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MAP OF THE VICINITY OF MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

(From a MS. map by R. Erskine, F.R.S., used by the army, 1778-80. Names in Italics are not in the original.)

December, 1776, and must not be confounded with a second battle at the same place in 1780.

On the 22d of December Colonel Ford led his troops back to Morristown, and from a statement made by General Maxwell we learn that, while on parade on the morning of December 31st, he was seized with "a delirium in his head; that he was borne off by a couple of soldiers, after which he never rose from his bed. During his illness a double guard was mounted before his door." He died on the 11th of January, 1777, and by command of Washington was buried with military honors. It is worthy of remark that this regretted officer was soon followed to the grave by his father, Colonel Jacob Ford, Sen., who died on the 19th of January, having been a leading citizen in Morris County from the time of its organization.

Colonel Jacob Ford, Jun., was connected with an enterprise which proved of signal importance to the country during the war. Both he and his father were men of large means. The son was an enterprising man, who some years before the war had erected several forges west of Morristown for making iron. He was the first owner

of the Mount Hope property, which afterward, under Faesch, produced shot largely for our army. Early in 1776, as I learn from a manuscript in the New Jersey Historical Society, the younger Ford agreed with the Provincial Congress of New Jersey "to erect a powder-mill for the making of gunpowder, an article so essentially necessary at the present time." The Congress agreed to "lend him £2000 of the public money for one year, without interest, on his giving satisfactory security for the same, to be repaid within the time of one year in good merchantable powder;" the first installment of "one ton of good merchantable gunpowder" to be paid "on the 1st of July next, and one ton per month thereafter till the sum of £2000 be paid." I have reason to infer that Colonel Ford's "good merchantable gunpowder" did service that winter at Springfield, Trenton, Princeton, and in many other places. This powder-mill at Morristown, projected and built by Colonel Ford, was an important affair, and deserves mention in connection with his name, and especially as this mill was one constant temptation to the enemy to attempt to reach

Morristown, and as constant a reason why the citizens of Morris County so stoutly defended their strongholds that it is said a detachment of the enemy never did enter the county.

On the 6th or 7th of January, 1777, Washington reached Morristown, and took winter-quarters at the Arnold Tavern. The house is still standing, although somewhat changed since it sheltered its most illustrious guest. It is on the west side of the square, and is now owned by William Duncan. In 1777 it was owned by Colonel Jacob Arnold, the efficient commander of a company of light horse, a detachment of which was on duty as body-guard of Governor Livingston. The Arnold Tavern at that time was a two-storied house. The first floor was divided into four rooms, a hall running from front to rear. The two rooms on the south side of this hall were occupied by Washington, who used the front room as a general office and sitting-room, and the back room for a sleeping apartment. Tradition states that it was in this house he was so sick with quinsy sore throat that serious fears were felt lest he should not recover, and that he was asked whom he considered most competent to succeed him in case of his death. His reply pointed out General Greene as that man.

After the Battle of Princeton the enemy went into winter-quarters at New Brunswick. On reaching Morristown Washington wrote: "The situation is by no means favorable to our views; and as soon as the purposes are answered for which we came, I think to remove, though I confess I do not know how we shall procure covering for our men elsewhere." And yet, when we consider how easy the communication was between Morristown and the posts on the Delaware and Hudson, how easy the passes leading into Morristown were to be guarded, how admirable the position for gaining intelligence concerning the enemy, and, moreover, the fact that Morris County was settled with a high-

ly patriotic population, it may well be questioned whether Washington could have found a situation better adapted to his wants.

Let us glean a few facts from old books and manuscripts, and also from eye-witnesses who until recently were living to tell what they had seen. These facts will show what was the condition of things when Washington spent his first winter here. The records of the courts show that the pecuniary embarrassments of the people were very great. The mass of the people were Whig in sentiment and action. Thomas Millege, of Hanover, a wealthy land proprietor, had been elected sheriff of the county, but writes in April, 1776, that he has scruples of conscience about the oath of office. His scruples finally led him to join the enemy, and his large estate was confiscated. I have before me an old manuscript which states that after the war Millege ventured back to Hanover, and that the people appointed a committee of three officers, who waited on him "without any ceremony, and told him that he must be out of the place by sunrise next morning, and never be seen in Hanover again, or he would be drummed out of the county on a wooden horse. Before sunrise he went, and has not been seen here since."

The merits of the Declaration of Independence were sharply discussed by the people, and the late Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green remembers that his father, widely known as Parson Green, held "many an ardent controversy with an English emigrant, a man of considerable property, and not a little hanteur, who had drunk deeply into Toryism." This Tory was alarmed at a threat of a coat of tar and feathers, and induced Parson Green to write for him "a humiliating statement" to be read on the next Sabbath publicly. This was done, the man standing up while his confession of the sin of Toryism was read from the pulpit. The man then started for Morristown to have Dr. Johns read the same confession there during the afternoon



THE FAESCH HOUSE.

service; but the Doctor declined to do it. I state the fact to show how popular the Independence cause was, which could compel a Tory to such a humiliating step. In Pequannock township there were some beautiful farms belonging to the patriots, which certain Tories expected to get when confiscation should take place. The patriots in that region held long and frequent consultations in the house of a Mrs. Miller, whose sturdy counsels had great weight with her neighbors. In Mendham, with very few exceptions, the people were patriots. Captain David Thompson, a devout elder in the Presbyterian Church, and noted for his eloquence in prayer, said, "We can look to Jehovah when all other refuges fail;" and the Captain's wife declared to the numerous soldiers whom she entertained without charge that "nothing was too good for the use of those who fight for our country!" In Whippany the resolute Anna Kitchel scorned to procure a British protection when urged to do so by a timid deacon, "having," as she told him, "a husband, father, and five brothers in the American army! If the God of Battles do not care for us, we will fare with the rest!" Well said, brave Anna Kitchel! And she was not the only brave woman in Morris County. There were hundreds who cultivated the fields, and took care of the old and the young, while the men were away to defend the country.

If we go among the mountains northwest of Morristown, we find that Charles Hoff, the manager of the Hibernia Furnace, is urging Lord Stirling to bring General Knox up, in order to see if good cannon can not be cast there. In one letter he assured his Lordship that on a certain day they did cast a cannon which "missed in the breach; all the rest was sound and good." But if they made no cannon at Hibernia they made large quantities of ball and shot, as they also did at Mount Hope. The powder-mill at Morristown is making considerable quantities of "good merchantable gunpowder," which fact the enemy are known to regard with but little favor. And in order to increase the enemy's discomfort in this respect, it is said that occasionally loads of kegs, apparently full of powder, but in reality of sand, were ostentatiously conveyed from the mill to the magazine, carefully guarded with soldiers.

Among the remarkable men of Morris County at that time was Colonel William Winds, who had just led his regiment back from Ticonderoga. He was an eccentric man, with a voice like thunder, greatly beloved by his soldiers, a man of undoubted bravery and patriotism, and of whom many curious anecdotes are retained in the popular memory to this day. The pulpit of the Morristown Presbyterian Church was occupied by Dr. Timothy Johns, whose contemporaries describe him as a mild but eminent-ly persuasive preacher, and as a most admirable pastor. Washington was a constant attendant on his preaching both winters he spent in Morristown. Dr. Johns was a decided patriot,

and did not exclude his views from the pulpit. The Black River—now Chester—pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, who not only preached patriotism, but repeatedly represented his people in the Provincial Congress. Parson Green, of Hanover, a man of very uncommon abilities, was also elected to the Provincial Congress, and threw his influence very decidedly in favor of his country.

These facts are merely grouped together to show what was the character and the condition of the people when Washington came among them. They were not as rich as patriotic, but they did what they could, and their illustrious guest repeatedly acknowledged his obligations to them.

It is an interesting task to gather up the few facts which yet remain descriptive of the situation of the army that winter. It is somewhat singular that, in his works of Washington, Mr. Sparks does not even record Bottle Hill—now Madison—or in any way mention the fact that the principal encampment that winter was near that place. The same is true of Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution, and of other works. This hiatus can now be supplied from authentic sources. About one mile and a half from the present village of Madison, near the road leading to Morristown, was the encampment in what has been called Spring Valley, but the Indian name of it is Lowantica Valley. The highlands slope gracefully into a very fine southern exposure, well protected from the northern winds. Through this valley flows a beautiful spring brook. The encampment was on the property of one Isaac Pierson, whose daughter-in-law still survives at the age of ninety years. The facts relating to this encampment have been gathered in a manuscript by the Rev. Samuel L. Tuttle, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Madison.

A large part of the soldiers were quartered upon the inhabitants in Hanover, Whippany, Chatham, Madison, and Morristown. This was done by commissioners, of whom Aaron Kitchel, of Hanover, was one. This gentleman was a man of excellent parts, and acted a conspicuous part in the Revolutionary War. He had two houses, and gave up the larger one to the soldiers. Dr. Ashbel Green remembers that his father's family "consisted of nine individuals; and, as well as can be recollected, fourteen officers and soldiers were quartered in the same dwelling." Mr. Uzal Kitchel, a worthy farmer in Whippany, had twelve soldiers to keep that winter. It is said that he refused to keep forty-one, the number an officer wished to billet on him. There was scarcely a house in that entire vicinity in which soldiers were not billeted; and the general spirit of the people was well expressed by Mrs. Hannah Thompson, wife of Captain David, when she said to certain hungry soldiers, "You are engaged in a good cause, and we are willing to share with you what we have as long as it lasts." Noble women, noble men were those

who entertained the soldiers of Washington that winter!

