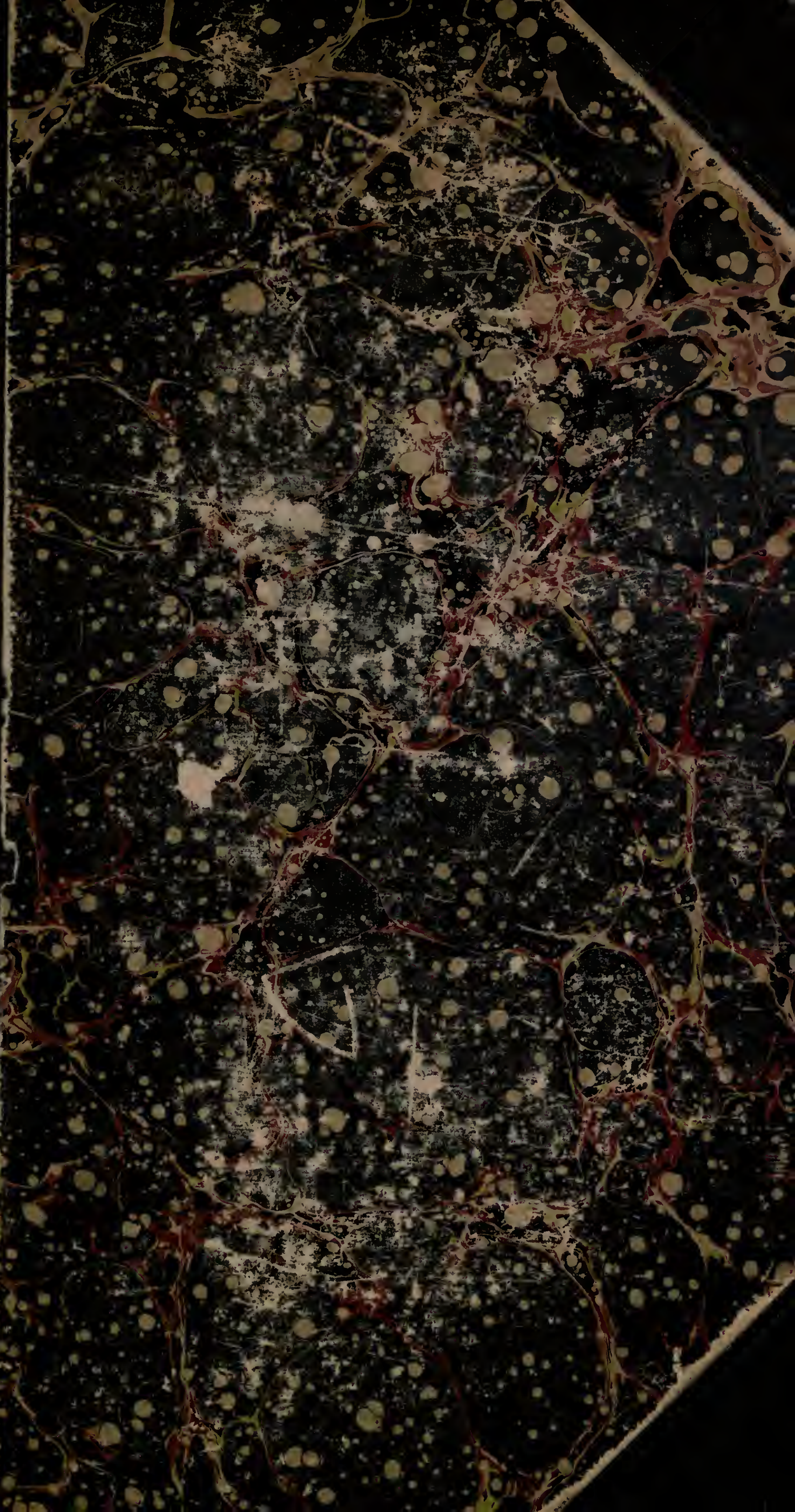

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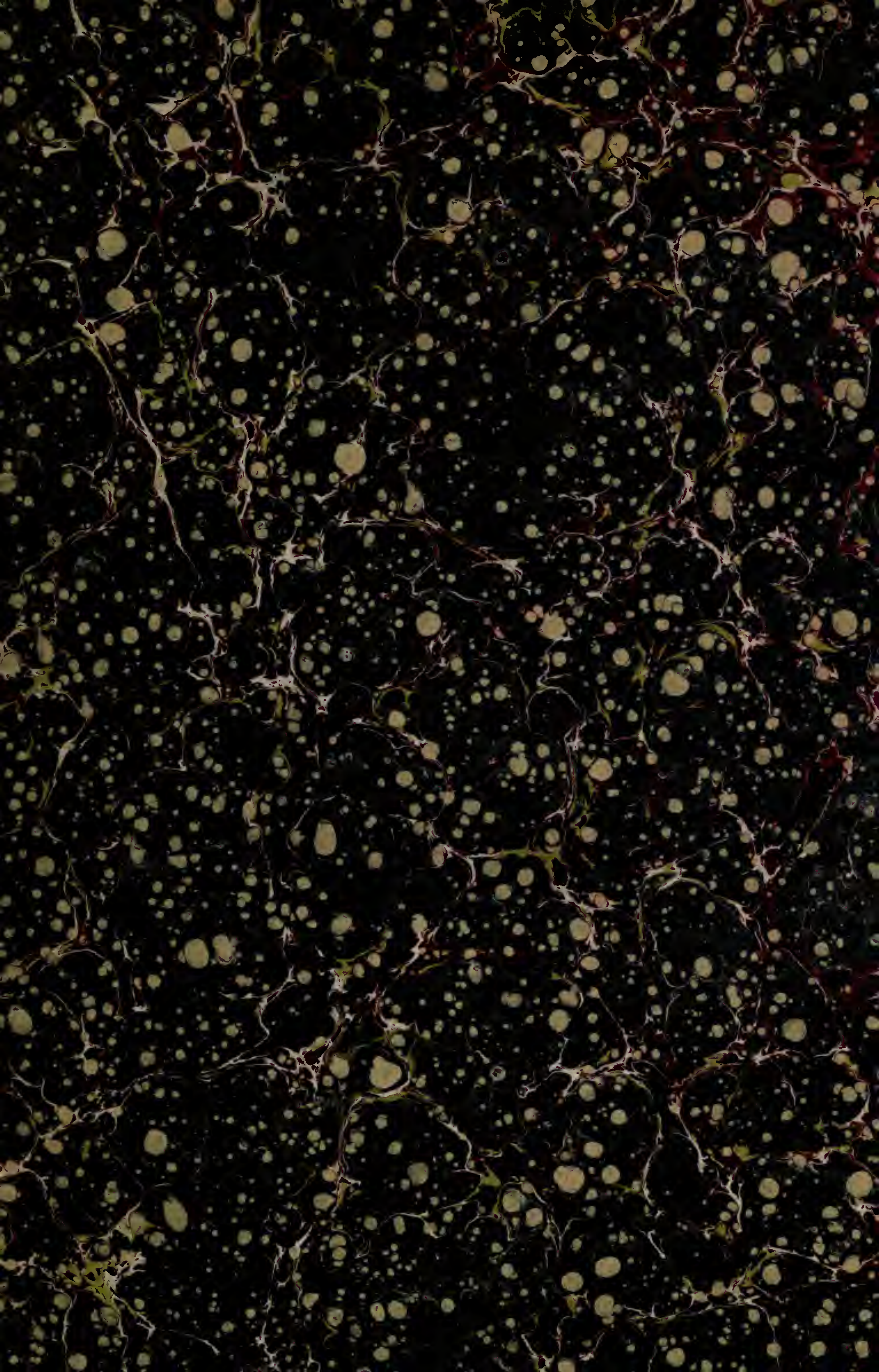

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TWO SPHERES OF LIFE.

M^c MENAMY, HESS & MAC DAVITT.

EMINENT AND HEROIC WOMEN

OF THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK,

McMENAMY, HESS & MAC DAVITT.

THE

EMINENT AND HEROIC

WOMEN OF AMERICA,

BY

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

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TO

MY MOTHER,

SARAH MAXWELL LUMMIS

THE DAUGHTER OF A REVOLUTIONARY OFFICER

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

PREFACE.

In offering this work to the public, it is due to the reader no less than the writer, to say something of the extreme difficulty which has been found in obtaining materials sufficiently reliable for a record designed to be strictly authentic. Three quarters of a century have necessarily effaced all recollection of many imposing domestic scenes of the Revolution, and cast over many a veil of obscurity through which it is hard to distinguish their features. Whatever has not been preserved by contemporaneous written testimony, or derived at an early period from immediate actors in the scenes, is liable to the suspicion of being distorted or discolored by the imperfect knowledge, the prejudices, or the fancy of its narrators. It is necessary always to distrust, and very often to reject traditionary information. Much of this character has been received from various sources, but I have refrained from using it in all cases where it was not supported by responsible personal testimony, or where it was found to conflict in any of its details with established historical facts.

Inasmuch as political history says but little—and that vaguely and incidentally—of the Women who bore their part

in the Revolution, the materials for a work treating of them and their actions and sufferings, must be derived in great part from private sources. The apparent dearth of information was at first almost disheartening. Except the Letters of Mrs. Adams, no fair exponent of the feelings and trials of the women of the Revolution had been given to the public; for the Letters of Mrs. Wilkinson afford but a limited view of a short period of the war. Of the Southern women, Mrs. Motte was the only one generally remembered in her own State for the act of magnanimity recorded in history; and a few fragmentary anecdotes of female heroism, to be found in Garden's collection, and some historical works—completed the amount of published information on the subject. Letters of friendship and affection—those most faithful transcripts of the heart and mind of individuals, have been earnestly sought, and examined wherever they could be obtained. But letter-writing was far less usual among our ancestors than it is at the present day; and the uncertainty, and sometimes the danger attendant upon the transmission of letters were not only an impediment to frequent correspondence, but excluded from that which did exist, much discussion of the all-absorbing subjects of the time. Of the little that was written, too, how small a portion remains in this—as it has been truly called—manuscript-destroying generation! But while much that might have illustrated the influence of woman and the domestic character and feeling of those days, had been lost or obscured by time, it appeared yet possible, by persevering effort, to recover something worthy of an enduring record. With the view of eliciting information for this purpose, application was made severally to the surviving relatives of women remarkable for position or influence, or whose zeal, personal

sacrifices, or heroic acts, had contributed to promote the establishment of American Independence.

My success in these applications has not been such as to enable me to fill out entirely my own idea of the work I wished to present to the reader. Some of the sketches are necessarily brief and meagre, and perhaps few of them do full justice to their subjects. There is, also, inherent difficulty in delineating female character, which impresses itself on the memory of those who have known the individual by delicate traits, that may be felt but not described. The actions of men stand out in prominent relief, and are a safe guide in forming a judgment of them ; a woman's sphere, on the other hand, is secluded, and in very few instances does her personal history, even though she may fill a conspicuous position, afford sufficient incident to throw a strong light upon her character. This want of salient points for description must be felt by all who have attempted a faithful portraiture of some beloved female relative. How much is the difficulty increased when a stranger essays a tribute to those who are no longer among the living, and whose existence was passed for the most part in a quiet round of domestic duties!

It need scarcely be said that the deficiency of material has in no case been supplied by fanciful embellishment. These memoirs are a simple and homely narrative of real occurrences. Wherever details were wanting to fill out the picture, it has been left in outline for some more fortunate limner. No labor of research, no pains in investigation—and none but those who have been similarly engaged can estimate the labor—have been spared in establishing the truth of the statements. It can hardly be expected that inaccuracies have been altogether avoided in a work where he facts have to

be drawn from numerous and sometimes conflicting authorities; but errors, if discovered, may be hereafter corrected.

The sketches contained in the first volume, illustrating progressive stages of the war, are arranged with some observance of chronological order; while those in the second do not admit of such a distribution.

Many authorities, including nearly all the books upon the Revolution, have been consulted, and reference is made to those to which I am under special obligations. For the memoir of Mrs. Bache, I am indebted to the pen of Mr. William Duane, of Philadelphia, and for that of Mrs. Allen, to Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, of Washington. My grateful acknowledgments are due also to Mr. Jacob B. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, for valuable advice, and for facilities afforded me in examining the books and manuscripts under his charge; and to Dr. Joseph Johnson, the Rev. James H. Saye, and the Hon. Judge O'Neall, of South Carolina, who have obligingly aided me in the collection of authentic particulars connected with the war in that State. Others have rendered valuable assistance in the same way, and in affording me an opportunity of examining family papers in their possession. To them all—and to those numerous friends who have encouraged me by their sympathy and kind wishes in this arduous but interesting task—I offer most heartfelt thanks. If the work whose progress they have cherished should be deemed a useful contribution to American History, they will be no less gratified than myself that its design has been accomplished.

E. F. E

THE PRESIDENT'S BRIDE.
(MRS. J. TYLER)

Mc Menamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway. N.Y.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION

All Americans are accustomed to view with interest and admiration the events of the Revolution. Its scenes are vivid in their memory, and its prominent actors are regarded with the deepest veneration. But while the leading spirits are thus honored, attention should be directed to the source whence their power was derived—to the sentiment pervading the mass of the people. The force of this sentiment, working in the public heart, cannot be measured ; because, amidst the abundance of materials for the history of action, there is little for that of the feeling of those times. And, as years pass on, the investigation becomes more and more difficult. Yet it is both interesting and important to trace its operation. It gave statesmen their influence, and armed heroes for victory. What could they have done but for the home-sentiment to which they appealed, and which sustained them in the hour of trial and success? They were thus aided to the eminence they gained through toils and perils. Others may claim a share in the merit, if not the fame, of their illustrious

deeds. The unfading laurels that wreathe their brows had their root in the hearts of the people, and were nourished with their life-blood.

The feeling which wrought thus powerfully in the community depended, in great part, upon the women. It is always thus in times of popular excitement. Who can estimate, moreover, the controlling influence of early culture! During the years of the progress of British encroachment and colonial discontent, when the sagacious politician could discern the portentous shadow of events yet far distant, there was time for the nurture, in the domestic sanctuary, of that love of civil liberty, which afterwards kindled into a flame, and shed light on the world. The talk of matrons, in American homes, was of the people's wrongs, and the tyranny that oppressed them, till the sons who had grown to manhood, with strengthened aspirations towards a better state of things, and views enlarged to comprehend their invaded rights, stood up prepared to defend them to the utmost. Patriotic mothers nursed the infancy of freedom. Their counsels and their prayers mingled with the deliberations that resulted in a nation's assertion of its independence. They animated the courage, and confirmed the self-devotion of those who ventured all in the common cause. They frowned upon instances of coldness or backwardness; and in the period of deepest gloom, cheered and urged onward the desponding. They willingly shared inevitable dangers and privations, relinquished without regret prospects of advantage to themselves, and parted with

those they loved better than life, not knowing when they were to meet again. It is almost impossible now to appreciate the vast influence of woman's patriotism upon the destinies of the infant republic. We have no means of showing the important part she bore in maintaining the struggle, and in laying the foundations on which so mighty and majestic a structure has arisen. History can do it no justice; for history deals with the workings of the head, rather than the heart. And the knowledge received by tradition, of the domestic manners, and social character of the times, is too imperfect to furnish a sure index. We can only dwell upon individual instances of magnanimity, fortitude, self-sacrifice, and heroism, bearing the impress of the feeling of Revolutionary days, indicative of the spirit which animated all, and to which, in its various and multiform exhibitions, we are not less indebted for national freedom, than to the swords of the patriots who poured out their blood.

"'Tis true, Cleander," says a writer in one of the papers of the day,* "no mean merit will accrue to him who shall justly celebrate the virtues of our ladies! Shall not their generous contributions to relieve the wants of the defenders of our country, supply a column to emulate the Roman women, stripped of their jewels when the public necessity demanded them?" Such tributes were often called forth by the voluntary exertions of American women. Their patriotic sacrifices were made with an enthusiasm that showed the earnest

* New Jersey Gazette, October 11th, 1780.

spirit ready on every occasion to appear in generous acts. Some gave their own property, and went from house to house to solicit contributions for the army. Colors were embroidered by fair hands, and presented with the charge never to desert them; and arms and ammunition were provided by the same liberal zeal. They formed themselves into associations renouncing the use of teas, and other imported luxuries, and engaging to card, spin, and weave their own clothing. In Mecklenburgh and Rowan counties, North Carolina, young ladies of the most respectable families pledged themselves not to receive the addresses of any suitors who had not obeyed the country's call for military service.

The needy shared the fruit of their industry and economy. They visited hospitals daily; sought the dungeons of the provost, and the crowded holds of prison ships; and provisions were carried from their stores to the captives whose only means of recompense was the blessing of those who were ready to perish. Many raised grain, gathered it, made bread, and carried it to their relatives in the army, or in prisons, accompanying the supply with exhortations never to abandon the cause of their country. The burial of friends slain in battle, or chance-encounters, often devolved upon them; and even enemies would not have received sepulture without the service of their hands.

When the resources of the country scarcely allowed the scantiest supply of clothing and provisions, and British cruisers on the coast destroyed every hope of

aid from merchant vessels; when, to the distressed troops, their cup of misfortune seemed full to overflowing, and there appeared no prospect of relief, except from the benevolence of their fellow-citizens; when even the ability of these was almost exhausted by repeated applications—then it was that the women of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, by their zealous exertions and willing sacrifices, accomplished what had been thought impossible. Not only was the pressure of want removed, but the sympathy and favor of the fair daughters of America, says one of the journals, "operated like a charm on the soldier's heart—gave vigor to exertion, confidence to his hopes of success, and the ultimate certainty of victory and peace." General Washington, in his letter of acknowledgment to the committee of ladies, says, "The army ought not to regret its sacrifices or its sufferings, when they meet with so flattering a reward, as in the sympathy of your sex; nor can it fear that its interests will be neglected, when espoused by advocates as powerful as they are amiable." An officer in camp writes, in June, 1780: "The patriotism of the women of your city is a subject of conversation with the army. Had I poetical genius, I would sit down and write an ode in praise of it. Burgoyne, who, on his first coming to America, boasted that he would dance with the ladies, and coax the men to submission, must now have a better understanding of the good sense and public spirit of our females, as he has already heard of the fortitude and inflexible temper of our men." Another observes: "We cannot appeal in

vain for what is good, to that sanctuary where all that is good has its proper home—the female bosom."

How the influence of women was estimated by John Adams, appears from one of his letters to his wife:

"I think I have some times observed to you in conversation, that upon examining the biography of illustrious men, you will generally find some female about them, in the relation of mother, or wife, or sister, to whose instigation a great part of their merit is to be ascribed. You will find a curious example of this in the case of Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. She was a woman of the greatest beauty, and the first genius. She taught him, it is said, his refined maxims of policy, his lofty imperial eloquence, nay, even composed the speeches on which so great a share of his reputation was founded.

"I wish some of our great men had such wives. By the account in your last letter, it seems the women in Boston begin to think themselves able to serve their country. What a pity it is that our generals in the northern districts had not Aspasias to their wives.

"I believe the two Howes have not very great women for wives. If they had, we should suffer more from their exertions than we do. This is our good fortune. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago."

The venerable Major Spalding, of Georgia, writes, in reply to an application to him for information respecting the revolutionary women of his state: "I am a very old man, and have read as much as any one I know, yet I have never known, and never read of one—no, not one!—

who did not owe high standing, or a great name, to his mother's blood, or his mother's training. My friend Randolph said he owed every thing to his mother. Mr. Jefferson's mother was a Randolph, and he acknow ledged that he owed every thing to her rearing. General Washington, we all know, attributed every thing to his mother. Lord Bacon attributed much to his mother's training. And will any one doubt that even Alexander believed he owed more to the blood and lofty ambition of Olympia, than the wisdom or cunning of Philip?"

The sentiments of the women towards the brave defenders of their native land, were expressed in an address widely circulated at the time, and read in the churches of Virginia. "We know," it says—"that at a distance from the theatre of war, if we enjoy any tranquillity, it is the fruit of your watchings, your labors, your dangers. * * * * And shall we hesitate to evince to you our gratitude? Shall we hesitate to wear clothing more simple, and dress less elegant, while at the price of this small privation, we shall deserve your benedictions?"

The same spirit appears in a letter found among some papers belonging to a lady of Philadelphia. It was addressed to a British officer in Boston, and written before the Declaration of Independence. The following extract will show its character:

"I will tell you what I have done. My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me; I am confident he will

behave with honor, and emulate the great examples he has before him; and had I twenty sons and brothers they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and what I never did before, have learned to knit, and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants; and this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I know this—that as free I can die but once; but as a slave I shall not be worthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea drinking and finery, to that great spirit of patriotism that actuates all degrees of people throughout this extensive continent. If these are the sentiments of females, what must glow in the breasts of our husbands, brothers, and sons! They are as with one heart determined to die or be free. It is not a quibble in politics, a science which few understand, that we are contending for; it is this plain truth, which the most ignorant peasant knows, and is clear to the weakest capacity—that no man has a right to take their money without their consent. You say you are no politician. Oh, sir, it requires no Machiavelian head to discover this tyranny and oppression. It is written with a sunbeam. Every one will see and know it, because it will make every one feel; and we shall be unworthy of the blessings of Heaven if we ever submit to it. * * * * * *

SIR WALTER RALEIGH parting with his wife on the morning of his execution.

M^c. MENAMY, HESS & MAC DAVITT.

* * * "Heaven seems to smile on us; for in the memory of man, never were known such quantities of flax, and sheep without number. We are making powder fast, and do not want for ammunition."

From all portions of the country thus rose the expression of woman's ardent zeal. Under accumulated evils the manly spirit that alone could secure success, might have sunk but for the firmness and intrepidity of the weaker sex. It supplied every persuasion that could animate to perseverance, and secure fidelity.

The noble deeds in which this irrepressible spirit breathed itself, were not unrewarded by persecution The case of the quakeress Deborah Franklin, who was banished from New York by the British commandant for her liberality in relieving the sufferings of the American prisoners,was one among many. In our days of tranquillity and luxury, imagination can scarcely compass the extent or severity of the trials endured; and it is proportionately difficult to estimate the magnanimity that bore all, not only with uncomplaining patience, but with a cheerful forgetfulness of suffering in view of the desired object. The alarms of war—the roar of the strife itself, could not silence the voice of woman, lifted in encouragement or in prayer. The horrors of battle or massacre could not drive her from the post of duty. The effect of this devotion cannot be questioned, though it may not now be traced in particular instances These were, for the most part, known only to those who were themselves actors in the scenes, or who lived in the midst of them. The heroism of the Revo-

lutionary women has passed from remembrance with the generation who witnessed it; or is seen only by faint and occasional glimpses, through the gathering obscurity of tradition.

To render a measure of justice—inadequate it must be—to a few of the American matrons, whose names deserve to live in remembrance—and to exhibit something of the domestic side of the Revolutionary picture—is the object of this work. As we recede from the realities of that struggle, it is regarded with increasing interest by those who enjoy its results; while the elements which were its life-giving principle, too subtle to be retained by the grave historian, are fleeting fast from apprehension. Yet without some conception of them, the Revolution cannot be appreciated. We must enter into the spirit, as well as master the letter.

While attempting to pay a tribute but too long withheld, to the memory of women who did and endured so much in the cause of liberty, we should not be insensible to the virtues exhibited by another class, belonging equally to the history of the period. These had their share of reverse and suffering. Many saw their children and relatives espousing opposite sides; and with ardent feelings of loyalty in their hearts, were forced to weep over the miseries of their families and neighbors. Many were driven from their homes, despoiled of property, and finally compelled to cast their lot in desolate wilds and an ungenial climate.* And while their

* The ancient Acadia, comprising Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was settled by many of the refugee loyalists from the United States.

heroism, fortitude, and spirit of self-sacrifice were not less brightly displayed, their hard lot was unpitied, and they met with no reward.

In the library of William H. Prescott, at his residence in Boston, are two swords, crossed above the arch of an alcove. One belonged to his grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the American troops in the redoubt at Bunkerhill. The other was the sword of Captain Linzee, of the royal navy, who commanded the British sloop of war—The Falcon, then lying in the Mystic; from which the American troops were fired upon as they crossed to Bunkerhill. Captain Linzee was the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott. The swords of those two gallant soldiers who fought on different sides upon that memorable day—now in the possession of their united descendants, and crossed—an emblem of peace, in the library of the great American historian—are emblematic of the spirit in which our history should be written. Such be the spirit in which we view the loyalists of those days.

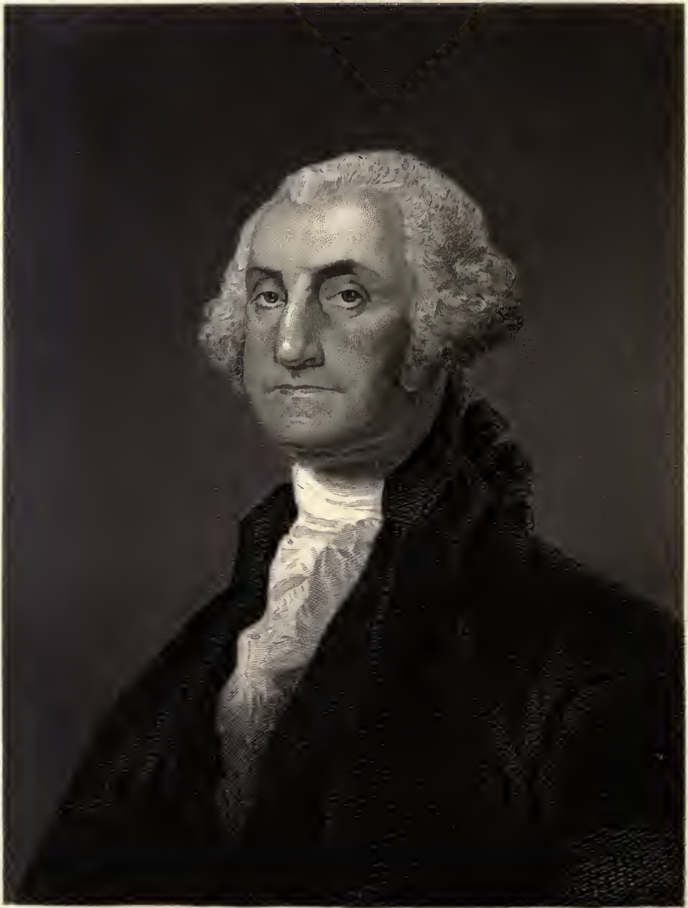
I.

MARY WASHINGTON.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON! There needs no eulogy to awaken the associations which cling around that sacred name. Our hearts do willing homage to the venerated parent of the chief—

> "Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
> With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
> Of godlike virtue in his infant mind."

The contemplation of Washington's character naturally directs attention to her whose maternal care guided and guarded his early years. What she did, and the blessing of a world that follows her—teach impressively —while showing the power—the duty of those who mould the characters of the age to come. The principles and conduct of this illustrious matron were closely interwoven with the destinies of her son. Washington ever acknowledged that he owed everything to his mother—in the education and habits of his early life. His high moral principle, his perfect self-possession, his clear and sound judgment, his inflexible resolution and untiring application—were developed by her training



G. Washington

and example. A believer in the truths of religion, she inculcated a strict obedience to its injunctions. She planted the seed, and cherished the growth, which bore such rich and glorious fruit. La Fayette observed that she belonged rather to he age of Sparta or Rome, than to modern times; she was a mother formed on the ancient model, and by her elevation of character and matchless discipline, fitted to lay the foundation of the greatness of him who towered "beyond all Greek—beyond all Roman fame."

The course of Mrs. Washington's life, exhibiting her qualities of mind and heart, proved her fitness for the high trust committed to her hands. She was remarkable for vigor of intellect, strength of resolution, and inflexible firmness wherever principle was concerned. Devoted to the education of her children, her parental government and guidance have been described by those who knew her as admirably adapted to train the youthful mind to wisdom and virtue. With her, affection was regulated by a calm and just judgment. She was distinguished, moreover, by that well marked quality of genius, a power of acquiring and maintaining influence over those with whom she associated. Without inquiring into the philosophy of this mysterious ascendancy, she was content to employ it for the noblest ends. It contributed, no doubt, to deepen the effect of her instructions.

The life of Mrs. Washington, so useful in the domestic sphere, did not abound in incident. She passed through the trials common to those who lived amid the scenes of

the Revolutionary era. She saw the son whom she had taught to be *good*—whom she had reared in the principles of true honor, walking the perilous path of duty with firm step, leading his country to independence, and crowned with his reward—a nation's gratitude; yet in all these changes, her simple, earnest nature remained the same. She loved to speak, in her latter days, of her boy's merits in his early life, and of his filial affection and duty; but never dwelt on the glory he had won as the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of a great republic. This was because her ambition was too high for the pride that inspires and rewards common souls. The greatness she discerned and acknowledged in the object of her solicitous tenderness was beyond that which this world most esteems.

The only memoir of the mother of Washington extant, is the one written by George W. P. Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington, and published more than twenty years ago in his "Recollections" in the National Gazette. These reminiscences were collected by him in the course of many years; and to them we are indebted for all that is known of the life and actions of this matron. According to these, she was descended from the respectable family of Ball, who came to this country and settled on the banks of the Potomac. In the old days of Virginia, women were taught habits of industry and self-reliance, and in these Mrs. Washington was nurtured. The early death of her husband involved her in the cares of a young family with limited resources, which rendered prudence and economy necessary to

provide for and educate her children. Thus circumstanced, it was left to her unassisted efforts to form in her son's mind, those essential qualities which gave tone and character to his subsequent life George was only twelve years old at his father's aeath, and retained merely the remembrance of his person, and his parental fondness. Two years after this event, he obtained a midshipman's warrant; but his mother opposed the plan, and the idea of entering the naval service was relinquished.

The home in which Mrs. Washington presided, was a sanctuary of the domestic virtues. The levity of youth was there tempered by a well regulated restraint, and the enjoyments rational and proper for that age were indulged in with moderation. The future chief was taught the duty of obedience, and was thus prepared to command. The mother's authority never departed from her, even when her son had attained the height of his renown; for she ruled by the affection which had controlled his spirit when he needed a guardian; and she claimed a reverence next to that due to his Creator. This claim he admitted, mingling the deepest respect with enthusiastic attachment, and yielding to her will the most implicit obedience, even to the latest hours of her life. One of the associates of his juvenile years, Lawrence Washington, of Chotank, thus speaks of his home:

"I was often there with George, his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own

parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic of the Father of his country, will remember the matron as she appeared, the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed." Educated under such influences, it is not to be wondered at that Washington's deportment towards his mother at all times, testified his appreciation of her elevated character, and the excellence of her lessons.

