upon a signal given the whole Army will Huzza LONG LIVE THE KING OF FRANCE. The Artillery then begins again & fires thirteen rounds, this will be received by a second general discharge of Musquetry in running Fire, Huzza and long live the Friendly European Powers, then the last discharge of 13 Pieces will be given followed by a general running fire and Huzza to the American States. There will be no Exercise in the Morning and the Guards of the day will not parade till the Fire de Joy is finished when the Brig. Majr. will march them out to the grand Parade the Adj. then tell off their Battalion into 8 Platoons & the Comd. Officers conduct them to their Camps marching by the left.—Maj. Genl. Lord Stirling will comd. the rt. M. G. the Marquis de la Fayette the Left, and Baron de Kalb the 2d Line, each M. Gen. will conduct the first Brigade of his Command to its grounds.” Etc.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS RODNEY, COLONEL IN THE REVOLUTION, JURIST, AND MEMBER OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

This journal, August 16, 1796, to April 12, 1797, is of great historical importance. Although kept in the form of a diary, noting the condition of the weather from day to day, he jots down, under each day, occurrences in the corresponding period during the Revolution. Occurrences with which he was especially familiar, and in this way brings to light and saves to posterity many facts of great importance relating to the Revolution, which would likely have been lost to posterity. He also gives many interesting anecdotes of the great men of that time, and appears to have been especially friendly towards Washington. From his language it appears that he was very prominent in the counsels of the guiding minds of those trying times. As a specimen of the character of the work, we quote the following :

“Tuesday, January 3d, 1797. When I got up this morning the ground was covered with snow & still Snowing with very little wind from N. E.—Just after Breakfast rec'd a card from J. M. with an Invitation to a Tea party this Evening.—

This is the anniversary of the Battle of Prince Town 1777.—That glorious Battle which Fixed the fate of America, I lead the Van of the American Army that awful night, from Trenton to Princeton. The Papers this Evening brought Intelligence that Genl. A. Wayne, Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States, Died at Presque Isle, in Lake Erie, on the 14th of December, with the Gout, he was one of the most Intrepid & Active Generals of the Revolution, & the Galant Taker of Stony point." Etc.

This is one of the very many interesting entries similar to it. The book is also replete with his comments on the actions of the various shining lights of the Revolution, both in the field and the Halls of Congress, and he gives a very exhaustive history of the Declaration of Independence, with a valuable commentary upon the same.

MINOR TOPICS

THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS: AN APPEAL TO HISTORY

I

THE Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honor of each army was heightened in both.

Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carllton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Lévis at Ste. Foy.

There is no record known—nor even any legend in tradition—of so many momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honor in defeat, and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say that, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

II

In June, Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet then afloat in the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowned at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the River, and several more who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole Royal Navy; and, with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as Wolfe's 9000 soldiers, it held the River eastward with one hand, while, with the other, it made the besiegers an amphibious force.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice repulsed, at last saw his chance. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative he crowned three days of finely combined manœuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all two-deep *thin red lines* across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favorable moment. And who that knows battle and battlefield knows of another scene and setting like this one on that 13th morning of September?

For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas.

Meanwhile, Montcalm had done all he could against false friends and open enemies. He had repulsed Wolfe's assault at Montmorency and checkmated every move he could divine through the nearly impenetrable screen of the British fleet.

Never were stancher champions than those two leaders and their six brigadiers. "Let us remember how, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of the fight; how his successor was wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, with bewildering rapidity, till each of the four British Generals had held it in turn during the space of one short half-hour; then, how the devotion of the four Generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of these brave men laid down his life to save the day for France; and, above all, let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be; when the one was so consummate in his victory, and the other so truly glorious in defeat."

The next year saw the second battle of the Plains, when Lévis marched down from Montreal, over the almost impassable spring roads, and beat back Murray within the walls, after a very desperate and bloody

fight. Lévis himself was meanwhile preparing to advance on Quebec in force; when a prisoner, who had just been taken, told him these vessels were the vanguard of the *British* fleet! Of course, he raised the siege at once. But he retired unconquered; and Vauquelin covered his line of retreat by water as gallantly as he had made his own advance by land. Thus France left Quebec with all the honors of war.

III.