While his officers were looking after the comfort of the soldiers Washington was not idle at the Arnold Tavern. Frequently he rode to the different points where his soldiers were stationed to assure himself of their comfort. Frequently with his suite he rode through Madison and Chatham to the brow of the Short Hills, whence he could overlook all the country as far as New York. Here he always kept a sentinel, who had an alarm gun—named "The Old Sow"—and the materials for a beacon fire always ready. In addition to these duties we find Washington conducting a stern correspondence with Lord Howe concerning the cruel treatment of our countrymen "on board the prisonships in the harbor of New York." He calls it "barbarous usage," and says that "their miserable, emaciated countenances confirm" the reports which the escaped prisoners bring back. These letters did good, and taught his lordship a lesson in humanity. There are other causes of anxiety which trouble him. The term of enlistment of many of the soldiers was drawing to a close, and he entreats the President of Congress, the various Committees of Safety, and the Governors of the different States, to send him men and munitions. On the 26th of January he wrote: "Reinforcements come up so extremely slow that I am afraid I shall be left without any men before they arrive. The enemy must be ignorant of our numbers, or they have not horses to move their artillery, or they would not suffer us to remain undisturbed."

At this point I may introduce a tradition which probably is authentic. It is said that a certain man was employed by Washington as a spy to gain information concerning the enemy, but it was suspected that he carried more news to the enemy than he brought to those in whose employ he was. General Greene, who acted as Quarter-Master General, occupied a small office on the southeast corner of the public square, where the store of Mr. William Lindsley now is. One day Colonel Hamilton was in this office when the suspected spy made his appearance. The Colonel had made out what purported to be a careful statement of the condition of the army as to numbers and munitions, making the numbers much more flattering than the actual facts. Leaving this statement on the table apparently by mistake, Colonel Hamilton left the office saying he would return in a few minutes. The spy instantly seized the paper as a very authentic document, and left with it for parts unknown! It was supposed that this trick did much to preserve the army at Morristown from attack that winter.

The anxieties of Washington were to be increased by the inroads of an unexpected and dreaded enemy—the small-pox. It has been supposed by some that this disease was introduced into the American camp through the agency of the British commander, but I have seen no authority to confirm so harsh an opin-

ion. The Morristown bill of mortality shows that, on the 11th of January, 1777, the widow Martha Ball died of small-pox. On the 24th Gershom Hatheway, and on the 31st Ebenezer Weed died of the same disease. On the 5th of February Washington wrote: "The small-pox has made such head in every quarter that I find it impossible to keep it from spreading through the whole army in the natural way. I have therefore determined not only to inoculate all the troops now here that have not had it, but shall order Dr. Shippen to inoculate the recruits as fast as they come to Philadelphia. They will lose no time, because they will go through the disorder while their clothing, arms, and accoutrements are getting ready."

Dr. Green, in his Autobiography, states that the determination to inoculate the soldiers "produced great alarm among the inhabitants." Parson Green and some of his leading parishioners had a conference with Washington on this subject, and so cogently did he defend the measure that the Hanover Committee "came back perfectly reconciled to the measure." The most of those who took the disease in the natural way died.

If we examine the Morristown bill of mortality, we find that in February the small-pox is raging in that parish. Pastor Johnes attended eleven funerals among his own people in February caused by small-pox, in March nine, in April twenty-one, and in May eleven funerals produced by small-pox. These do not include deaths in the army from the same cause. Some days Dr. Johnes attended two such funerals; and on the 14th and 30th of April he attended three each day. This terrible disease spared no age or condition; the little infant, the mother, the father, the youth, the aged, the free and the bond, perished before this destroyer. Sixty-eight small-pox funerals did Dr. Johnes attend among his own people that memorable year. And I may add that putrid sore throat, and dysentery, with other diseases, swelled the deaths in that parish in 1777 to a sum total of two hundred and five, which was one death to every one day and a half the year through. The good pastor had sorrow upon sorrow, and the bell, which still strikes the hours in the old church, never was so busy in sounding the death-knell as in that fearful year of 1777.

And so death carried on a warfare with both soldiers and citizens that winter, but their faith in God did not waver. It was a dark time; but they believed that "a good time was coming." Washington was not an unmoved spectator of the trials about him, which he could do but little to alleviate. That winter, so far as I can now learn, had but few of the gay assemblies common to the winter-quarters of an army. Death rioted on every hand, and dancing and death make not pleasant partners. In the spring of 1777 the old church at Morristown was used as a hospital for the army; but probably not for small-pox patients, but for those

sick of other diseases. This accounts for the fact that before Washington left Morristown that spring, as tradition says, he attended public service several times in the open air. The place of meeting was in a grove immediately back of Dr. Johnes's house. It is said that on one occasion he was occupying a chair which had been brought for his use when a woman with a child entered the assembly. Washington seeing that she had no seat immediately rose and seated her in his chair. Indeed there are many traditions which speak of the unvarying courteousness of this great man while in Morris County, inasmuch so that the people not merely regarded him as the hero of Trenton and Princeton, but as the perfect gentleman. It was during this spring also that the fact occurred which is related by Hosack in his Life of Clinton: "While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay in the vicinity of Morristown, the service of the Communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church in that village. In a morning of the previous week the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Johnes, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday. I would learn if it accords with the canons of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination.' The Doctor rejoined, 'Most certainly: ours is not the Presbyterian's table, General, but the Lord's: and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatsoever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it: that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor assured him of a

cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

On the 2d of March Washington wrote that "General Howe can not have less than ten thousand men in the Jerseys. Our number does not exceed four thousand. His are well-disciplined, well-officered, and well-appointed. Ours are raw militia, badly officered, and under no government." The balance in this account seemed decidedly against him, and yet his faith failed not.

Meanwhile the entire army has been inoculated with surprising success. Divine Providence, smiling on the plan, sent very favorable weather, and suffered the disease by inoculation to assume a mild type. When the campaign opened this enemy was not dreaded." Colonel Ford's powder-mill has not been idle, but has produced a respectable quantity of "good merchantable powder." The blast furnaces at Hibernia and Mount Hope have also furnished some tons of hard balls and shot, and fitted to strike hard blows when sent by good powder. One memorable occurrence enlivened all hearts at Morristown just as the campaign was opening, and that was the news that two vessels had just arrived from France with 24,000 muskets. It was about the end of May that Washington led his army from Morristown to engage in the campaign of 1777, made memorable by the bloody reverses at Chad's Ford and Germantown.

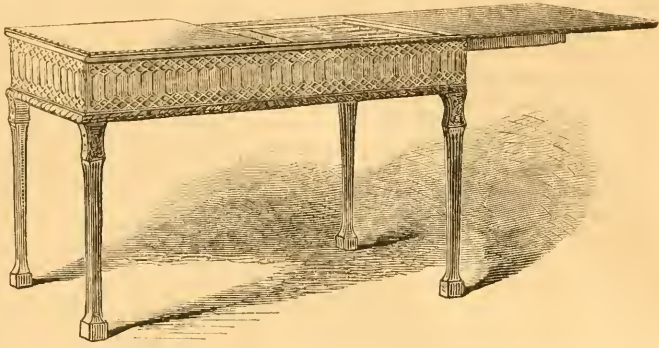
I pass over the intervening time between Washington's leaving Morristown in May, 1777, and his return to it in December, 1779. The duty of selecting the winter-quarters had been committed to General Greene, who had reported two places to the Commander-in-Chief—the one at Aquackanock, and the other within four miles of Morristown. Greene preferred the former, and, from some manuscript letters, I infer he was chagrined that Washington chose Morris-



THE FORD MANSION.

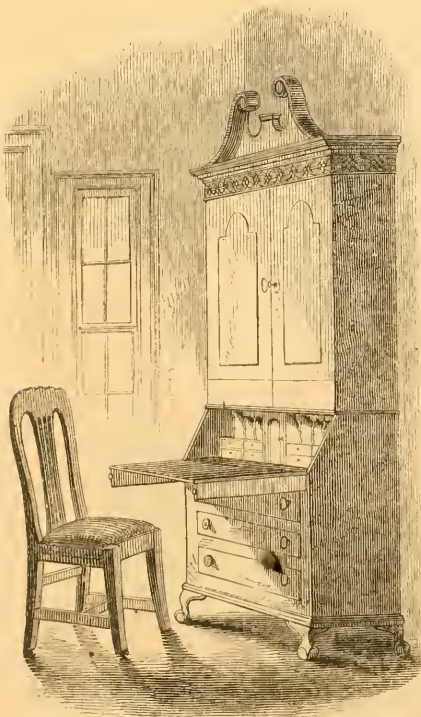
town. On the 7th of December, 1779, he writes to Governor Livingston from Morristown that "the main army lies within three or four miles of this place," and on the 15th he ordered Generals Greene and Duportail to "examine all the grounds in the environs of our present encampment for spots most proper to be occupied in case of any movement of the enemy toward us," the positions to be large enough for the manoeuvres of ten thousand men.