"On his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies," says Mr. Custis, "previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence, to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger and contiguous to her friends and relatives. There she remained, during nearly the whole of the trying period of the Revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south; one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms; another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbed and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of Divine Providence, preserved the even tenor of her life; affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that

ABDUCTION OF JENNIE McRAE.

unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man, and the freedom and happiness of the world."

When news arrived of the passage of the Delaware in December, 1776, the mother received calmly the patriots who came with congratulations; and while expressing pleasure at the intelligence, disclaimed for her son the praises in the letters from which extracts were read. When informed by express of the surrender of Cornwallis, she lifted her hands in gratitude towards heaven, and exclaimed, "Thank God! war will now be ended, and peace, independence and happiness bless our country!"

Her housewifery, industry, and care in the management of her domestic concerns, were not intermitted during the war. "She looketh well to the ways of her household," and "worketh willingly with her hands," said the wise man, in describing a virtuous woman; and it was the pride of the exemplary women of that day, to fill the station of mistress with usefulness as well as dignity. Mrs. Washington was remarkable for a simplicity which modern refinement might call severe, but which became her not less when her fortunes were clouded, than when the sun of glory arose upon her house. Some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg long remembered the matron, "as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her

orders and seeing that they were obeyed." When on one occasion an agent departed from his instructions—she reproved him for exercising his own judgment in the matter; "I command you," she said; there is nothing left for you but to obey."

Her charity to the poor was well known; and having not wealth to distribute, it was necessary that what her benevolence dispensed should be supplied by domestic economy and industry. How peculiar a grace does this impart to the benefits flowing from a sympathizing heart!

It is thus that she has been pictured in the imagination of one of our most gifted poets.*

> "Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,
> Simple in garb, majestic and serene,—
> Unawed by 'pomp and circumstance'—in truth
> Inflexible—and with a Spartan zeal
> Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
> *Thou* didst not deem it woman's part to waste
> Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
> Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
> Then fleet like the ephemeron away,
> Building no temple in her children's hearts,
> Save to the vanity and pride of life
> Which she had worshipped."

Mr. Custis states that she was continually visited and solaced, in the retirement of her declining years, by her children and numerous grandchildren. Her daughter,

* Mrs. Sigourney, in her poetical tribute on the occasion of laying the corner-stone for the monument.

Mrs. Lewis, repeatedly and earnestly solicited her to remove to her house, and there pass the remainder of her days. Her son pressingly entreated her that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age. But the matron's answer was: "I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." To the proposition of her son-in-law, Colonel Lewis, to relieve her by taking the direction of her concerns, she replied: "Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order; for your eyesight is better than mine: but leave the executive management to me." Such were the energy and independence she preserved to an age beyond that usually allotted to mortals, and till within three years of her death, when the disease under which she suffered (cancer of the breast), prevented exertion.

Her meeting with Washington, after the victory which decided the fortune of America, illustrates her character too strikingly to be omitted. "After an absence of nearly seven years, it was, at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprize her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now, mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian schools, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pa-

geantry of war proclaimed his coming—no trumpets sounded—no banners waved. Alone, and on foot, the marshal of France, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron was made of sterner stuff than to be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, or by all the 'pomp and circumstance' of power.

"The lady was alone—her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced; and it was further told, that the victor-chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing names of his childhood. Inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares, and many trials, had made on his manly countenance—spoke much of old times, and old friends; but of his glory, *not one word!*

"Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry. The town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed, that although her dancing days were *pretty*

well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

"The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but forming their judgment from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother, that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprized when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation; and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, and observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired, leaning as before, on the arm of her son."

To this picture may be added another:

"The Marquis de La Fayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing. Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed: 'There, sir, is my grandmother.' La Fayette beheld—working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat—the mother of 'his hero, his friend and

a country's preserver!' The lady saluted him kindly observing, 'Ah, marquis! you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress.'"

To the encomiums lavished by the marquis on his chief, the mother replied: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy." So simple in her true greatness of soul, was this remarkable woman.

Her piety was ardent; and she associated devotion with the grand and beautiful in nature. She was in the habit of repairing every day for prayer to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling.

After the organization of the government, Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to announce to his mother his election to the chief magistracy, and bid her farewell, before assuming the duties of his office. Her aged frame was bowed down by disease; and she felt that they were parting to meet no more in this world. But she bade him go, with heaven's blessing and her own, to fulfil the high destinies to which he had been called. Washington was deeply affected, and wept at the parting.

The person of Mrs. Washington is described as being of the medium height, and well proportioned—her features pleasing, though strongly marked. There were few painters in the colonies in those days, and no portrait of her is in existence. Her biographer saw her but with infant eyes; but well remembers the sister of the chief. Of her we are told nothing, except that "she

was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her, and place a military hat upon her head; and such was the perfect resemblance, that had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the chief."

Mrs. Washington died at the age of eighty-five, rejoicing in the consciousness of a life well spent, and the hope of a blessed immortality. Her ashes repose at Fredericksburg, where a splendid monument has been erected to her memory.

II.

ESTHER REED.

Esther De Berdt was born in the city of London, on the 22d of October, 1746, (N. S.,) and died at Philadelphia on the 18th of September, 1780. Her thirty-four years of life were adorned by no adventurous heroism; but were thickly studded with the brighter beauties of feminine endurance, uncomplaining self-sacrifice, and familiar virtue—under trials, too, of which civil war is so fruitful. She was an only daughter. Her father, Dennis De Berdt, was a British merchant, largely interested in colonial trade. He was a man of high character. Descended from the Huguenots, or French Flemings, who came to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Mr. De Berdt's pure and rather austere religious sentiments and practice were worthy of the source whence they came. His family were educated according to the strictest rule of the evangelical piety of their day—the day when devotion, frozen out of high places, found refuge in humble dissenting chapels—the day of Wesley and of Whitfield. Miss De Berdt's youth was trained religiously; and she was to the end of life true to the principles of her education. The simple devotion she had learned from an aged

father's lips, alleviated the trials of youth, and brightened around her early grave.

Mr. De Berdt's house in London, owing to his business relations with the Colonies, was the home of many young Americans who at that time were attracted by pleasure or duty to the imperial metropolis. Among these visitors, in or about the year 1763, was Joseph Reed, of New Jersey, who had come to London to finish his professional studies (such being the fashion of the times) at the Temple. Mr. Reed was in the twenty-third year of his age—a man of education, intelligence, and accomplishment. The intimacy, thus accidentally begun, soon produced its natural fruits; and an engagement, at first secret, and afterwards avowed, was formed between the young English girl and the American stranger. Parental discouragement, so wise that even youthful impetuosity could find no fault with it, was entirely inadequate to break a connection thus formed. They loved long and faithfully—how faithfully, the reader will best judge when he learns that a separation of five years of deferred hope, with the Atlantic between them, never gave rise to a wandering wish, or hope, or thought.

Mr. Reed, having finished his studies, returned to America, in the early part of 1765, and began the practice of the law in his native village of Trenton. His success was immediate and great. But there was a distracting element at work in his heart, which prevented him from looking on success with complacency; and one plan after another was suggested, by which he

might be enabled to return and settle in Great Britain. That his young and gentle mistress should follow him to America, was a vision too wild even for a sanguine lover. Every hope was directed back to England; and the correspondence, the love letters of five long years, are filled with plans by which these cherished, but delusive wishes were to be consummated. How dimly was the future seen!

Miss De Berdt's engagement with her American lover, was coincident with that dreary period of British history, when a monarch and his ministers were laboring hard to tear from its socket, and cast away for ever, the brightest jewel of the imperial crown—American colonial power. It was the interval when Chatham's voice was powerless to arouse the Nation, and make Parliament pause—when penny-wise politicians, in the happy phrase of the day, "*teased America into resistance;*" and the varied vexations of stamp acts, and revenue bills, and tea duties, the congenial fruits of poor statesmanship, were the means by which a great catastrophe was hurried onward. Mr. De Berdt's relations with Government were, in some respects, direct and intimate. His house was a place of counsel for those who sought, by moderate and constitutional means, to stay the hand of misgovernment and oppression. He was the Agent of the Stamp Act Congress first, and of the Colonies of Delaware and Massachusetts, afterwards. And most gallantly did the brave old man discharge the duty which his American constituents confided to him. His heart was in his trust; and we may well imagine the alterna-

tions of feeling which throbbed in the bosom of his daughter, as she shared in the consultations of this almost American household; and according to the fitful changes of time and opinion, counted the chances of discord that might be fatal to her peace, or of honorable pacification which should bring her lover home to her. Miss De Berdt's letters, now in the possession of her descendants, are full of allusions to this varying state of things, and are remarkable for the sagacious good sense which they develope. She is, from first to last, a stout American. Describing a visit to the House of Commons, in April, 1766, her enthusiasm for Mr. Pitt is unbounded, while she does not disguise her repugnance to George Grenville and Wedderburn, whom she says she cannot bear, because "*they are such enemies to America.*" So it is throughout, in every line she writes, in every word she utters; and thus was she, unconsciously, receiving that training which in the end was to fit her for an American patriot's wife.

Onward, however, step by step, the Monarch and his Ministry—he, if possible, more infatuated than they—advanced in the career of tyrannical folly. Remonstrance was vain. They could not be persuaded that it would ever become resistance. In 1769 and 1770, the crisis was almost reached. Five years of folly had done it all. In the former of these years, the lovers were re-united, Mr. Reed returning on an uncertain visit to England. He found everything, but her faithful affection, changed. Political disturbance had had its

usual train of commercial disaster ; and Mr. De Berd had not only become bankrupt, but unable to rally or such a reverse in old age, had sunk into his grave. All was ruin and confusion ; and on the 31st of May, 1770, Esther De Berdt became an American wife, the wedding being privately solemnized at St. Luke's Church, in the city of London.

In October, the young couple sailed for America, arriving at Philadelphia in November, 1770. Mr. Reed immediately changed his residence from Trenton to Philadelphia, where he continued to live. Mrs. Reed's correspondence with her brother and friends in England, during the next five years, has not been preserved. It would have been interesting, as showing the impressions made on an intelligent mind by the primitive state of society and modes of life in these wild Colonies, some eighty years ago, when Philadelphia was but a large village—when the best people lived in Front street, or on the water-side, and an Indian frontier was within an hundred miles of the Schuylkill. They are, however, all lost. The influence of Mrs. Reed's foreign connections can be traced only in the interesting correspondence between her husband and Lord Dartmouth, during the years 1774 and 1775, which has been recently given to the public, and which narrates, in the most genuine and trust-worthy form, the progress of colonial discontent in the period immediately anterior to actual revolution. In all the initiatory measures of peaceful resistance, Mr. Reed, as is well known, took a large and active share ; and in all he did, he had his

young wife's ardent sympathy. The English girl had grown at once into the American matron.

And throughout this scene of varied perplexity, when the heart of the statesman was oppressed by trouble without—disappointment, ingratitude—all that makes a politician's life so wretched, he was sure to find his home happy, his wife smiling and contented, with no visible sorrow to impair her welcome, and no murmur to break the melody of domestic joy. It sustained him to the end. This was humble, homely heroism, but it did its good work in cheering and sustaining a spirit that might otherwise have broken. Let those disparage it who have never had the solace which such companionship affords, or who never have known the bitter sorrow of its loss.

In May, 1780, Mrs. Reed's youngest son was born. It was of him, that Washington, a month later wrote, "I warmly thank you for calling the young Christian by my name," and it was he who more than thirty years afterwards, died in the service of his country,* not less gloriously because his was not a death of triumph. It was in the fall of this year, that the ladies of Philadelphia united in their remarkable and generous contribution for the relief of the suffering soldiers, by supplying them with clothing. Mrs. Reed was placed, by their united suffrage, at the head of this association. The

* George Washington Reed, a Commander in the U S. Navy, died a prisoner of war in Jamaica, in 1813. He refused a parole, because unwilling to leave his crew in a pestilential climate; and himself perished.

French Secretary of Legation, M. de Marbois, in a letter that has been published, tells her she is called to the office as "the best patriot, the most zealous and active, and the most attached to the interests of her country." Notwithstanding the feeble state of her health, Mrs. Reed entered upon her duties with great animation. The work was congenial to her feelings. It was charity in its genuine form and from its purest source—the voluntary outpouring from the heart. It was not stimulated by the excitements of our day—neither fancy fairs, nor bazaars; but the American women met, and seeing the necessity that asked interposition, relieved it. They solicited money and other contributions directly, and for a precise and avowed object. They labored with their needles and sacrificed their trinkets and jewelry. The result was very remarkable. The aggregate amount of contributions in the City and County of Philadelphia, was not less than 7,500 dollars, specie; much of it, too, paid in hard money, at a time of the greatest appreciation. "All ranks of society," says President Reed's biographer, "seem to have joined in the liberal effort, from Phillis, the colored woman, with her humble seven shillings and six pence, to the Marchioness de La Fayette, who contributed one hundred guineas in specie, and the Countess de Luzerne, who gave six thousand dollars in continental paper." La Fayette's gentlemanly letter to Mrs. Reed is worth preserving.

HEAD QUARTERS, *June the* 25*th*, 1780

MADAM,

In admiring the new resolution, in which the fair ones of Philadelphia have taken the lead, I am induced to feel for those American ladies, who being out of the Continent cannot participate in this patriotic measure. I know of one who, heartily wishing for a personal acquaintance with the ladies of America, would feel particularly happy to be admitted among them on the present occasion. Without presuming to break in upon the rules of your respected association, may I most humbly present myself as her ambassador to the confederate ladies, and solicit in her name that Mrs. President be pleased to accept of her offering.

With the highest respect, I have the honor to be,

Madam, your most obedient servant,

LA FAYETTE.

Mrs. Reed's correspondence with the Commander-in-chief on the subject of the mode of administering relief to the poor soldiers, has been already published,* and is very creditable to both parties. Her letters are marked by business-like intelligence and sound feminine common sense, on subjects of which as a secluded women she could have personally no previous knowledge, and Washington, as has been truly observed, "writes as judiciously on the humble topic of soldier's shirts, as on the plan of a campaign or the subsistence of an army."

All this time, it must be born in mind, it was a feeble, delicate woman, who was thus writing and laboring, her husband again away from her with the army, and her family cares and anxieties daily multiplying. She

* Life and Correspondence of President Reed.

writes from her country residence on the banks of Schuylkill, as late as the 22d of August, 1780: "I am most anxious to get to town, because here I can do little for the soldiers." But the body and the heroic spirit were alike overtasked, and in the early part of the next month, alarming disease developed itself, and soon ran its fatal course. On the 18th of September, 1780—her aged mother, her husband and little children, the oldest ten years old, mourning around her—she breathed her last at the early age of thirty-four. There was deep and honest sorrow in Philadelphia, when the news was circulated that Mrs. Reed was dead. It stilled for a moment the violence of party spirit. All classes united in a hearty tribute to her memory.

MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT
Mc Menamy, Hess & Co 735 Broadway. N.Y.

III.

CATHARINE SCHUYLER.

THE name of Philip Schuyler adds another to the list of distinguished men indebted largely to maternal guidance. To his mother, a woman of strong and cultivated mind, he owed his early education and habits of business, with that steadfast integrity, which never faltered nor forsook him. His wife—the beloved companion of his maturer years—cherished his social virtues and added lustre to his fame. Those who shared his generous hospitality, or felt the charm of his polished manners, were ready to testify to the excellence of her whose gentle influence was always apparent. A brief notice of her is all that can here be offered.

Catharine Schuyler was the only daughter of John Van Rensselaer, called Patroon of Greenbush, a patriot in the Revolutionary struggle, and noted for his hospitality, and for his kindness and forbearance towards the tenants of his vast estates during the war. It cannot be doubted that the recent anti-rent struggles, which have almost convulsed the State of New York, can be traced to the amiable but injudicious indulgence of this great landholder and his immediate heirs.

The qualities which in some cases shone in remarka-

ble acts, were constantly exercised by Mrs. Schuyler in the domestic sphere. At the head of a large family, her management was so perfect that the regularity with which all went on appeared spontaneous. Her life was devoted to the care of her children ; yet her friendships were warm and constant, and she found time for dispensing charities to the poor. Many families in poverty remember with gratitude the aid received from her; sometimes in the shape of a milch cow, or other article of use. She possessed great self-control, and as the mistress of a household, her prudence was blended with unvarying kindness. Her chief pleasure was in diffusing happiness in her home.

The house in which the family resided, near Albany, was built by Mrs. Schuyler, while her husband was in England, in 1760 and 1761. It had, probably, been commenced previously. The ancient family mansion, large and highly ornamented in the Dutch taste, stood on the corner of State and Washington streets, in the city. It was taken down about the year 1800. It was a place of resort for British officers and travellers of note in the French war. Fourteen French gentlemen some of them officers who had been captured in 1758, were here entertained as prisoners on parole. They found it most agreeable to be in Schuyler's house, as he could converse with them in French; and his kindness made them friends. In 1801, when Mrs. Schuyler, and some of her family visited Montreal and Quebec, they were received with grateful attention by the descendants of those gentlemen.

Near Saratoga, the scene of General Schuyler's triumph, he had an elegant country-seat, which was destroyed by General Burgoyne. It was one of the most picturesque incidents of the war, that the captive British general with his suite, should be received and entertained, after the surrender at Saratoga, by those whose property he had wantonly laid waste. The courtesy and kindness shown by General and Mrs. Schuyler to the late enemy, and their generous forgetfulness of their own losses, were sensibly felt and acknowledged. Madame de Riedesel says their reception was not like that of enemies, but of intimate friends. "All their actions proved, that at sight of the misfortunes of others, they quickly forgot their own." This delicacy and generosity drew from Burgoyne the observation to General Schuyler, "You are too kind to me, who have done so much injury to you." The reply was characteristic of the noble-hearted victor: "Such is the fate of war; let us not dwell on the subject."

The Marquis de Chastellux mentions, that just previous to this visit, General Schuyler being detained at Saratoga, where he had seen the ruins of his beautiful villa, wrote thence to his wife to make every preparation for giving the best reception to Burgoyne and his suite. "The British commander was well received by Mrs. Schuyler, and lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honors of which were done with so much grace, that he was affected even to tears, and said, with a deep sigh, 'Indeed, this is doing too much for the

man who has ravaged their lands, and burned their dwellings.' The next morning he was reminded of his misfortunes by an incident that would have amused any one else. His bed was prepared in a large room; but as he had a numerous suite, or family, several mattresses were spread on the floor for some officers to sleep near him. Schuyler's second son, a little fellow about seven years old, very arch and forward, but very amiable, was running all the morning about the house. Opening the door of the saloon, he burst out a laughing on seeing all the English collected, and shut it after him, exclaiming, 'You are all my prisoners!' This innocent cruelty rendered them more melancholy than before."

Thus were even the miseries of war softened by Mrs Schuyler's graceful courtesy; while the military renown won by her husband's illustrious services, was associated with remembrances of disinterested kindness bestowed in requital for injury. In reverse, her resolution and courage had been proved equal to the emergency. When the continental army was retreating from Fort Edward before Burgoyne, Mrs. Schuyler went up herself, in her chariot from Albany to Saratoga, to see to the removal of her furniture. While there, she received directions from the General, to set fire, with her own hand, to his extensive fields of wheat, and to request his tenants, and others, to do the same, rather than suffer them to be reaped by the enemy. The injunction shows the soldier's confidence in her spirit, firmness, and patriotism.

Many of the women of this family appear to have been remarkable for strong intellect and clear judgment. The Mrs. Schuyler described in Mrs. Grant's memoirs, was a venerated relative of the General. He lost his admirable wife in 1803. Her departure left his last years desolate, and saddened many hearts in which yet lives the memory of her bright virtues. One of her daughters, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, now resides in Washington, D. C., and another at Oswego.

IV.

CATHARINE GREENE.

Catharine Littlefield, the eldest daughter of John Littlefield and Phebe Ray, was born in New Shoreham, on Block Island, 1753. When very young, she came with her sister to reside in the family of Governor Greene, of Warwick, a lineal descendant of the founder of the family, whose wife was her aunt. The house in which they lived, twelve or fourteen miles south of Providence, is still standing. It is situated on a hill, which commands a view of the whole of Narragansett Bay, with its islands. Mount Hope, associated with King Philip, and the Indian traditions, fills the back-ground, rising slightly above the line of the horizon. It was here that Miss Littlefield's happy girlhood was passed; and it was here also that she first knew Nathanael Greene. She often went on a visit to her family at Block Island. Nathanael would come there to see her; and the time was spent by the young people in amusements particularly in riding and dancing, of which the future general was remarkably fond, notwithstanding

his father's efforts to whip out of him such idle propensities. He was not discouraged by the example of his fair companion from any of these outbreaks of youthful gaiety; for the tradition of the country around, and the recollections of all who knew her, testify that there never lived a more joyous, frolicsome creature than "Kate Littlefield." In person, she was singularly lovely. Her figure was of the medium height, and light and graceful at this period, though in after years she was inclined to *embonpoint.* Her eyes were gray, and her complexion fair; her features regular and animated. The facilities for female education being very limited at that period, Miss Littlefield enjoyed few advantages of early cultivation. She was not particularly fond of study, though she read the books that came in her way, and profited by what she read. She possessed, moreover, a marvellous quickness of perception, and the faculty of comprehending a subject with surprising readiness. Thus in conversation, she seemed to appreciate every thing said on almost any topic; and frequently would astonish others by the ease with which her mind took hold of the ideas presented. She was at all times an intelligent listener. On one occasion, when the conversation turned on botany, she looked over the books and collection of a Swedish botanist, making remarks from time to time which much interested him, and showed her an observer of no common intelligence. This extraordinary activity of mind, and tact in seizing on points, so as to apprehend almost intuitively, distin-

guished her through life. It enabled her, without apparent mental effort, to apply the instruction conveyed in the books she read, to the practical affairs of life, and to enrich her varied conversation with the knowledge gained from them. and her observation of the world. This power of rendering available her intellectual stores, combined with a retentive memory, a lively imagination, and great fluency in speech, rendered her one of the most brilliant and entertaining of women. When to these gifts was added the charm of rare beauty, it cannot excite wonder that the possessor of such attractions should fascinate all who approached her.

How, when, or by what course of wooing, the youthful lover won the bright, volatile, coquettish maiden, cannot be ascertained ; but it is probable their attachment grew in the approving eyes of their relatives, and met with no obstacle till sealed by the matrimonial vow. The marriage took place July 20th, 1774, and the young couple removed to Coventry. Little, it is likely, did the fair Catharine dream of her future destiny as a soldier's wife ; or that the broad-brimmed hat of her young husband covered brows that should one day be wreathed with the living laurels won by genius and patriotism. We have no means of knowing with how much interest she watched the over-clouding of the political horizon, or the dire advance of the necessity that drove the Colonies to armed resistance. But when her husband's decision was made, and he stood forth a determined patriot, separating himself from the commu-

ROGER WILLIAMS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY BEFORE HIS FLIGHT FROM SALEM.

nity in which he had been born and reared, by embrac ng a military profession, his spirited wife did her part to aid and encourage him. The papers of the day frequently notice her presence, among other ladies, at head-quarters. Like Mrs. Washington, she passed the active season of the campaign at home. Hers was a new establishment at Coventry, a village in Rhode Island, where her husband had erected a forge, and built himself what then passed for a princely house on the banks of one of those small streams which form so beautiful a feature in Rhode Island scenery. When the army before Boston was innoculated for the small pox, she gave up her house for a hospital. She was there during the attack on Rhode Island; and every cannon on the hard fought day which closed that memorable enterprise, must have awakened the echoes of those quiet hills. When the army went into winter quarters, she always set out to rejoin her husband, sharing cheerfully the narrow quarters and hard fare of a camp. She partook of the privations of the dreary winter at Valley Forge, in that "darkest hour of the Revolution;" and it appears that, as at home, her gay spirit shed light around her even in such scenes, softening and enlivening the gloom which might have weighed many a bold heart into despondency. There are extant some interesting little notes of Kosciusko, in very imperfect English, which show her kindness to her husband's friends, and the pleasure she took in alleviating their sufferings.

How much her society was prized by General Greene and how impatiently he bore separation from her, may

be seen in his letters.* When about to start for the South, in October, 1780, he waits for her arrival to join him, expecting she will overtake him at camp, or in Philadelphia; and expresses the greatest anxiety that she should avoid the dangerous route by Peekskill. His fears for her safety at last impel him to request her not to encounter the risk. Mr. Hughes, who knows the feelings of the anxious wife, detains the letters: and afterwards, confessing the unwarrantable liberty—for which he "deserved to appear before a court-martial"—says: "But if I do, I will plead Mrs. General Greene." Again he writes: "Give me leave to say that your lady, if possible, without injury to herself, must see you. My God! she will suffer a thousand times as much by a disappointment, as she can by going ten times the distance!"

Notwithstanding her ardent wish to accompany the General, it seems that Mrs. Greene was prevented from doing so. Mrs. Washington writes to her from Mount Vernon, to say that General Greene was well, and had spent the evening at Mount Vernon, on his way to Richmond. General Weedon, in a letter to her, announces that the General had stopped for the night at his house in Richmond; and invites Mrs. Greene, if she should come as far as Virginia, to quarter under his roof. A letter from the Commander-in-chief, written from New Windsor on the 15th of December,

* The letters quoted or referred to in this sketch are from the MS correspondence of General Greene, in the possession of his grandson, Prof George W. Greene, of Providence, R. I., late Consul at Rome.

encloses Mrs. Greene a letter from her husband, and offers to forward hers.

"Mrs. Washington," he says, "who is just arrived at these my quarters, joins me in most cordial wishes for your every felicity, and regrets the want of your company. Remember me to my namesake. Nat, I suppose, can handle a musket."

The "namesake" alluded to, was the eldest son, who was afterwards drowned in the Savannah River. His mother never recovered her spirits after this shock.

Mrs. Greene joined her husband in the South after the close of the active campaign of 1781, and remained with him till the end of the war, residing on the islands during the heats of summer, and the rest of the time at head-quarters. In the spring of 1783, she returned to the North where she remained till the General had com pleted his arrangements for removing to the South They then established themselves at Mulberry Grove on a plantation which had been presented to Greene by the State of Georgia.

Mrs. Greene's first impressions of southern life and manners are painted in lively colors in her letters to northern friends. The following passage is from one to Miss Flagg:—

"If you expect to be an inhabitant of this country, you must not think to sit down with your netting pins, but on the contrary, employ half your time at the toilet, one quarter to paying and receiving visits; the other quarter to scolding servants, with a hard thump every now and then over the head; or singing, dancing, read

ing, writing, or saying your prayers. The latter is here quite a phenomenon; but you need not tell how you employ your time."

The letters of General Greene to his wife breathe the most entire confidence and affection. His respect for her judgment and good sense is shown in the freedom with which he expresses his thoughts and unfolds his hopes and plans. He evidently looked to her for support and sympathy in all his cares and troubles. His lighter hours, even in absence, were shared with her. Sometimes his youthful gaiety breaks forth in his descriptions of adventures and persons encountered in his travels. And regard for his interests was plainly above every other thought in the mind of his wife. After his death, she writes to Mr. Wadsworth, his executor, September 19th, 1788, "I consider ——— ——— ——— debts of honor, and would starve, rather than they should not be paid."—— "I am a woman—unaccustomed to any thing but the trifling business of a family; yet my exertions may effect something. If they do not, and if I [sacrifice] my life in the cause of my children, I shall but do my duty, and follow the example of my illustrious husband."

It was while on a visit to Savannah with his wife, that General Greene was seized with the disease which in a few days closed his brilliant career. They were then preparing to return and pass the summer at the North. The weight of care that fell on Mrs. Greene in consequence of this event, would have crushed an ordinary mind; but she struggled nobly through it all

Some years afterwards. thinking that some lands she owned on Cumberland Island offered greater advantages than Mulberry Grove, she removed there with her family; dividing her time between her household duties and the cares of an extensive hospitality; occasionally visiting the North in the summer, but continuing to look upon the South as her home. It was while she lived at Mulberry Grove, that she became instrumental in introducing to the world an invention which has covered with wealth the fields of the South.

Late in 1792, her sympathies were enlisted in behalf of a young man, a native of Massachusetts, who having come to Georgia to take the place of private teacher in a gentleman's family, had been disappointed in obtaining the situation, and found himself without friends or resources in a strange land. Mrs. Greene and her family treated him with great kindness. He was invited to make his home in her house while he pursued the study of the law, to which he had determined to devote himself. According to the account of some, his attention was attracted to the cotton plant growing in the garden, and to Mr. Miller's observation that cotton of that sort could be cultivated as a staple, provided some method could be found of cleaning it from the seed. According to others, a party of gentlemen on a visit to the family spoke of the want of an effective machine for separating the cotton from the seed, without which, it was allowed, there could be no profitable cultivation of this more productive species. Mrs. Greene spoke of the mechanical genius of her young protegé; introduced him to the

company, and showed little specimens of his skill, in tambour frames and articles for the children. Eli Whitney, for that was the name of the young student, was strongly impressed with the conversation. He examined the cotton, and communicated his plans to Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller, who gave him warm encouragement. A basement room, into which no one else was admitted, was appropriated for his work. He labored day after day, making the necessary tools; and persevering with unwearied industry. By spring the COTTON GIN was completed, and exhibited to the wonder and delight of planters invited from different parts of Georgia to witness its successful operation.

Mr. Phineas Miller entered into an agreement with Whitney, to bear the expense of maturing the invention, and to divide the future profits. He was a man of remarkably active and cultivated mind. Mrs. Greene married him some time after the death of General Greene. She survived him several years—dying just before the close of the late war with England. Her remains rest in the family burial-ground at Cumberland Island, where but a few years afterwards, the body of one of her husband's best officers and warmest friends—the gallant Lee—was brought to moulder by her side. She left four children by her first marriage—three daughters and one son—of whom the son and second daughter are still living.