Is it to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of glory common to us all? Remember, there is no question of barring modern progress—the energy for which we inherit from these very ancestors. No town should ever be made a mere “show place,” devoted to the pettier kinds of touristry and dilettante antiquarian delight. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every site to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become, in fact and name, **BATTLEFIELD PARK**. This will include the best of what must always be known as the Plains of Abraham, and the best of every other center of action that can be preserved in whole, or part, or only in souvenir by means of a tablet. Appropriate places within these limits could be chosen to commemorate the names of eleven historic characters: Champlain, who founded Canada; Montcalm, Wolfe, Lévis, Murray, Saunders and Vauquelin, who fought for her; Cook and Bougainville, the circumnavigators, who did her yeoman service; and Frontenac and Carleton who saved her in different ways, but to the same end.

High above all, on the calm central summit, the Angel of Peace, folding her wings to rest, will stand in benediction of the scene. In her blest presence the heirs of a fame told round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. And yet . . . the statue rests on a field of battle, and their own peace on ancestral prowess. The very ground reminds them of supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag, it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

QUEBEC CHRONOLOGY FROM THE 16TH TO THE 20TH CENTURIES

1535. Jacques-Cartier enters the St. Charles River and winters beside the Indian village of Stadacona, the site of which is now included in the City of Quebec.

1608. Champlain founds Canada by building his *Abitacion* at Quebec.
1629. The Kirkes take Quebec, in the name of Charles I. of England, who holds it three years in pledge for the dowry of his Queen, Henrietta Maria of France, and who grants his friend, Sir William Alexander, "*The County and Lordship of Canada!*"
1632. Quebec restored to France.
1635. Champlain dies on Christmas Day, just a century after the landing of Jacques-Cartier. Quebec contains hardly a hundred souls, and only three small public buildings: the store belonging to the trading company of the Cent Associés, Fort St. Louis, on the site of the present Château Frontenac Hotel, and the parish church of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, on the site of the present Basilica.
- 1660-3. Canada threatened with extermination by Indians, by famine, by the complete downfall of the whole Colony, and by the most terrible earthquakes in her history.
1665. The new Royal Governor, de Courcelles, arrives, his Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief, the Marquis de Tracy, the great Intendant, Jean Talon, 212 persons of title or fortune, 12 companies of French Regulars, and many settlers who became known as habitants.
1672. Frontenac arrives and governs Canada ten years.
1689. Frontenac returns for nine years.
1690. Frontenac repulses Phips and his New England armada.
1692. Frontenac builds the first walls round Quebec.
1711. Sir Hovenden Walker wrecked on his way to attack Quebec.
- 1755-60. Complete inefficiency under the Governor-General Vaudreuil, and corruption under the Intendant, Bigot.
1759. Siege of Quebec and Battle of the Plains of Abraham.
1760. Lévis defeats Murray in the second battle on the Plains, and in 1860 a monument was erected *Aux Braves* who redressed the balance of victory in favor of France.
1763. Just 100 years after declaring Canada the Royal Province of New France the French Crown cedes the sovereignty to George III.
1774. The Quebec Act passed by the Imperial Parliament.
- 1775-6. French and English, under Carleton, defeat the American invaders under Montgomery and Arnold.
1792. The first Parliament in Greater Britain opened at Quebec.

1812. Quebec sends her full quota to repel the American invasion of Canada.
1823. The present Citadel and walls, built after a plan approved by Wellington, and completed in 1832.
1824. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec founded.
1833. In August the *Royal William*, built in and sailing from Quebec, makes the *first of all Transatlantic voyages entirely under steam*. Under her new name, *Isabella Segunda*, she was the *first steamer in the world to fire a shot in action*, on the 5th of May, 1836, in the Bay of Sebastian, Spain, when helping Sir de Lacy Evans's British Legion against the Carlists.
1867. The Dominion of Canada proclaimed at Quebec.
1870. Second Fenian Raid—Quebec again under arms.
1870. The Red River Expedition under Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley has a contingent from Quebec.
1884. Canadian Voyageurs for the Nile Expedition rendezvous at Quebec.
1885. The Royal Canadian Artillery and 9th Regiment, Voltigeurs de Québec, leave for the front during the North West Rebellion.
1899. The First Canadian Contingent for the South African War embarks at Quebec.
1902. The Canadian Coronation Contingent parades to embark at Quebec. (France sends the *Montcalm* to the Coronation Naval Review in England.)
1905. Lord Grey unveils the statue to those Quebecers who died in South Africa:

FOR EMPIRE, CANADA, QUEBEC

NOT BY THE POWER OF COMMERCE, ART, OR PEN
 SHALL THIS GREAT EMPIRE STAND; NOR HAS IT STOOD;
 BUT BY THE NOBLE DEEDS OF NOBLE MEN,
 HEROIC LIVES, AND HEROES' OUTPOURED BLOOD.