On the 1st of December Washington became the guest of Mrs. Ford, the widow of Colonel Jacob Ford, Jun., and daughter of the excellent pastor, Dr. Johns. The fine old mansion was built in 1774 in the most substantial manner. It lies on the gentle elevation half a mile east of town, and is in full view as you approach the town on the railroad. The view from the house, in every direction, is extremely beautiful. It is a pleasing fact that this house, in which Washington lived one winter, has undergone scarcely any change since he occupied it. The same

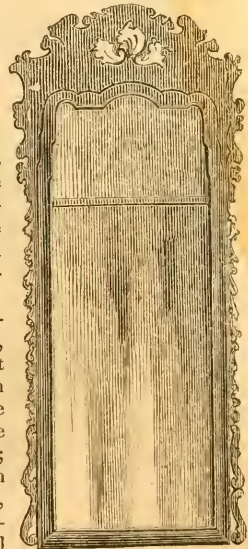


ANTIQUE ORNAMENTAL TABLE USED BY WASHINGTON.

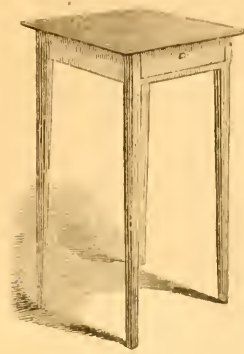
weather-boards which resisted the storms of that severe winter are doing the same service now. The spacious hall is the same as when the manly form of Washington first stood there; not a plank has been changed, and the same old double door that opened and shut for him opens and shuts for you. "The widow Elizabeth Lindsley," the honored mother of Colonel Jacob Ford, Sen., "lived almost long enough to see this house built; and if we reckon her as one generation, then we have the somewhat un-American fact that seven generations of the same family have lived in the same mansion; and, if nothing prevent, the old house is good for another hundred years at least. Excepting the matter of paper and paint, your eye rests on the same cornices, casements, surbases, windows, mantle-pieces, fire-places, and hearth-stones that were there when Washington dwelt there. I confess to be moved by very peculiar feelings in visiting a place hallowed with associations which gather around no other place in this country. Take this old chair, which Washington once used, and seat yourself by this old secretary in the hall at which he often wrote; or take this plain little table—a favorite with Washington that winter—on which he is said to have written many of those noble letters which issued from Morristown that winter; look at the very ink-spots on that table, said to be spots left by him, and then read carefully the letters which he wrote in that house; let your imagination bring back the past, not only Washington but his dignified wife, the brilliant



WASHINGTON'S SECRETARY AND CHAIR.



MIRROR.



SMALL WRITING-TABLE.

however lethargic they may be."

Several articles of furniture which were used by Washington are still in the house. A chair and secretary are in the hall; a very pretty parlor secretary is in the parlor; in one of the upper rooms is the little table already referred to; and in the bedroom on the first floor is the very mirror which hung in Washington's bedroom.

On the 22d of January, 1780, Washington wrote to Greene; the Quarter-Master General, that "eighteen belonging to my own family, and all Mrs. Ford's, are crowded together into her kitchen, and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught." Washington occupied the southeast rooms on the first and second floors. Back of the main house a log-cabin was built as a kitchen for Washington's

Alexander Hamilton, the recreant Quaker but magnificent soldier, Nathaniel Greene, the stern Steuben, the polished Kosciuszko, the accomplished Stirling, the noble Knox, and perhaps, as an occasional visitor there, Benedict Arnold, a Satan in Paradise, and you have the materials with which

family, and at the southwest end of the house another cabin was built as a general office. This was occupied by Colonel Hamilton and Major Tench Tighlman. These buildings were guarded by sentinels day and night. In the meadow, southeast of the house, were cabins for the Life-Guard, said to consist of two hundred and fifty men, under the command of General Colfax.

If we pass toward Morristown we come to the house once occupied by the pastor, Dr. Johnes. In the town itself, and just back of the present building, was the old church, and in its steeple hung the very bell which still summons the people to the house of God. On the west side of the public square was the Arnold Tavern; on the south side, where now is Washington Hall, was the old magazine, and opposite that General Greene's office. Probably most of the private houses had military guests.

On the mountain back of the court-house is what is known as Fort Nonsense. There are signs of work having been done here as if in preparation for some kind of a fortification. Dr. Lewis Condict says that there are two accounts given of this fort: the one is, that Washington designed to plant cannon there, with which to command all the entrances to Morristown in case of an attack from the enemy; the other and more probable account is, that Washington, finding his troops needed exercise, both for purposes of health and military subordination, set them to work at this fortification, as if it were a matter of the utmost importance in defending the stores, the people, and the army



FORT NONSENSE.



THE OLD WICKE HOUSE.

itself. Having answered its design, tradition says that Washington asked one of his friends what the useless fort should be named. The reply was, "Let it be called *Fort Nonsense*."

The principal encampment in the winter of 1779-80 was on the Wicke and Kimball farms, about four miles southwest of Morristown. The Wicke House is still standing, and has undergone but few changes. On the outside door still hangs the heavy dog-headed knocker which has often startled the family when the army was encamped on the farm. An immense chimney-stack occupies the centre of the house, on three sides of which are large fire-places.

The camps of the various brigades were scattered over a tract of about two thousand acres. Scattered over this the remains of many chim-

ney foundations are still visible. They can be traced for a considerable distance along the face of the elevation, which is still known as Fort Hill. This hill slopes steeply on the north, east, and west sides. On the summit there are traces of huts, but no signs of a parapet. The top was probably leveled, so that the artillery, in case of attack, could sweep the entire face of the mountain.

Let us now gather, so far as possible, what took place that winter. Dr. Thacher, in his *Military Journal*, says, that his brigade, on the 14th of December, 1779, reached "this wilderness about three miles from Morristown, where we are to build log-huts for winter-quarters." At that date the same witness says, "The snow on the ground is about two feet deep, and the weather

extremely cold. The soldiers are destitute of both tents and blankets, and some of them are actually barefooted and almost naked. Our only defense against the inclemency of the weather consists of brushwood thrown together. Our lodging last night was on the frozen ground. Those officers who have the privilege of a horse can always have a blanket at hand. Having removed the snow we wrapped ourselves in great-coats, spread our blankets on the ground, and lay down by the side of each other, five or six together, with large fires at our feet, leaving orders with the waiters to keep it well supplied with fuel during the night. We could procure neither shelter nor forage for our horses, and the poor animals were tied to trees in the woods for twenty-four hours without food, except the bark which they peeled from the trees." The whole army set to work to build huts, but the weather was so severe that the half-clad soldiers suffered greatly. "In addition to other sufferings," says Thacher, "the whole army has been for seven or eight days entirely destitute of the staff of life; our only food is miserable fresh beef, without bread, salt, or vegetables."

But lest some may think that the severity of that winter has been exaggerated, let me glean a few facts from the newspapers of the day. The *New Jersey Gazette*, of February 9, 1780, says: "The weather has been so extremely cold for near two months past that sleighs and other carriages now pass from this place (Trenton) to Philadelphia on the Delaware, a circumstance not remembered by the oldest person among us." As early as December 18, 1779, an offi-

cer writes from Baskin Ridge that "the weather is excessively cold;" and a correspondent, who writes to the *Gazette* about the expedition which Lord Stirling led against the enemy on Staten Island, states not merely that they crossed on the ice to the island, but that one of the enemy, being pursued, crossed "the Kills" to the Jersey shore on the ice—a circumstance then regarded as unparalleled, but which has been done this last winter. The Hudson River was frozen so that foot-passengers and, as I have heard old people say, even teams crossed on the ice from Jersey City and Hoboken to New York. So far as mere cold was concerned, that winter was one of unparalleled and continuous severity. Add to this the snow-storms, and we have a winter awful to be encountered by an army so poorly clad, housed, and fed as was ours.

On the 14th of December, according to Thacher, the snow was about two feet deep. On the 22d of that month an officer writes to the *New Jersey Gazette* that a snow-storm was raging. But the great snow-storm began on the 3d of January. The contemporary newspapers speak of this storm as most terrific, and I have heard old people describe it. Dr. Thacher has given us a minute description too interesting to be omitted. He says that

"On the 3d inst. (January, 1780) we experienced one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever remembered; no man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life. Several marquees were torn asunder and blown down over the officers' heads in the night, and some of the soldiers were actually covered white in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were roused from sleep by the calls



FORT HILL

of some officers for assistance; their marquee had blown down, and they were almost smothered in the storm before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards distant, and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. We (the officers) are fortunate in having a supply of straw for bedding; over this we spread all our blankets, and with our clothes and large fires at our feet, while four or five are crowded together, preserve ourselves from freezing. But the sufferings of the poor soldiers can scarcely be described; while on duty they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of the storm and severe cold; at night they now have a bed of straw on the ground, and a single blanket to each man; they are badly clad, and some of them are destitute of shoes. We have contrived a kind of stone chimney outside, and an opening at one end of our tents gives us the benefit of the fire within. The snow is now from four to six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions. For the last ten days we received but two pounds of meat a man, and we are frequently for six or eight days entirely destitute of meat, and then as long without bread. The consequence is, that the soldiers are so enfeebled from hunger and cold as to be almost unable to perform their military duty or labor in constructing their huts. It is well known that General Washington experiences the greatest solicitude for the sufferings of his army, and is sensible that they in general conduct with heroic patience and fortitude."