Mrs. Miller related to a lady residing in New York, the incident of Colonel Aaron Burr's requesting permission to stop at her house, when he came South,

after his fatal duel with General Hamilton. She would not refuse the demand upon her hospitality, but his victim had been her friend; and she could not receive as a guest, one whose hands were crimsoned with his blood. She gave Burr permission to remain; but at the same time ordered her carriage, and quitted her house; returning as soon as he had taken his departure. This little anecdote is strongly illustrative of her impulsive and generous character. The lady who mentioned it to me had herself experienced, in time of the illness of one dear to her, Mrs. Miller's sympathy and active kindness; and described her manners as gentle, frank and winning. Her praise, were I at liberty to mention her name, would do the highest honor to its object.

The descendants of Mrs. Greene regard her with affectionate reverence. She was a loved and honored wife, and a tender yet judicious mother. Her discipline was remarkably strict, and none of her children ever thought of disobeying her. Yet she would sometimes join with child-like merriment in their sports. A lady now living in Providence states, that one day, after the close of the war, passing General Greene's house in Newport, she saw both him and his wife playing "puss in the corner," with the children.

She loved a jest, and sometimes too, a hearty laugh upon her friends. On one occasion, while living at Newport after the close of the war, she disguised herself like an old beggar-woman, so effectually that she was not recognized even by her brother-in-law. In this dress she went round to the houses of her friends to ask

charity—telling a piteous tale of losses and sufferings At one house they were at the card-table; and one of her most intimate friends, as she ordered her off, desired the servant to look well as she went out and see that she did not steal something from the entry. At another the master of the house was just sitting down to supper and though an old acquaintance and a shrewd man, was not only deceived, but so moved by her story, that he gave her the loaf he was on the point of cutting for himself. When she had sufficiently amused herself with this practical test of her friends' charity, she took off her disguise, and indulged her merriment at their expense reminding them that with the exception of the loaf, she had been turned away without any experience of their liberality.

Mrs. Greene's power of fascination, described as absolutely irresistible, may be illustrated by a little anecdote. A lady, who is still living, had heard much of her, and resolved—as young ladies sometimes will when they hear too much about a person—that she would not like her. One day she chanced to be on a visit at the late Colonel Ward's in New York, where she saw a lady—dressed completely in black, even to the head dress, which was drawn close under the throat—who from her seat on the sofa was holding the whole company in breathless attention to the lively anecdotes of the war, and the brilliant sketches of character, which she was drawing so skillfully and in a tone so winning, that it was impossible not to listen to her. Still the young girl's resolution was not shaken. She might be

compelled to admire, but the liking depended on herself; and she took a seat at the opposite side of the room. How long she remained there she was never able to tell; but her first consciousness was of being seated on a stool at the old lady's feet, leaning upon her knee, and looking up in her face as confidingly as if she had been her own mother

V

MERCY WARREN

The name of Mercy Warren belongs to American history. In the influence she exercised, she was perhaps the most remarkable woman who lived at the Revolutionary period. She was the third child of Colonel James Otis, of Barnstable, in the old colony of Plymouth; and was born there, September 25th, 1728.* The Otis family came to the country in 1630 or 1640, and settled first in Hingham.

The youth of Miss Otis was passed in the retirement of her home, in a routine of domestic employments, and the duties devolving upon her as the eldest daughter in a family of high respectability. Her love of reading was early manifested; and such was her economy of time, that, never neglecting her domestic cares or the duties of hospitality, she found leisure not only to improve her mind by careful study, but for various works of female ingenuity. A card-table is preserved by one of her descendants in Quincy, as a monument of her taste and industry. The design was her own,

* This date, with that of her death, is taken from the entries in the family Bible at Plymouth

MERCY WARREN.

Mercy Warren

the patterns being obtained by gathering and pressing flowers from the gardens and fields. These are copied in worsted work, and form one of the most curious and beautiful specimens to be found in the country.

At that period, the opportunities for female education were extremely limited, but perhaps the more prized on that account. Miss Otis gained nothing from schools. Her only assistant, in the intellectual culture of her earlier years, was the Rev. Jonathan Russell, the minister of the parish, from whose library she was supplied with books, and by whose counsels her tastes were in a measure formed. It was from reading, in accordance with his advice, Raleigh's "History of the World," that her attention was particularly directed to history, the branch of literature to which she afterwards devoted herself. In later years, her brother James, who was himself an excellent scholar, became her adviser and companion in literary pursuits. There existed between them a strong attachment, which nothing ever impaired. Even in the wildest moods of that insanity, with which, late in life the great patriot was afflicted, her voice had power to calm him, when all else was without effect.

These favorite employments of reading, drawing and needle work, formed the recreation of a quiet life, in the home which Miss Otis rarely quitted. A visit to Boston, at the time of her brother's graduation at Harvard College, in 1743, was the occasion of her first absence for any length of time.

When about twenty-six, she became the wife of James Warren, then a merchant of Plymouth, Massa-

chusetts. In him she found a partner of congenial mind. Her new avocations and cares were not allowed to impair the love of literature which had been the delight of her youth. It was while residing occasionally for a few weeks with her husband and children on a farm a few miles from the village, to which she gave the name of "Clifford," that most of her poetical productions were written. On the other hand, attached as she was to these pursuits, she never permitted them to interfere with household duties, or the attention of a devoted mother to her children. Her attainments fitted her to give them valuable instruction; and the lessons of her loving spirit of wisdom were not lost.

With this fondness for historical studies, and the companionship of such a brother and husband, it is not strange that the active and powerful intellect of Mrs. Warren should become engaged with interest in political affairs. These were now assuming an aspect that engrossed universal attention. Decision and action were called for on the part of those inclined to one or the other side. How warmly Mrs. Warren espoused the cause of her country—how deeply her feelings were enlisted—appears in her letters. Her correspondence with the great spirits of that era, if published, would form a most valuable contribution to our historical literature. This rich correspondence has been preserved by her descendants; and affords the material for the present memoir. It includes letters, besides those from members of her own family, from Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Dickinson, Gerry, Knox and others

These men asked her opinion in political matters, and acknowledged the excellence of her judgment. Referring to some of her observations on the critical state of affairs after the war, General Knox writes :—" I should be happy, Madam, to receive your communications from time to time, particularly on the subject enlarged on in this letter. Your sentiments shall remain with me." Mrs. Warren herself thus writes to Mr. Adams, before the meeting of the first Congress :

" Though you have condescended to ask my sentiments, in conjunction with those of a gentleman qualified both by his judgment and integrity, as well as his attachment to the interest of his country, to advise at this important crisis, yet I shall not be so presumptuous as to offer any thing but my fervent wishes that the enemies of America may hereafter for ever tremble at the wisdom and firmness, the prudence and justice of the delegates deputed from our cities, as much as did the *Phocians* of old at the power of the *Amphyctions* of Greece. But if the *Locrians* should in time appear among you, I advise you to beware of choosing an ambitious Philip as your leader. Such a one might subvert the principles on which your institution is founded, abolish your order, and build up a *monarchy* on the ruins of the happy institution.*

* Letter, July 14th, 1774. All the extracts from letters in this memoir, are from the manuscript correspondence of Mrs. Warren, in the possession of her daughter-in-law, who resides at Plymouth. This lady is herself a descendant of Governor Winslow, whose family intermarried with the Warrens in the fourth and sixth generations. One of the curiosities of her parlor is an easy chair belonging to Governor

Colonial difficulties, and the signs of the times, formed subjects of communication continually between Mrs Warren and her female friends. Mrs. Adams says to her, in 1773, "You, madam, are so sincere a lover of your country, and so hearty a mourner in all her misfortunes, that it will greatly aggravate your anxiety to hear how much she is now oppressed and insulted. To you, who have so thoroughly looked through the deeds of men, and developed the dark designs of a "Rapatio" soul, no action, however base or sordid, no measure, however cruel and villanous, will be matter of any surprise. The tea, that baneful weed, is arrived: great, and I hope effectual opposition, has been made to the landing."

The friendship that existed between these two gifted women was truly beautiful and touching. Commenced in early youth, it continued unchanged through the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life—unshaken by troubles, unchilled by cares, unalienated by misunderstanding. Their thoughts were communicated to each other with perfect freedom and openness; and they found in joy and sorrow, a solace, or an added pleasure, in each other's sympathy and affection. The sister of Abigail Adams, who married Mr. Shaw, was also warmly attached to Mrs. Warren.

Winslow, which was brought over in the Mayflower. The iron staples are still attached, by which it was fastened to the cabin floor of the Pilgrim ship; and its present covering is the dress of white brocade richly embroidered, worn by Mercy Warren on the day after her marriage. Some of the ancient china also remains; several pieces one hundred and fifty years old, are of surpassing beauty

For many years before her death Mrs. Warren was afflicted with the failure of her sight; but she submitted to the trial with pious resignation, continuing to receive with cheerfulness the company that frequented her house, and to correspond with her friends by means of a secretary. A passage from a letter to one of her sons, written in 1799, amidst the convulsions that agitated Europe, may serve to show that she still occasionally indulged in the elaborate style so much in vogue:

"The *ices of the Poles* seem to be dissolved to swell the tide of popularity on which swim the idols of the day; but when they have had their day, the tide will retire to its level, and perhaps leave the floating lumber on the strand with other perishable articles, not thought worth the hazard of attempting their recovery."

Towards the close of her protracted life, her influence did not diminish; for her mental superiority was still unimpaired and acknowledged. Seldom has one woman in any age, acquired such an ascendency over the strongest, by the mere force of a powerful intellect. She is said to have supplied political parties with their arguments; and she was the first of her sex in America who taught the reading world in matters of state policy and history.

By her own relatives and connections she was reverenced and beloved in a degree that affords the best

testimony to her elevated character, and the faithfulness with which she had discharged her duty towards them. The influence commanded by her talents was enhanced by her virtues, and by the deep religious feeling which governed her throughout life. Her descendants are still taught to cherish her memory with reverent affection.

The portrait from which the engraving is taken, was painted by Copley. A lady who visited Mrs. Warren in 1807, describes her as at that time erect in person, and in conversation full of intelligence and eloquence. Her dress was a steel-colored silk gown, with short sleeves and very long waist; the black silk skirt being covered in front with a white lawn apron. She wore a lawn mob-cap, and gloves covering the arm to the elbows, cut off at the fingers.

In her last illness, her constant fear was that she might lose her mental faculties as death approached. She prayed to be spared this; and her prayer was granted. With an expression of thankfulness upon her lips—that reason was clear, and the vision of her spirit unclouded—she passed to the rest that awaits the faithful Christian, October 19th, 1814, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

DEBORAH SIMPSON PRESENTING THE LETTER TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

VI.

MARY DRAPER.

When the news reached Connecticut that blood had been shed, Putnam, who was at work in the field, left his plough in the furrow, and started for Cambridge without delaying to change his apparel. Stark was sawing pine logs without a coat; he shut down the gate of his mill, and commenced the journey to Boston in his shirt-sleeves.* The same spirit prevailed far and near. The volunteers waited not to be supplied with arms, but seizing on whatever rude weapons were at hand, hastened away to fight for home and liberty. The women, lacking not their share of patriotic zeal, were active in preparations to encourage, assist, and sustain them. Among many whose persevering exertions were ready and efficient, Mrs. Draper is still remembered with admiration by those who knew her.† She was the wife of Captain Draper, of Dedham, Massachusetts, and lived on a farm. Her house, which was

* Sabine.

† The facts were communicated by a lady who was well acquainted with Mrs. Draper, and has often heard her relate particulars of the war.

always a home for the destitute while occupied by her, is yet standing, and is owned by one of her descendants. It was her abode to the age of one hundred years.

Mrs. Draper felt the deepest sympathy for the hardships inevitably encountered by the newly raised troops, and considered the limited means she possessed not as her own property, but belonging to her distressed country. When the first call to arms sounded throughout the land, she exhorted her husband to lose no time in hastening to the scene of action; and with her own hands bound knapsack and blanket on the shoulders of her only son, a stripling of sixteen, bidding him depart and do his duty. To the entreaties of her daughter that her young brother might remain at home to be their protector, she answered that every arm able to aid the cause belonged to the country. "He is wanted and must go. You and I, Kate, have also service to do. Food must be prepared for the hungry; for before to-morrow night, hundreds, I hope thousands, will be on their way to join the continental forces. Some who have travelled far will need refreshment, and you and I, with Molly, must feed as many as we can."

This undertaking, though of no small labor, was presently commenced. Captain Draper was a thriving farmer; his granaries were well filled, and his wife's dairy was her special care and pride. All the resources at her command were in requisition to contribute to her benevolent purpose. Assisted by her daughter and the domestic, she spent the whole day and night, and

the succeding day, in baking brown bread. The ovens of that day were not the small ones now in use, but were suited for such an occasion, each holding bread sufficient to supply a neighborhood. By good fortune two of these monster ovens appertained to the establishment, as is frequently the case in New England. These were soon in full blast, and the kneading trough was plied by hands that shrank not from the task. At that time of hurry and confusion, none could stop long enough to dine. The people were under the influence of strong excitement, and all were in such haste to join the army, that they stayed only to relieve the cravings of hunger, though from want of food, and fatigue, many were almost exhausted. With the help of a disabled veteran of the French war, who had for years resided in her family, Mrs. Draper had soon her stores in readiness A long form was erected by the road-side; large pans of bread and cheese were placed upon it, and replenished as often as was necessary; while old John brought cider in pails from the cellar, which, poured into tubs, was served out by two lads who volunteered their services. Thus were the weary patriots refreshed on their way. Mrs. Draper presided at the entertainment; and when her own stock of provisions began to fail, applied to her neighbors for aid. By their contributions her hospitable board was supplied, till in a few days the necessity for extraordinary exertion had in a measure passed, and order and discipline took the place of popular tumult. When each soldier carried his

rations, the calls on private benevolence were less frequent and imperative.

But ere long came the startling intelligence, after the battle of Bunker Hill, that a scarcity of ammunition had been experienced. General Washington called upon the inhabitants to send to head-quarters every ounce of lead or pewter at their disposal, saying that any quantity, however small, would be gratefully received.

This appeal could not be disregarded. It is difficult at this day to estimate the value of pewter as an ornamental as well as indispensable convenience. The more precious metals had not then found their way to the tables of New Englanders; and throughout the country, services of pewter, scoured to the brightness of silver, covered the board, even in the mansions of the wealthy. Few withheld their portion in that hour of the country's need; and noble were the sacrifices made in presenting their willing offerings. Mrs. Draper was rich in a large stock of pewter, which she valued as the ornament of her house. Much of it was precious to her as the gift of a departed mother. But the call reached her heart, and she delayed not obedience, thankful that she was able to contribute so largely to the requirements of her suffering country. Her husband before joining the army had purchased a mould for casting bullets, to supply himself and son with this article of warfare. Mrs. Draper was not satisfied with merely giving the material required, when she could

G. Dallas Del. J. Burt Sc.

HOSPITALITY

possibly do more; and her platters, pans, and dishes were soon in process of transformation into balls.

The approach of winter brought fears that the resources of the country would hardly yield supplies for the pressing wants of the army. Mrs. Draper was one of the most active in efforts to meet the exigencies of the times; and hesitated at no sacrifice of personal convenience to increase her contributions. The supply of domestic cloth designed for her family was in a short time converted by her labor, assisted by that of her daughter and maid, into coats for the soldiers: the sheets and blankets with which her presses were stored, were fashioned into shirts; and even the flannel already made up for herself and daughter, was altered into men's habiliments. Such was the aid rendered by women whose deeds of disinterested generosity were never known beyond their own immediate neighborhood!

Another anecdote may here be mentioned, illustrative of the spirit that was abroad. On the morning after the battle of Lexington, a company of nearly a hundred halted before the house of Colonel Pond of West Dedham. They had marched all night, and were covered with dust, and faint from fatigue and want of food. Their haste was urgent, and the mistress of the house whose hospitality they claimed, was unprepared for the entertainment of so large a party. Her husband was absent with the army, and she had only one female assistant and a hired man. But the willing heart can do wonders. In a few minutes she had a large brass

kettle holding ten pails full, over the fire, filled with water and Indian meal for hasty pudding. In the barn-yard were ten cows ready to contribute their share to the morning meal. Near the farm-house was a store well supplied with brown earthen dishes, and pewter spoons tied in dozens for sale. The military guests volunteered their aid. Some milked the cows, others stirred the pudding; while the two domestics collected all the milk in the neighborhood. Thus, in the short space of an hour, by the energetic efforts of one kind-hearted woman, a hundred weary, hungry soldiers were provided with refreshment. They ate, and marched on to the place of their destination; receiving encouragement, it cannot be doubted, from this simple manifestation of good-will, which was not soon forgotten

VII.

FREDERICA DE RIEDESEL.

General Wilkinson, who was personally acquainted with Madame de Riedesel, published fragments of her journal in his Memoirs. He calls her "the amiable, accomplished, and dignified baroness."—"I have more than once," he says, "seen her charming blue eyes bedewed with tears, at the recital of her sufferings." The regard she inspired, however, was not due entirely to admiration of her loveliness; for others in the American ranks, as well as in Europe, were deeply interested in her account of her adventures.

Frederica Charlotte Louisa, the daughter of Massow, the Prussian Minister of State, was born in Brandenburgh, in 1746. Her father was Intendant General of the allied army at Minden, where, at the age of seventeen, she married Lieutenant Colonel Baron de Riedesel. In the war of the Revolution, he was appointed to the command of the Brunswick forces in the British service in America, and his wife followed him in 1777, with her three young children. Her journal, and letters addressed to her mother, describe her travels with the camp through various parts of the country,

and the occurrences she witnessed. These papers, intended only for a circle of the writer's friends, were first published by her son-in-law in Germany in 1801, shortly after the death of General Riedesel. Portions having been copied into periodicals, and read with interest, the whole was translated, and presented to the American public. It forms an appropriate appendix to the history of the period, with its graphic pictures of scenes in the war and the state of society, and its notices of distinguished men. But it is still more valuable as exhibiting an example of female energy, fortitude, and conjugal devotion. The moral is the more striking as drawn from the experience of a woman of rank, subjected to dangers and privations from which the soldier might have shrunk. The readiness with which she hastened to cross the ocean that she might bear her husband company through toils or want, or suffering, or death, the courage with which she encountered perils, and the cheerful resignation displayed unde trials felt the more severely for the sake of those she loved, present a touching picture of fidelity and tenderness. After she has joined her husband in Canada, and is again separated from him, she thinks only of joy at being permitted at last to follow the army. Obliged to pass the night on a lonely island, where the only shelter is a half-finished house, and the only couch a cluster of bushes over which the traveller's cloaks are spread, she utters no murmur, nor complains of the scarcity of food. "A soldier," she says, "put a pot to the fire. I asked him what it contained. 'Some

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

potatoes,' quoth he, 'which I brought with me.' I threw a longing glance at them; but as they were few it would have been cruel to deprive him of them. At last my desire to have some for my children overcame my diffidence; and he gave me half his little provision (about twelve potatoes), and took at the same time from his pocket two or three ends of candles, which I accepted with pleasure; for my children were afraid to remain in the dark. A dollar which I gave him made him as happy as his liberality had made me."

With her three children, the Baroness proceeded to meet her husband at Fort Edward. When the army broke up the encampment, she would not remain behind. Her spirits rose at the observation of General Burgoyne on the passage across the Hudson—"Britons never retrograde." The action at Freeman's Farm took place in her hearing, and some of the wounded were brought to the house where she was. Among them was a young English officer, an only son, whose sufferings excited her deepest sympathy, and whose last moans she heard. A calash was ordered for her further progress with the army. They marched through extensive forests, and a beautiful district, deserted by the inhabitants, who were gone to re-inforce General Gates.

The Diary gives a touching account of the scenes passed through at the memorable conclusion of Burgoyne's campaign, with the battles of Saratoga. "On the seventh of October," she says, "our misfortunes began." Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Frazer, with

the Baron, were to dine with her on that day. She had observed in the morning an unusual movement in the camp; and had seen a number of armed Indians in their war dresses, who answered "War! war!" to her inquiries whither they were going. As the dinner hour approached, an increased tumult, the firing, and the yelling of the savages, announced the approaching battle The roar of artillery became louder and more incessant. At four o'clock, instead of the guests invited, General Frazer was brought in mortally wounded. The table, already prepared for dinner, was removed to make room for his bed. The Baroness, terrified by the noise of the conflict raging without, expected every moment to see her husband also led in pale and helpless. Towards night he came to the house, dined in haste, and desired his wife to pack up her camp furniture, and be ready for removal at an instant's warning. His dejected countenance told the disastrous result. Lady Ackland, whose tent was adjoining, was presently informed that her husband was wounded, and a prisoner! Thus through the long hours till day, the kind ministries of the Baroness were demanded by many sufferers. "I divided the night," she says, "between her I wished to comfort, and my children who were asleep, but who I feared might disturb the poor dying General. Several times he begged my pardon for the trouble he thought he gave me. About three o'clock I was informed he could not live much longer; and as I did not wish to be present at his last struggle, I wrapped my children

in b.ankets, and retire. into the room below. At eight in the morning he expired."

All day the cannonade continued, while the melancholy spectacle of the dead was before their eyes The women attended the wounded soldiers who were brought in, like ministering angels. In the afternoon the Baroness saw the house that had been built for her in flames.

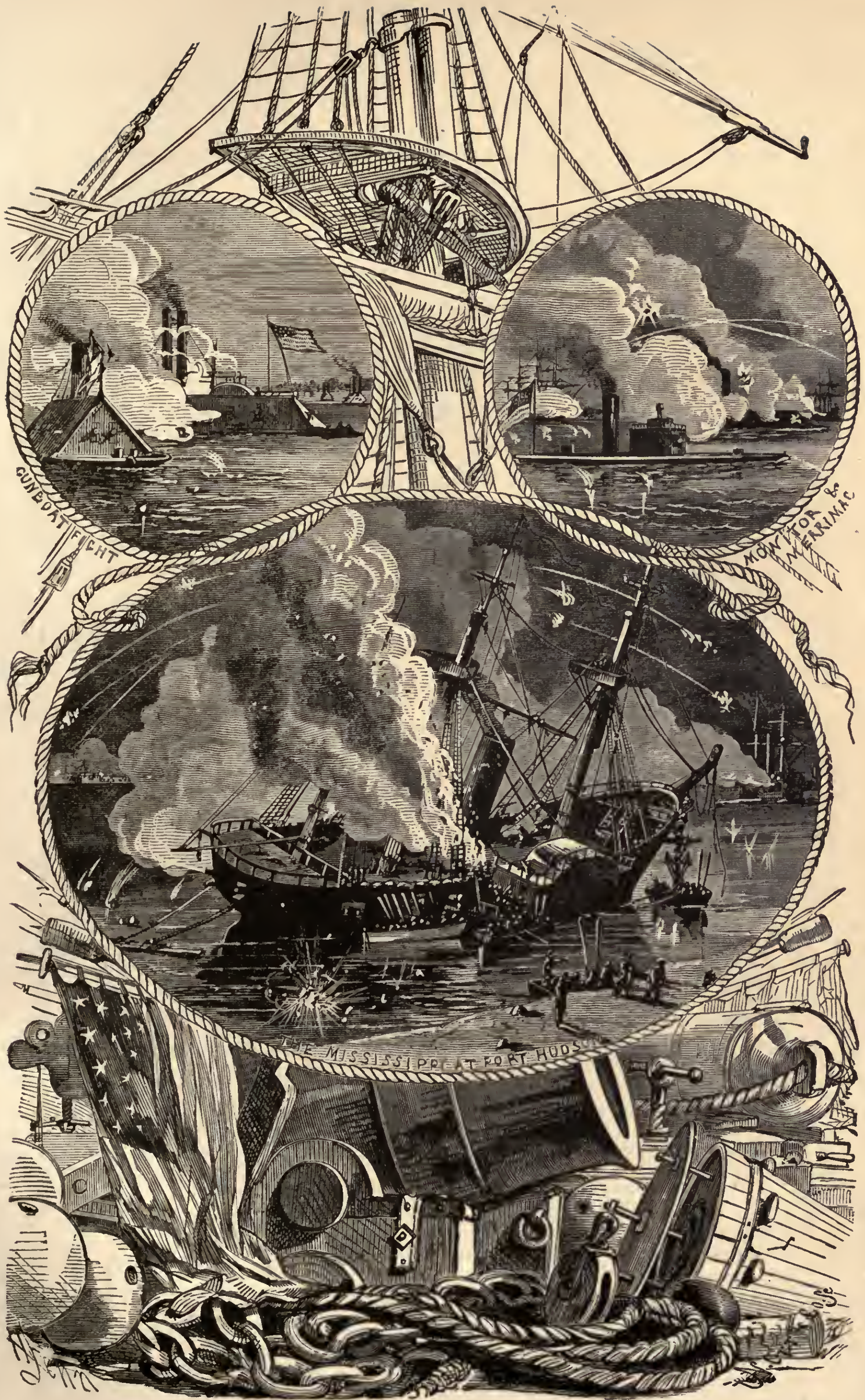
Frazer's last request had been that he should be buried at six in the evening, in the great redoubt on the hill; and the retreat was delayed for this purpose. The generals, with their retinues, followed the honored corpse to the spot, in the midst of a heavy fire from the Americans; for General Gates knew not that it was a funeral procession. The women stood in full view of this impressive and awful scene, so eloquently described by Burgoyne himself:

"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present."

The deepening shadows of evening closed around the group thus rendering the last service to one of their number, while each might anticipate his own death in the next report of artillery. A subject was presented

for the pencil of a master. An appropriate side-piece to the picture might represent the group of anxious females who shared the peril, regardless of themselves. "Many cannon-balls," says Madame de Riedesel, "flew close by me; but I had my eyes directed towards the mountain where my husband was standing amidst the fire of the enemy; and of course I did not think of my own danger."

That night the army commenced its retreat, leaving the sick and wounded; a flag of truce waving over the hospital thus abandoned to the mercy of the foe. The rain fell in torrents all day of the 9th, and it was dark when they reached Saratoga. The Baroness suffered cruel suspense as to the fate of her husband. She had taken charge of some valuables belonging to the officers, and having no place to change her drenched apparel, lay down with her children upon some straw by the fire. Her provisions were shared the next day with the officers; and being insufficient to satisfy their hunger, she made an appeal to the Adjutant-General in their behalf. Again the alarm of battle, and reports of muskets and cannon, drove them to seek shelter in a house, which was fired at under the impression that the generals were there. It was occupied by women and crippled soldiers. They were obliged at last to descend into the cellar, where the Baroness laid herself in a corner, supporting her children's heads on her knees. The night was passed in the utmost terror and anguish; and with the morning the terrible cannonade commenced anew. So it continued for several days. But in the



THE NAVY IN THE WAR.

midst of the dreadful scenes, when the Baron spoke of sending his family to the American camp, the heroic wife declared that nothing would be so painful to her as to owe safety to those with whom he was fighting. He then consented that she should continue to follow the army. "However," she says—"the apprehension that he might have marched away, repeatedly entered my mind; and I crept up the staircase more than once to dispel my fears. When I saw our soldiers near their watchfires, I became more calm, and could even have slept."

"The want of water continuing to distress us, we could not but be extremely glad to find a soldier's wife so spirited as to fetch some from the river, an occupation from which the boldest might have shrunk, as the Americans shot every one who approached it. They told us afterwards that they spared her on account of her sex.

"I endeavored to dispel my melancholy by continually attending to the wounded. I made them tea and coffee, and often shared my dinner with them. One day a Canadian officer came creeping into our cellar, and was hardly able to say that he was dying with hunger. I felt happy to offer him my dinner, by eating which he recovered his health, and I gained his friendship."

At length the danger was over.

"A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom,
And at their conquerors' feet
Laid their war weapons down.

"Sullen and stern—disarmed but not dishonored;
Brave men—but brave in vain—they yielded there;
The soldier's trial task
Is not alone 'to die.'"

On the seventeenth, the capitulation was carried into effect. The generals waited upon Gates, and the troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war. "At last," writes the fair Riedesel, "my husband's groom brought me a message to join him with the children. I once more seated myself in my dear calash; and while driving through the American camp, was gratified to observe that nobody looked at us with disrespect; but on the contrary, greeted us, and seemed touched at the sight of a captive mother with three children. I must candidly confess that I did not present myself, though so situated, with much courage to the enemy. When I drew near the tents, a fine-looking man advanced towards me, helped the children from the calash, and kissed and caressed them. He then offered me his arm, and tears trembled in his eyes. "You tremble, madam," said he; "do not be alarmed, I beg of you." "Sir," cried I—"a countenance so expressive of benevolence, and the kindness you have evinced towards my children, are sufficient to dispel all apprehension." He then ushered me into the tent of General Gates, whom I found engaged in friendly conversation with Generals Burgoyne and Phillips. General Burgoyne said to me—"You can now be quiet and free from all apprehension of danger." I replied that I should indeed be reprehen-

sible, if I felt any anxiety, when our general was on such friendly terms with General Gates.

"All the Generals remained to dine with the American commander. The gentleman who had received me with so much kindness, came and said to me: "You may find it embarrassing to be the only lady in so large a company of gentlemen. Will you come with your children to my tent, and partake of a frugal dinner, offered with the best will?" "You show me so much kindness," replied I, "I cannot but believe that you are a husband and a father." He informed me that he was General Schuyler. The dinner was of excellent smoked tongues, beefstakes, potatoes, fresh butter, and bread. Never did a meal give me so much pleasure. I was easy after many months of anxiety, and I read the same happy change in the countenances of those around me. That my husband was out of danger, was a still greater cause of joy. After our dinner, General Schuyler begged me to pay him a visit at his house near Albany, where he expected that General Burgoyne would also be his guest. I sent to ask my husband's directions, who advised me to accept the invitation. We were two days' journey from Albany, and as it was now five o'clock in the afternoon, he wished me to endeavor to reach, on that day, a place distant about three hours' ride. General Schuyler carried his civilities so far as to solicit a well-bred French officer to accompany me on that first part of my journey As soon as he saw me safely established in the

house where I was to remain, he went back to the General.

"We reached Albany, where we had so often wished ourselves; but did not enter that city, as we had hoped, with a victorious army. Our reception, however, from General Schuyler, and his wife and daughters, was not like the reception of enemies, but of the most intimate friends. They loaded us with kindness; and they behaved in the same manner towards General Burgoyne, though he had without any necessity ordered their splendid establishment to be burnt. All their actions proved that at the sight of the misfortunes of others, they quickly forgot their own. Burgoyne was so much affected by this generous deportment, that he said to Schuyler: "You are too kind to me—who have done you so much injury." "Such is the fate of war," he replied; "let us not dwell on this subject." We remained three days with that excellent family, and they seemed to regret our departure."