1908. Tercentenary of the foundation of Canada by Champlain at Quebec.
1908. The national foundation of Battlefield Park.

(Condensed from pamphlet just issued by the Quebec Battlefield Association).

MORE OF THE *LEVANT*.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, LIBRARY AND WAR RECORDS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Editor of the *MAGAZINE OF HISTORY*:

Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter requesting the record of the *Levant*, I have the honor to send the following:

The original *Levant* was captured by the *Constitution*, Capt. Charles Stewart commanding, on February 20, 1815, off Madeira. First Lieutenant H. E. Ballard was put in command of the prize which was subsequently recaptured by the British squadron under Sir George Collier in the neutral harbor of Port Praya, Island of Santiago, on March 11, 1815. No record is found regarding the disposition by the British of this vessel. Application to the British Admiralty might secure you the information.

The *Levant* (No. 2) was built in 1837, commissioned in 1838, and was in service until—as supposed—lost at sea with all on board. On her last cruise she sailed on or about September 18, 1860, and the date assumed as the legal date of her loss was June 30, 1861.

The following named officers went down with her:

Commander Wm. E. Hunt.

Lieutenants, W. C. B. S. Porter, E. C. Stout, Colville Terrett, and R. T. Bowen.

Passed Assistant Surgeon, J. S. Gilliam.

Assistant Surgeon, William Bradley.

Purser, Andrew J. Watson.

Master, James C. Mosely.

First Lieutenant Marines, R. L. Browning.

Acting Boatswain, Harrison Edmonston.

Gunner, Robert S. King.

Carpenter, John Jarvis.

Sailmaker, Charles S. Frost.

In reply to your request for a list of naval vessels since 1800 that have never been heard from after sailing, I have to inform you that I do not know that such a list has ever been compiled. A partial list of such vessels with the date of their loss is as follows:

Albany, 1854; *Epervier*, 1815; *Hornet*, 1829; *Insurgent*, 1800; *Levant*, 1860; *Lynx*, 1820; *Porpoise*, 1833; *Sea Gull 2d*, 1839; *Sylph 2d*, 1831; *Wasp 3d*, 1817.

The searching out of these supposed dates of loss is a matter of

considerable research and I do not know that it would be possible to obtain the date accurately. Some of the vessels were considered as being lost at a date fixed by law, for instance, the *Albany* was considered as having been lost at the end of the fiscal year 1855, although she was probably lost some time in April. The *Levant* sailed from Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, about the 19th of April, 1860, and was lost on her homeward passage at an indefinite date.

I regret that I have not the time to take up this matter thoroughly myself, but if you have someone who could examine the records and search it out I would be very glad to put every convenience in his way.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES W. STEWART,

Superintendent Library and Naval War Records.

NOTES AND QUERIES

THE REFUGEES OF 1776 FROM LONG ISLAND TO CONNECTICUT

These Refugees crossed Long Island Sound as a direct result of the Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776, which gave possession of the Island to the British.

Investigations of the original documents at Albany, N. Y., led to my compiling and editing "New York in the Revolution"; and the "Supplement" to the same. In the latter, for want of space, only a brief mention was made of the Refugees. Many of them afterward served in the Army.

I have now, nearly ready for the press, copies of all the original documents relating to the Refugees—which copies will be printed as an Appendix. The documents will be preceded by a short historical sketch stating the circumstances under which the Refugees made their flight. The book will fill an important gap in the history of this section during the Revolutionary War.

I am advised that it would add much to the value of this work if the Refugees could be identified as to their place of final residence. That is, did they remain in Connecticut, or did they return to Long Island? Also, in what places did they settle? Where are their descendants to-day, and what are their names?