This storm, so graphically described, continued several days, and we shall not appreciate the sufferings of our army if we do not remember that the huts, according to Thacher, were not occupied until the middle of February. I have conversed with the descendants of some Mendham people who baked for the army. They had it from their ancestors that for several days access to the army, even from Mendham or Morristown, was next to impossible; and an officer, under date of 26th January, 1780, writes to the *New Jersey Gazette* in a merry style, as follows:

"We had a fast lately in camp, by general constraint, of the whole army, in which we fasted more sincerely and truly for *three days* than ever we did from all the resolutions of Congress put together. This was occasioned by the severity of the weather and drifting of the snow, whereby the roads were rendered impassable and all supplies of provision cut off; until the officers were obliged to release the soldiers from command and permit them, in great numbers together, to get provisions where they could find them. The inhabitants of this part of the country discovered a noble spirit in feeding the soldiers, and, to the honor of the soldiery, they received what they got with thankfulness, and did little or no damage."

Published accounts and tradition alike declare that Washington suffered acute distress in seeing the sufferings of his soldiers. He is said to have forced his way to the camp both to cheer his soldiers and to learn, by personal inspection, their wants. On the 8th of January he addressed a noble letter to "the Magistrates of New Jersey," in which he uses the following language: "The present state of the army, with respect to provisions, is the most distressing of any we have experienced since the beginning of the war. For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing for want. They have been alternately without bread or meat the whole time, with a very scanty allowance of either, and frequently destitute of both. They have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the ap-

probation, and ought to excite the sympathy, of their countrymen. But they are now reduced to an extremity no longer to be supported." This appeal met a warm response from the magistrates and the people of New Jersey; for, on the 20th of January, Washington wrote to President Witherspoon "that all the counties of this State that I have heard from have attended to my requisition for provisions with the most cheerful and commendable zeal." To "Elbridge Gerry, in Congress," he wrote, on the 29th of January, that "the exertions of the magistrates and inhabitants of that State were great and cheerful for our relief."

It will add interest for one moment to descend from "cold generalities" to particulars. The camp was in the immediate vicinity of Mendham, inhabited by one of the most patriotic communities. The spirit of that people was properly shadowed forth in the actions and words of Hannah, wife of Captain Thompson, as she had the great kettle full of meat and vegetables for the hungry soldiers from the snow-invested camp. When the poor fellows thanked her, she said, "Eat what you want; you are engaged in a good cause, and we are willing to share with you what we have as long as it lasts!" The potato bins, flour barrels, and meat barrels of a great many good farmers in Morris County, besides those of David Thompson, of Mendham, and Uzal Kitchel, of Whippany, were freely drawn on to supply the wants of "the country's defenders." The old people have told me that winter the poultry was not at all safe, even at a distance of miles from the camp. Elizabeth Pierson, second wife of Rev. Jacob Green, "particularly lamented the loss of a fat turkey;" but the patriotic parson only showed how the people felt when he consoled his wife for her loss when he rather excused what the soldiers had done by quoting these words from the Book of Proverbs: "Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." It is said that the good man never smiled or laughed; but his eyes must have twinkled a laugh over his own apology for the rogues who stole the turkey.

Over on "Smith's Hammock," not far from the Hanover Church, Mrs. Smith has assembled the good women of the neighborhood to sew and knit for the barefooted and barebacked soldiers on the Wicke Farm. In Whippany, Anna Kitchel and her neighbors are doing the same kind of good works. In Morristown "Mrs. Counselor Condit" and "Mrs. Parson Johnes" have gathered together their friends to engage in the same business. It was so in all the region of Morris, and even in Sussex, and many a blessing did these deeds of mercy bring down on those who sent the clothes. Let the memory of those women never perish!

And here let me place the capital upon the unpretending monument I am raising to the memory of these Morris County women of the Revolution. On the 28th of December, 1779, as we learn from Isaac Collins's newspaper,



LORD STIRLING'S MANSION.

Lady Washington passed through Trenton while "the storm was raging." Some gallant Virginia soldiers, very proud of her, and also of her husband, as Virginians, paraded in honor of her, and escorted her on her way toward Morristown. She spent New-Year's Day at the Ford Mansion. She was not very beautiful, but she was a very engaging woman, whose dignity and affability of manners illustrated the high position she held. She was a graceful and bold rider, and when the weather became mild sometimes accompanied her husband in his rides to the Wicke Farm or the Short Hills, and until recently there were those still living who remembered to have seen her riding on horseback, and by the engaging courtesy with which she bowed to the humblest soldier or other person she chanced to meet, she won all hearts to herself. But to my anecdote. It was during this severe winter that several ladies, who held high positions in Morris County society, resolved to visit Lady Washington at the Ford Mansion. Among these was "Madame Budd"—as she was called—the mother of Dr. Bern Budd, who came near being hanged for uttering counterfeit money, was prominent. Madame Troupe was another, and they two headed quite a circle in this call on the distinguished Lady Washington. As one of the ladies related the fact: "As we were to call on so grand a lady we put on our best bibbs and bands. So, dressed in our most elegant ruffles and silks, we were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her *knitting*, and

with a speckled (check) apron on! She received us very graciously and easily; but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without one stitch of work, and sitting in state, while General Washington's lady was knitting stockings for her husband! And this was not all. In the course of the afternoon she took occasion to say, in a very pleasant manner, that at this time it is very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we can not make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be examples of thrift and industry! And all this while her fingers gesticulated by busily knitting stockings for her husband!"

Straws show the course of the current, and I have the copy of a paper which conveys to us a knowledge of one fact which made that winter almost unendurable. The original manuscript is in the possession of Thomas Biddle, Esq., near Philadelphia. This paper reads as follows:

"The subscribers agree to pay the sums annexed to their respective names, and an equal quota of any further expense which may be incurred in the promotion and support of a dancing assembly to be held in Morristown the present winter of 1783."

The subscriptions to this paper are headed

by the name of George Washington; and it is signed by thirty-four persons, among whom are Generals Greene, Knox, Stirling, and Wilkinson, Colonels Hamilton, Erskine, Jackson, Hand, Baron de Kalb, and others. But it was not the names which excite so much attention as the sum which is set over against each name, which is simply "four hundred dollars," making the round sum of thirteen thousand and six hundred dollars "for the support of a dancing assembly in Morristown this present winter of 1780!" These assembly balls were held at "O'Hara's Tavern," which was probably the building in which Washington had his headquarters in 1777.

I will frankly confess this subscription paper produced an unpleasant sensation in my mind, and no reasonings have as yet entirely removed the sense of unfitness in the contrast of dancing assemblies at O'Hara's tavern and the sufferings of the barefooted, naked, starving soldiers in the camp only four miles off. Just think of what one of those men, who did not attend the assembly balls, related. It was Captain William Tuttle, who said, "There was a path which led from the Wicke House down to the Jersey camp, and I have often seen that path marked with blood, which had been squeezed from the cracked and naked feet of some of our soldiers who had gone up to the house to ask an alms!" How they suffered there, with the snow piled about them, with insufficient clothing and very scanty and poor food! And yet there was dancing at O'Hara's! But it is not my object to criticise this contrast; for dancing and dying, feasting and starvation, plenty wreathed with flowers, and gaunt famine, bare-foot and wreathed in rags, are contrasted facts in other places than at Morristown, and at other times than "the present winter of 1780." My

object in mentioning this subscription paper is to throw light on the currency of the day. Here were thirteen thousand six hundred dollars subscribed to pay the dancing-master and tavern-keeper for a few nights' entertainment. Nominally it is up to the extravagance of the modern Fifth Avenue; but if you will examine the advertisements of the day you will obtain light. For instance, here is an old newspaper which publishes "One thousand continental dollars reward for the recovery of my negro man Toney;" while, in the same paper, another man promises to give "Thirty Spanish milled dollars for the recovery of his mulatto fellow, Jack." The thirty silver dollars were worth as much as one thousand continental dollars. The entire note subscribed by those thirty-four gentlemen, in 1780, for assembly balls, was not worth more than three hundred silver dollars. Sparks says "forty paper dollars were worth only one in specie." In the "Memorial of the officers of the Jersey Brigade to the Legislature," in 1779, they say, "Four months' pay of a private will not procure his wretched wife and children a single bushel of wheat . . . The pay of a Colonel will not purchase the oats for his horse, nor will his whole day's pay procure him a single dinner." I have seen a letter from General Greene, the Quarter-Master General, to his deputies, and their replies to him, all of which speak of the state of the currency as very nearly worthless. So that, upon the whole, we may admire the brave officers at Morristown, "this present winter of 1780," who, with "hungry ruin" staring them in the face, sought to relieve the severities of such a winter with some of the gayer courtesies of fashionable life.

There was but little fighting that winter. On the 12th of January Quarter-Master Lewis had



CONTINENTAL MONEY.

orders to gather enough sleds to convey Lord Stirling's detachment of 2500 men, on the 14th, to Staten Island; an expedition which Isaac Collins thought would serve "to show the British mercenaries with what zeal and alacrity the Americans will embrace every opportunity, even in a very inclement season, to promote the interests of their country, by harassing the enemies to their freedom and independence." During this expedition "the cold was intense, and the limbs of about five hundred of the men were frozen." On the night of 25th January a party of the enemy crossed to Elizabethtown and burned the Presbyterian Church, the Town House, and "plundered the house of Jeconiah Smith." The same night another party "made an excursion to Newark, surprised the guard there, took Mr. Justice Hedden out of his bed, and would not suffer him to dress; they also took Mr. Robert Niel, burned the Academy, and went off with precipitation." *Rivington's Royal Gazette* speaks of this Justice Hedden as "a rebel magistrate, remarkable for his persecuting spirit."