General Riedesel, who brooded continually on the late disastrous events, and upon his captivity, was not able to bear his troubles with the spirit and cheerfulness of his wife. He became moody and irritable; and his health was much impaired in consequence of having passed many nights in the damp air. "One day," says the Baroness, "when he was much indisposed, the American sentinels at our doors were very noisy in their merriment and drinking; and grew more so when my husband sent a message desiring them to be quiet; but as soon as I went myself, and told them the General was sick,

they were immediately silent. This proves that the Americans also respect our sex."

The prisoners at length reached Boston; and after a stay of three weeks, were transported to Cambridge, where Madame de Riedesel and her family were lodged in one of the best houses of the place.* None of the officers were permitted to enter Boston; but Madame de Riedesel went to visit Mrs. Carter, the daughter of General Schuyler, and dined with her several times Boston she describes as a fine city; but the inhabitants as "outrageously patriotic." The captives met in some instances with very different treatment from that which they had before encountered; and the worst, she says, from persons of her own sex. They gazed at her with indignation, and testified contempt when she passed near them. Mrs. Carter resembled her parents in mildness and goodness of heart; but the Baroness has no admiration for her husband—"this wicked Mr. Carter, who, in consequence of General Howe's having burnt several villages and small towns, suggested to his countrymen to cut off our generals' heads, to pickle them, and to put them in small barrels; and as often as the English should again burn a village—to send them one of these barrels." She here adds some sad stories of American cruelty towards the loyalists.

On the third of June, 1778, Madame de Riedesel

* On one of the windows of this house the name "Riedesel," written on the glass with a diamond, is still to be seen. In front are several beautiful lime-trees, and the view is a lovely one. The house near it, which Washington occupied as his head-quarters, is now the residence of the poet Longfellow.

gave a ball and supper to celebrate her husband's birth day. The British officers were invited, with Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and General Burgoyne, of whom the fair hostess records that he sent an excuse after he had made them wait till eight o'clock. "He had always some excuse," observes she—"for not visiting us, until he was about departing for England, when he came and made me many apologies; to which I made no other reply than that I should be extremely sorry if he had put himself to any inconvenience for our sake." The dance and supper were so brilliant, and so numerously attended, and the toasts drunk with such enthusiasm, that the house was surrounded with people, who began to suspect a conspiracy. The Baroness here notices the American method of telegraphing by lighting torches on surrounding heights, when they wish to call troops together. When General Howe attempted to rescue the troops detained in Boston, the inhabitants planted their torches, and a crowd of people without shoes or stockings—their rifles on their shoulders, flocked together; so that the landing would have been attended with extreme difficulty. Towards the approach of winter the prisoners received orders to set out for Virginia. The ingenuity of Madame de Riedesel devised means of preserving the colors of the German regiments, which the Americans believed they had burned. A mattress was made under her direction, into which the honorable badges were introduced. Captain O'Connel, under pretence of some commission, took the mattress to New York; and the Baroness

received it again at Halifax, on their voyage from New York to Canada, and had it placed in her cabin.

A rascal on no small scale was the cook of Madame la Baronne. She had given him money for the daily expenditure—but he had paid nobody; and while preparations for the journey were going on, bills were presented to the amount of a thousand dollars. The cook was arrested; but escaping, went into the service of General Gates, who finding him too expensive, he entered into the employment of General La Fayette. The Marquis used to say, "that he was a cook only fit for a king."

The Baroness had the accommodation of an English coach in commencing her journey to Virginia, November, 1778. The provisions followed in the baggage wagon; but as that moved more slowly, they were often without food, and were obliged to make a halt every fourth day. At Hartford, General La Fayette was invited to dine by the Baron, somewhat to the perplexity of his wife, who feared she would have difficulty in preparing her provisions so as to suit one who appreciated a good dinner. The Marquis is mentioned with great respect; but Madame de Riedesel thinks the suspicions of the Americans were excited by hearing them speak French.

"We reached one day a pretty little town; but our wagon remaining behind, we were very hungry. Seeing much fresh meat in the house where we stopped, I begged the landlady to sell me some. "I have," quoth she, "several sorts of meat; beef, mutton and

lamb." I said, "let me have some; I will pay you liberally." But snapping her fingers, she replied; "You shall not have a morsel of it; why have you left your country to slay and rob us of our property? Now that you are our prisoners, it is our turn to vex you.' "But," rejoined I, "see those poor children; they are dying of hunger." She remained still unmoved; but when at length my youngest child. Caroline, who was then about two years and a half old. went to her, seized her hands, and said in English: "Good woman, I am indeed very hungry," she could no longer resist; and carrying the child to her room, she gave her an egg. "But," persisted the dear little one, "I have two sisters." Affected by this remark, the hostess gave her three eggs, saying, "I am loth to be so weak, but I cannot refuse the child." By-and-by she softened, and offered me bread and butter. I made tea: and saw that the hostess looked at our tea-pot with a longing eye; for the Americans are very fond of that beverage; yet they had stoutly resolved not to drink any more, the tax on tea, as is well known, having been the immediate cause of the contest with Great Britain. I offered her, how ever, a cup, and presented her with a paper case full of tea. This drove away all clouds between us. She begged me to go with her into the kitchen, and there I found her husband eating a piece of pork. The woman went into the cellar to bring me a basket of potatoes When she returned into the kitchen, the husband offered her some of his dainty food: she tasted it, and returned to him what remained. I was disagreeably struck with

this partnership; but the man probably thought I was envious of it, on account of the hunger I had manifested; and presented me with the little both had left. I feared by refusing, to offend them, and lose the potatoes. I therefore accepted the morsel, and having kept up the appearance as if I ate, threw it secretly into the fire. We were now in perfect amity; with the potatoes and some butter I made a good supper, and we had to ourselves three neat rooms, with very good beds."

On the banks of the Hudson, in a skipper's house, they were not so fortunate in finding good accommodations—being given the remnants of breakfast after the hostess, children, and servants had finished their meal. The woman was a staunch republican, and could not bring herself to any courtesies towards the enemies of her country. They fared a little better after crossing the river. When the aids-de-camp who accompanied them to the house where they were to lodge, wished to warm themselves in the kitchen, the host followed, and taking them by their arms, said, "Is it not enough that I give you shelter, ye wretched royalists?" His wife, however, was more amiable; and his coarseness gradually softened, till they became good friends.

They stopped one night on the road, at the house of a Colonel Howe, to whom the Baroness meant to pay a compliment by asking him if he was a relative of the general of that name. "Heaven forbid!" replied he, in great anger; "he is not worthy of that honor." Madame de Riedesel is amusingly indignant at the san-

guinary temper of this gentleman's daughter, who was very pretty and only fourteen years of age. "Sitting with her near the fire, she said on a sudden, staring at the blaze, 'Oh! if I had here the king of England, with how much pleasure I could roast and eat him!' I looked at her with indignation, and said, 'I am almost ashamed to belong to a sex capable of indulging such fancies!' I shall never forget that detestable girl."

Passing through a wild, grand, and picturesque country, they at length arrived in Virginia. At a day's distance from the place of destination, their little stock of provisions gave out. At noon they reached a house, and begged for some dinner; but all assistance was denied them, with many imprecations upon the royalists. "Seizing some maize, I begged our hostess to give me some of it to make a little bread. She replied that she needed it for her black people. 'They work for us,' she added, 'and you come to kill us.' Captain Edmonstone offered to pay her one or two guineas for a little wheat. But she answered, 'You shall not have it even for hundreds of guineas; and it will be so much the better if you all die!' The captain became so enraged at these words, that he was about to take the maize; but I prevented him from doing it, thinking we should soon meet with more charitable people. But in this I was much mistaken; for we did not see even a solitary hut. The roads were execrable, and the horses could hardly move. My children, starving from hunger, grew pale, and for the first time lost their spirits. Captain Edmonstone, deeply affected at this, went about asking some-

thing for the children; and received at last from one of the wagoners who transported our baggage, a piece of stale bread, of three ounces weight, upon which many a tooth had already exercised its strength. Yet to my children it was at this time a delicious morsel. I broke it, and was about giving the first piece to the youngest, but she said, 'No, mamma; my sisters are more in want of it than I am.' The two eldest girls, with no less generosity, thought that little Caroline was to have the first piece. I then distributed to each her small portion. Tears ran down my cheeks; and had I ever refused to the poor a piece of bread, I should have thought retributive justice had overtaken me. Captain Edmonstone, who was much affected, presented the generous wagoner who had given us his last morsel, with a guinea; and when we were arrived at our place of destination, we provided him, besides, with bread for a part of his journey homewards."

The place of their destination was Colle, in Virginia, where General Riedesel, who had advanced with the troops, already expected them with impatient anxiety This was about the middle of February, 1779. They had passed, in the journey, through the States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland; and in about three months had travelled six hundred and twenty-eight miles. They hired a house belonging to an Italian who was about leaving the country. The troops were at Charlottesville, three hours' ride distant—the road thither running through a fine wood

The life of Madame de Riedesel and her family in Virginia was not an unhappy one, though they suffered from the heat during the summer. The General was brought home one day with a *coup de soleil*, which for years afterwards affected his health. His physician and acquaintances advised him to go to Frederic Springs It was there that he and his wife became acquainted with General Washington's family, and with some other amiable persons attached to the American cause.

While at Frederic Springs, General Riedesel received the news that he and General Phillips, with their aids-de-camp, were expected in New York, where they were to be exchanged for American prisoners. He returned to Colle, to place the troops during his absence, under the care of Colonel Specht. In August, 1779, the Baroness left the Springs to join her husband in Pennsylvania, stopping near Baltimore to pay a visit to one of the ladies with whom, though of opposite political opinions, she had formed a friendship at the Springs. This visit was a charming episode in the troubled life of Madame de Riedesel. She remembered long after, with gratitude, the hospitality and kindness received. " The loyalists," she says, " received us with frank hospitality, from political sympathy ; and those of opposite principles gave us a friendly welcome, merely from habit ; for in that country it would be considered a crime to behave otherwise towards strangers."

At Elizabethtown they met with many friends to their cause. They were exulting in the anticipation

of an exchange, and restoration to freedom, when an officer arrived, commissioned by Washington to deliver to General Phillips a letter containing an order to return to Virginia—Congress having rejected the proposal of a cartel. The disappointment was excessive, but unavoidable; and after a day's halt, they commenced their journey back. On reaching Bethlehem, the two Generals, Riedesel and Phillips, obtained permission to remain there till the difficulties respecting the cartel should be removed. Their bill, after six weeks' lodging for the party, with the care of their horses, amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars in paper money, corresponding to about four hundred guineas in specie. A traveller who bought silver coin, gave them eighty dollars in paper money for every dollar in silver, and thus enabled them to leave the place, when at last permitted to go to New York.

Arrived at New York, a soldier went before the travellers "from the gate of the city," to show the way to their lodging. This proved to be the house of the Governor, General Tryon, where the Baroness made herself at home with her children and attendants, under the belief that they had been conducted to a hotel. She received visits here from General Patterson, the Commandant of the city; and also from Generals Cornwallis and Clinton; and had a romantic introduction to her host, who did not announce his name at the first visit, nor till she had expressed a wish to become personally acquainted with him.

Madame de Riedesel went from the city to Genera

Clinton's country-seat, a mile distant, where her children were innoculated for the small-pox. When the danger of infection was over, they returned and spent the winter in New York. The charming country-seat was again their residence in the summer of 1780. The situation was uncommonly beautiful; around the house were meadows and orchards, with the Hudson at their feet; and they had abundance of delicious fruit. General Clinton visited them frequently, and the last time was accompanied by Major André, the day before he set out on his fatal expedition.

The breaking out of a malignant fever, which made dreadful ravages in the city and neighborhood, disturbed their pleasure. In the house no less than twenty were laboring under the disease. The Baron himself was dangerously ill; and the cares and nursing devolved on his wife, who was worn out with anxiety. "We were one day," she says, "in anxious expectation of our physician from New York, my husband's symptoms having become of late more and more threatening. He was continually in a lethargic stupor, and when I presented him the sago water, which the physician had ordered for him, he turned round, desiring me to let him die quietly. He thought his end must be near. The physician having entered the room at that moment, I urgently begged him to tell me the truth, and to let me know if there was any hope of my husband's recovery. He had scarcely said 'Yes,' when my children, on hearing this merciful word, sprang from under a table where they had lain concealed in dreadful ex-

pectation of the doctor's sentence, threw themselves at his feet, and kissed his hands with rapturous feelings of gratitude. Nobody could have witnessed the scene without sharing my deep emotion." * * "Out of thirty persons of whom our family consisted, ten only escaped the disease. It is astonishing how much the frail human creature can endure; and I am amazed that I survived such hard trials. My happy temperament permitted me even to be gay and cheerful, whenever my hopes were encouraged. The best health is often undermined by such sufferings; still I rejoice to think I had it in my power to be useful to those who are dearest to me; and that without my exertions, I might have lost those who now contribute so much to my felicity. At length all my patients were cured."

In the autumn Generals Phillips and Riedesel were exchanged; although the rest of the army who surrendered at Saratoga still remained prisoners. General Clinton wished to replace the Baron in active service, and appointed him Lieutenant General, investing him with the command at Long Island. A second dangerous attack of fever so impaired his health, that the physicians thought he could never recover as long as he resided in that climate. But he would not leave the army, nor ask a furlough.

In the following spring, the Baroness was established on Long Island. Her husband's health mended slowly, and his thoughts being often fixed on the remnant of his late regiments, which had remained in Canada, General Clinton at length consented that he should pay them a

visit. Being about to depart in July, Madame de Riedesel sent the residue of their wood—about thirty cords—to some poor families, and took but a few articles of furniture, returning the rest to the commissary of the army. They at last embarked for Canada, and reached Quebec after a journey of about two months, in September, 1781.

Madame de Riedesel gives a pleasing description of her life in Canada, which seems to have been very agreeable. She had an opportunity of observing the habits of the Indians, some of whom were under her husband's command. Before she joined him on her first arrival in Canada, one of the savages, having heard that M. de Riedesel was ill, that he was married, and felt uneasy on account of the delay in his wife's arrival, came with his own wife, and said to the General; "I love my wife—but I love thee also; in proof of which I give her to thee." The Indian seemed distressed and almost offended at the refusal of his gift. It is somewhat remarkable that this man was by birth a German, who had been taken prisoner by the savages when about fifteen years of age.

In the summer of 1783, the General having received news of the death of his father, became impatient to return to Europe. They made all necessary arrangements for the voyage, and after the troops had embarked, were accompanied by many of their friends to the vessel.

VIII.

DOROTHY HANCOCK.

MRS. HANCOCK was one of those who, at Cambridge, extended courtesies to the ladies of Burgoyne's army, when under the convention of surrender. She was the daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Massachusetts, and was born in 1750. At the age of twenty-four she was married to one of the greatest men of the age. The honor that encircled the name of John Hancock, received added lustre from the fair partner of his fortunes. Moving in the best circles of society, and a leader in taste and fashion, she filled her illustrious station with dignity, and dispensed with grace the hospitalities of her house. There might be seen at her table all classes; the grave clergy, the veteran and the gay—and the gifted in song, or anecdote, or wit. The social customs of the day savored of profusion. It was a practice in families of respectability, to have a tankard of punch made in the morning, of which visitors during the day were invited to partake. Dinners and suppers were frequently interchanged: and the tables were loaded with provision. The dinner hour was at one or two o'clock; and three was the latest for formal

occasions. The evening amusement was usually a game at cards; and dancing was much in vogue. There were concerts; but theatrical amusements were prohibited. Much attention was paid to dress; and coats various in color were worn

Mrs. Hancock was not only admirable in the pleasing duties of mistress of her household, but in hours of disease and pain soothed her husband and calmed his sensitive and irritable temper. She had her share, too, in the terrors and dangers of the war. When the British made their attack at Lexington and Concord, she was at the latter place with Mr. Hancock, and fled with him to Woburn. Many a scene of Revolutionary days, in which she was herself an actor or a spectator, she was accustomed to depict in after years. She would often describe the appearance and manners of the British officers who had been quartered in Boston, dwelling particularly on the military virtue of Earl Percy, who slept in a tent among his soldiers encamped on the Common in the winter of 1774–5, and whose voice could be heard at the dawn of day, drilling his troops.

During the life of her husband, Mrs. Hancock was of necessity much in the gay world, in which she occupied a position so distinguished. After his death she married Captain Scott, with whom she passed a less brilliant, yet not a less happy life. Her later years were spent in seclusion. She was still, however, surrounded by friends who were instructed and charmed by her superior mind, and cheerful conversation. She

went but little into society, and whenever she appeared, was received with great attention. La Fayette, on his visit to this country, called upon her, and many spoke of the interesting interview witnessed between "the once youthful chevalier and the splendid belle."

She died in her seventy-eighth year. Several anecdotes are told of her sprightliness, good sense, and benevolence, but unfortunately cannot be obtained in a form sufficiently authentic for this sketch.

Sarah Hull. the wife of Major William Hull, was one of those women who followed their husbands to the camp, resolved to partake their dangers and privations. She was with the army at Saratoga, and joined the other American ladies in kind and soothing attentions to the fair captives after the surrender. She was the daughter of Judge Fuller, of Newton, Massachusetts, and was born about 1755. At the close of the war she returned home; and when her gallant husband was appointed general of the county militia, did the honors of his marquée, and received guests of distinction with a grace, dignity, and affability that attracted general admiration. For several years General Hull held the office of Governor of Michigan Territory. In her eminent station, Mrs. Hull displayed so much good sense, with more brilliant accomplishments, that she improved the state of society in her neighborhood, without provoking envy by her superiority. The influence of a strong intellect, with cultivated taste and

refinement, presided in her circle. Those who visited the wild country about them found a generous welcome at her hospitable mansion, and departed with admiring recollections of her and her daughters.

But it was in the cloud of misfortune that the energy of Mrs. Hull's character was most clearly shown. Governor Hull having been appointed Major General in the war of 1812, met with disasters which compelled his surrender, and subjected him to suspicions of treason. His protracted trial and his defence belong to history. His wife sustained these evils with a trustful serenity, hoping that the day would yet come when all doubts should be cleared away, and her husband restored to public confidence. The loss of her son in battle was borne with the same Christian fortitude. Her quiet, calm demeanor exhibited no trace of the suffering that had wrung her heart. She lived to see her hopes realized in the General's complete vindication; and died in 1826, in less than a year from his decease.

THE AQUEDUCT NEAR THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CHAPULTEPEC.

IX.

HARRIET ACKLAND.

The story of female heroism, fidelity, and piety, with which the name of Lady Harriet Ackland is associated, is familiar to the readers of American history. To the fairer page where such examples of virtue are recorded, we delight to turn from the details of military achievement. The presence that shed radiance on the sunny days of hope and success, relieved and brightened the season of disaster. Her offices of mediation softened the bitterness of political animosity. The benevolent and conciliating efforts are known by which this heroine endeavored to settle differences that arose between the captive British soldiers and their conquerors, at the time the troops were quartered at Cambridge after the surrender.

Lady Harriet was the wife of Major Ackland, an officer in Burgoyne's army. She accompanied him to Canada in 1776, and in the disastrous campaign of the following year, from Canada to Saratoga. Beautiful and admired as she was, and accustomed to all the luxuries and refinements incident to rank and fortune, her delicate frame ill calculated to sustain the various

hardships to be undergone, she yet shrank not from her husband's perils and privations in traversing the dreary wilderness. When he lay ill at Chambly, in a miserable hut, her attention was assiduous, in defiance of fatigue and discomfort. When he was wounded at Hubbardton, she hastened from Montreal, where she had been at first persuaded to remain, and crossed Lake Champlain, resolved to leave him no more. Her vehicle of conveyance on the march of the army, was part of the time a small two-wheeled tumbril, drawn by a single horse, over roads almost impassable. The women followed in the rear of the artillery and baggage; but heard all the uproar in encounters with the enemy.

On the advance of the army to Fort Edward, the tent in which Lady Ackland lodged took fire, the light being pushed over by a pet Newfoundland dog; and she and her husband made their escape with the utmost difficulty. But no hazards dissuaded the wife from her purpose. She was not only the ministering angel of him she loved so devotedly, but won the admiration of the army by her amiable deportment; continually making little presents to the officers belonging to his corps, whenever she had any thing among her stores worth acceptance; and receiving in return every kind attention which could mitigate the hardships she had daily to encounter.*

In the decisive action of the seventh of October, Lady Ackland was again in the tumult of battle. Dur-

* Burgoyne's Campaign; Thacher's Military Journal; and other authorities.

ing the heat of the conflict, tortured by anxiety, she took refuge among the wounded and dying. Her husband, commanding the grenadiers, was in the most exposed part of the battle, and she awaited his fate in awful suspense. The Baroness Riedesel, and the wives of two other field officers, were her companions in apprehension. One of the officers was brought in wounded, and the death of the other was announced. In the midst of the heart-rending scenes that followed, intelligence came that the British army was defeated, and that Major Ackland was desperately wounded and a prisoner.

The unhappy lady, sustained by the counsels of her friend the Baroness, determined to join her husband in the American camp. She sent a message to General Burgoyne, through his aid-de-camp, Lord Petersham, to ask permission to depart. The British commander was astonished at this application. He was ready to believe patience and fortitude most brightly displayed in the female character; but he could hardly understand the courage of a woman, who after suffering so long the agitation of suspense, exhausted by want of rest and want of food, was ready to brave the darkness of night and the drenching rain for many hours, and to deliver herself to the enemy, uncertain into what hands she might fall! "The assistance I was able to give," he says, "was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her. All I could furnish was an open boat, and a few lines written on dirty and wet paper to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

How picturesque is the grouping of scenes we have at this point, and how do woman's strength of character and ardent affection shine amid the surrounding gloom! The army on its retreat—the sick and wounded abandoned to the mercy of the victors—the state of confusion following disasters so fatal to British power—the defeated general appealing in behalf of the suffering wife, by his tribute, written in haste and agitation, to her grace and excellence, and his expression of compassion for her hard fortune—and her own forgetfulness of danger. in hastening to her husband's aid!

She obtained from the wife of a soldier the refreshment of a little spirits and water, and set out in an open boat, accompanied by the British chaplain Brudenell, her own waiting-maid, and her husband's valet, who had been severely wounded in the search for his master when first missing from the field of battle. They went down the river during a violent storm of rain and wind, and arrived at the American out-posts in the night, having suffered much from wet and cold. The sentinel of the advance-guard heard the sound of oars, and hailed the boat. What must have been his surprise to hear that a woman had braved the storm on such an errand! He sent for Major Dearborn, the officer of the guard, before he would permit the passengers to land. Major Dearborn invited Lady Ackland to his guard-house, offered her a cup of tea, and every accommodation in his power, and gave her the welcome intelligence of her husband's safety. In the morning she experienced the kindness of General Gates, who treated

her with the tenderness of a parent, bestowing every attention which her sex and circumstances required. She was conveyed, under a suitable escort, to the quarters of General Poor on the heights, to her wounded husband; and there remained till he was taken to Albany. Her resolution, and devotion to him, touched the feelings of the Americans, and won the admiration of all who heard her story.

It is related that Major Ackland showed his sense of the generous treatment he had received, by doing all in his power, while in New York on parole, to alleviate the condition of American prisoners of distinction. After his return to England, he lost his life in defence of American honor. At a dinner of military gentlemen, a Lieutenant Lloyd threw out sneering remarks upon the alleged cowardice of the American troops. This was an indirect aspersion on the bravery of the unfortunate officers who had been taken captive with Burgoyne's army, and was felt and resented by Major Ackland. High words ensued, and a duel was the consequence, in which Ackland fell at the first fire. The shock of his death deprived Lady Harriet of reason, and she remained two years in that sad condition. After her recovery she quitted the gay world, and gave her hand to the Rev. Mr. Brudenell, who had accompanied her on that gloomy night to the camp of General Gates. She survived him many years, and died at an advanced age.

X.

HANNAH ERWIN ISRAEL.

About the close of the year 1777, while the commander-in-chief of the British forces was in possession of Philadelphia, a foot passenger might have been seen on the road leading from Wilmington to that city. He was a young man of tall figure and powerful frame. giving evidence of great muscular strength, to which a walk of over thirty miles, under ordinary circumstances, would be a trifle. But the features of the traveller were darkened by anxiety and apprehension; and it was more the overtasking of the mind than the body which occasioned the weariness and lassitude under which he was plainly laboring. His dress was that of a simple citizen, and he was enveloped in a large cloak, affording ample protection against the severity of the weather, as well as serving to conceal sundry parcels of provisions, and a bag of money, with which he was laden. It was long after dark before he reached the ferry; but renewed hope and confidence filled his heart as he approached the termination of his journey.

Sir William Howe, it will be remembered, had entered the capital towards the end of September, after much manœuvring and several battles—Washington having made ineffectual efforts to prevent the accomplishment of his object. He was received with a welcome, apparently cordial, by the timid or interested citizens. His first care was to reduce the fortifications on the Delaware, and remove the obstructions prepared by the Americans to prevent the British fleet from ascending the river. While Fort Mifflin at Mud Island, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank, were occupied by their garrisons, he could have no communication with his fleet, and was in danger of being speedily compelled to evacuate the city. Count Donop, detached with the Hessian troops to take possession of the fort at Red Bank, was repulsed and mortally wounded. The invader's fortune, however, triumphed; and the Americans were finally driven from their posts. Their water force was compelled to retire from the fire of the batteries; and the British at length gained free communication, by way of the Delaware, between their army and the shipping. Thus the reverses in New Jersey and Pennsylvania had cast a gloom over the country, which could not be altogether dispelled even by the brilliant victories of Saratoga and the capture of Burgoyne and his army. The condition of the American army, when it retired into winter quarters at Valley Forge, was deplorable enough to change hope into despair, and presented truly a spectacle unparalleled

in history. "Absolute destitution held high court; and never was the chivalric heroism of patriotic suffering more tangibly manifested than by that patriot-band within those frail log huts that barely covered them from the falling snow, or sheltered them from the keen wintry blasts." This privation of necessary food and clothing during one of the most rigorous winters ever experienced in the country—this misery—the detail of which is too familiar to need repetition, was endured by the continental soldiers at the same time that the English in the metropolis were revelling in unrestrained luxury and indulgence.* Many whig families, meanwhile, who remained in Philadelphia, plundered and insulted by the soldiers, wanted the comforts of life, and received assistance clandestinely from their friends at a distance.

To return to our narrative. When the traveller arrived at the ferry, he was promptly hailed by the sentinel, with "Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply.

"The countersign!"

The countersign for the night was promptly given.

*Marshall's MS. Journal says,—December 28th, 1777, "Our affairs wear a very gloomy aspect. Great part of our army gone into winter quarters; those in camp wanting breeches, shoes, stockings [and] blankets, and by accounts brought yesterday, were in want of flour." * * * "Our enemies revelling in balls, attended with every degree of luxury and excess in the city; rioting and wantonly using our houses, utensils and furniture; all this [and] a numberless number of other abuses, we endure from that handful of banditti, to the amount of six or seven thousand men, headed by that monster of rapine, General Howe."

HANNAH ERWIN ISRAEL SAVING THE CATTLE.

"Pass, friend!" said the soldier; and the other went on quickly.

Israel Israel was a native of Pennsylvania. He had left America at twenty-one, for the island of Barbadoes; and by nine or ten years of patient industry had amassed considerable property. He returned rich to his native country; but in a few months after his marriage the war broke out, and his whole fortune was lost or sacrificed by agents. He had resolved, with his brother, at the commencement of the struggle, to take up arms in the cause of freedom. But the necessity was imperative that one should remain for the protection of the helpless females of the family; and their entreaties not to be left exposed to a merciless enemy without a brother's aid, at last prevailed. Israel and Joseph drew lots to determine which should become a soldier. The lot fell upon the younger and unmarried one. At this period the residence of Israel was on a small farm near Wilmington, Delaware. His mother had removed with her family to Philadelphia, her house at Newcastle being thought too much exposed in the vicissitudes of war After the occupation of the capital by the British, they endured severe hardships, sometimes suffering the want of actual necessaries. Israel watched over their welfare with incessant anxiety.

The knowledge that his beloved ones were in want of supplies, and that his presence was needed, determined him to enter the city at this time, notwithstanding the personal hazard it involved. One of his tory neighbors, who professed the deepest sympathy for his

feelings, procured for him the countersign for the night. He had thus been enabled to elude the vigilance of the sentinel.

When arrived at his mother's dwelling, Mr. Israel found that it was in the possession of several soldiers, quartered upon the family. Among them was a savage-looking Hessian, with aspect of itself quite enough to terrify timid women. But all annoyances, and the fatigues of his long walk, were forgotten in the joyful meeting. A still more pleasing surprise was reserved for him; his young brother, Joseph, was that very hour on a secret visit to the family. For some hours of the evening the household circle was once more complete.

But such happiness, in those times of peril, was doomed to be short-lived. At eleven o'clock, while the family were seated at supper, the tramp of horses was heard without; and the rough voices of soldiers clamored at the door. Within, all was confusion; and the terrified women entreated the brothers to fly. They followed the younger with frantic haste up the stairs, where he left his uniform, and made his escape from the roof of the house. The knocking and shouting continued below; Israel descended, accompanied by the pale and trembling females, and himself opened the door. The intruders rushed in. At their head was the Hessian sergeant, who instantly seized the young man's arm, exclaiming, "We have caught him at last—the rebel rascal!"

Mr. Israel's presence of mind never forsook him

under the most appalling circumstances. He was sensible of the imminence of his own danger, and that his brother's safety could be secured only by delay. He shook off the grasp of the officer, and calmly demanded what was meant, and *who* it was that accused him of being a rebel.

"There he is!" replied the Hessian, pointing to Cæsar, a slave Mr. Israel had brought from the West Indies, and given his mother for a guard.

The master fixed upon the negro his stern and penetrating look so steadfastly, that Cæsar trembled and hung his head. "*Dare* you, Cæsar, call me rebel?" he exclaimed. "Gentlemen"—the muscles of his mouth worked into a sneer as he pronounced the word—"there is some mistake here. My brother Joe is the person meant, I presume. Let me fetch the uniform; and then you can judge for yourselves. Cæsar, come with me."