The list below * contains a marked name (or names) concerning which I am led to believe you may be able to answer the questions noted above. If you can answer them please do so at your earliest convenience. If you cannot, please give the name of some one who can; or mention some book that probably contains the information. It may be that you can give information as to other names that are not marked. At any rate, please return the card, so

*(This list comprises several hundred names, of course too many to print. Some are Conkling, Griffing, Howell, King, Miller, Moore, Persons, Topping, Wells. Mr. Mather will send full list to inquirers.)—Ed.

that information can be sought in another direction.

I will thank you, in advance, for anything you may do in the interest of historical accuracy.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

184 Fairfield Avenue,
Stamford, Conn.,

DEAR EDITOR:

Ever since I read Colonel Keith's letter in your May number, I have been trying to find out something about him and his friend J. P. Palmer. Now I have found it.

Colonel Israel Keith was without doubt of Bridgewater, the son of Israel and Betty (Chandler) Keith, born 1744, and who married, 1767, Abigail, daughter of Nathan Leonard. His father died when Israel was a lad, and his mother married, second, 1749, Joseph Harvey. He was a Lexington Alarm Man; also during the siege of Boston in companies of Captain James Adams and Captain Abram Washburn. His career must have been honorable, as his promotions were rapid. At the time of the writing of his memorable letter September 26, 1776, concerning the retreat from Long Island, he is styled colonel, which may mean lieutenant-colonel.

Joseph Pearse Palmer was the only son of General Palmer, a prominent actor in the Revolutionary drama in Massachusetts, and Mary, the sister of Judge Richard Cranch, who resided in that part of Braintree called German-town. Before the war he dealt in West India goods and hardware, at the Town dock. Of his share in the Tea Party, his widow says: "One evening about ten o'clock, hearing the gate and door

open, I opened the parlor door, and there stood three stout-looking Indians. I screamed, and should have fainted, but recognizing my husband's voice saying, 'Don't be frightened, Betty, it is I. We have only been making a little salt water tea.' His two companions were Foster Condry and Stephen Bruce. Soon after this Secretary Flucker called upon my husband, and said to him, 'Joe, you are so obnoxious to the British Government that you had better leave town.' Accordingly we left town, and went to live in part of my father's house in Watertown." During the war Mr. Palmer served in Boston and in Rhode Island, first as brigade major, and next as quartermaster general. Soon after his father's death, in 1788, he went to Vermont with Colonel Keith to examine the facilities for establishing themselves in some branch of the iron business. Shortly after he reached Windsor he lost his life, having accidentally fallen from a bridge, then erecting over the Connecticut. He left a numerous family. His daughter, Mary, married Royal Tyler, of Vermont, Member Massachusetts Lodge, 1773. (*Tea Leaves of 1773*.) A distinguished son of this marriage was General John Steele Tyler, born Guilford, Vt., Sept. 28, 1796. Died, Boston, Jan. 20, 1876. He was Captain Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, 1832, 1844, 1847, and 1860. He was also a much beloved Free Mason, of St. John's Lodge, 1820, to his death.

A. A. FOLSOM.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Nov. 27.

EPHRAIM DOUGLASS

Was born in the year 1749. A soldier in the Revolution, he was taken

prisoner by the British at the battle of Bound Brook, where he was acting as aide-de-camp to General Benjamin Lincoln. He was imprisoned at Gravesend, L. I., until 1780, when he returned to Pittsburg, which was his home before the commencement of the war.

In 1783 he was appointed a commissioner to visit the Indians in the West and inform them of the termination of the war. He visited Detroit, reaching that place July 4, 1783, but the commandant, Major Arent Schuyler De Peyster, would not permit him to meet the Indians in council. He next visited Niagara, but here the commandant, Major Allan McLean, also refused to permit him to talk with the Indians.

He made a report to Congress, on his return, of his undertakings and failures.

Fayette County, Pennsylvania, was organized in 1783 and Douglass was appointed prothonotary—an office which he held for many years. He lived in Uniontown, in that county, until his death, July 17, 1833.

It has been stated that his father's name was Adam Douglass. Is that a fact? Where was he born?

It is also said that he was never married. If that is a fact, who is the Ephraim Douglass mentioned in his will?

I would like to receive information concerning him that is not already in print. I believe I have exhausted the printed material in my researches.

C. M. BURTON

27 BRAINARD ST., DETROIT.

A life of Gov. Thomas Pownall is preparing by one of his descendants in England, and will probably be published this year. Anyone having any material relating to Pownall is asked to communicate with the Editor of the *MAGAZINE*.