During this winter Lafayette was in France interceding for his beloved America, and did not reach this country until the last of April. On the 11th of February Dr. Thacher writes in his journal, with evident exultation, that "having continued to this late season in our tents, experiencing the greatest inconvenience, we have now the satisfaction of taking possession of the log-huts just completed by our soldiers, where we shall have more comfortable accommodations." In March he writes:

"The present winter is the most severe and distressing that we have ever experienced. An immense body of snow remains on the ground. Our soldiers are in a wretched condition for want of clothes, blankets, and shoes; and these calamitous circumstances are accompanied by a want of provisions. It has several times happened that the troops were reduced to one half or to one quarter allowance, and some days have passed without any meat or bread being delivered out." On the 18th of March Washington wrote to Lafayette, that "the oldest people now living in this country do not remember so hard a winter as the one we are now emerging from. In a word, the severity of the frost exceeded any thing of the kind ever experienced in this climate before."

In examining some manuscripts in possession of a distinguished Jersey man, I found some letters from Joseph Lewis, Quarter-Master at Morristown, to one of his superiors. In one of these letters is the following significant passage:

The Justices (of Morris County) at their meeting established the following prices to be given for hay and grain, throughout the country, from 1st December, 1779, to 1st of February next, or until the Regulating act take place:

For hay, 1st quality £100 per ton	= \$250
" 2d quality	80 " = 200
" 3d quality	50 " = 125
Hay for horse 24 hours	\$6
" per night	...	4
Wheat, per bushel	50
Rye, per bushel	35
Corn, per bushel	30
Buckwheat and oats, per bushel	20

By putting this price-current alongside of the subscription for assembly halls, we have a well-defined view of the difficulties which met Washington in keeping together some eighteen or twenty thousand men, and at the same time inspiring them with courage to persevere in the conflict with Great Britain. Quarter-Master Lewis wrote to his superior, in January, 1780, that, if he can not be furnished with money, he shall be obliged to leave Morristown to escape the enraged soldiers. "We are now as distressed as want of provision and cash can make us. The soldiers have been reduced to the necessity of robbing the inhabitants to save their own lives." In March, the distressed little Quarter-Master became pathetic, and wrote to his superior: "I wish I could inhabit some kind retreat from those dreadful complaints, unless I had a house filled with money, and a magazine of forage, to guard and protect me!" And again he cries out, "Good God! where are our resources fled? We are truly in a most pitiful situation, and almost distracted with calls that it is not in our power to answer."

If we now return to the Ford Mansion, we find that young Timothy Ford, son of Washington's hostess, has been a great sufferer the whole winter from a severe gunshot wound received in a battle the previous fall; and among other pleasing courtesies, we are told that every morning, as Washington left his bedroom, he knocked at Timothy's door to ask "How the young soldier had passed the night?" And every one who saw these little attentions thought "how beautiful they seemed in so great a man!" "In conversation, his Excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly interesting and pleasing; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom ever escapes him;" and with this picture of him in mind, I love to think of the great Washington standing at the young soldier's door, with a kindly smile, asking after his health. As for his labors, we obtain some idea of these by recurring to his correspondence, now with the magistrates of New Jersey, now with Governors of the different States, now with Congress, now with his general officers—letters all full of wisdom; many of them are sorrowful, as, with a winning but energetic earnestness, he pleads for his soldiers, who are in want of shoes, blankets, bread, and almost every thing else but true patriotism, of which they did not lack. He pleads for reinforcements, with which he hopes to bear the cause of freedom on to victory. In these numerous letters he sends out the steady and valiant influences of his own self-reliant spirit, to infuse courage and hope into the hearts of his countrymen from Boston to Charleston. I love to associate these letters with the old secretary and the little ink-stained table, which still remain in the Ford Mansion.

Among the letters which Washington wrote that winter from the Ford Mansion was one to "Major-General Arnold," in answer to his letter requesting "leave of absence from the army

during the ensuing summer," for the benefit of his health. Washington writes to him: "You have my permission, though it was my expectation and wish to see you in the field." Then alluding to the birth of a son which Arnold had communicated, he adds, "Let me congratulate you on the late happy event. Mrs. Washington joins me in presenting her wishes for Mrs. Arnold on the occasion." How little any of the parties to these felicitations could anticipate the future! Before that infant was six months older his mother was raving like a maniac over the infamy of her husband, and the name of Benedict Arnold had become a stench in the nostrils of every American patriot, and is likely to continue so while the world endures.

But while the officers were trying to make merry at O'Hara's tavern by indulging in dancing, and while the soldiers were hungry and shivering over on the Wicke Farm, and while Washington was animating his countrymen with the electricity of his own irrepressible hopefulness and energy, it is a happy circumstance that the much-admired and the very admirable Franklin has interested whole nations in Europe in our affairs, especially France and Spain. In April, 1780, we find that the French Minister, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and a distinguished Spanish gentleman, Don Juan de Miralles, representing the dignity of his Court before our Congress, passed through Trenton on their way to the head-quarters at Morristown. According to the *New Jersey Gazette* this was on the 18th of April, and on the next day "they arrived at head-quarters, in company with his Excellency, General Washington. The news of help coming from France was circulated through the camp, and made it more cheerful; and now that the French Minister was to visit them, it seemed to the soldiers a proof positive that the good news were true. So that it was a great day in the Wicke Farm camp when these distinguished foreigners were to be received. Even soldiers who had neither shoes nor coats looked cheerful, as if the good time, long expected, was now at hand. General Washington has many plans to lay before these representatives of two powerful allies, and of course time did not hang heavily. On the 24th Baron Steuben, the accomplished disciplinarian to whose severe training our army owed so much, has completed his preparation for the review of four battalions. This parade was probably somewhere in the vicinity of Morristown. An eye-witness makes a large draft on his stock of adjectives in describing the review: "A large stage was erected in the field, which was crowded with officers, ladies and gentlemen of distinction from the country, among whom were Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, and lady. Our troops exhibited a truly military appearance, and performed the manoeuvres and evolutions in a manner which afforded much satisfaction to our Commander-in-Chief, and they were honored with the approbation of the French Minister and all pres-

ent." Our enthusiastic witness forgot to say whether Baron Steuben did or did not bring forward on that brilliant occasion any of the patriots who had no shoes or coats; but probably they did duty in camp that day, while those who were better clothed, but not better disposed, flaunted before spectators their gayest war-plumage.

"In the evening General Washington and the French Minister attended a ball provided by our principal officers, at which were present a numerous collection of ladies and gentlemen of distinguished character. Fire-works were also exhibited by the officers of artillery." So that doubtless that night of April 24, 1780, was a very merry night; rockets exploded in the air, cannons occasionally roared like thunder, and some very curious powder-inventions whirled and snapped to the vast delight of thousands who did not attend the ball. O'Hara's parlors were made as light as they could be with good tallow-candles requiring to be snuffed, and so, truly,

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

History and tradition are both silent as to what were the opinions of Deacons Timothy Linsley, and Philip Condict, and Matthias Burnet, and especially good, patriotic, Pastor Johnes, concerning these vanities. They were patriots, and felt bound to rejoice with those that rejoiced that day; but as Presbyterians, it is doubtful whether any of them was at O'Hara's that night. One thing, however, is certain, that Pastor Johnes is feeling sad to learn that his parishioner, Jacob Johnson, on whose death-bed he has been attending so assiduously for weeks, is passing through the article of death. Jacob Johnson had been a bold rider in Arnold's troop of light-horse, but a more noted man than he was that same night entering "the dark valley," and the cheerful light at O'Hara's sheds no cheerfulness on the dying. The next day Jacob Johnson died, which, to his little children and his widow, was a much more interesting event than another which occurred the same day, when "the whole army paraded under arms," in order that the French Minister may review them once more before he makes report to his master, Louis Sixteenth.

From Dr. Thacher's *Journal* and the *New Jersey Gazette*, we learn that "the distinguished gentleman, Don Juan de Miralles," visited the Short Hills on the 19th or 20th of April, and undoubtedly admired the magnificent prospect there spread out before him. It was then, and it is now, a paradisaical prospect, which, once seen, is not to be forgotten. When Baron Steuben, on the 24th of April, had arranged the grand review of his battalions to the delight of Washington, De la Luzerne, and others, and that night, while the fire-works were flashing their beautiful eccentricities in the darkness, and the sounds of music and dancing were heard at O'Hara's, Don Juan de Miralles was tossing with death-fever. Four days afterward he died, and on the 29th of April his funeral took place



HOUSE NEAR BASKING RIDGE, IN WHICH GENERAL LEE WAS CAPTURED, IN 1776.

in a style never imitated or equaled in Morristown since. Dr. Thacher exhausted all his expletive words in expressing his admiration of the scene, and doubtless would have used more if they had been at hand. Hear him :

"I accompanied Dr. Schuyler to head-quarters to attend the funeral of M. de Miralles. The deceased was a gentleman of high rank in Spain, and had been about one year a resident with our Congress from the Spanish Court. The corpse was dressed in rich state and exposed to public view, as is customary in Europe. The coffin was most splendid and stately, lined throughout with fine cambric, and covered on the outside with rich black velvet, and ornamented in a superb manner. The top of the coffin was removed to display the pomp and grandeur with which the body was decorated. It was in a splendid full dress, consisting of a scarlet suit, embroidered with rich gold lace, a three-cornered gold-laced hat, a genteel-cued wig, white silk stockings, large diamond shoe and knee buckles, a profusion of diamond rings decorated the fingers, and from a superb gold watch set with diamonds several rich seals were suspended. His Excellency General Washington, with several other general officers, and members of Congress, attended the funeral solemnities and walked as chief mourners. The other officers of the army, and numerous respectable citizens, formed a splendid procession extending about one mile. The pall-bearers were six field-officers, and the coffin was borne on the shoulders of four officers of the artillery in full uniform. Minute-guns were fired during the procession, which greatly increased the solemnity of the occasion. A Spanish priest performed service at the grave in the Roman Catholic form. The coffin was inclosed in a box of plank, and in all the profusion of pomp and grandeur was deposited in the silent grave, in the common burying-ground near the church at Morristown. A guard is placed at the grave lest our soldiers should be tempted to dig for hidden treasure."