So saying, and taking the black by the arm with a vice-like grasp, he led him up stairs. "Not one word, you rascal," was whispered in his ear, "or I kill you upon the spot." The negro drew his breath hard and convulsively, but dared not speak. The uniform was produced and exhibited; and Israel made efforts to put it on before his captors. The person whom it fitted being short and slight in figure, its ludicrous disproportion to the towering height and robust form of the elder brother, convinced the soldiers of their mistake; and the sergeant made awkward apologies, shaking the hand of the man he had so lately called a rebel, assuring him

ne had no doubt he was an honest and loyal subject; and that he would take care his fidelity should be mentioned in the proper quarter.

"And now," he said, "as your supper is ready, we will sit down." He seated himself beside his host, whose resentment at the familiarity was tempered by the thought that his brother was saved by the well-timed deceit. The ladies also were compelled to take their places, and to listen in silence to the coarse remarks of their unwelcome guest. With rude protestations of good will, and promises of patronage, he mingled boastful details of his exploits in slaughtering "the rebels," that caused his auditors to shudder with horror. Mr. Israel used to relate afterwards that he grasped the knife he was using, and raised it to strike down the savage; but that his mother's look of agonized entreaty withheld the blow. The Hessian continued his recital, accompanied by many bitter oaths.

"That Paoli affair," cried he, "was capital! I was with General Grey in that attack. It was just after midnight when we forced the outposts, and not a noise was heard so loud as the dropping of a musket. How the fellows turned out of their encampment when they heard us! What a running about—barefoot and half clothed—and in the light of their own fires! These showed us where to chase them, while they could not see us. We killed three hundred of the rebels with the bayonet; I stuck them myself like so many pigs—one after another—till the blood ran out of the touchhole of my musket."

The details of the Hessian were interrupted by Mr. Israel's starting to his feet, with face pale with rage, convulsed lips, and clenched hands. The catastrophe that might have ensued was prevented by a faint shriek from his young sister, who fell into his arms in a swoon. The sergeant's horrible boastings thus silenced, and the whole room in confusion, he bade the family good night, saying he was on duty, and presently quitted the house.

The parting of those who had just gone through so agitating a scene was now to take place. Cæsar was sternly questioned, and reprimanded for his perfidy; but the black excused himself by pleading that he had been compelled to do as he had done. For the future, with streaming eyes, he promised the strictest fidelity; and to his credit be it said, remained steadfast in the performance of this promise.

Having bidden adieu to his family, Mr. Israel set forth on his journey homeward. He arrived only to be made a prisoner. The loyalist who had given him the countersign, had betrayed the secret of his expedition. He and his wife's brother were immediately seized and carried on board the frigate Roebuck, lying in the Delaware, a few miles from the then borough of Wilmington—and directly opposite his farm—in order to be tried as *spies*.

Being one of the "Committee of Safety," the position of Mr. Israel, under such an accusation, was extremely critical. On board the ship he was treated with the utmost severity. His watch, silver shoe-buckles,

and various articles of clothing were taken from him his bed was a coil of ropes on deck, without covering from the bitter cold of the night air; and to all appearances his fate was already decided. The testimony of his tory neighbors was strong against him. Several were ready to swear to the fact, that while the loyal population of the country had willingly furnished their share of the provisions needed by the ships of war, *he* had been heard to say repeatedly, that he "*would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington, than receive thousands of dollars in British gold for them.*"

On being informed of this speech, the commander gave orders that a detachment of soldiers should proceed to drive the rebel's cattle, then grazing in a meadow in full view, down to the river, and slaughter them in the face of the prisoners.

What, meanwhile, must have been the feelings of the young wife—herself about to become a mother—when her husband and brother were led away in her very sight? The farm was a mile or more from the river; but there was nothing to intercept the view—the ground from the meadow sloping down to the water. Mrs. Israel was at this period about nineteen years of age; and is described as of middle height, and slight but symmetrical figure; of fair complexion, with clear blue eyes and dark hair; her manners modest and retiring. She was devoted to her family and her domestic concerns. It needed the trying scenes by which she was surrounded, to develop the heroism which, in times

more peaceful, might have been unmarked by those who knew her most intimately.

From her position on the look-out, she saw the soldiers land from the ships, shoulder arms, and advance towards the meadow. In an instant she divined their purpose; and her resolution was taken. With a boy eight years old, whom she bade follow her at his utmost speed, she started off, determined to baffle the enemy, and save the cattle at the peril of her life. Down went the bars, and followed by the little boy, she ran to drive the herd to the opening.

The soldiers called out repeatedly to her to desist, and threatened, if she did not, to fire upon her.

"Fire away!" cried the heroic woman. They fired! The balls flew thickly around her. The frightened cattle ran in every direction over the field.

"This way!" she called to the boy, nothing daunted; "this way, Joe! Head them there! Stop them, Joe! Do not let one escape!"

And *not one* did escape! The bullets fired by the cowardly British soldiers continued to whistle around her person. The little boy, paralyzed by terror, fell to the ground. She seized him by the arm, lifted him over the fence, and herself drove the cattle into the barnyard. The assailants, baffled by the courage of a woman, and probably not daring, for fear of the neighbors, to invade the farm-houses, retraced their steps, and returned disappointed to the ship.

All this scene passed in sight of the officers of the "Roebuck" and the two prisoners. The agony of

suspense and fear endured by the husband and brother, when they saw the danger to which the wife exposed herself, may be better imagined than described. It may also be conceived how much they exulted in her triumph.

The trial was held on board the ship. The tory witnesses were examined in due form; and it was but too evident that the lives of the prisoners were in great danger. A kind-hearted sailor sought an opportunity of speaking in private with Mr. Israel, and asked him if he were a freemason. The answer was in the affirmative. The sailor then informed him that a lodge was held on shipboard, and the officers, who belonged to it, were to meet that night.

The prisoners were called up before their judges, and permitted to answer to the accusations against them Mr. Israel, in bold but respectful language, related his story; and acknowledged his secret visit to Philadelphia, not in the character of a spy, but to carry relief to his suffering parent and her family. He also acknowledged having said, as was testified, that "he would rather give his cattle to Washington, or destroy the whole herd than sell them for British gold." This trait of magnanimity might not have been so appreciated by the enemies of his country, as to operate in his favor, but that—watching his opportunity, he made to the commanding officer the secret sign of masonic brotherhood. The effect was instantly observable. The officer's stern countenance softened; his change of opinion and that of the other judges, became evident; and after some

Dallas Del.

PICTURE OF AMERICAN LIFE.

IN 1830.

M'MENAMY HESS & MACDAV...

further examination, the court was broken up. The informants, and those who had borne testimony against the prisoners, hung their heads in shame at the severe rebuke of the court, for their cowardly conduct in betraying, and preferring charges against an honorable man, bound on a mission of love and duty to his aged mother. The acquitted prisoners were dismissed, loaded with presents of pins, handkerchiefs, and other articles not to be purchased at that time, for the intrepid wife; and were sent on shore in a splendid barge, as a mark of special honor from the officer in command.

Such was the adventure in which the courage and patriotism of the subject of this notice was displayed. The records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, of which Mr. Israel was Grand Master for many years, bear testimony to his having been saved from an ignominious death *by masonry*. Mrs. Israel's family name was Erwin; her ancestors were Quakers who came with Penn, her parents native Americans; and she herself was born in Wilmington, Delaware.

XI.

LYDIA DARRAH.*

On the second day of December, 1777, late in the afternoon, an officer in the British uniform ascended the steps of a house in Second street, Philadelphia, immediately opposite the quarters occupied by General Howe, who, at that time, had full possession of the city. The house was plain and neat in its exterior, and well known to be tenanted by William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends. It was the place chosen by the superior officers of the army for private conference, whenever it was necessary to hold consultations on subjects of importance; and selected, perhaps, on account of the unobtrusive character of its inmates, whose religion inculcated meekness and forbearance, and forbade them to practise the arts of war.

The officer, who seemed quite familiar with the man-

* Sometimes spelled *Darrach*. This anecdote is given in the first number of the American Quarterly Review, and is said to be taken from Lydia's own narration. It is mentioned or alluded to by several other authorities, and in letters written at the time. The story is familiar to many persons in Philadelphia, who heard it from their parents; so that there appears no reason to doubt its authenticity.

sion, knocked at the door. It was opened; and in the neatly-furnished parlor he met the mistress, who spoke to him, calling him by name. It was the adjutant-general; and he appeared in haste to give an order. This was to desire that the back-room above stairs might be prepared for the reception that evening of himself and his friends, who were to meet there and remain late. "And be sure, Lydia," he concluded, "that your family are all in bed at an early hour. I shall expect you to attend to this request. When our guests are ready to leave the house, I will myself give you notice, that you may let us out, and extinguish the fire and candles."

Having delivered this order with an emphatic manner which showed that he relied much on the prudence and discretion of the person he addressed, the adjutant-general departed. Lydia betook herself to getting all things in readiness. But the words she had heard, especially the injunction to retire early, rang in her ears; and she could not divest herself of the indefinable feeling that something of importance was in agitation. While her hands were busy in the duties that devolved upon her, her mind was no less actively at work. The evening closed in, and the officers came to the place of meeting. Lydia had ordered all her family to bed, and herself admitted the guests, after which she retired to her own apartment, and threw herself, without undressing, upon the bed.

But sleep refused to visit her eyelids. Her vague apprehensions gradually assumed more definite shape

She became more and more uneasy, till her nervous restlessness amounted to absolute terror. Unable longer to resist the impulse—not of curiosity, but surely of a far higher feeling—she slid from the bed, and taking off her shoes, passed noiselessly from her chamber and along the entry. Approaching cautiously the apartment in which the officers were assembled, she applied her ear to the key-hole. For a few moments she could distinguish but a word or two amid the murmur of voices; yet what she did hear but stimulated her eager desire to learn the important secret of the conclave.

At length there was profound silence, and a voice was heard reading a paper aloud. It was an order for the troops to quit the city on the night of the fourth, and march out to a secret attack upon the American army, then encamped at White Marsh.

Lydia had heard enough. She retreated softly to her own room, and laid herself quietly on the bed. In the deep stillness that reigned through the house, she could hear the beating of her own heart—the heart now throbbing with emotions to which no speech could give utterance. It seemed to her that but a few moments had elapsed, when there was a knocking at her door. She knew well what the signal meant, but took no heed. It was repeated, and more loudly; still she gave no answer. Again, and yet more loudly, the knocks were repeated; and then she rose quickly, and opened the door.

It was the adjutant-general, who came to inform her they were ready to depart. Lydia let them out,

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED.

fastened the house, and extinguished the lights and fire. Again she returned to her chamber, and to bed; but repose was a stranger for the rest of the night. Her mind was more disquieted than ever. She thought of the danger that threatened the lives of thousands of her countrymen, and of the ruin that impended over the whole land. Something must be done, and that immediately, to avert this wide-spread destruction. Should she awaken her husband and inform him? That would be to place him in special jeopardy, by rendering him a partaker of her secret; and he might, too, be less wary and prudent than herself. No; come what might, she would encounter the risk alone. After a petition for heavenly guidance, her resolution was formed; and she waited with composure, though sleep was impossible, till the dawn of day. Then she waked her husband, and informed him flour was wanted for the use of the household, and that it was necessary she should go to Frankford to procure it. This was no uncommon occurrence; and her declining the attendance of the maid-servant excited little surprise. Taking the bag with her, she walked through the snow; having stopped first at head-quarters, obtained access to General Howe, and secured his written permission to pass the British lines.

The feelings of a wife and mother—one whose religion was that of love, and whose life was but a quiet round of domestic duties—bound on an enterprise so hazardous, and uncertain whether her life might not be the forfeit, may be better imagined than described

Lydia reached Frankford, distant four or five miles, and deposited her bag at the mill. Now commenced the dangers of her undertaking; for she pressed forward with all haste towards the outposts of the American army. Her determination was to apprise General Washington of the danger.

She was met on her way by an American officer who had been selected by General Washington to gain information respecting the movements of the enemy. According to some authorities, this was Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the light horse. He immediately recognized her, and inquired whither she was going. In reply, she prayed him to alight and walk with her; which he did, ordering his men to keep in sight. To him she disclosed the secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise not to betray her individually, since the British might take vengeance on her and her family.

The officer thanked her for her timely warning, and directed her to go to a house near at hand, where she might get something to eat. But Lydia preferred returning at once; and did so, while the officer made all haste to the commander-in-chief. Preparations were immediately made to give the enemy a fitting reception.

With a heart lightened and filled with thankfulness the intrepid woman pursued her way homeward, carrying the bag of flour which had served as the ostensible object of her journey. None suspected the grave, demure Quakeress of having snatched from the English

their anticipated victory. Her demeanor was, as usual, quiet, orderly, and subdued, and she attended to the duties of her family with her wonted composure. But her heart beat, as late on the appointed night, she watched from her window the departure of the army—on what secret expedition bound, she knew too well! She listened breathlessly to the sound of their footsteps and the trampling of horses, till it died away in the distance, and silence reigned through the city.

Time never appeared to pass so slowly as during the interval which elapsed between the marching out and the return of the British troops. When at last the distant roll of the drum proclaimed their approach; when the sounds came nearer and nearer, and Lydia, who was watching at the window, saw the troops pass in martial order, the agony of anxiety she felt was too much for her strength, and she retreated from her post, not daring to ask a question, or manifest the least curiosity as to the event.

A sudden and loud knocking at her door was not calculated to lessen her apprehensions. She felt that the safety of her family depended on her self-possession at this critical moment. The visitor was the adjutant-general, who summoned her to his apartment. With a pale cheek, but composed, for she placed her trust in a higher Power, Lydia obeyed the summons.

The officer's face was clouded, and his expression stern. He locked the door with an air of mystery when Lydia entered, and motioned her to a seat. After a moment of silence, he said—

"Were any of your family up, Lydia, on the night when I received company in this house?"

"No." was the unhesitating reply. "They all retired at eight o'clock."

"It is very strange"—said the officer, and mused a few minutes. "You, I know, Lydia, were asleep; for I knocked at your door three times before you heard me—yet it is certain that we were betrayed. I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have given the information of our intended attack to General Washington! On arriving near his encampment we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms, and so prepared at every point to receive us, that we have been compelled to march back without injuring our enemy, like a parcel of fools."

It is not known whether the officer ever discovered to whom he was indebted for the disappointment.

But the pious quakeress blessed God for her preservation, and rejoiced that it was not necessary for her to utter an untruth in her own defence. And all who admire examples of courage and patriotism especially those who enjoy the fruits of them, must honor the name of Lydia Darrah.

JOHN ADAMS, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

XII.

REBECCA FRANKS.

"The celebrated Miss Franks"—so distinguished for intelligence and high accomplishment, in Revolutionary times, could not properly be passed over in a series of notices of remarkable women of that period. In the brilliant position she occupied in fashionable society, she exerted, as may well be believed, no slight influence; for wit and beauty are potent champions in any cause for which they choose to arm themselves. That her talents were generally employed on the side of humanity and justice,—that the pointed shafts of her wit, which spared neither friend nor foe, were aimed to chastise presumption and folly—we may infer from the amiable disposition which it is recorded she possessed. Admired in fashionable circles, and courted for the charms of her conversation, she must have found many opportunities of exercising her feminine privilege of softening asperities and alleviating suffering—as well as of humbling the arrogance of those whom military success rendered regardless of the feelings of others. Though a decided loyalist, her satire did not spare

those whose opinions she favored. It is related of her, that at a splendid ball given by the officers of the British army to the ladies of New York, she ventured one of those jests frequently uttered, which must have been severely felt in the faint prospect that existed of a successful termination to the war. During an interval of dancing, Sir Henry Clinton, previously engaged in conversation with Miss Franks, called out to the musicians, "Give us 'Britons, strike home.'" "The commander-in-chief," exclaimed she, "has made a mistake; he meant to say, 'Britons—*go home*.'"

The keenness of her irony, and her readiness at repartee, were not less promptly shown in sharp tilting with the American officers. At the festival of the Mischianza, where even whig ladies were present, Miss Franks had appeared as one of the princesses. She remained in Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British troops. Lieutenant-Colonel Jack Steward of Maryland, dressed in a fine suit of scarlet, took an early occasion to pay his compliments; and gallantly said—"I have adopted your colors, my princess, the better to secure a courteous reception. Deign to smile on a true knight." To this covert taunt Miss Franks made no reply: but turning to the company who surrounded her, exclaimed—"How the ass glories in the lion's skin!" The same officer met with another equally severe rebuff, while playing with the same weapons. The conversation of the company was interrupted by a loud clamor from the street, which caused

them to hasten to the windows. High head dresses were then the reigning fashion among the English belles. A female appeared in the street, surrounded by a crowd of idlers, ragged in her apparel, and barefoot; but adorned with a towering head-dress in the extreme of the mode. Miss Franks readily perceived the intent of this pageant; and on the lieutenant-colonel's observing that the woman was equipped in the English fashion, replied, "Not altogether, colonel; for though the style of her head is British, her shoes and stockings are in the genuine continental fashion!"*

Many anecdotes of her quick and brilliant wit are extant in the memory of individuals, and many sarcastic speeches attributed to her have been repeated. It is represented that her information was extensive, and that few were qualified to enter the lists with her General Charles Lee, in the humorous letter he addressed to her—*a jeu d'esprit* she is said to have received with serious anger—calls her "a lady who has had every human and divine advantage."

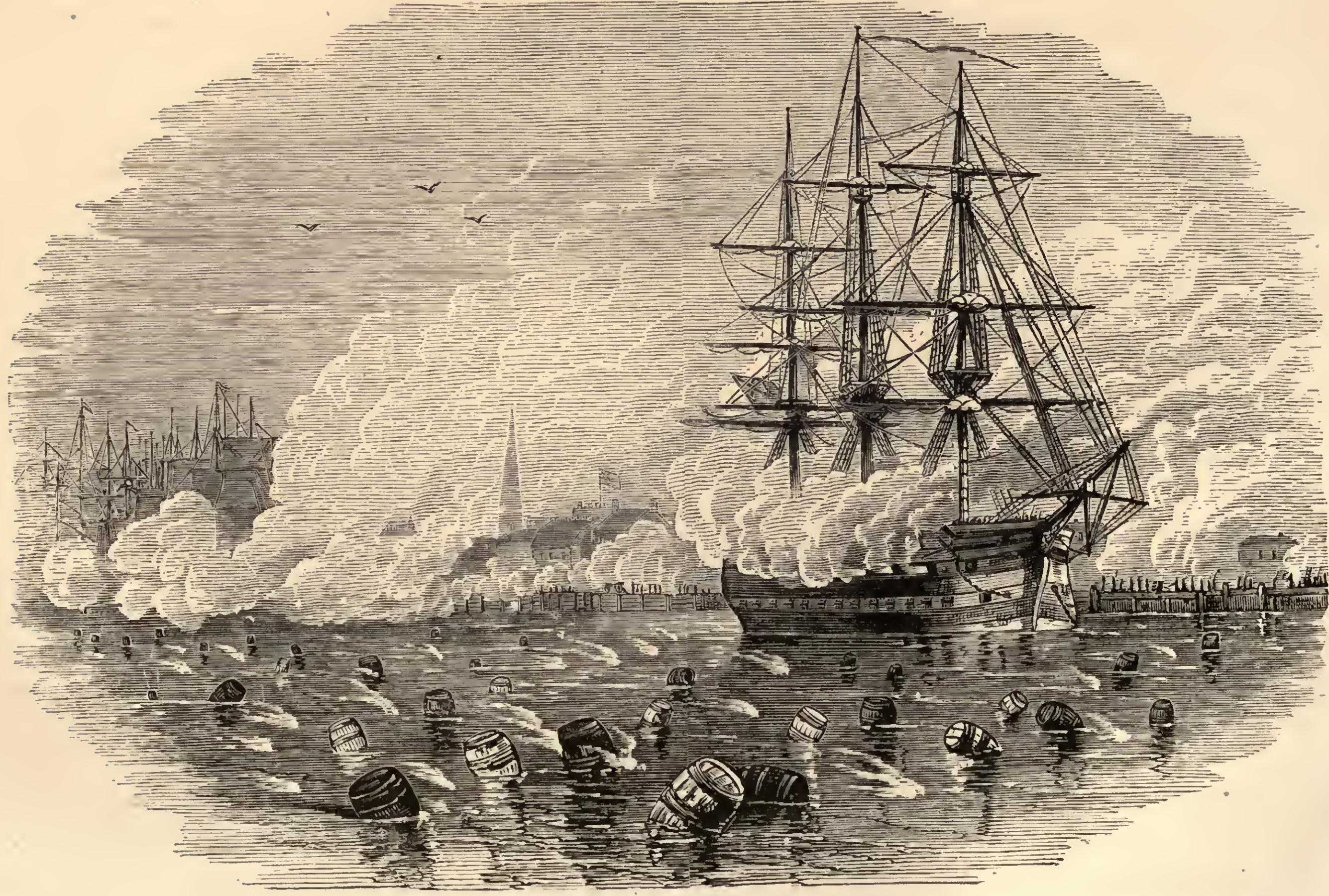
Rebecca Franks was the daughter and youngest child of David Franks, a Jewish merchant, who emigrated to this country about a century since. He married an Englishwoman before coming to America, and had three sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter married Andrew Hamilton, brother to the well-known proprietor of "The Woodlands." After the termination of the war, Rebecca married General Henry Johnson, a British officer of great merit, and accompanied him

* Garden.

to England. He distinguished himse by some act of gallantry in one of the outbreaks of rebellion in Ireland, and received the honor of knighthood. Their residence was at Bath, where their only surviving son still lives. The other son was killed at the battle of Waterloo.

The lady who furnished the above details, informed me that her brother was entertained in 1810, at Lady Johnson's house in Bath, where she was living in elegant style, and exercising with characteristic grace the duties of hospitality, and the virtues that adorn social life. He described her person as of the middle height, rather inclining to embonpoint; and her expression of countenance as very agreeable, with fine eyes. Her manners were frank and cheerful, and she appeared happy in contributing to the happiness of others. Sir Henry was at that time living.

It is said that Lady Johnson, not long after this period, expressed to a young American officer her penitence for her former toryism, and her pride and pleasure in the victories of her countrymen on the Niagara frontier, in the war of 1812. It has been remarked that favorable sentiments towards the Americans are general among loyalists residing in England; while, on the other hand, the political animosity of Revolutionary times is still extant in the British American Colonies. A loyal spinster of four-score residing in one of these, when on a visit to one of her friends, some two years since, saw on the walls, among several portraits of distinguished men, a print of "the traitor Washington." She was so much troubled at the sight, that her friend, to appease her, ordered



THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

it to be taken down and put away during her visit. A story is told also of a gentleman high in office in the same colony, on whom an agent of the "New York Albion" called to deliver the portrait of Washington which the publisher that year presented to his subscribers. The gentleman, highly insulted, ordered the astonished agent to take "the —— thing" out of his sight, and to strike his name instantly from the list.

Miss Franks, it has been mentioned, was one of the princesses of the Mischianza. This Italian word, signifying a medley or mixture, was applied to an entertainment, or series of entertainments, given by the British officers in Philadelphia as a parting compliment to Sir William Howe, just before his relinquishment of command to Sir Henry Clinton, and departure to England. Some of his enemies called it his triumph on leaving America unconquered. A description of this singular fête may be interesting to many readers; I therefore abridge one written, it is said, by Major André for an English Lady's Magazine.

I have seen a *fac simile* of the tickets issued, in a volume of American Historical and Literary curiosities The names are in a shield, on which is a view of the sea with the setting sun, and on a wreath the words "*Luceo discedens, aucto splendore resurgam.*" At the top is General Howe's crest, with the words "*Vive vale.*" Around the shield runs a vignette; and various military trophies fill up the back-ground.

The entertainment was given on the 18th of May, 1778. It commenced with a grand regatta, in three

divisions. In the first was the Ferret galley, on board of which were several general officers and ladies. In the centre, the Hussar galley bore Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, their suite, and many ladies. The Cornwallis galley brought up the rear—General Knyphhausen and suite, three British generals, and ladies, being on board. On each quarter of these galleys, and forming their division, were five flat boats lined with green cloth, and filled with ladies and gentlemen. In front were three flat boats, with bands of music. Six barges rowed about each flank, to keep off the swarm of boats in the river. The galleys were dressed in colors and streamers; the ships lying at anchor were magnificently decorated; and the transport ships with colors flying, which extended in a line the whole length of the city, were crowded, as well as the wharves, with spectators. The rendezvous was at Knight's wharf, at the northern extremity of the city. The company embarked at half-past four, the three divisions moving slowly down to the music. Arrived opposite Market wharf, at a signal all rested on their oars, and the music played "God save the king," answered by three cheers from the vessels. The landing was at the Old Fort, a little south of the town, and in front of the building prepared for the company—a few hundred yards from the water. This regatta was gazed at from the wharves and warehouses by all the uninvited population of the city.

When the general's barge pushed for shore, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from his Majesty's ship

Roebuck; and after an interval, seventeen from the Vigilant. The procession advanced through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, each supported by a line of light-horse. The avenue led to a spacious lawn, lined with troops, and prepared for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament. The music, and managers with favors of white and blue ribbons in their breasts, led the way, followed by the generals and the rest of the company.

In front, the building bounded the view through a vista formed by two triumphal arches in a line with the landing place. Two pavilions, with rows of benches rising one above another, received the ladies, while the gentlemen ranged themselves on each side. On the front seat of each pavilion were seven young ladies as princesses, in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the favors meant for the knights who contended The sound of trumpets was heard in the distance; and a band of knights in ancient habits of white and red silk, mounted on gray horses caparisoned in the same colors, attended by squires on foot, heralds and trumpeters, entered the lists. Lord Cathcart was chief of these knights; and appeared in honor of Miss Auchmuty. One of his esquires bore his lance, another his shield; and two black slaves in blue and white silk, with silver clasps on their bare necks and arms, held his stirrups. The band made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies, and then ranged themselves in a line with the pavilion in which were the ladies of their device. Their herald, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed a chal-

lenge; asserting the superiority of the ladies of the Blended Rose, in wit, beauty and accomplishment, and offering to prove it by deeds of arms according to the ancient laws of chivalry. At the third repetition of the challenge, another herald and trumpeters advanced from the other side of the square, dressed in black and orange, and proclaimed defiance to the challengers, in the name of the knights of the Burning Mountain. Captain Watson, the chief, appeared in honor of Miss Franks; his device—a heart with a wreath of flowers; his motto—Love and Glory. This band also rode round the lists, and drew up in front of the White Knights. The gauntlet was thrown down and lifted; the encounter took place. After the fourth encounter, the two chiefs, spurring to the centre, fought singly, till the marshal of the field rushed between, and declared that the ladies of the Blended Rose and the Burning Mountain were satisfied with the proofs of love and valor already given, and commanded their knights to desist. The bands then filed off in different directions, saluting the ladies as they approached the pavilions.

The company then passed in procession through triumphal arches built in the Tuscan order, to a garden in front of the building; and thence ascended to a spacious hall painted in imitation of Sienna marble. In this hall and apartment adjoining, were tea and refreshments; and the knights, kneeling, received their favors from the ladies. On entering the room appropriated for the faro table, a cornucopia was seen filled with fruit and flowers; another appeared in going out, shrunk,

reversed and empty. The next advance was to a ball-room painted in pale blue, pannelled with gold, with dropping festoons of flowers; the surbase pink, with drapery festooned in blue. Eighty-five mirrors, decked with flowers and ribbons, reflected the light from thirty-four branches of wax lights. On the same floor were fou drawing-rooms with sideboards of refreshments, also decorated and lighted up. The dancing continued till ten; the windows were then thrown open, and the fire-works commenced with a magnificent bouquet of rockets.

At twelve, large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, discovering a splendid and spacious saloon, richly painted, and brilliantly illuminated; the mirrors and branches decorated, as also the supper table; which was set out—according to Major André's account—with four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. When supper was ended, the herald and trumpeters of the Blended Rose entered the saloon, and proclaimed the health of the king and royal family—followed by that of the knights and ladies; each toast being accompanied by a flourish of music. The company then returned to the ball-room; and the dancing continued till four o'clock.

This was the most splendid entertainment ever given by officers to their general. The next day the mirrors and lustres borrowed from the citizens were sent home, with their ornaments. The pageant of a night was over; Sir William Howe departed.

XIII.

ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

The old building called the Carpenter Mansion, the site of which is now occupied by the Arcade in Philadelphia, was the residence of Doctor Thomas Graeme, the father of Mrs. Ferguson. He was a native of Scotland; distinguished as a physician in the city; and for some time was colonial collector of the port. He married Anne, the daughter of Sir William Keith, then Governor of Pennsylvania.

More than thirty years before the Revolution, when these premises were occupied by Governor Thomas, the fruit-trees, garden, and shrubbery often allured the townsfolk to extend their walks thither. The youth of that day were frequently indebted to the kindness of the Governor's lady, who invited them to help themselves from a long range of cherry-trees; and when May day came, the young girls were treated to bouquets and wreaths from the gardens. After the death of Dr. Graeme, in 1772, the property passed successively into different hands. In time of the war, the house was appropriated for the use of the sick American soldiery, who died there in hundreds, of the camp

fever. The sufferers were supplied with nourishment by the ladies of Philadelphia; and General Washington himself sent them a cask of Madeira, which he had received as a present from Robert Morris. The mansion was the scene, moreover, of a most touching spectacle, on one occasion, when the mother of a youth from the country came to seek her son among the dead in the hospital. While mourning over him as lost to her for ever, she discerned signs of life, and ere long he was restored to consciousness in her arms.*

While occupied by Dr. Graeme, the house was long rendered attractive and celebrated, not only by his exuberant hospitality, but by the talents and accomplishments of his youngest daughter. She was the centre of the literary coteries of that day, who were accustomed to meet at her father's residence. Even in early life she discovered a mind richly endowed with intellectual gifts. These were cultivated with care by her excellent and accomplished mother. She was born in 1739. In her youth she passed much time in study; for which, and the cultivation of her poetical talents, opportunities were afforded in the pleasant retreat where her parents spent their summers—Graeme Park, in Montgomery county, twenty miles from Philadelphia. It is said that the translation of Telemachus into English verse—the manuscript volumes of which are in the Philadelphia Library—was undertaken by Elizabeth Graeme, as a relief and diversion of her mind from the suffering occasioned by a disappointment in love. After

* See Watson's Annals of Philadelphia

this, the failure of her health induced her father to send her to Europe. Her mother, who had long been declining, wished her much to go, and for a reason as singular as it is touching.* She believed the time of her death to be at hand; and felt that the presence of her beloved daughter prevented that exclusive fixing of her thoughts and affections upon heavenly things, which in her last hours she desired. This distrust of the heart is not an uncommon feeling. Archbishop Lightfoot wished to die separated from his home and family. A mother, some years ago, in her last moments said to her daughter, who sat weeping at her bedside, "Leave me, my child; I cannot die while you are in the room." Something of the same feeling is shown in an extract from one of Mrs. Graeme's letters, written to be delivered after her death: "My trust," she says, "is in my heavenly Father's mercies, procured and promised by the all-sufficient merits of my blessed Saviour; so that whatever time it may be before you see this, or whatever weakness I may be under on my death-bed, be assured *this* is my faith—*this* is my hope from my youth up until now."