NOTE.—We regret that by oversight we failed to credit to the *Evening Post*, N. Y., the two articles by Mr. Todd, on the "Wisconsin Historical Society" (December), and "Blennerhasset and His Island" (October).—ED.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

CHAPTER XXXIX

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

IT'S plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees, that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing,—at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whist!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover if possible the reason of Timothy's manœuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more, and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun, and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

“What was that?” whispered Sybrandt.

“The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess,” replied the other. “If that boat isn’t going a-spying jist like ourselves, I’m quite out in my calculation.”

“What! with lights? They must be great fools.”

“It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I’m thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate.”

“Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off.”

“They were within fifty yards—the critters; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand.”

“How do you know they were critters, as you call the Indians!”

“Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?”

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and covered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for happening to look towards the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

“There they are, the critters,” whispered Timothy, exultingly; “we’ve treed ’em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?”

“If I like them,” said Sybrandt.

“Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least.”

“I have no objection to benefit by your experience.”

“ Can you play Ingen when you are put to it? ”

“ I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners.”

“ Can you talk Ingen? ”

“ No! ”

“ Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these critters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket? ”

“ No! ”

“ Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you afeerd? ”

“ Try me.”

“ Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. The critters are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every thing; but you must keep close to me, do jist as I do, and say nothing; that's all.”

“ I am likely to play a pretty part, I see.”

“ Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards.”

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded towards the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and hallooings, which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened.

“ It is the song of those tarnal critters, the Utawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know the critters, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue.”

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the light canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters. "Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face, and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind," whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these critters, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powderhorn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the critters are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning luster of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away, when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red-coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

“Stay here a moment,” whispered he, as he crept cautiously towards the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

“Huh!” muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged; and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

“My brother does not talk,” said Timothy.

“Is he dumb?” asked the chief of the Utawas.

“No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife.”

“Good,” said the other; “he is welcome.”

After a pause he went on, at the same time eying Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

“I don’t remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?”

“He is; but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately.”

“How did he escape?”

“He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away.”

“Good,” said the Utawas; and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed towards Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

“Good,” said the Utawas again; “I am satisfied; the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow.”

“We have just come in time,” said Timothy. “Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?”

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coureurs de bois*, which composed the army; the time when they were to commence their march; the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side; then sunk down like a log, and remained insensible to everything around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for a while, then turned himself over, and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone:

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober." They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then seizing the tomahawk of the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment, with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or in any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of the critters, as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed,

and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; launched their light canoe, and plied their paddles with might and main. "The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you too, I *guess*," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I? I must be a poor critter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmint's."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising towards the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty critter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had bin an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands towards our hero, and eagerly exclaimed:

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

“ Hold your tongue, Timothy,” said Sir William, good-humouredly, “ or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy’s camp? ”

“ Right in their very bowels,” said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow-boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

“ It’s not of any great use to me, to be sure,” said he as he departed; “ but somehow or other I love to look at the critters.”

“ As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives and at least equal courage and resolution. His Majesty shall know of this; and, in the mean time, call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know of what you heard and saw.”

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE—From Their Earliest Records to the Present Time. By ELROY MCKENDREE AVERY. In sixteen volumes. Illus. Color maps. 8vo. Vol. I., xxx+405 pp., 1904. Vol. II., xxx+458 pp., 1905. Vol. III., xxxvii+446 pp., 1907. Cloth, \$6.25 per vol.; half levant, \$12.50. full levant, \$17.50. Cleveland, O. THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY.

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Here is one of the most beautiful results of modern book-making in historical literature, offered in a style of rare literary excellence.

Colonel William Wood, the author of *The Fight for Canada*, has just taken in hand a volume on *The Naval Conquest of Canada* for the Champlain Society, who hope to have it published before the end of the year. Two-thirds of the letterpress will be *verbatim* extracts from the logs of the ships engaged in the three campaigns of Louisburg, 1758, Quebec, 1759, and Montreal, 1760—The rest will comprise an index, notes, bibliography of original documents, and an elaborate introduction of about 40,000 words in five chapters. The first chapter will show the relations of the American campaigns to the world-wide scheme of naval strategy in the Seven Years' War. The second will deal with Louisburg. The third will show how Saunders brought a fleet and convoy of 277 sail of all kinds, from a 90-gun man-of-war to a tiny sloop, up the intricate pilot waters of the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The fourth will be concerned with the naval side of Wolfe's siege and the Battle of the Plains. While the fifth will close the subject with the surrender of Montreal the following year. The book will be amply provided with contemporary charts, none of which have hitherto been reproduced. Facsimiles of Jeffrey's Nova Scotia and Louisburg will illustrate the first two chapters; while the advance on Quebec will be shown by means of a large-scale chart based on the great Captain Cook's original survey of 1760. The edition, according to the rules of the Society, is strictly limited to 500 copies, half of which go to the members and the other half to other special subscribers.