This pompous funeral, so pompously described, was quite in contrast with the funeral proces-

sion which the previous week entered the same burying-ground. The numerous friends and neighbors of Jacob Johnson made a long procession, but his oldest son, Mahlon, who still survives, remembers that there was only one vehicle on wheels at that funeral. Dr. Johnes and the physician led the procession on horseback, and the only wagon present was used to convey the coffin to the grave-yard. All the people, men, women, and children, either rode on horseback or walked on foot. At the house the pastor drew heavenly consolation for the afflicted from the Word of God, and at the grave dismissed the people by thanking them for their kindness to the dead. And had Dr. Johnes officiated at the funeral of General Washington his services would have been just as simple and unostentatious. These two funerals make no uninteresting features in the social life of Morristown when Washington spent his last winter there.

But more important matters than following a bejeweled corpse to the grave are claiming Washington's attention. The time for opening the campaign is close at hand, stores are to be collected, many cavalry and baggage horses are to be procured, and a great many other things to be done, the plans for which must be devised at head-quarters. It is true that Steuben has brought the army into such discipline, as to the manual exercises and the various evolutions, as was highly gratifying. An eye-witness said, "They fire with great exactness, and their ranks are pervaded with spirit and alacrity." Yet

twenty thousand men in a single campaign would eat much bread, wear out many clothes, and burn up large quantities of ammunition, and all these necessaries must be procured or the "army must disband, and dreadful consequences ensue—an event," says brave General Greene, "I will not torture your feelings with a description of." For an insight into the difficulties of Washington, before the campaign opened, let me refer to some unpublished letters of Quarter-Master Lewis. April 17, 1780, he writes: "We are entirely destitute of forage, and every thing to encourage the farmers to turn out. I am therefore of opinion that we shall be obliged to make use of arms to collect teams sufficient to move the next division." April 20, he writes: "The wages of teams are £20 per day and found, and £40 if they find forage." This was at the time the Maryland troops were sent southward, as I suppose, under Baron de Kalb. Lewis continues: "The distress we are reduced to for want of assistance from some quarter is sufficient to excite me to plead for relief from every quarter." The poor Quarter-Master cries out in distress to his superior, "Have you no words of comfort to give me? I am obliged to make brick without straw, or, what is tantamount, I am obliged to procure teams and necessaries for the army without money or any thing to do it with." These petulant and desperate sayings of Lewis, who was by no means a great man, are quite as indicative of Washington's embarrassments as the more dignified sayings of Robert Morris, who *was* a great man. The problem to be solved was how to pay for necessaries held at high rates with money nearly worthless—so nearly so, that the merry officers have to pay thirteen thousand six hundred dollars for a little fun at O'Hara's a few nights; money so worthless that "the pay of a colonel would not purchase oats for his horse." That very spring Abraham Clark "shuddered at the prospect before us," when, with "a vigorous war to prosecute," "our money is reduced almost to nothing, and still depreciating with rapidity;" so that "in the market a paper dollar is estimated at present at one penny, and will soon be less than a half-penny in all probability."

It is true that in February there was held "a convention for regulating prices;" but that convention could not change the unchangeable fact that the army must have "18,000 cwt. of beef or pork, 10,000 barrels of flour, 3758 bushels of salt, 3500 tons of hay, 30,000 bushels of corn, oats, or buckwheat." It is true that an attempt was made to legislate the price of provisions, so that "flour should be four and a half dollars per hundred, summer-fatted beef five and a half dollars per neat hundred, etc., etc." Yet supposing those to be the prices of the provisions, but the money was worth "in market only one penny to the dollar," then it would take nine hundred dollars to buy a barrel of flour, and even a gallon of rum would cost one hundred and fifty dollars! We quite fail to comprehend the situation of our fathers with-

out taking up facts in detail. We think that in our day provisions have attained to "starvation prices;" but it is not necessary to give a handful of bank-bills for a barrel of flour or seven pounds of sugar. No doubt in "the Fifth Avenue" there are far more splendid parties than our officers in "the present winter of 1780" had at O'Hara's, and yet, nominally, it does not cost so much "to pay the fiddler" in the Fifth Avenue as it did in Morristown not quite eighty years ago.

This may be regarded as a low view of patriotism, but it is a plain and apprehensible view. I should like to know how rapidly our Government would have carried on the late war with Mexico if the currency with which the expenses were to be defrayed had been made up of "Michigan Wild-cat bills." Yet, in spite of these circumstances, Washington's faith was as steady as the magnetic needle. Although "drained and weakened as we already are," yet "we must make a decisive effort on our part. Our situation demands it. We have the means of success without some unforeseen accident, and it only remains to employ them."

It was not wonderful that Frederic Frelinghuysen should speak of "the amazing expense of attending Congress, and my inability to support it," on a per diem allowance of six shillings! It was not wonderful that the officers of the Jersey Brigade should entreat the Legislature for help, and that it required the matchless influence of Washington to keep them from resigning in a body. The enemy knew our weak point, and smuggled into the different colonies "cart-loads" of counterfeit bills. The difficulties appalled even General Greene, who wrote to Washington on the 21st of May: "Had your Excellency been as much exposed to the murmurs of the people and the complaints of the officers as I have been, you would agree with me in opinion that some healing measures are necessary for both, before great exertions are to be expected from either." Well said, brave ex-Quaker, not now a non-resistent, but quite otherwise! But where are your "healing measures" to come from, when common sense says there is but one healing measure, and that is good hard money, of which there is scarce none in the country? Greene feared lest our affairs "grow worse and worse, until ruin overtake us;" but Washington said, hopefully, "We have the means of success, and it only remains for us to employ them." "Very few of the officers were rich," and therefore a considerable number of them were "compelled to resign their commissions." To complete the trying circumstances of the case, the news reach Morristown that the enemy at the South is carrying every thing before him, and that Charleston is taken. On Washington rested the almost creative work of levying, clothing, feeding, and paying an army, without money; of resisting the disposition of desperate officers to resign their commissions, and of counteracting the influence of defeat at the South, which "the wise

ones" prophesied would soon become defeat at the North also. What an iron will it is that moves the pen at that old secretary in the Ford Mansion! What prodigious courage and resolution are traced on the calm, stern face which bends over that table! The doubting look and take courage. Every where his letters speak prophecies of success, and reproduce the spirit of their writer, North, East, South, and West. As he stands among his Jersey officers, well-nigh desperate by their worthless pay, he speaks to them of the claims of their country; they forget themselves, their sufferings, their beggary, and put themselves new and living sacrifices on the altar of their country," exclaiming, "We love the service, and we love our country!" The influence which beguiled the Jersey officers into such noble self-forgetfulness and sacrifice for the sake of their country was acting on thousands in all parts of the nation; and it is in these facts we find such beautiful illustrations of the influence which pre-eminent greatness and virtue exert.

Amidst all the gloomy and depressing circumstances which are associated with Washington that memorable season, there is an anecdote, apparently trifling, but yet worthy to be told. The late General John Doughty, of Morristown, was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and knew Washington during both the winters he spent at Morristown. He often told his friends that he never heard of Washington's laughing loud but once during those two winters. The exception was one that took place in the spring of 1780, when Washington had purchased a young, spirited horse of great power, but which was not broken to the saddle. A man in the army, or town, who professed to be a perfect horseman, and who made loud proclamation of his gifts in that line, solicited and received permission from the General to break the horse to the saddle. Immediately back of where the ruins of the New Jersey Hotel now are was a large yard, to which Washington and his friends went to see the horse receive his first lesson. After many preliminary flourishes, the man made a leap to the horse's back; but no sooner was he seated than the horse made what is known as a "stiff leap," threw down his head and up his heels, casting the braggart over his head in a sort of elliptical curve. As Washington looked at the man unhurt, but rolling in the dirt, the ludicrous scene overcame his gravity, and he laughed aloud so heartily that the tears ran down his cheeks.

On the 6th of June General Knyphausen attempted to reach Morristown. He landed at Elizabethtown Point, and proceeded as far as Connecticut Farms; but General Maxwell, with "his nest of American hornets," set on the invaders so furiously that they retreated hastily. It was during this incursion that Mrs. Caldwell, the wife of the Rev. James Caldwell, was wantonly murdered, as her epitaph says, "by the bloody hand of a British ruffian," but in reality by a refugee, who shot her "through the window of

a room to which she had retired for safety and prayer, two balls passing through her body." This wanton act sent a thrill of horror through the nation, and was of sufficient importance to occupy a place in Washington's correspondence.