Mrs. Graeme died, as she expected, during the absence of her daughter; but left two farewell letters to be delivered on her return. These contained advice respecting her future life in the relations of wife and

* See Hazard's Pennsylvania Register, vol. iii., p. 394, for a memoir of Mrs. Ferguson, first published in the Port-Folio, from which are derived these particulars of her personal history. Some of her letters appeared in the Port-Folio.

mistress of a household; and the most ardent expressions of maternal affection. Elizabeth remained a year in England, under the guardianship of the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, whose position enabled him to introduce her into the best society. She was sought for in literary circles, attracted the attention of distinguished persons by her mental accomplishments, and was particularly noticed by the British monarch. The celebrated Dr. Fothergill, whom she consulted as a physician, was during his life her friend and correspondent.

Her return to Philadelphia was welcomed by a numerous circle of friends, who came to condole with her upon her mother's death, and to testify their affectionate remembrance of herself. The stores of information gained during her visit to Great Britain, where she had been "all eye, all ear, and all grasp," were dispensed for the information and entertainment of those she loved. She now occupied the place of her mother in her father's family, managing the house and presiding in the entertainment of his visitors. During several years of their winter residence in the city, Saturday evenings were appropriated for the reception of their friends, and strangers who visited Philadelphia with introductions to the family of Dr. Graeme. The mansion was, in fact, the head-quarters of literature and refinement; and the hospitality of its owner rendered it an agreeable resort. Miss Graeme was the presiding genius. Her brilliant intellect, her extensive and varied knowledge, her vivid fancy, and cultivated taste, offered

attractions which were enhanced by the charm of her graceful manners.

It was at one of these evening assemblies that she first saw Hugh Henry Ferguson, a young gentleman lately arrived in the country from Scotland. They were pleased with each other at the first interview, being congenial in literary tastes, and a love of retirement. The marriage took place in a few months, notwithstanding that Ferguson was ten years younger than Miss Graeme. Not long after this event her father died, having bequeathed to his daughter the country-seat in Montgomery county, on which she and her husband continued to reside.

The happiness anticipated by Mrs. Ferguson in country seclusion and her books, was of brief duration. The discontents were increasing between Great Britain and America, which resulted in the war of Independence. It was necessary for Mr. Ferguson to take part with one or the other; and he decided according to the prejudices natural to his birth, by espousing the royal cause. From this time a separation took place between him and Mrs. Ferguson.

Her connection with certain political transactions exposed her for a time to much censure and mortification. But there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of her declarations with regard to the motives that influenced her conduct. Many of her unobtrusive charities testify to her sympathy with her suffering countrymen. She not only visited the cottages in her neighborhood with supplies of clothing, provisions, or

medicines for the inmates, but while General Howe had possession of Philadelphia, she sent a quantity of linen into the city, spun with her own hands, and directed it to be made into shirts for the benefit of the American prisoners taken at the battle of Germantown.

Another instance of her benevolence is characteristic. On hearing, in one of her visits to the city, that a merchant had become reduced, and having been imprisoned for debt, was suffering from want of the comforts of life, she sent him a bed, and afterwards visited him in prison, and put twenty dollars into his hands. She refused to inform him who was his benefactor; but it was discovered by his description of her person and dress. At this time her annual income, it is said, was reduced to a very limited sum. Many other secret acts of charity, performed at the expense of her personal and habitual comforts were remembered by her friends, and many instances of her sensibility and tender sympathy with all who suffered.

Her husband being engaged in the British service, she was favored by the loyalists, while treated with respect at the same time by the other party as an American lady who occupied a high social position.*

XIV.

MARY PHILIPSE.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, then commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, had some difficulties concerning rank with an officer holding a royal commission. He found it necessary to communicate with General Shirley, the commander-in-chief of His Majesty's armies in America; and for this purpose left his head-quarters at Winchester, and travelled to Boston on horse-back, attended by his aids-de-camp. On his way, he stopped in some of the principal cities. The military fame he had gained, and the story of his remarkable escape at Braddock's defeat, excited general curiosity to see the brave young hero; and great attention was paid to him. While in New York, says his biographer, Mr. Sparks, "he was entertained at the house of Mr. Beverley Robinson, between whom and himself an intimacy of friendship subsisted, which indeed continued without change, till severed by their opposite fortunes twenty years afterwards in the Revolution. It happened that Miss Mary Philipse, a sister

of Mrs. Robinson, and a young lady of rare accomplishments, was an inmate in the family. The charms of this lady made a deep impression upon the heart of the Virginia Colonel. He went to Boston, returned, and was again welcomed to the hospitality of Mrs. Robinson. He lingered there till duty called him away; but he was careful to entrust his secret to a confidential friend, whose letters kept him informed of every important event. In a few months intelligence came that a rival was in the field, and that the consequences could not be answered for, if he delayed to renew his visits to New York."

Washington could not at this time leave his post, however deeply his feelings may have been interested in securing the favor of the fair object of his admiration. The fact that his friend thought fit to communicate thus repeatedly with him upon the subject, does not favor the supposition that his regard was merely a passing fancy, or that the bustle of camp-life, or the scenes of war, had effaced her image from his heart. Mr. Sparks assures me that the letters referred to, which were from a gentleman connected with the Robinson family, though playful in their tone, were evidently written under the belief that an attachment existed on Washington's part, and that his happiness was concerned. How far the demonstrations of this attachment had gone, it is now impossible to ascertain; nor whether Miss Philipse had discouraged the Colonel's attentions so decidedly as to preclude all hope. The probability

is, however, that he despaired of success. He never saw her again till after her marriage with Captain Roger Morris, the rival of whom he had been warned.

Mary Philipse was the daughter of the Hon. Frederick Philipse, Speaker of the Assembly. He was lord of the old manor of Philipsborough, and owned an immense landed estate on the Hudson. Mary was born at the Manor Hall, on the third of July, 1730. No particulars relating to her early life can be given by her relatives; but the tradition is, that she was beautiful fascinating, and accomplished. A lady now living in New York, who knew her after she became Mrs. Morris, and had visited her at her residence near the city tells me that she was one of the most elegant women she had ever seen; and that her manners, uniting dignity with affability, charmed every one who knew her. The rumor of Washington's former attachment was then current, and universally believed. Her house was the resort of many visitors at all seasons. She removed to New York after her marriage, in 1758; with Roger Morris, who was a captain in the British army in the French war, and one of Braddock's aids-de-camp. A part of the Philipse estate came by right of his wife into his possession, and was taken from him by confiscation, in punishment for his loyalism. Mrs. Morris was included in the attainder, that the whole interest might pass under the act.* The rights of her children,

* The authentic facts relating to Captain Morris and Colonel Robinson, and to their wives, have been preserved by Mr. Sabine in his "American Loyalists." He visited the relatives of the family in New Brunswick.

however, as time showed, were not affected; and the reversionary interest was sold by them to John Jacob Astor.

The descendants of Mrs. Robinson, the sister of Mary Morris, speak of her with warm praise, as one who possessed high qualities of mind, and great excellence of character. To one of these, a gentleman high in office in New Brunswick, the author of the 'Loyalists' once remarked in conversation, that there was some difference to his aunt, between being the wife of the Commander-in-chief—the first President of the United States, and the wife of an exile and an outlaw —herself attainted of treason. The tables were turned upon him by the reply, that Mrs. Morris had been remarkable for fascinating all who approached her, and moulding every body to her will; and that had she married Washington, it could not be certain that she would not have kept him to his allegiance. "Indeed, Washington would not, could not have been a traitor with such a wife as Aunt Morris." Without dwelling on the possibilities of such a contingency, one can hardly think, without some degree of national shame, that a lady whom we have every reason to believe had been the object of Washington's love, "should be attainted of treason for clinging to the fortunes of her husband."

Mrs. Morris died in England in 1825, at the advanced age of ninety-six. The portrait of her is engraved from an original painting taken after her marriage, and now in the possession of her namesake and

grandniece, Mrs. Governeur, who resides at "Highland Grange," Philipstown, in the Highlands. It is stated in the History of Westchester County, that Miss Mary Philipse was the original of the lovely character of Frances, in Mr. Cooper's novel of "The Spy:" this is incorrect.

SUSANNAH, the sister of Mary Philipse, was the wife of Beverley Robinson of New York. There is some ground for the belief that she actually exercised over her husband's mind some portion of the influence said to have been possessed by her sister; for it appears that he was at first disinclined to take any active part in the contest between the Colonies and Great Britain. He was so much opposed to the measures of the ministry, that he would not use imported merchandise; but was at length prevailed on by his friends to enter the royal service. As before-mentioned, he and Washington were intimate friends before they were separated by difference of political opinion. "The Robinson house," which had been confiscated with the lands, was occupied by Arnold as his head-quarters, and by Washington at the time of Arnold's treason.

When Colonel Robinson gave up the quiet enjoyment of country life, his wife took her share of the outlawry that awaited him; she, as well as her sister, being included in the act of confiscation. After their removal to England, they lived in retirement. She died near Bath, at the age of ninety-four, in 1822. Her

descendants in New Brunswick preserve, among other relics of the olden time, a silver tea-urn, of rich and massive workmanship, said to be the first of such articles used in America

XV.

SARAH REEVE GIBBES.

The failure of the British commissioners to conclude an amicable adjustment of differences between the two countries—and the ill success of the effort to gain their ends by private intrigue and bribery—annihilated the hopes of those who had desired the acceptance by Congress of terms of accommodation. War was now the only prospect; the reduction of the Colonies to obedience by force of arms, or the establishment of national Independence by a protracted struggle. The movements and expeditions which succeeded the battle of Monmouth—the incursion of the Indians and tories under Colonel John Butler and Brandt, for the destruction of the settlement in the lovely valley of Wyoming—the terrible tragedy of July, with the retaliatory expeditions against the Indians—and the repetition of the barbarities of Wyoming at Cherry Valley, in November—were the prominent events that took place in the middle and northern sections of the country during the remainder of 1778. The scene of important action was now changed to the South. In November, Count D'Estaing, with the French fleet, sailed for the West

Indies, to attack the British dependencies in that quarter. General Sir Henry Clinton, on his part, despatched Colonel Campbell from New York, on an expedition against Georgia, the feeblest of the southern provinces. His troops landed late in December near Savannah, which was then defended by the American general, Robert Howe. His small force being enfeebled by sickness, defeat was the consequence of an attack; and the remnant of the American army retreated into South Carolina. The British having obtained possession of the capital of Georgia, the plan of reducing that State and South Carolina was vigorously prosecuted in 1779, while the armies of Washington and Clinton were employed in the northern section of the Union. Soon after the fall of Savannah, General Prevost, with troops from East Florida, took possession of the only remaining military post in Georgia; and joining his forces to those of Colonel Campbell, assumed the chief command of the royal army at the South. The loyalists who came along the western frontier of Carolina to join his standard, committed great devastations and cruelties on their way. General Lincoln, who commanded the continental forces in the southern department, sent a detachment under General Ashe across the Savannah, to repress the incursions of the enemy, and confine them to the low country near the sea coast. The surprise and defeat of this detachment by Prevost, completed the subjugation of Georgia. But in April General Lincoln entered the field anew, and leaving Moultrie to watch Prevost's movements, com-

menced his march up the left bank of the Savannah and crossed into Georgia near Augusta, with the intention of advancing on the capital. Prevost attacked Moultrie and Pulaski, compelling them to retreat; and then hurried to place himself before Charleston. From this position, however, he was obliged to withdraw on Lincoln's approach. He proceeded to the island of St. John's, separated from the mainland by an inlet called Stono River; and leaving a division at Stono Ferry, retired with a part of his force towards Savannah. On the 20th June, Lincoln attacked the division at Stono Ferry, but was repulsed. The British soon after established a post at Beaufort, and the main body of the army retired to Savannah. For some months the hot and sickly season prevented further action on either side.

The siege of Savannah under D'Estaing and Lincoln took place early in October, 1779. The Americans were repulsed, the gallant Pulaski receiving his death-wound; and the enterprise was abandoned. The French fleet departed from the coast; and General Lincoln retreated into South Carolina. A cloud of despondency hung over the close of this year. The flattering hopes inspired by the alliance with France had not been realized. The continental army reduced in numbers and wretchedly clothed—the treasury empty—the paper currency rapidly diminishing in value—distress was brought on all classes, and the prospect seemed more than ever dark and discouraging. On the other hand, Britain displayed new resources, and made renewed exer-

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tions, notwithstanding the formidable combination against her. Sir Henry Clinton determined to make the South his most important field of operations for the future, and planned the campaign of 1780 on an extensive scale. He arrived in Georgia late in January, and early in the succeeding month left Savannah for the siege of Charleston, then defended by General Lincoln. The fleet of Arbuthnot was anchored in the harbor, and the British overran the country on the left side of the Cooper river. The surrender of Charleston on the twelfth of May, seemed to secure the recovery of the southern section of the Union; and Clinton immediately set about re-establishing the royal government.

The foregoing brief glance at the course of events during the two years succeeding the evacuation of Philadelphia, is necessary to prepare the reader for the southern sketches that follow.

A FEW hundred yards from a fine landing on Stone River, upon John's Island, about two hours' sail from Charleston, stands a large, square, ancient-looking mansion, strongly built of brick, with a portico fronting the river. On the side towards the road, the wide piazza overlooks a lawn; and a venerable live oak, with aspen, sycamore, and other trees, shade it from the sun. On either side of the house, about twenty yards distant, stands a smaller two story building, connected with the main building by a neat open fence. In one of these

is the kitchen and out-offices; the other was formerly the school-house and tutor's dwelling. Beyond are the barns, the overseer's house, and the negro huts appertaining to a plantation. The garden in old times was very large and well-cultivated, being laid out in wide walks, and extending from the mansion to the river. The "river walk," on the verge of a bluff eight or ten feet in height, followed the bending of the water, and was bordered with orange-trees. Tall hedges of the ever-green wild orange-tree divided the flower from the vegetable garden, and screened from view the family burial-ground. The beautifully laid out grounds, and shaded walks, gave this place a most inviting aspect, rendering it such an abode as its name of "Peaceful Retreat" indicated.

At the period of the Revolution this mansion was well known throughout the country as the seat of hospitality and elegant taste. Its owner, Robert Gibbes, was a man of cultivated mind and refined manners—one of those gentlemen of the old school, of whom South Carolina has justly made her boast. Early in life he became a martyr to the gout, by which painful disease his hands and feet were so contracted and crippled that he was deprived of their use. The only exercise he was able to take, was in a chair on wheels, in which he was placed every day, and by the assistance of a servant, moved about the house, and through the garden. The circuit through these walks and along the river, formed his favorite amusement. Unable, by reason of his misfortune, to take an active part in the war, his

feelings were nevertheless warmly enlisted on the republican side; and his house was ever open for the reception and entertainment of the friends of liberty. He had married Miss Sarah Reeve, she being at the time about eighteen years of age. Notwithstanding her youth, she had given evidence that she possessed a mind of no common order. The young couple had a house in Charleston, but spent the greater part of their time at their country-seat and plantation upon John's Island. Here Mrs. Gibbes devoted herself with earnestness to the various duties before her; for in consequence of her husband's infirmities, the management of an extensive estate, with the writing on business it required —devolved entirely upon her. In addition to a large family of her own, she had the care of the seven orphan children of Mrs. Fenwick, the sister of Mr. Gibbes, who at her death had left them and their estate to his guardianship. Two other children—one her nephew, Robert Barnwell—were added to her charge. The multiplied cares involved in meeting all these responsibilities, with the superintendence of household concerns, required a rare degree of energy and activity; yet the mistress of this well ordered establishment had always a ready and cordial welcome for her friends, dispensing the hospitalities of "Peaceful Retreat," with a grace and cheerful politeness that rendered it a most agreeable resort.

It was doubtless the fame of the luxurious living at this delightful country-seat—which attracted the attention of the British during the invasion of Prevost, while

the royal army kept possession of the seaboard. A battalion of British and Hessians, determined to quarter themselves in so desirable a spot, arrived at the landing at the dead of night, and marching up in silence, surrounded the house. The day had not yet begun to dawn, when an aged and faithful servant tapped softly at the door of Mrs. Gibbes' apartment. The whisper—"Mistress, the redcoats are all around the house," was the first intimation given of their danger. "Tell no one, Cæsar, but keep all quiet," she replied promptly; and her preparations were instantly commenced to receive the intruders. Having dressed herself quickly, she went up stairs, waked several ladies who were guests in the house, and requested them to rise and dress with all possible haste. In the mean time the domestics were directed to prepare the children, of whom, with her own eight and those under her care, there were sixteen; the eldest being only fifteen years old. These were speedily dressed and seated in the spacious hall. Mrs. Gibbes then assisted her husband, as was always her custom—to rise and dress, and had him placed in his rolling chair. All these arrangements were made without the least confusion, and so silently, that the British had no idea any one was yet awake within the house. The object of Mrs. Gibbes was to prevent violence on the enemy's part, by showing them at once that the mansion was inhabited only by those who were unable to defend themselves. The impressive manner in which this was done produced its effect The invaders had no knowledge that the inmates were

aware of their presence, till daylight, when they heard the heavy rolling of Mr. Gibbes' chair across the great hall towards the front door. Supposing the sound to be the rolling of a cannon, the soldiers advanced, and stood prepared with pointed bayonets to rush in, when the signal for assault should be given. But as the door was thrown open, and the stately form of the invalid presented itself, surrounded by women and children, they drew back, and—startled into an involuntary expression of respect—presented arms. Mr. Gibbes addressed them—yielding, of course, to the necessity that could not be resisted. The officers took immediate possession of the house, leaving the premises to their men, and extending no protection against pillage. The soldiers roved at their pleasure about the plantation, helping themselves to whatever they chose; breaking into the wine room, drinking to intoxication, and seizing upon and carrying off the negroes. A large portion of the plate was saved by the provident care of a faithful servant, who secretly buried it. Within the mansion the energy and self-possession of Mrs. Gibbes still protected her family. The appearance of terror or confusion might have tempted the invaders to incivility; but it was impossible for them to treat otherwise than with deference, a lady whose calm and quiet deportment commanded their respect. Maintaining her place as mistress of her household, and presiding at her table, she treated her uninvited guests with a dignified courtesy that ensured civility while it prevented presumptuous familiarity. The boldest and rudest among

them bowed involuntarily to an influence which fear or force could not have secured.

When the news reached Charleston that the British had encamped on Mr. Gibbes's plantation, the authorities in that city despatched two galleys, to dislodge them. These vessels ascended the river in the night, and arriving opposite, opened a heavy fire upon the invaders' encampment. The men had received strict injunctions not to fire upon the house, for fear of injury to any of the family. It could not, however, be known to Mr. Gibbes that such a caution had been given; and as soon as the Americans began their fire, dreading some accident, he proposed to his wife that they should take the children and seek a place of greater safety. Their horses being in the enemy's hands, they had no means of conveyance; but Mrs. Gibbes, with energies roused to exertion by the danger, and anxious only to secure shelter for her helpless charge, set off to walk with the children to an adjoining plantation situated in the interior. A drizzling rain was falling, and the weather was extremely chilly; the fire was incessant from the American guns, and sent—in order to avoid the house—in a direction which was in a range with the course of the fugitives. The shot, falling around them, cut the bushes, and struck the trees on every side. Exposed each moment to this imminent danger, they continued their flight with as much haste as possible, for about a mile, till beyond the reach of the shot.

Having reached the houses occupied by the negro laborers on the plantation, they stopped for a few

moments to rest. Mrs. Gibbes, wet, chilled, and exhausted by fatigue and mental anxiety, felt her strength utterly fail, and was obliged to wrap herself in a blanket and lie down upon one of the beds. It was at this time, when the party first drew breath freely—with thankfulness that the fears of death were over—that on reviewing the trembling group to ascertain if all had escaped uninjured, it was found that a little boy, John Fenwick, was missing. In the hurry and terror of their flight the child had been forgotten and left behind! What was now to be done? The servants refused to risk their lives by returning for him; and in common humanity, Mr. Gibbes could not insist that any one should undertake the desperate adventure. The roar of the distant guns was still heard, breaking at short intervals the deep silence of the night. The chilly rain was falling, and the darkness was profound. Yet the thought of abandoning the helpless boy to destruction, was agony to the hearts of his relatives. In this extremity the self-devotion of a young girl interposed to save him. Mary Anna, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gibbes—then only thirteen years of age, determined to venture back—in spite of the fearful peril—alone The mother dared not oppose her noble resolution, which seemed indeed an inspiration of heaven; and she was permitted to go. Hastening along the path with all the speed of which she was capable, she reached the house, still in the undisturbed possession of the enemy; and entreated permission from the sentinel to enter: persisting, in spite of refusal, till by earnest

importunity of supplication, she gained her object. Searching anxiously through the house, she found the child in a room in a third story, and lifting him joyfully in her arms, carried him down, and fled with him to the spot where her anxious parents were awaiting her return. The shot still flew thickly around her, frequently throwing up the earth in her way; but protected by the Providence that watches over innocence, she joined the rest of the family in safety.* The boy saved on this occasion by the intrepidity of the young girl, was the late General Fenwick, distinguished for his services in the last war with Great Britain. "Fenwick Place," still called "Headquarters," was three miles from "Peaceful Retreat."

* Major Garden, who after the war married Mary Anna Gibbes, nentions this intrepid action. There are a few errors in his account; he calls the boy who was left, "a distant relation," and says the dwelling-house was fired on by the Americans. The accomplished lady who communicated the particulars to me, heard them from her grandmother, Mrs. Gibbes; and the fact that the house was not fired upon, is attested by a near relative now living. The house never bore any marks of shot; though balls and grape-shot have been often found on the plantation. Again—Garden says the family "were allowed to remain in some of the upper apartments;" and were at last "ordered to quit the premises," implying that they were treated with some severity as prisoners. This could not have been the case; as Mrs. Gibbes constantly asserted that she presided at her own table, and spoke of the respect and deference with which she was uniformly treated by the officers. Her refusal to yield what she deemed a right, ensured civility towards herself and household.

The family Bible, from which the parentage of General Fenwick might have been ascertained, was lost during the Revolution, and only restored to the family in the summer of 1847.

Some time after these occurrences, when the family were again inmates of their own home, a battle was fought in a neighboring field. When the conflict was over, Mrs. Gibbes sent her servants to search among the slain left upon the battle-ground, for Robert Barnwell, her nephew, who had not returned. They discovered him by part of his dress, which one of the blacks remembered having seen his mother making. His face was so covered with wounds, dust and blood, that he could not be recognised. Yet life was not extinct; and under the unremitting care of his aunt and her young daughter, he recovered. His son, Robert W. Barnwell, was for some years president of the South Carolina College. Scenes like these were often witnessed by the subject of this sketch, and on more than a few occasions did she suffer acute anxiety on account of the danger of those dear to her. She was accustomed to point out the spot where her eldest son, when only sixteen years old, had been placed as a sentinel, while British vessels were in the river, and their fire was poured on him. She would relate how, with a mother's agony of solicitude, she watched the balls as they struck the earth around him, while the youthful soldier maintained his dangerous post, notwithstanding the entreaties of an old negro hid behind a tree, that he would leave it. Through such trials, the severity of which we who enjoy the peace so purchased cannot fully estimate, she exhibited the same composure, and readiness to meet every emergency, with the same benevolent sympathy for others.

XVI.

ELIZA WILKINSON.

The letters of Eliza Wilkinson present a lively picture of the situation of many inhabitants of that portion of country which was the scene of various skirmishes about the time of Lincoln's approach to relieve Charleston from Prevost, the retreat of that commander, and the engagement at Stono Ferry. The description given of occurrences, is not only interesting as a graphic detail, but as exhibiting traits of female character worthy of all admiration. It is much to be regretted that her records do not embrace a longer period of time.

Her father was an emigrant from Wales, and always had much pride in his Welsh name, Francis Yonge. He had three children, Eliza and two sons; and owned what is called Yonge's Island. He was old and infirm, and suffered much rough treatment at the hands of the British, from whom he refused to take a protection. Both his sons died—one the death of a soldier; and the old family name now lives in Charleston in the person

of Francis Yonge Porcher, great grandchild of the subject of this notice.

Mrs. Wilkinson had been married only six months when her first husband died. At the period of the war, she was a young and beautiful widow, with fascinating manners, quick at repartee, and full of cheerfulness and good humor. Her place of residence, Yonge's Island, lies thirty miles south of Charleston. The Cherokee rose which still flourishes there in great abundance, hedging the long avenue, and the sight of the creek and causeway that separate the island from the mainland, call up many recollections of her. She bore her part in Revolutionary trials and privations, and was frequently a sufferer from British cruelty.

Mrs. Wilkinson was in Charleston when news came that a large party of the enemy had landed near Beaufort With a few friends, she went over to her father's plantation, but did not remain there long; for upon receiving information that a body of British horse were within five or six miles, the whole party, with the exception of her father and mother, crossed the river to Wadmalaw, and went for refuge to the house of her sister. A large boat-load of women and children hurrying for safety to Charleston, stayed with them a day or two, and presented a sad spectacle of the miseries brought in the train of war. One woman with seven children, the youngest but two weeks old, preferred venturing her own life and that of her tender infant, to captivity in the hands of a merciless foe.

Mrs. Wilkinson remained at Wadmalaw for some time, and at length returned to her home on the island The surrounding country was waiting in a distressed condition for the coming of General Lincoln, to whom the people looked for deliverance. Many painful days of suspense passed before tidings were received. All trifling discourse, she says, was laid aside—the ladies who gathered in knots talking only of political affairs. At last her brothers, with the Willtown troops, arrived from Charleston, and brought the joyful news of the approach of Lincoln. The dreaded enemy had not yet invaded the retirement of Yonge's Island; although it was suspected that spies were lurking about, and boat-loads of red coats were frequently seen passing and re-passing on the river. Mrs. Wilkinson retreated with her sister to an inland country-seat. There they were called on by parties of the Americans, whom they always received with friendly hospitality. "The poorest soldier," says one letter, "who would call at any time for a drink of water, I would take a pleasure in giving it to him myself; and many a dirty, ragged fellow have I attended with a bowl of water, or milk and water: they really merit every thing, who will fight from principle alone; for from what I could learn, these poor creatures had nothing to protect, and seldom got their pay; yet with what alacrity will they encounter danger and hardships of every kind!"

One night a detachment of sixty red coats passed the gate with the intention of surprising Lieutenant Morton Wilkinson at a neighboring plantation. A negro

woman was their informer and guide; but their attempt was unsuccessful. On re-passing the avenue early the next morning, they made a halt at the head of it, but a negro man dissuaded them from entering, by telling them the place belonged to a decrepit old gentleman, who did not then live there. They took his word for it, and passed on.

On the second of June, two men belonging to the enemy, rode up to the house, and asked many questions, saying that Colonel M'Girth and his soldiers might be presently looked for, and that the inmates could expect no mercy. The family remained in a state of cruel suspense for many hours. The following morning a party of the whigs called at the gate, but did not alight One of them, in leaping a ditch, was hurt, and taken into the house for assistance; and while they were dressing his wound, a negro girl gave the alarm that the "king's people" were coming. The two men mounted their horses and escaped: the women awaited the enemy's approach. Mrs. Wilkinson writes to a friend:

"I heard the horses of the inhuman Britons coming in such a furious manner, that they seemed to tear up the earth, the riders at the same time bellowing out the most horrid curses imaginable—oaths and imprecations which chilled my whole frame. Surely, thought I, such horrid language denotes nothing less than death; but I had no time for thought—they were up to the house—entered with drawn swords and pistols in their hands. indeed they rushed in in the most furious manner, crying out, 'Where are these women rebels?' That was

the first salutation! The moment they espied us, off went our caps. (I always heard say none but women pulled caps!) And for what, think you? Why, only to get a paltry stone and wax pin, which kept them on our heads; at the same time uttering the most abusive language imaginable, and making as if they would hew us to pieces with their swords. But it is not in my power to describe the scene: it was terrible to the last degree; and what augmented it, they had several armed negroes with them, who threatened and abused us greatly. They then began to plunder the house of every thing they thought valuable or worth taking; our trunks were split to pieces, and each mean, pitiful wretch crammed his bosom with the contents, which were our apparel, &c.*

"I ventured to speak to the inhuman monster who had my clothes. I represented to him the times were such we could not replace what they had taken from us, and begged him to spare me only a suit or two: but I got nothing but a hearty curse for my pains; nay, so far was his callous heart from relenting, that casting his eyes towards my shoes, 'I want them buckles,' said he; and immediately knelt at my feet to take them out. While he was busy doing this, a brother villain, whose enormous mouth extended from ear to ear, bawled out, 'Shares there, I say! shares!' So they divided my buckles between them. The other wretches were employed in the same manner; they took my sister's ear-

* Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, arranged by Mrs. Gilman.