THE WOOLSON-FENNO ANCESTRY and Allied Lines, with Biographical Sketches. By Lula May (Fenno) Woolson and Charles Amasa Woolson of Springfield, Vt., Illus. 12mo. III. 144 pp. Privately printed, 1907. Price \$3.00.

More than ten years of study on their ancestry is brought out by the authors in this beautiful volume from the press of T. R. Marvin and Son of Boston. The work is creditable to the authors and printers alike.

To the genealogical history of the Woolson and Fenno families the first forty pages are exclusively devoted. The allied families which follow are: Adams, Andrews, Armstrong, Badlam, Baker, Barney, Beers, Belcher, Bixby, Blake, Brackett, Brooks, Brown, Bullock, Chase, Cooke, Cowen, Crafts, Cragin, Cummings, Dexter, Dodge, Esten, Farwell, Flint, Ford, Gibbons, Gould, Harriman, Hawes, Haynes, Horton, Hovey, Howlett, Humphrey, Hunt, Hyde, Jenkins, Johnson, Kenney, Kimball, Kinsley, Knight, Learned, Lillie, Lincoln, Look, Lovell, Mandell, Marsh, Martin, Mason, Mitchell, Moulton, Packard, Page, Phillips, Pratt, Richardson, Robbins, Russell, Stearns Swan, Tilden, Tucker, Turner, Tyler, Upham, Vaughan, Washburn, West, Wheeler, Wheelock and Witt—all colonial families of New England.

At the end of the genealogies may be found *A Tribute of Love*—a reprint of a booklet containing a sketch of distinguished members of the Woolson family.

Finely illustrated with twenty-five full page cuts, two pedigree charts, table of contents and complete index, the volume is a model of its class. Printed in ten and eleven point type on the best rag paper, it well represents the art of modern book-making. One hundred copies only were printed.

THE DILEMMA

While there is happily no possibility of the present restlessness in India resulting in a repetition of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, the native discontent with British rule makes timely any reference to that eventful epoch, and the recent "golden jubilee" of the event, in London, attended by seven hundred British survivors, and at which was read Kipling's new poem, one verse of which reads:

" To-day across our father's graves
Th' astonished years reveal
The remnant of that desperate host
Which cleaned our East with steel,"

has reawakened English memories of it.

One novel—and only one, so far as I know—has been written of this great struggle. This is *THE DILEMMA*, by the late General Sir George Chesney of the British Army. Himself a participant in the conflict, and gifted with a facility for description and narrative seldom joined to the profession of arms, he doubtless embodied some of his own experiences in the book—of which the *Literary World* (then of Boston) said:

" Neither the great romance nor the great poem of the Great Mutiny in India has yet been written. For poetry indeed it hardly furnishes a fitting subject, but the most dramatic and tragic of romances it might inspire, and its history would easily vie with the most thrilling chapters that have yet been written. In saying this, we do not forget the wonderful picture of the Mutiny, in the story called *The Dilemma*, which found its way to American readers many years ago, but has long since been out of print, and any copy of which diligent inquiry fails to discover.

Of this story of the Mutiny one Colonel Chesney we think was the author, and we remember it as a work of extraordinary power and literary skill. NOTHING THAT WE HAVE EVER SEEN UPON THE INDIAN MUTINY ANYWHERE APPROACHES IT IN VIVID DELINEATION. We should think it were well worth republication even now.

This book I propose to reprint, if sufficient interest is manifested by subscriptions. It will be 12mo, of about 400 pages, well printed and bound. The price will be \$1.50 postpaid.

I shall hope for a prompt reply from you, and a subscription for several copies. (It will not be in the trade at all, therefore please send orders to me direct.)

Very truly,

WILLIAM ABBATT.

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