On the 10th of June Washington was at Springfield, New Jersey, not far west of Newark, at which place he had his head-quarters until the 21st, except that one day he was at Rockaway. One of his letters states that on the 21st the whole army, except two brigades under General Greene, was slowly proceeding toward the Hudson by way of Pompton. When the enemy learned that our troops were on the march they made another attempt to reach Morristown. The unsleeping sentinels on the Short Hills, on the 23d of June, detected the signs of invasion, and gave the alarm. On that day the Battle of Springfield was fought, Knyphausen commanding the enemy, and Greene our forces. It was on this occasion that tradition says that Parson Caldwell, whose wife had been shot, was present inspiring our troops. Finding that wadding was needed, he gathered up the hymn-books in the old church and distributed them, with the significant direction, "Put Watts into them, boys!" The arrangements of Greene were consummate, and our men acted valorously. Some whole companies were cut to pieces. Washington was on his way to Pompton when he received word of Knyphausen's incursion, and taking "two brigades of light infantry, he endeavored, by a forced march, to get into the rear of Knyphausen, and prevent his return to New York; and he would have effected his purpose if the retreat of the enemy had been delayed two hours longer." The Rev. Jacob Green, of Hanover, was a spectator of this battle from the neighboring heights, and as several soldiers testify in their pension affidavits, the lion-roar of General Wind's voice that day vied with the roar of fire-arms. Lieutenant-Colonel Benoni Hathaway—he was master of the magazine of powder, and was afraid of nothing but witches, against whose advances he guarded himself by the rightly-adjusted horse-shoe—was also there, having very unlawfully broken from the ranks of his cowardly General. He led forty picked men through an unreaped rye-field. The standing grain concealed the movement from the enemy. Suddenly hold Benoni's sharp voice cried out "Fire!" and a volley of well-directed bullets served as a sort of condiment to the enemy's dinner. William Ball recorded it in his affidavit that he was a member of the same company with Lieutenant Timothy Tuttle, under General Heard. "General Heard seemed slow in his movements toward the enemy, and Lieutenant Tuttle invited all who were willing to face the enemy to follow him. He led us on past the church and to the battle-ground, in the hottest part of it." Ashbel Green was a member of this brigade, and complains that he did not get a shot at the enemy, "owing, as I con-

ceive, to the cowardice of a certain Brigadier-General who commanded us." Afterward he charitably thinks the General acted from *prudence*.

Benoni Hathaway was greatly incensed at the conduct of General Heard, and in the archives at Trenton may be seen the original charges which he sent to Governor Livingston, demanding that Heard should be tried. I suppose he was not tried; but the document deserves to be copied entire and literally:

MORRISTOWN 15th July 1780

To his Excellency the Governor

I send you in Closed Several charges which I charge B. D. Haird with while he comanded the Militare Sunn Time in Jun Last at Elizabeth Town farms which I pray his Excellency would Call a Court of inquiry on these Charges if his Excellency thinks it worth notising from your Hum Ser

BENONI HATHAWAY Lut Coll.

To Excellency the Governor.

This Is the Charges that I bring against General Haird While he Comanded the Militia at Elizabeth town farms sunn Time in Jun last 1780

1 Charge is for leaving his post and Marching the Trups of their post and Leaving that Pass without any gard between the Enemy and our arney without giving any notis that pass was open Between three and fore Ours.

2 Charge is Retreating in Disorder Before the Enemy without ordering any Reargard or flanks out leading of the Retreat Him Self

3 Charge is for marching the Trups of from advantiges peace of ground where we mit Noyed them much and Lickley prevented their gaining the Bridg at Fox Hall had not the Trups Bin ordered of which prevented our giving our arney any assistence in a Time of great Distrus.

4 Charge is for marching the Trups of a Bout one mile from any part of the Enemy and Taken them upon an Hy mountain and kept them their till the Enemy had gained Springfeald Bridg.

List of evidence

Coll Van Cortland	Capt. Nathanal Horton
Wm Skank the Brigad Major	Adjt Kiten King
Capt. Benjman Cartur	Major Samuel Hays
	Leutnant Backover

This singular document does not speak very much for Hathaway's education; but it shows that, in common with many others, he could wield the sword and rifle better than the pen. This battle at Springfield was a sharply contested action. Dr. Thacher, who was in one of the brigades led back by Washington, says: "We discovered several fresh graves, and found fifteen dead bodies which we buried. We were informed by the inhabitants that the enemy carried off eight or ten wagon loads of dead and wounded." As Ashbel Green's company was pushing on in hot haste to the battle he saw "the road in several places literally sprinkled with the blood of our wounded countrymen as they were carried to a distance from the battle-ground." On that day one Mitchel was directed by his colonel to rescue a man who was desperately wounded. As he was executing the order the enemy fired a volley, and in after years the old man said, "As the bullets went *whisht* by my ears, I vow I was scared!" It was on the same day that this man Mitchel was scared again by hearing bullets whistling too near his ears; and he found at last that a Hes-

sian, concealed behind a barn, was firing at him. Mitchel rushed on the German in great fury, and the poor fellow cried out in broken English, "Quarter! quarter!" But Mitchel, enraged by the fellow's skulking way of fighting, said, "I'll give you quarter!" and discharged his gun at him, breaking his arm. He then took his prisoner within the American lines. This man afterward settled in Morris County near his captor, Mitchel, and they "were just as good friends as possible. Many a time did they fight over the Battle of Springfield over a pitcher of cider."

But it is time to bring these desultory sketches to a close. The interest which is felt in even slight things connected with Washington is a sufficient apology for inserting some traditions and facts in this article which have not been published before. Some years ago the writer was well acquainted with a large number of aged people whose memory was stored with incidents pertaining to the Revolution. Among these were soldiers who had fought and suffered in that war. Besides these, in Morris County are many families whose fathers lived here during that trying period, and from these sources I have derived many unwritten traditions concerning Washington while a resident at Morristown. Besides these I have in my possession, or have had access to many old manuscript letters and other documents, which have aided me in adding some light to that interesting period of Washington's life.

I may appropriately close this historical monograph with an original letter of Washington, which has never yet been published, and which is a very striking commentary on the difficulties of his position the last winter he was in Morristown. It was found among some old papers in the possession of Stephen Thompson, Esq., of Mendham, New Jersey, a son of Captain David Thompson, who is referred to in this article. It will be remembered that the great snow-storm which caused such distress in the camp began on January 3, 1780. The famine which threatened the army caused Washington to write a letter "to the Magistrates of New Jersey," which is published in Sparks's editions of the Writings



ANCIENT RIFLE.

of Washington. A copy of that letter was inclosed in the letter which is now published for the first time. It is a valuable letter, as showing that Washington's "integrity was most pure, his justice most inflexible."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, *January 8, 1780.*

"**SIR,**—The present distresses of the army, with which you are well acquainted, have determined me to call upon the respective counties of the State for a proportion of grain and cattle, according to the abilities of each.

"For this purpose I have addressed the magistrates of every county to induce them to undertake the business. This mode I have preferred as the one least inconvenient to the inhabitants; but, in case the requisition should not be complied with, we must then raise the supplies ourselves in the best manner we can. This I have signified to the magistrates.

"I have pitched upon you to superintend the execution of this measure in the County of Bergen, which is to furnish two hundred head of cattle and eight hundred bushels of grain.

"You will proceed, then, with all dispatch, and, calling upon the Justices, will deliver the inclosed address, enforcing it with a more particular detail of the sufferings of the troops, the better to convince them of the necessity of their exertions. You will at the same time let them delicately know that you are instructed, in case they do not take up the business immediately, to begin to impress the articles called for throughout the county. You will press for an immediate answer, and govern yourself accordingly. If it be a compliance, you will concert with them a proper place for the reception of the articles and the time of the delivery, which, for the whole, is to be in four days after your application to them. The owners will bring their grain and cattle to this place, where the grain is to be measured and the cattle estimated by any two of the magistrates, in conjunction with the Commissary, Mr. Yoehs, who will be sent to you for the purpose, and certificates given by the Commissary, specifying the quantity of each article and the terms of payment. These are to be previously settled with the owners, who are to choose whether they will receive the present market price—which, if preferred, is to be inserted—or the market price at the time of payment. Immediately on receiving the answer of the magistrates you will send me word what it is.

"In case of refusal, you will begin to impress till you make up the quantity required. This you will do with as much tenderness as possible to the inhabitants, having regard to the stock of each individual, that no family may be deprived of its necessary subsistence. Milch cows are not to be included in the impress. To enable you to execute this business with more effect and less inconvenience, you will call upon Colonel Fell and any other well-affected active man in the county, and endeavor to engage their advice and assistance. You are also authorized to impress wagons for the transportation of the grain.

"If the magistrates undertake the business, which I should infinitely prefer on every account, you will endeavor to prevail upon them to assign mills for the reception and preparation of such grain as the Commissary thinks will not be immediately needful in the camp.

"I have reposed this trust in you from a perfect confidence in your prudence, zeal, and respect for the rights of citizens. While your measures are adapted to the emergency, and you consult what you owe to the service, I am persuaded you will not forget that, as we are compelled by necessity to take the property of citizens for the support of the army, on whom their safety depends, you should be careful to manifest that we have a respect for their rights, and wish not to do any thing which that necessity, and even their own good, do not absolutely require.

"I am, Sir, with great respect and esteem,

"Your most obedient servant,

"GE. WASHINGTON.