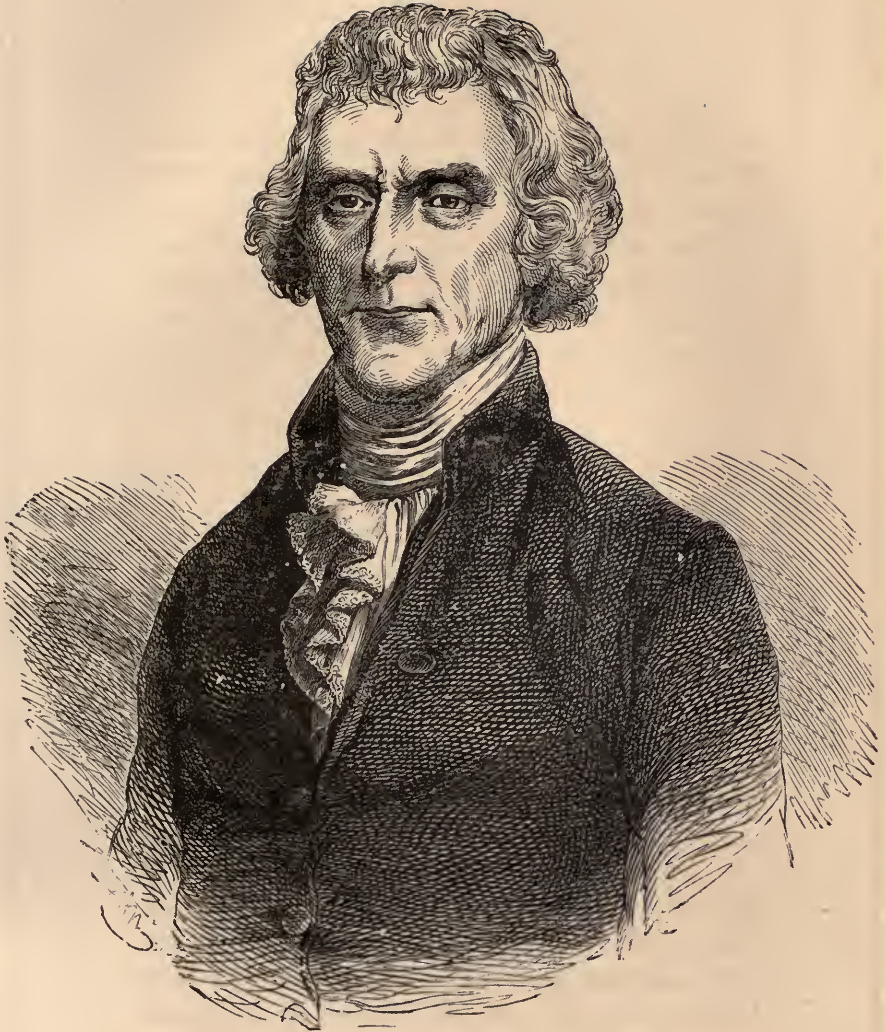
rings from her ears, her and Miss Samuells' buckles; they demanded her ring from her finger; she pleaded for it, told them it was her wedding-ring, and begged they would let her keep it; but they still demanded it; and presenting a pistol at her, swore if she did not deliver it immediately, they would fire. She gave it to them; and after bundling up all their booty, they mounted their horses. But such despicable figures! Each wretch's bosom stuffed so full, they appeared to be all afflicted with some dropsical disorder. Had a party of rebels (as they call us) appeared, we should have seen their circumference lessen.

"They took care to tell us, when they were going away, that they had favored us a great deal—that we might thank our stars it was no worse. I had forgot to tell you that upon their first entering the house, one of them gave my arm such a violent grasp, that he left the print of his thumb and three fingers in black and blue, which was to be seen very plainly for several days afterwards. I showed it to one of our officers who dined with us, as a specimen of British cruelty. After they were gone, I began to be sensible of the danger I had been in, and the thoughts of the vile men seemed worse (if possible) than their presence; for they came so suddenly up to the house, that I had no time for thought; and while they stayed, I seemed in amaze—quite stupid! I cannot describe it. But when they were gone, and I had time to consider, I trembled so with terror that I could not support myself. I went into the room, threw

myself on the bed, and gave way to a violent burst of grief, which seemed to be some relief to my swollen heart."

This outrage was followed by a visit from M'Girth's men, who treated the ladies with more civility; one of them promising to make a report at camp of the usage they had received. It was little consolation, however, to know that the robbers would probably be punished. The others, who professed so much feeling for the fair, were not content without their share of plunder, though more polite in the manner of taking it "While the British soldiers were talking to us, some of the silent ones withdrew, and presently laid siege to a bee-hive, which they soon brought to terms. The others perceiving it, cried out, 'Hand the ladies a plate of honey.' This was immediately done with officious haste, no doubt thinking they were very generous in treating us with our own. There were a few horses feeding in the pasture. They had them driven up. 'Ladies, do either of you own these horses?' 'No; they partly belong to father and Mr. Smilie!' 'Well, ladies, as they are not *your* property, we will take them!'"

They asked the distance to the other settlements; and the females begged that forbearance might be shown to the aged father. He was visited the same day by another body of troops, who abused him and plundered the house. "One came to search mother's pockets, too, but she resolutely threw his hand aside. 'If you must see what's in my pocket, I'll show you myself;'



THOMAS JEFFERSON, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

and she took out a thread-case, which had thread, needles, pins, tape, &c. The mean wretch took it from her." * * "After drinking all the wine, rum, &c. they could find, and inviting the negroes they had with them, who were very insolent, to do the same—they went to their horses, and would shake hands with father and mother before their departure. Fine amends, to be sure!"

After such unwelcome visitors, it is not surprising that the unprotected women could not eat or sleep in peace. They lay in their clothes every night, alarmed by the least noise; while the days were spent in anxiety and melancholy. One morning, when Mrs. Wilkinson was coming out of her chamber, her eyes fixed on the window—for she was continually on the watch—she saw something glitter through a thin part of the wood bordering the road. It proved to be the weapons of a large body of soldiers. As they came from the direction of the enemy's encampment, she concluded they were British troops; and every one in the house took the alarm. "Never was there such a scene of confusion. Sighs, complaints, wringing of hands—one running here, another there, spreading the dreadful tidings; and in a little time the negroes in the field came running up to the house with a hundred stories Table, tea-cups—all the breakfast apparatus, were immediately huddled together and borne off; and we watched sharply to see which way the enemy (as we supposed them) took. But, oh! horrible! in a minute or two we saw our avenue crowded with horsemen in

uniform. Said I, 'that looks like our uniform—blue and red;' but I immediately recollected to have heard that the Hessian uniform was much like ours; so out of the house we went, into an out-house." Their excessive fright prevented the explanation attempted from being understood. While the officer was endeavoring to re-assure the terrified ladies, a negro woman came up, and tapping Mrs. Wilkinson on the shoulder, whispered, 'I don't like these men; one of them gave me this piece of silver for some milk; and I know our people don't have so much silver these times.'"

Their dismay and terror were groundless; for the horsemen were a party of Americans, under the command of Major Moore. The one taken for a Hessian was a French officer. The mistake had been mutual; the distress shown at sight of them having caused the officer in command to conclude himself and his men unwelcome visitors to some tory family. The discovery that they were friends changed fear into delight. "They then laughed at me," says Mrs. Wilkinson, "heartily for my fright—saying that they really expected, by the time I had done wringing my hands, I would have no skin left upon them; but now they knew the reason they no longer wondered."

Word was presently brought that a number of the enemy were carrying provisions from a plantation about two miles distant. The whigs marched to the place, and returned with seven prisoners. Two of these were of M'Girth's party, who had treated the ladies so cruelly; yet notwithstanding the njuries received, the

kind heart of Mrs. Wilkinson relented at the sight of them. She expressed pity for their distress, calling them *friends,* because they were in the power of her countrymen; and interceded for them with the captors. Enquiring if they would like any thing to drink, she supplied them with the water they craved, holding the glass to their lips, as their hands were tied behind them. Several of the American officers, who had gathered at the door and window, were smiling at the unusual scene. "In the meanwhile," she writes, "Miss Samuells was very busy about a wounded officer, (one of M'Girth's,) who had been brought to the house. He had a ball through his arm; we could find no rag to dress his wounds, every thing in the house being thrown into such confusion by the plunderers; but (see the native tenderness of an American!) Miss Samuells took from her neck the only remaining handkerchief the Britons had left her, and with it bound up his arm."

Their friends having left them, Mr. Yonge sent for his daughter to his own plantation. The ladies were obliged to walk three miles, the horses having been taken away; but umbrellas were sent for them, and they were attended by two of Mr. Yonge's negro men armed with clubs. While crossing a place called the Sands, the blacks captured and wounded a negro belonging to the loyalists, who came out of the woods Mrs. Wilkinson interfered to save his life; and to insure the safety of the poor creature who claimed her protection, and who was dragged on rapidly by his captors —they fearing pursuit—was obliged to walk very fast.

leaving the others behind, till she was ready to faint from fatigue and the overpowering heat. They arrived safe at her father's, whence they were driven ere long by another alarm. This time their flight was in darkness, through bogs and woods, stumbling against the stumps or each other. In their new abode they had more security. Parties of friends were out continually, keeping the enemy quiet; and sometimes in the night soldiers would ride up, and bid the negroes tell the ladies they might sleep soundly, for they were to maintain a patrol during the night.

At length the arrival of General Lincoln was announced; and he was joyfully welcomed by the inmates of the house. That night two or three hundred men were quartered on the plantation—some of the officers sleeping in the hall. They refused to have beds made. "Beds were not for soldiers; the floor or the earth served them as well as any where else." At daybreak they moved to camp. Another alarm occurred, and General Lincoln's defeat near Stono Ferry, caused the retreat of the family to Willtown. Our writer's pen had thence to record only new aggressions and sufferings.

The siege and capitulation of Charleston brought the evils under which the land had groaned, to their height. The hardships endured by those within the beleagured city—the gloomy resignation of hope—the submission to inevitable misfortune, have been described by abler chroniclers. The general feeling is expressed in a letter

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, GENERAL IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION, FROM A FRENCH PRINT.

from a soldier to his wife, written twelve days before the event:

"Our affairs are daily declining; and not a ray of hope remains to assure us of our success. * * I expect to have the liberty of soon returning to you; but the army must be made prisoners of war. This will give a rude shock to the independence of America; and a Lincolnade will be as common a term as a Burgoynade. * * A mortifying scene must be encountered; the thirteen stripes will be levelled in the dust; and I owe my life to the clemency of the conqueror."

After the surrender, Mrs. Wilkinson visited the city, went on board the prison-ship, and drank coffee with the prisoners awaiting an exchange. She saw the departure of her friends who were driven into exile, and indulged herself occasionally in provoking her enemies by sarcastic sallies. "Once," she writes, "I was asked by a British officer to play the guitar.

"'I cannot play; I am very dull.'

"'How long do you intend to continue so, Mrs. Wilkinson?'

"'Until my countrymen return, sir!'

"'Return as what, madam?—prisoners or subjects?'

"'As conquerors, sir.'

"He affected a laugh. 'You will never see that, madam!'

"'I live in hopes, sir, of seeing the thirteen stripes hoisted once more on the bastions of this garrison.'

"'Do not hope so; but come, give us a tune on the guitar.'

"'I can play nothing but rebel songs.'

"'Well, let us have one of them.'

"'Not to-day—I cannot play—I will not play; besides, I suppose I should be put into the Provost for such a heinous crime.'

"I have often wondered since, I was not packed off, too; for I was very saucy, and never disguised my sentiments.

"One day," she continues, "Kitty and I were going to take a walk on the Bay, to get something we wanted. Just as we had got our hats on, up ran one of the Billets into the dining-room, where we were.

"'Your servant, ladies.'

"'Your servant, sir.'

"'Going out, ladies?'

"'Only to take a little walk.'

"He immediately turned about, and ran down stairs. I guessed for what. * * * He offered me his hand, or rather arm, to lean upon.

"'Excuse me, sir,' said I; 'I will support myself, if you please.'

"'No, madam, the pavements are very uneven; you may get a fall; do accept my arm.'

"'Pardon me, I cannot.'

"'Come, you do not know what your condescension may do. I will turn rebel!'

"'Will you?' said I, laughingly—'Turn rebel first, and then offer your arm.'

"We stopped in another store, where were several British officers. After asking for the articles I wanted,

I saw a broad roll of ribbon, which appeared to be of black and white stripes.

"'Go,' said I to the officer who was with us, 'and reckon the stripes of that ribbon; see if they are *thirteen!*' (with an emphasis I spoke the word)—and he went, too!

"'Yes, they are thirteen, upon my word, madam.'

"'Do hand it me.' He did so; I took it, and found that it was narrow black ribbon, carefully wound round a broad white. I returned it to its place on the shelf.

"'Madam,' said the merchant, 'you can buy the black and white too, and tack them in stripes.'

"'By no means, sir; I would not have them *slightly tacked*, but *firmly united.*' The above-mentioned officers sat on the counter kicking their heels. How they gaped at me when I said this! But the merchant laughed heartily."

Like many others, Mrs. Wilkinson refused to join in the amusements of the city while in possession of the British; but gave her energies to the relief of her friends. The women were the more active when military efforts were suspended. Many and ingenious were the contrivances they adopted, to carry supplies from the British garrison, which might be useful to the gallant defenders of their country. Sometimes cloth for a military coat, fashioned into an appendage to female attire, would be borne away, unsuspected by the vigilant guards whose business it was to prevent smuggling, and afterwards converted into regimental shape. Boots, "a world too wide" for the delicate wearer, were

often transferred to the partisan who could not procure them for himself. A horseman's helmet has been concealed under a well-arranged head-dress; and epaulettes delivered from the folds of a matron's simple cap. Other articles in demand for military use, more easily conveyed, were regularly brought away by some stratagem or other. Feathers and cockades thus secured, and presented by the fair ones as a trophy, had an inestimable value in the eyes of those who received them; and useful apparel was worn with the greater satisfaction, that it had not been conveyed without some risk on the donor's part.

It was after the return of Mrs. Wilkinson to Yonge's Island, that news was received of the glorious victory of Washington over Cornwallis. Her last letter which is of any public interest, contains congratulations on this event.

The old family mansion has been removed from the island. But the burial-ground is still held sacred; and the memory of Eliza Wilkinson is cherished in the hearts of her kindred.

MRS. BRATTON HEROICALLY DEFYING CAPTAIN HUCK.

XVII.

MARTHA BRATTON.

"The memory of Mrs. Martha Bratton.—In the hands of an infuriated monster, with the instrument of death around her neck, she nobly refused to betray her husband; in the hour of victory she remembered mercy, and as a guardian angel, interposed in behalf of her inhuman enemies. Throughout the Revolution she encouraged the whigs to fight on to the last; to hope on to the end. Honor and gratitude to the woman and heroine, who proved herself so faithful a wife—so firm a friend to liberty!"

The above toast was drunk at a celebration of Huck's Defeat, given at Brattonsville, York District, South Carolina, on the twelfth of July, 1839. The ground of the battle that had taken place fifty-nine years before, was within a few hundred yards of Dr Bratton's residence, inherited from his father, one of the heroes of that day. He celebrated the anniversary of this triumph of the whigs. Tho cool spring of the battle-field, it is said, furnished the only beverage used on the occasion.

The victory gained at this spot had the most impor

tant effect on the destinies of the State. It was the first check given to the British troops—the first time after the fall of Charleston, that the hitherto victorious enemy had been met. It brought confidence to the drooping spirits of the patriots, and taught the invaders that freemen are not conquered while the mind is free. The whigs, inspired with new life and buoyant hopes, began to throng together; the British were again attacked and defeated; a band of resolute and determined spirits took the field, and kept it till victory perched upon their banners, and South Carolina became an independent State.

The year 1780 was a dark period for the patriots of Carolina. Charleston surrendered on the twelfth of May; and General Lincoln and the American army became prisoners of war. This success was followed up by vigorous movements. One expedition secured the important post of Ninety-Six; another scoured the country bordering on the Savannah; and Lord Cornwallis passed the Santee and took Georgetown Armed garrisons were posted throughout the State, which lay at the mercy of the conqueror, to overawe the inhabitants, and secure a return to their allegiance. For several weeks all military opposition ceased; and it was the boast of Sir Henry Clinton, that here, at least, the American Revolution was ended. A proclamation was issued, denouncing vengeance on all who should dare appear in arms, save under the royal authority, and offering pardon, with a few exceptions, to those who would acknowledge it, and accept British protection

The great body of the people, believing resistance unavailing and hopeless, took the offered protection, while those who refused absolute submission were exiled or imprisoned. But the fact is recorded that the inhabitants of York District never gave their paroles nor accepted protection as British subjects; preferring resistance and exile to subjection and inglorious peace.* A few individuals, who were excepted from the benefits of the proclamation, with others in whose breasts the love of liberty was unconquerable, sought refuge in North Carolina. They were followed by the whigs of York, Chester, and some other districts bordering on that State, who fled from the British troops as they marched into the upper country to compel the entire submission of the conquered province. These patriot exiles soon organized themselves in companies, and under their gallant leaders, Sumter, Bratton, Wynn, Moffit and others, began to collect on the frontier, and to harass the victorious enemy by sudden and desultory attacks. At the time when this noble daring was displayed, the State was unable to feed or clothe or arm the soldiers. They depended on their own exertions for every thing necessary to carry on the warfare. They tabernacled in the woods and swamps, with wolves and other beasts

* This fact is dwelt upon in the oration delivered on the occasion by Colonel Beatty. Dr. Joseph Johnson of Charleston, to whom I am indebted for some of the particulars in Mrs. Bratton's history, thinks it due to the circumstance that a large proportion of the settlers in that part of the State were of Irish origin, and derived their distrust of British faith from traditions of violated rights, contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of Limerick.

of the forest; and frequently wanted both for food and clothing.

To crush this bold and determined spirit, British officers and troops were despatched, in marauding parties, to every nook and corner of South Carolina, authorised to punish every whig with the utmost rigor, and to call upon the loyalists to aid in the work of carnage. A body of these marauders, assembled at Mobley's Meeting-house in Fairfield District, were attacked and defeated in June by a party of whigs under the command of Colonel Bratton, Major Wynn, and Captain M'Clure. The report of this disaster being conveyed to Rocky Mount in Chester District, Colonel Turnbull, the commander of a strong detachment of British troops at that point, determined on summary vengeance, and for that purpose sent Captain Huck, at the head of four hundred cavalry, and a considerable body of tories, all well mounted, with the following order:

"To Captain Huyck—

"You are hereby ordered, with the cavalry under your command, to proceed to the frontier of the province, collecting all the royal militia with you on your march, and with said force to push the rebels as far as you may deem convenient."*

It was at this time that the heroism of the wife of Colonel Bratton was so nobly displayed. The evening

* The order was found in Huck's pocket after death, and is still preserved by one of his conquerors. His name is spelt as above in the manuscript

MRS HENRY J. BUTTERFIELD
Mc Menamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway. N.Y.

preceding the battle, Huck arrived at Colonel Bratton's house. He entered rudely, and demanded where her husband was.

"He is in Sumter's army," was the undaunted reply.

The officer then essayed persuasion, and proposed to Mrs Bratton to induce her husband to come in and join the royalists, promising that he should have a commission in the royal service. It may well be believed that arguments were used, which must have had a show of reason at the time, when the people generally had given up all hopes and notions of independence. But Mrs. Bratton answered with heroic firmness, that she would rather see him remain true to his duty to his country, even if he perished in Sumter's army.

The son of Mrs. Bratton, Dr. John S. Bratton, who was then a child, remembers that Huck was caressing him on his knee while speaking to his mother. On receiving her answer, he pushed the boy off so suddenly, that his face was bruised by the fall. At the same time, one of Huck's soldiers, infuriated at her boldness, and animated by the spirit of deadly animosity towards the whigs which then raged in its greatest violence, seized a reaping-hook that hung near them in the piazza, and brought it to her throat, with intention to kill her. Still she refused to give information that might endanger her husband's safety. There is no mention made of any interference on the part of Captain Huck to save her from the hands of his murderous ruffian. But the officer second in command interposed.

and compelled the soldier to release her. They took prisoners three old men, whom, with another they had captured during the day, they confined in a corn crib

Huck then ordered Mrs. Bratton to have supper prepared for him and his troopers. It may be conceived with what feelings she saw her house occupied by the enemies of her husband and her country, and found herself compelled to minister to their wants. What wild and gloomy thoughts had possession of her soul, is evident from the desperate idea that occurred to her of playing a Roman's part, and mingling poison, which she had in the house, with the food they were to eat · thus delivering her neighbors from the impending danger. But her noble nature shrank from such an expedient, even to punish the invaders of her home. She well knew, too, the brave spirit that animated her husband and his comrades. They might even now be dogging the footsteps of the enemy; they might be watching the opportunity for an attack. They might come to the house also. She would not have them owe to a cowardly stratagem the victory they should win in the field of battle. Having prepared the repast, she retired with her children to an upper apartment.

After they had supped, Huck and his officers went to another house about half a mile off, owned by James Williamson, to pass the night. His troops lay encamped around it A fenced road passed the door, and sentinels were posted along the road. The soldiers slept in fancied security, and the guard kept negligent watch;

they dreamed not of the scene that awaited them; they knew not that defeat and death were impending. Colonel Bratton, with a party chiefly composed of his neighbors, had that day left Mecklenburg County North Carolina, under the conviction that the royalists would shortly send forces into the neighborhood of their homes, to revenge the defeat of the tories at Mobley's Meeting-House. With a force of only seventy-five men—for about fifty had dropped off on the way—Colonel Bratton and Captain McClure, having received intelligence of the position and numbers of the enemy, marched to within a short distance of their encampment. The whigs arrived at night, and after concealing their horses in a swamp, Bratton himself reconnoitered the encampment, advancing within the line of sentinels. The party of Americans divided to enclose the enemy; one-half coming up the lane, the other being sent round to take the opposite direction. Huck and his officers were still sleeping when the attack commenced, and were aroused by the roar of the American guns. Huck made all speed to mount his horse, and several times rallied his men; but his efforts were unavailing: the spirit and determined bravery of the patriots carried all before them. The rout was complete. As soon as Huck and another officer fell, his men threw down their arms and fled.*

* It is said that Huck was shot by John Carrol, who, as well as his brother Thomas, was a brave and daring soldier, his valor being always of the most impetuous kind. A brief, but characteristic description of him has been given by another Revolutionary hero: "He was a

Some were killed, or mortally wounded; some perished in the woods; the rest escaped, or were made prisoners In the pursuit the conflict raged around Bratton's house and Mrs. Bratton and her children, anxious to look out, were in some danger from the shots. She made her little son, much against his will, sit within the chimney. While he was there, a ball struck against the opposite jam, and was taken up by him as a trophy. The battle lasted about an hour; it was bloody, though brief; and it is stated that the waters of the spring, which now gush forth so bright and transparent, on that memorable spot, were then crimsoned with the tide of human life. About daylight, when the firing had ceased, Mrs. Bratton ventured out, anxious, and fearful of finding her nearest and dearest relatives among the dead and wounded lying around her dwelling. But none of her loved ones had fallen. Her house was opened alike to the wounded on both sides; and she humanely attended the sufferers in person, affording them, indiscriminately, every relief and comfort in her power to bestow; feeding and nursing them, and supplying their wants with the kindest and most assiduous attention. Thus her lofty spirit was displayed no less by her humanity to the vanquished, than by her courage and resolution in the hour of danger. After the death of Huck in battle, the officer next in command became the leader of the troops. He was among the prisoners who surrendered to the whigs, and they were deter-

whig from the first—he was a whig to the last; he didn't believe in the tories, and he made the tories believe in him"

mined to put him to death. He entreated, as a last favor, to be conducted to the presence of Mrs. Bratton. She instantly recognized him as the officer who had interfered in her behalf and saved her life. Gratitude, as well as the mercy natural to woman's heart, prompted her now to intercede for him. She pleaded with an eloquence which, considering the share she had borne in the common distress and danger, could not be withstood. Her petition was granted; she procured his deliverance from the death that awaited him, and kindly entertained him till he was exchanged. There is hardly a situation in romance or dramatic fiction, which can surpass the interest and pathos of this simple incident.

The evening before the battle, Huck and his troops had stopped on their way at the house of Mrs. Adair, on South Fishing Creek, at the place where the road from Yorkville to Chester court-house now crosses that stream. They helped themselves to every thing eatable on the premises, and one Captain Anderson laid a strict injunction on the old lady, to bring her sons under the royal banner. After the battle had been fought, Mrs. Adair and her husband were sent for by their sons and Colonel Edward Lacy, whom they had brought up, for the purpose of sending them into North Carolina for safety. When Mrs. Adair reached the battle-ground, she dismounted from her horse, and passed round among her friends. Presently she came with her sons to a tent where several wounded men were lying—Anderson among them. She said to him, "Well, Captain, you ordered me last night to bring in my rebel sons

Here are two of them, and if the third had been within a day's ride, he would have been here also." The chagrined officer replied, "Yes, madam, I have seen them." Mrs. Adair was the mother of the late Governor John Adair of Kentucky.

Instances of the noble daring of the women of that day, thus thrown "into the circle of mishap," and compelled to witness so many horrors, and share so many dangers, were doubtless of almost hourly occurrence But of the individuals whose faithful memory retained the impression of those scenes, how few survive throughout the land! Enquiries made on this subject are continually met by expressions of regret that some relative who has within a few years descended to the grave, was not alive to describe events of those trying times. "If you could only have heard —— or —— talk of Revolutionary scenes, volumes might have been filled with the anecdotes they remembered!" is the oft-repeated exclamation, which causes regret that the tribute due has been so long withheld from the memory of those heroines.

The defeat of Huck had the immediate effect of bringing the whigs together; and in a few days a large accession of troops joined the army of Sumter. The attack on the British at Rocky Mount was shortly followed by a complete victory over them at Hanging Rock.

Another anecdote is related of Mrs. Bratton. Before the fall of Charleston, when effectual resistance throughout the State was in a great measure rendered impossible

by the want of ammunition, Governor Rutledge had sent a supply to all the regiments, to enable them to harass the invading army. Many of these supplies were secured by the patriots in the back country, by secreting them in hollow trees and the like hiding-places; others fell into the hands of the enemy or were destroyed. The portion given to Colonel Bratton was in his occasional absence from home confided to the care of his wife. Some loyalists who heard of this, informed the British officer in command of the nearest station, and a detachment was immediately sent forward to secure the valuable prize. Mrs. Bratton was informed of their near approach, and was aware that there could be no chance of saving her charge. She resolved that the enemy should not have the benefit of it. She therefore immediately laid a train of powder from the depot to the spot where she stood, and, when the detachment came in sight, set fire to the train, and blew it up. The explosion that greeted the ears of the foe, informed them that the object of their expedition was frustrated. The officer in command, irritated to fury, demanded who had dared to perpetrate such an act, and threatened instant and severe vengeance upon the culprit. The intrepid woman to whom he owed his disappointment answered for herself. "It was I who did it," she replied. "Let the consequence be what it will, I glory in having prevented the mischief contemplated by the cruel enemies of my country."

XVIII.

JANE THOMAS.

The state of popular feeling after the occupation of Charleston by the British, and during the efforts made to establish an undisputed control over the State, might be in some measure illustrated by the life of Mrs. Thomas, were there materials for a full narrative of incidents in which she and her neighbors bore an active or passive part. It is in wild and stirring times that such spirits are nurtured, and arise in their strength. She was another of the patriotic females in whose breast glowed such ardent patriotism, that no personal hazard could deter from service, wherever service could be rendered. She was a native of Chester County, Pennsylvania, and the sister of the Reverend John Black, of Carlisle, the first president of Dickinson College. She was married about 1740, to John Thomas, supposed to be a native of Wales, who had been brought up in the same county. Some ten or fifteen years after his marriage, Mr. Thomas removed to South Carolina. His residence for some time was upon Fishing Creek in Chester District. About the year 1762, he removed to what is now called Spartanburg

MRS. J. T. THOMAS.
Mc Manamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway. N.Y.

District, and settled upon Fairforest Creek, a few miles above the spot where the line dividing that district from Union crosses the stream. Mrs. Thomas was much beloved and respected in that neighborhood. She was one of the first members of the Presbyterian congregation organized about that time, and known as Fairforest church, of which she continued a zealous and efficient member as long as she resided within its bounds.

For many years previous to the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Mr. Thomas was a magistrate and a captain of militia. Before hostilities began, he resigned both these commissions. When Colonel Fletcher refused to accept a commission under the authority of the province of South Carolina, an election was held, and John Thomas was chosen Colonel of the Spartan regiment. The proximity of this regiment to the frontier imposed a large share of active service on the soldiers belonging to it, and devolved great responsibilities upon its commander. Colonel Thomas led out his quota of men to repel the Indians in 1776, and shared the privations and dangers connected with the expedition under General Williamson into the heart of the Indian territory, in the autumn of that year. When that campaign terminated, and the Indians sued for peace, the protection of a long line of the frontier was intrusted to him. With diligence, fidelity and zeal did he perform this duty; and retained his command till after the fall of Charleston.

As soon as the news of the surrender of that city

reached the borders of the State, measures were concerted by Colonels Thomas, Brandon and Lyskes, for the concentration of their forces with a view to protect the country. Their schemes were frustrated by the devices of Colonel Fletcher, who still remained in the neighborhood. Having discovered their intentions, he gave notice to some British troops recently marched into the vicinity, and to a body of tory cavalry thirty miles distant. These were brought together, and surprised the force collected by Brandon at the point designated, before the others had time to arrive. Within a short time after this event, almost every whig between the Broad and Saluda rivers was compelled to abandon the country or accept British protection. Numbers of them fled to North Carolina. Colonel Thomas, then advanced in life, with some others in like defenceless circumstances, took protection. By this course, they hoped to secure permission to remain unmolested with their families; but in this supposition they were lamentably mistaken. It was not long before Colonel Thomas was arrested, and sent to prison at Ninety-Six. Thence he was conveyed to Charleston, where he remained in durance till near the close of the war.

It was the policy of Cornwallis, whom Sir Henry Clinton, on his departure to New York, had left in command of the royal army, to compel submission by the severest measures. The bloody slaughter under Tarleton at Waxhaw Creek, was an earnest of what those who ventured resistance might expect. This course was pursued with unscrupulous cruelty, and the

unfortunate patriots were made to feel the vengeance of exasperated tyranny. He hoped thus eventually to crush and extinguish the spirit still struggling and flashing forth, like hidden fire, among the people whom the arm of power had for a season brought under subjection. But the oppressor, though he might overawe, could not subdue the spirit of a gallant and outraged people. The murmur of suffering throughout the land rose ere long into a mighty cry for deliverance. The royal standard became an object of execration. And while brave leaders were at hand—while the fearless and determined Sumter could draw about him the hardy sons of the upper and middle country—while the patriotic Marion, ever fertile in resource, could harass the foe from his impenetrable retreat in the recesses of forests and swamps; while the resolute and daring Pickens could bring his bold associates to join in the noble determination to burst the chains riveted on a prostrate land—and others of the same mould, familiar with difficulties, accustomed to toil and danger, and devoted to the cause of their suffering country, were ready for prompt and energetic action—hope could be entertained that all was not yet lost. The outrages committed by the profligate and abandoned, whose loyalty was the cover for deeds of rapine and blood, served but to bind in closer union the patriots who watched their opportunity for annoying the enemy, and opening a way for successful resistance.