"P. S. After reading the letter to the Justices you will send it.

"LT. COL. DE HART."

ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

"She was a lovely, pious, young woman, whose mother, then long in the spirit-land, had instructed her in the truths of the Bible. When she was about to die, she called her father to her bedside, and, turning upon him her pale face, lighted by lustrous blue eyes, she said, with a sweet voice: 'Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother? These words, like a keen arrow, pierced the recesses of his most truthful emotions. 'Trust to your mother!' said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child."—*Harper's Monthly for November.*]

"**T**HE damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow,
The past with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future that in vain
My feeble eyes descry:
Tell me, my father, in this hour
In whose stern faith to die?

"In thine? I've watch'd thy scornful smile.
And heard thy withering tone,
Whene'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now she is 'neath the sod,
The place—the hour—in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

"'Twas then she took this sacred book,
And from its burning page
Read how its truths support the soul
In youth and failing age;
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share a home of love
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath bless'd
This checkered path of mine;
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior-brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day;
"Not—not in mine!"—with choking voice
The skeptic made reply,
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die!"

C. C. Cox.



FOLLIES OF FASHION.

HOW strange is the origin of a fashion! The "abomination of wigs" was first adopted by a Duke of Anjou to conceal a personal defect! Charles the Seventh of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. The absurdly long-pointed shoes—often two feet in length—were invented by Henry Plantagenet to cover a very large excrescence he had upon one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short on account of a wound in the head, the crop became the prevailing fashion of his Court. Madame de Montespan invented the *robe battante*, or looped skirt, to conceal an accident in her history; which, however, occurred at such regular periods that people soon began to guess the cause when they perceived the effect. Not least curious of all is the origin of the long-fashionable shade of yellow called *Isabella*. When Ostend was besieged by the Spaniards, the Infanta Isabella of Spain, in a fit of injudicious patriotism, made a solemn vow not to change her linen till the town was taken. The besieged, either not hearing this vow or else too rebellious to regard it, held out till time, which sullies every thing, and possibly perspiration, if, indeed, Infantas of Spain do

perspire, brought her Royal Highness's linen to a color which needed a name. In a person of her rank it could not be *dirty*; and so it was called *Isabella*, became the fashionable loyal color, and was worn, so says the chronicler, "with honor by all, and with convenience by many"—making loyalty, so to speak, dirt cheap.

We have it on the best historical authority* that the present prominence of the nasal organ on the Israelitish face divine is owing, in great measure, to the fact that, at one time, when the propriety of abolishing that somewhat distinctive feature was in debate in the Israelitish camp, the tyrant Fashion came to its rescue. Here is the account of the transaction—not in Homeric verse, but as veracious as though it were:

"Says Aaron to Moses,
Let's cut off our noses;
Says Moses to Aaron,†
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

The gentle reader will perceive (on reference to the first Jewish countenance he may meet) that the plea was found quite unanswerable.

What might have been the result had it been disregarded who can tell? 'Tis certain that

* Mother Bunch.

† With the caution characteristic of a great legislator.

very sad effects have ensued upon a failure to pay proper heed to the behests of the mighty potentate. Take, for instance, the Lilliputian nation, who (as recorded by their voracious historian, Swift) declared war against the inhabitants of Blefuscu, solely because the latter refused to break their eggs at the same end which Fashion dictated to the former as the proper one for breakage. The Big-Endian rebellions cost the monarch of Lilliput not less than forty first-rate ships of war, a multitude of smaller vessels (the war being chiefly maritime), and 30,000 of his best seamen and soldiers; while the loss of the Big-Endians—the rebels—was, rightly, much greater.

So Louis the Eleventh of France had the temerity to crop his hair and shave his beard at a time when Fashion dictated ambrosial locks and flowing beard. What was the consequence? His Queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, properly disgusted at such contempt of appearances, rested not till she procured a divorce, and married the Count of Anjou, afterward King of England. Is it too much to suppose that the interminable wars which followed upon this alliance were brought about, primarily, by the injudicious conduct of King Louis?

Who will say, looking upon these and like facts, that Fashion is to be contemned; or that her changes are unworthy the historian's note or the philosopher's attention? As for the popular mind—that is, with its usual sagacity keenly alive to any thing relating to so important a subject as dress, as is at once proven by the common remark, in every body's mouth, of knowing a man by the style of his coat, or, as Captain Cuttle would put it, "by the cut of his jib."

First among fashionable follies—on the score of absurdity—come the trunk hose, which were thought indispensable about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and which were, in fact, a sort of masculine counter-puff to the verdingale, which then first began to swell the fair proportions of feminine loveliness, taking the place of the hoop of our day. The coat is what the dandy of our times most prides himself on. From the time of Henry VIII. of England, and for the three succeeding reigns, his breeches were the objects of a young man's chief solicitude. Figure 1, representing James the First of England in hunting costume, is taken from a book devoted to various fashionable methods of killing time, published in the year 1614. It will be seen that "the great, round, abominable breech," as it was styled, then tapered down to the knee, and was slashed all over, and covered with embroidery and lace. Stays were sometimes worn beneath the long-waisted doublets of the gentlemen, to keep them straight and confine them at the waist. In our illustration the King is evidently incased in whalebone.

The fashion varied. We read of "hose pleated as though they had thirty pockets;" "two yards wide at the top;" and (date 1658) of "petticoat-breeches, tied above the knee,



FIGURE 1.

ribbons up to the pocket-holes, half the width of the breeches, then ribbons hanging all about the waistband, and *shirt hanging out*"—which last fashion may be said to have altogether died out among our modern dandies. We read of breeches "almost capable of a bushel of wheat;" and of alterations which had to be made in the British Parliament House, to afford additional accommodations for the members' seats. It is related of a fast man of the time, that, on rising to conclude a visit of ceremony, he had the misfortune to damage his nether integuments by a protruding nail in his chair, so that by the time he gained the door the escape of bran was so rapid as to cause a state of complete collapse.

A law was made "against such as did so stuff their breeches to make them stand out; whereupon," says an ancient worthy, "when a certain prisoner (in these tymes) was accused for wearing such breeches contrary to law, he began to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavoured by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did wear within them; he drew out of his breeches a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a combe, and night-caps, with other things of use, saying, 'Your worships may understand that because I have no safer a store-house, these pockets do serve me for a room to lay my goods in; and though it be a straight prison, yet it is a store-house big enough for them, for I have many things more yet of value within them.' And so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at; and they commanded him that he should not alter the furniture of his store-house."

Figure 2 is an excellent representation of a dandy of 1646, from a very rare broadside printed in that year. From the description of his garments we learn that he wears a tall hat with a



FIGURE 2.

bunch of ribbon on one side and a feather on the other, his face spotted with *patches*, two love-locks, one on each side of his head, which hang down upon his bosom, and are tied at the ends with silk ribbons in bows. A mustache encompasses his mouth. His band or collar, edged with lace, is tied with band-strings and secured by a ring. A tight vest is left partly open, and between it and his breeches his shirt sticks out. The cloak was in those days carried upon the arm. His breeches were ornamented with "many dozens of points at the knees, and above these, on either side, were two great bunches of ribbon, of several colors." His legs were incased in "boot-hose tops, tied above the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt-sleeves, and double at the ends, like a ruff-band. The tops of the boots were very large, fringed with lace, and turned down as low as his spurs, which gingled like the bells of a morrice-dancer as he walked." In his right hand he carried a stick, which he "played with as he straddled along the street singing."

With such boots "straddling" was an ungraceful necessity. A buck of those days, who was probably not well up to the straddling dodge, complains that "one of the rowels of my silver spurs caught hold of the ruffle of my boot, which being Spanish leather, and not subject to tear, overthrew me!"

The love-lock worn by our beau caused an immense sensation among quiet, staid people. Mr. Prynne wrote against it a quarto volume, called "The Unloveliness of Love-locks," in which he quotes a nobleman who, having been seared from this vanity by a violent sickness,

"did declare the love-lock to be but a cord of vanity by which he had given the devil hold fast to lead him at his pleasure; who would never resign his prey as long as he nourished this unlovely bush."

Patches, mentioned above as one of the decorations of our beau, were introduced about the middle of the seventeenth century. The fashion is said to have come from Arabia. Among Eastern nations a black mole is considered a "beauty spot," a fit theme for poetic raptures. Hence those to whom Nature had denied this boon endeavored to imitate it by means of black silk and paste. In England, however, the taste was arbitrary, and the excess to which it was carried during the reign of Queen Anne was as barbarous as comical. Pepys makes frequent mention of the mode in his "Diary," as: "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave [!] to wear a black patch." And again: "May 5—To the Duke of York's Play-house: one thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine; she called to one of her women for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own, by the side of her mouth."

When at its height the patching mania must have made curious havoc among the facial charms of the fair daughters of Eve. Various shapes were used. A satirical poet of 1658 says:

"Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples and for scars;
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars
Already gummed, to make them stick,
They need no other sky."

This lady's face (Figure 3) is from a portrait of a reigning beauty of those times, and may be considered a fair sample of the fashion. She has a star and half-moon upon the cheek, a circular mark upon her chin, and—marvel of mar-



FIGURE 3.

vels—a coach, coachman, and two horses with postillions upon her forehead! The last ornament seems to have been a favorite, for the author of "God's Voice against Pride in Apparel" (1683) says: "Methinks the mourning