One of the congenial co-operators in these plans of the British commander, was Colonel Ferguson. He

encouraged the loyalists to take arms, and led them to desolate the homes of their neighbors. About the last of June he came into that part of the country where the family of Colonel Thomas lived, and caused great distress by the pillage and devastation of the bands of tories who hung around his camp. The whigs were robbed of their negroes, horses, cattle, clothing, bedding, and every article of property of sufficient value to take away. These depredations were frequent, the expeditions for plunder being sometimes weekly; and were continued as long as the tories could venture to show their faces. In this state of things, while whole families suffered, female courage and fortitude were called into active exercise; and Mrs. Thomas showed herself a bright example of boldness, spirit and determination.

While her husband was a prisoner at Ninety-Six, she paid a visit to him and her two sons, who were his companions in rigorous captivity. By chance she overheard a conversation between some tory women, the purport of which deeply interested her. One said to the others: "To-morrow night the loyalists intend to surprise the rebels at Cedar Spring."

The heart of Mrs. Thomas was thrilled with alarm at this intelligence. The Cedar Spring was within a few miles of her house; the whigs were posted there, and among them were some of her own children.

Her resolution was taken at once; for there was no time to be lost. She determined to apprise them of the enemy's intention, before the blow could be struck. Bidding a hasty adieu to her husband and sons, she

was upon the road as quickly as possible; rode the intervening distance of nearly sixty miles the next day and arrived in time to bring information to her sons and friends of the impending danger. The moment they knew what was to be expected, a brief consultation was held; and measures were immediately taken for defence. The soldiers withdrew a short distance from their camp-fires, which were prepared to burn as brightly as possible. The men selected suitable positions in the surrounding woods.

Their preparations were just completed, when they heard in the distance, amid the silence of night, the cautious advance of the foe. The scene was one which imagination, far better than the pen of the chronicler, can depict. Slowly and warily, and with tread as noiseless as possible, the enemy advanced; till they were already within the glare of the blazing fires, and safely, as it seemed, on the verge of their anticipated work of destruction. No sound betrayed alarm; they supposed the intended victims wrapped in heavy slumbers; they heard but the crackling of the flames, and the hoarse murmur of the wind as it swept through the pine trees. The assailants gave the signal for the onset, and rushed towards the fires—eager for indiscriminate slaughter. Suddenly the flashes and shrill reports of rifles revealed the hidden champions of liberty. The enemy, to their consternation, found themselves assailed in the rear by the party they had expected to strike unawares. Thrown into confusion by this unexpected reception defeat, overwhelming defeat, was

the consequence to the loyalists. They were about one hundred and fifty strong, while the whigs numbered only about sixty. The victory thus easily achieved they owed to the spirit and courage of a woman! Such were the matrons of that day.

Not merely upon this occasion was Mrs. Thomas active in conveying intelligence to her friends, and in arousing the spirit of Independence among its advocates. She did, as well as suffered much, during the period of devastation and lawless rapine. One instance of her firmness is well remembered. Early in the war Governor Rutledge sent a quantity of arms and ammunition to the house of Colonel Thomas, to be in readiness for any emergency that might arise on the frontier. These munitions were under a guard of twenty-five men; and the house was prepared to resist assault. Colonel Thomas received information that a large party of tories, under the command of Colonel More of North Carolina, was advancing to attack him. He and his guard deemed it inexpedient to risk an encounter with a force so much superior to their own; and they therefore retired, carrying off as much ammunition as possible. Josiah Culbertson, a son-in-law of Colonel Thomas, who was with the little garrison would not go with the others, but remained in the house. Besides him and a youth, the only inmates were women. The tories advanced, and took up their station; but the treasure was not to be yielded to their demand. Their call for admittance was answered by an order to leave the premises; and their fire was re-

ceived without much injury by the logs of the house. The fire was quickly returned from the upper story, and proved much more effectual than that of the assailants. The old-fashioned "batten door," strongly barricaded, resisted their efforts to demolish it. Meanwhile Culbertson continued to fire, the guns being loaded as fast as he discharged them, by the ready hands of Mrs. Thomas and her daughters, aided by her son William; and this spirited resistance soon convinced the enemy that further effort was useless. Believing that many men were concealed in the house, and apprehending a sally, their retreat was made as rapidly as their wounds would permit. After waiting a prudent time, and reconnoitering as well as she could from her position above, Mrs. Thomas descended the stairs, and opened the doors. When her husband made his appearance, and knew how gallantly the plunderers had been repulsed, his joy was only equalled by admiration of his wife's heroism. The powder thus preserved constituted the principal supply for Sumter's army in the battles at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock.

Mrs. Thomas was the mother of nine children; and her sons and sons-in-law were active in the American service. John, the eldest son, rose during the war from the rank of captain till he succeeded his father in the command of the Spartan regiment. This he commanded at the battle of the Cowpens, and elsewhere. He was with Sumter in several of his most important engagements. Robert, another son, was killed in Roebuck's defeat. Abram, who was wounded at Ninety-Six

and taken prisoner died in the enemy's hands. William, the youth who had assisted in defending his home on the occasion mentioned, took part in other actions. Thus Mrs. Thomas was liable to some share of the enmity exhibited by the royalists towards another matron, against whom the charge, "She has seven sons in the rebel army," was an excuse for depredations on her property. If she had but four sons, she had sons-in-law who were likewise brave and zealous in the cause. Martha, one of the daughters, married Josiah Culbertson, who was the most effective scout in the country. He fought the Indians single-handed and in the army; was in nearly every important battle; and killed a number of celebrated tories in casual encounter. He seems to have been a special favorite with Colonel Isaac Shelby, in whose regiment he served in the battle at Musgrove's Mill, King's Mountain, and elsewhere. To this officer his daring spirit and deadly aim with the rifle, especially commended him; and he was employed by Shelby in the execution of some important trusts. He received a captain's commission towards the close of the war.

Ann was the wife of Joseph McJunkin, who entered the service of his country as a private, at the age of twenty, and rose to the rank of major before the close of 1780. He was in most of the battles before March, 1781, and contributed much to the success of those fought at Hanging Rock, Musgrove's Mill, Blackstock's Ford, and the Cowpens. This brave and faithful officer died in 1840. A sketch of his life, by the Rev. James

H. Saye, of South Carolina, is in preparation, and nas in part been published.

Jane, the third daughter, married Captain Joseph McCool; and Letitia was the wife of Major James Lusk. Both these were brave and efficient patriots; but the scenes of their exploits, and the success that attended them, are now remembered but in tradition. Of how many who deserve the tribute of their country's gratitude, is history silent! Every member of this family, it will thus be seen, had a personal interest in the cause of the country.

Not only was Mrs. Thomas distinguished for her indomitable perseverance where principle and right were concerned, and for her ardent spirit of patriotism, but for eminent piety, discretion, and industry. Her daughters exhibited the same loveliness of character, with the uncommon beauty of person which they inherited from her. All accounts represent Mrs. Culbertson as a woman of great beauty; and her sister Ann is said to have been little inferior to her in personal appearance. Mrs. Thomas herself was rather below the ordinary stature, with black eyes and hair, rounded and pleasing features, fair complexion, and countenance sprightly and expressive.

Soon after the close of the war, Colonel Thomas removed into Greenville district, where he and his wife resided till their death. But few of their descendants remain in the section of country where their parents lived, being scattered over the regions of the far West. To the gentleman already mentioned as the biographer

of McJunkin, I am indebted for all these details, ascertained from authentic papers in his possession.

A FEW anecdotes of other women in the region where Mrs. Thomas lived during the war, are of interest as showing the state of the times. Isabella Sims, the wife of Captain Charles Sims, resided on Tyger River, six or seven miles below the scene of Brandon's defeat, above mentioned, on Fairforest Creek. When she heard of that disaster, she went up and devoted herself for several days to nursing the wounded soldiers. Daniel McJunkin shared her maternal care, and recovered to render substantial service afterwards.

On another occasion, having heard the noise of battle during the afternoon and night, she went up early in the morning to Leighton's. A scout consisting of eight whigs had been surrounded by a very large body of tories. Some of the scouts made their escape by charging through the line; four defended themselves in the house till after dark, when they surrendered. Mrs. Sims, on her arrival, found that John Jolly, a whig officer who belonged to the vicinity, had been shot in attempting to escape. She sent for his wife, and made the necessary arrangements for his decent burial. Sarah, his widow, was left with five children; and for a time had great difficulty in procuring a subsistence. Her house was visited almost weekly by plundering parties, and robbed of food and clothing. At one time

CORNELIA BEEKMAN.

C Beekman

one of the robbers remained after the others had gone, and to an order to depart returned a refusal, with abusive and profane language. The exasperated mother seized a stick, with which she broke his arm, and drove him from the premises.

Not long after the death of Jolly, the famous Cunningham, a tory colonel who acted a prominent part in the partisan warfare of Laurens, Newberry, and Edgefield districts, came with a squadron of cavalry to the house of Captain Sims, who was gone for safety to North Carolina. Calling Mrs. Sims to the door, Cunningham ordered her to quit the place in three days; saying if he found the family there on his return, he would shut them in the house and burn it over them. Mrs. Sims fled with her family across the country to the house of a friendly old man; and remained there till her husband came and took them to York District, and thence to Virginia.

The wife of Major Samuel Otterson, a distinguished patriot, who lived also on Tyger River, chanced to know the place where a barrel of powder was concealed in the woods close at hand. She received intelligence one night that a party of tories would come for the treasure the next morning. Resolved that it should not fall into their hands, she prepared a train immediately, and blew up the powder. In the morning came the enemy, and on their demand for it, were told by Mrs. Otterson what she had done. They refused to believe her, but cut off her dress at the waist, and drove

her before them to show the place of deposit. The evidence of its fate was conclusive, when they reached the spot.

Other instances of female intrepidity are rife in popular memory. Miss Nancy Jackson, who lived in the Irish settlement near Fairforest Creek, kicked a tory down the steps as he was descending loaded with plunder. In a great rage he threatened to send the Hessian troops there next day; which obliged her to take refuge with an acquaintance several miles distant. On one occasion the house of Samuel McJunkin, a stout patriot, but too old for the battle-field, was visited by a party under the noted Colonel Patrick Moore. They stayed all night; and when about to depart, stripped the house of bed-clothes and wearing apparel. The last article taken was a bed-quilt, which one Bill Haynesworth placed upon his horse. Jane, Mr. McJunkin's daughter, seized it, and a struggle ensued. The soldiers amused themselves by exclaiming, "Well done, woman!"—"Well done, Bill!" For once the colonel's feelings of gallantry predominated; and he swore if Jane could take the quilt from the man, she should have it. Presently in the contest, Bill's feet slipped from under him, and he lay panting on the ground. Jane placed one foot upon his breast and wrested the quilt from his grasp.

XIX.

DORCAS RICHARDSON.*

Fruitful in noble spirits were those wild and gloomy times; and woman's high truth and heroic devotion poured a solemn radiance over the dreary and appalling scenes of civil war. No pen has recorded the instances innumerable in which her virtues shone conspicuous; they are forgotten by those who enjoy the benefits thus secured; or but a vague recollection remains—or an example is here and there remembered in family tradition. Even to these examples what meagre justice can be done by the few scattered and desultory anecdotes which must take the place of a complete history!

Living in the midst of the storm and struggle, and bearing more than her own share of the terrible trials which fell to woman's lot, Mrs. Richardson afforded an example of modest heroism, and of humble, cheerful faith. Her residence was in Clarendon, Sumter District. She was the daughter of Captain John Nelson,

* For the details of this sketch I am indebted to the kindness of Dr Joseph Johnson, of Charleston, who has collected and preserved many interesting anecdotes of the war in South Carolina.

a native of Ireland, who married Miss Brownson, of South Carolina. The ferry over the Santee River, established and kept for several years by them, is still called Nelson's Ferry; and many of their descendants continue to live on both sides of the river. It is said that Lord Cornwallis, on his march into the interior, after the fall of Charleston, established his head-quarters at this ferry, at the house of the widow Nelson. She received from him an assurance that her property should be protected. When a large quantity of plate which she had buried for security was discovered and claimed as a prize by the captors, she reminded his lordship of his promise; but he refused to order the restoration of the plate, saying that the protection he had pledged extended only to things above ground!

Dorcas was married at the age of twenty, in 1761, and removed to her husband's plantation, situated about twenty miles further up the river, on the east side, near the junction of the Congaree and Wateree. In this home of peace, contentment, and abundance, she enjoyed all the comforts of southern country life among the prosperous class, till the outburst of that storm in which the fortunes and happiness of so many patriots were wrecked.

At the commencement of the war Richard Richardson was captain of a company of militia in the brigade of his father General Richardson; and with him embraced the quarrel of the Colonies, in defence of their chartered rights. Both were zealous, firm, and influential officers. The captain was frequently called out

with his company by order of the new governme and his first expedition was against the loyalists in the upper districts, incited by the royal governor, Lord William Campbell. General Richardson commanded, and was aided by Colonel William Thompson with his regiment of regulars called the Rangers. The enemy was dispersed, most of their leaders captured, and the arms and ammunition they had seized recovered. Captain Richardson was appointed with his mounted men to guard the prisoners to Charleston. This occurrence took place at the close of 1775; and the winter having set in earlier than usual with uncommon severity, the young soldiers suffering much from the cold, sleet, and snow, it was called the Snow Campaign.

When the three regiments of regulars were raised and officered in 1775, Captain Richardson and his father were retained in the militia on account of their great popularity and influence; Edward, a younger brother, being appointed captain of the Rangers under Colonel Thompson. A second regiment of riflemen, however, was raised in March of the following year; and Richard Richardson was appointed captain under Colonel Thomas Sumter. From this time, during the six succeeding years, he was able to be very little at home with his family. At the surrender of Charleston he was taken prisoner with his father and brother. In violation of the terms of capitulation, Richard was sent to a military station on John's Island, where he nearly fell a victim to the small-pox. The British having failed to observe the conditions on which he had

surrendered, as soon as he recovered sufficiently to move about, he made his escape; and being disguised by the effects of the disease, returned to the neighborhood of his home, where he concealed himself in the Santee Swamp. This extensive swamp-land borders the river for many miles, presenting to the view a vast plain of dense woods which seem absolutely impervious. The recesses of those dark thickets, where the trees grow close together, and are interlaced by a luxuriant growth of giant creepers, often afforded hiding-places for the hunted Americans. At this time the British troops had overrun the State; and Colonel Tarleton had made the house of Captain Richardson, with some others, a station for his regiment of cavalry. They lived luxuriously on the abundance of his richly-stocked and well-cultivated plantation; while Mrs. Richardson and her children, it is said, were restricted to a single apartment, and allowed but a scanty share of the provisions furnished from her own stores. Here was an occasion for the exercise of self-denial, that the wants of one dear to her might be supplied. Every day she sent food from her small allowance to her husband in the swamp, by an old and faithful negro, in whose care and discretion she could implicitly trust. She had expected the seizure of her horses and cattle by the British, and had sent Richardson's favorite riding-horse into the swamp for concealment, with a few cattle which she wished to save for future need. Every thing that fell into the enemy's hands was consumed. The horse was shut up in a covered pen in

the woods, which had once been used for holding corn; and he thence received the name of Corncrib. He was subsequently killed in the battle of Eutaw.

Mrs. Richardson not only sent provisions to her husband in his place of shelter, but sometimes ventured to visit him, taking with her their little daughter. These stolen meetings were full of consolation to the fugitive soldier. The spot he had chosen for his retreat was a small knoll or elevation in the heart of the swamp, called "John's Island," by way of distinction from another in the neighborhood, occupied by other whigs, which bore the name of "Beech Island." On this many of their initials may still be seen, carved on the bark of the trees.

It was not long before the British had information of Richardson's escape. They naturally concluded that he was somewhere in the vicinity of his family and relatives. A diligent search was instituted; scouts were sent in every direction, and they watched to surprise him, or find some clue to his retreat. In secret and publicly rewards were offered for his apprehension; but without success. One day an officer, caressing the little girl, asked when she had seen her papa; the mother grew pale, but dared not speak, for a short time only had elapsed since the child had been taken on a visit to her father. The thoughtless prattler answered promptly, that she had seen him only a few days before. "And where?" asked the officer, eager to extract information from innocent lips that might betray the patriot. The child replied without hesitation, "On

John's Island." The officer knew of no place so called except the large sea island from which Richardson had escaped. After a moment's reflection, he came to the conclusion that the child had been dreaming, and relieved the mother's throbbing heart by saying, "Pshaw, that was a long time ago!" It may well be believed that the little tell-tale was not trusted with another visit to the spot.

Not unfrequently did the officers, in the most unfeeling manner, boast in the presence of the wife, of what they would do to her husband when they should capture him. Once only did she deign the reply, "I do not doubt that men who can outrage the feelings of a woman by such threats, are capable of perpetrating any act of treachery and inhumanity towards a brave but unfortunate enemy. But conquer or capture my husband, if you can do so, before you boast the cruelty you mean to mark your savage triumph! And let me tell you, meanwhile, that some of you, it is likely, will be in a condition to implore *his* mercy, before he will have need to supplicate, or deign to accept yours." This prediction was literally verified in more than one instance during the eventful remainder of the war.

Tarleton himself was frequently present during these scenes, apparently a pleased, though generally a silent spectator. He would remark at times, in the way of self-vindication, "that he commiserated the trials, and wondered at the endurance, of this heroic woman; but that his sanction of such proceedings was necessary to the success of His Majesty's cause." Weak cause,

indeed, that was constrained to wring the cost of its maintenance from the bleeding hearts of wives and mothers!

On one occasion some of the officers displayed in the sight of Mrs. Richardson, their swords reeking with blood—probably that of her cattle—and told her it was the blood of Captain Richardson, whom they had killed. At another time they brought intelligence that he had been taken and hanged. In this state of cruel suspense she sometimes remained for several successive days, unable to learn the fate of her husband, and not knowing whether to believe or distrust the horrible tales brought to her ears.

One day, when the troops were absent on some expedition, Captain Richardson ventured on a visit to his home. A happy hour was it to the anxious wife and faithful domestics, when they could greet him once more in his own mansion. But before he thought of returning to his refuge in the forest, a patrolling party of the enemy appeared unexpectedly at the gate. Mrs. Richardson's presence of mind and calm courage were in instant requisition, and proved the salvation of the hunted patriot. Seeing the British soldiers about to come in, she pretended to be intently busy about something in the front door, and stood in the way, retarding their entrance. The least appearance of agitation or fear—the least change of color—might have betrayed all by exciting suspicion. But with a self-control as rare as admirable, she hushed even the wild beating of her heart, and continued to stand in the way, till her

husband had time to retire through the back door, into the swamp near at hand. The brave captain was not idle in his seclusion; but collecting around him the whigs of his acquaintance who remained firm in their devotion to their native land, he trained them daily in cavalry exercise. When Tarleton ravaged the plantation and burnt the dwelling of his deceased father, General Richardson, he passed so near the ruins as to see the extent of the desolation. General Marion happened at that time to be in a very critical situation, and unaware of the great superiority of the enemy's force close at hand. The gallant Richardson hastened to his aid; joined him, and conducted the retreat of his army, which was immediately commenced and successfully executed. The British were not long in discovering that the captain had joined the forces of Marion; and their deportment to his wife was at once changed. One and all professed a profound respect for her brave and worthy husband, whose services they were desirous of securing. They endeavored to obtain her influence to prevail on him to join the royal army, by promises of pardon, wealth, and honorable promotion. The high-spirited wife treated all such offers with the contempt they deserved, and refused to be made instrumental to their purposes. They then despatched his brother Edward, who was a prisoner on parole upon the adjoining plantation, to be the bearer of their offers. By him Mrs. Richardson also sent a message to her husband. It was to assure him that she did not join in British solicitations; that she and her children were well, and

"HONOR THE BRAVE."

M^c MENAMY, HESS & MACDAVITT

provided with abundance of every thing necessary for their comfort. Thus with heroic art did she conceal the privations and wants she was suffering, lest her husband's solicitude for her and his family might tempt him to waver from strict obedience to the dictates of honor and patriotism.

Edward went as directed to the American camp, took his brother into Marion's presence, and there faithfully delivered both messages with which he had been charged. The specious offers from the enemy were of course rejected, and the messenger, conceiving himself absolved from his parole by the treatment he had received, remained with Marion till the termination of hostilities in the State.

Several times after this did Richard place his life in peril to visit his amiable family. Hearing that Tarleton's troop had been ordered away from his plantation, he obtained permission to go thither for a short time. He arrived in safety; but had been seen on his way by a loyalist. A party of them was immediately assembled, and was soon to be seen drawn up in front of his house. Corncrib, the faithful steed, was hitched outside the gate; his master hastily came forth, leaped on him, and galloping up the avenue, where the enemy were posted, passed through the midst of them without receiving either a shot or a sabre wound. Just as he passed their ranks, one of his well-known neighbors fired at him, but missed the aim. All this took place in the sight of his terrified family, who often afterwards described his danger and providential escape. His wife

could only account for this by conjecturing that the party had determined to take Richardson alive, and thus claim the reward offered for his apprehension; and that when in their midst, they could not shoot him without the risk of killing some of their comrades. His daring gallantry entirely disconcerted them, and saved his life.

Some time after this, he again asked the indulgence of a visit to his family; but General Marion in granting it, mindful of the danger he had before encountered, insisted that he should be accompanied by an escort. The party had scarcely reached the house of Richardson, when, as before, a large body of British and tories was seen advancing rapidly down the avenue, eager to surprise their intended victims. To remount in all haste their wearied steeds, and rush down the bank at the rear of the house, seeking concealment in the swamp, offered the only chance for escape. In this they all succeeded, except a young man named Roberts, with whom Mrs. Richardson was well acquainted, and who was taken prisoner. In vain did she intercede for him with the British officers, and with streaming eyes implore them to spare the life of the unfortunate youth. They hanged him on a walnut tree only a few paces from her door, and compelled her to witness the revolting spectacle! When she complained with tears of anguish, of this cruelty to herself, and barbarity towards one who had offended by risking his life in defence of her husband, they jeeringly told her they "would soon have him also, and then she should see him kick like

that fellow." To such atrocities could the passions of brutalized men lead them, even in an age and nation that boasted itself the most enlightened on earth!

When peace returned to shed blessings over the land, Mrs. Richardson continued to reside in the same house, with her family. Tarleton and his troopers had wasted the plantation, and destroyed every thing moveable about the dwelling; but the buildings had been spared, because they were spacious, and afforded a convenient station for the British, about midway between Camden and Fort Watson on Scott's Lake. Colonel Richardson, who had been promoted for his meritorious service in the field, cheerfully resumed the occupations of a planter. His circumstances were much reduced by the chances of war; but a competence remained, which he and his wife enjoyed in tranquillity and happiness, surrounded by affectionate relatives and friendly neighbors. Of their ten children, four died young; the rest married and reared families.

Mrs. Richardson survived her husband many years, and died at the advanced age of ninety-three, in 1834 She was remarkable throughout life for the calm judgment, fortitude, and strength of mind, which had sustained her in the trials she suffered during the war, and protected her from injury or insult when surrounded by a lawless soldiery. To these elevated qualities she united unostentatious piety, and a disposition of uncommon serenity and cheerfulness. Her energy and consolations, through the vicissitudes of life, were derived from religion; it was her hope and triumph in the hour of death

XX.

ELIZABETH, GRACE, AND RACHEL MARTIN.

The daring exploit of two women in Ninety-Six District, furnishes an instance of courage as striking as any remembered among the traditions of South Carolina During the sieges of Augusta and Cambridge, the patriotic enthusiasm that prevailed among the people prompted to numerous acts of personal risk and sacrifice. This spirit, encouraged by the successes of Sumter and others over the British arms, was earnestly fostered by General Greene, whose directions marked at least the outline of every undertaking. In the efforts made to strike a blow at the invader's power, the sons of the Martin family were among the most distinguished for active service rendered, and for injuries sustained at the enemy's hands. The wives of the two eldest, during their absence, remained at home with their mother-in-law. One evening intelligence came to them that a courier, conveying important despatches to one of the upper stations, was to pass that night along the road, guarded by two British officers. They determined to waylay the party, and at the risk of their lives, to obtain possession of the papers. For this purpose the two

GRACE AND RACHEL MARTIN ARRESTING TWO ENGLISH OFFICERS.

young women disguised themselves in their husbands clothes, and being well provided with arms, took their station at a point on the road which they knew the escort must pass. It was already late, and they had not waited long before the tramp of horses was heard in the distance. It may be imagined with what anxious expectation the heroines awaited the approach of the critical moment on which so much depended. The forest solitude around them, the silence of night, and the darkness, must have added to the terrors conjured up by busy fancy. Presently the courier appeared, with his attendant guards. As they came close to the spot, the disguised women leaped from their covert in the bushes, presented their pistols at the officers, and demanded the instant surrender of the party and their despatches. The men were completely taken by surprise, and in their alarm at the sudden attack, yielded a prompt submission. The seeming soldiers put them on their parole, and having taken possession of the papers, hastened home by a short cut through the woods. No time was lost in sending the important documents by a trusty messenger to General Greene. The adventure had a singular termination. The paroled officers, thus thwarted in their mission, returned by the road they had taken, and stopping at the house of Mrs. Martin, asked accommodation as weary travellers, for the night. The hostess inquired the reason of their returning so soon after they had passed. They replied by showing their paroles, saying they had been taken prisoners by two rebel lads. The ladies rallied them upon their want of intrepidity

"Had you no arms?" was asked. The officers answer ed that they had arms, but had been suddenly taken off their guard, and were allowed no time to use their weapons. They departed the next morning, having no suspicion that they owed their capture to the very women whose hospitality they had claimed

The mother of this patriotic family was a native of Caroline County, Virginia. Her name was Elizabeth Marshall, and she was probably of the same family with Chief Justice Marshall, as she belonged to the same neighborhood. After her marriage to Abram Martin she removed to his settlement bordering on the Indian nation, in Ninety-Six, now Edgefield District, South Carolina. The country at that time was sparsely settled, most of its inhabitants being pioneers from other States, chiefly from Virginia; and their neighborhood to the Indians had caused the adoption of some of their savage habits. The name Edgefield is said to have been given because it was at that period the edge or boundary of the respectable settlers and their cultivated fields. Civilization, however, increased with the population; and in the time of the Revolution, Ninety-Six was among the foremost in sending into the field its quota of hardy and enterprising troops, to oppose the British and their savage allies.

At the commencement of the contest, Mrs. Martin had nine children, seven of whom were sons old enough to bear arms. These brave young men, under the tuition and example of their parents, had grown up in attachment to their country, and ardently devoted to

its service, were ready on every occasion to encounter the dangers of border warfare. When the first call for volunteers sounded through the land, the mother encouraged their patriotic zeal. "Go, boys," she said; "fight for your country! fight till death, if you must, but never let your country be dishonored. Were I a man I would go with you."

At another time, when Colonel Cruger commanded the British at Cambridge, and Colonel Browne in Augusta, several British officers stopped at her house for refreshment; and one of them asked how many sons she had. She answered—eight; and to the question, where they all were, replied promptly: "Seven of them are engaged in the service of their country." "Really, madam," observed the officer, sneeringly, "you have enough of them." "No sir," said the matron, proudly, "I wish I had fifty."

Her house in the absence of the sons was frequently exposed to the depredations of the tories. On one occasion they cut open her feather beds, and scattered the contents. When the young men returned shortly afterwards, their mother bade them pursue the marauders. One of the continental soldiers having been left at the house badly wounded, Mrs. Martin kindly attended and nursed him till his recovery. A party of loyalists who heard of his being there, came with the intention of taking his life, but she found means to hide him from their search.

The only daughter of Mrs. Martin, Letitia, married Captain Edmund Wade, of Virginia, who fell with his

commander, General Montgomery, at the siege of Quebec. At the time of the siege of Charleston by Sir Henry Clinton, the widow was residing with her mother at Ninety-Six. Her son Washington Wade was then five years old, and remembers many occurrences connected with the war.* The house was about one hundred miles in a direct line west of Charleston. He recollects walking in the piazza on a calm evening, with his grandmother. A light breeze blew from the east; and the sound of heavy cannon was distinctly heard in that direction.† The sound of cannon heard at that time, and in that part of the State, they knew must come from the besieged city. As report after report reached their ears, the agitation of Mrs. Martin increased. She knew not what evils might be announced; she knew not but the sound might be the knell of her sons, three of whom were then in Charleston. Their wives were with her, and partook of the same heart-chilling fears. They stood still for a few minutes, each wrapped in her own painful and silent reflections, till the mother at length, lifting her hands and eyes towards heaven—exclaimed fervently:—"THANK GOD, THEY ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE REPUBLIC!"

Of the seven patriot brothers, six were spared through all the dangers of partisan warfare in the region of the "dark and bloody ground." The eldest, William

* Most of the particulars relating to this family were furnished by him to DR. JOHNSON, of Charleston, who kindly communicated them to me, with additional ones obtained from other branches of the family

† This statement has been repeatedly confirmed by others in the neighborhood.

DEATH OF MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC.

M. Martin, was a captain of artillery; and after having served with distinction in the sieges of Savannah and Charleston, was killed at the siege of Augusta, just after he had obtained a favorable position for his cannon, by elevating it on one of the towers constructed by General Pickens. It is related that not long after his death, a British officer passing to Fort Ninety-Six, then in possession of the English, rode out of his way to gratify his hatred to the whigs by carrying the fatal news to the mother of this gallant young man. He called at the house, and asked Mrs. Martin if she had not a son in the army at Augusta. She replied in the affirmative. "Then I saw his brains blown out on the field of battle," said the monster, who anticipated his triumph in the sight of a parent's agony. But the effect of the startling announcement was other than he expected. Terrible as was the shock, and aggravated by the ruthless cruelty with which her bereavement was made known, no woman's weakness was suffered to appear. After listening to the dreadful recital, the only reply made by this American dame was, "He could not have died in a nobler cause!" The evident chagrin of the officer as he turned and rode away, is still remembered in the family tradition.

This eldest son married Grace Waring, of Dorchester, when she was but fourteen years of age. She was the daughter of Benjamin Waring, who afterwards became one of the earliest settlers of Columbia when established as the seat of government in the State. The principles of the Revolution had been taught her from childhood;

and her efforts to promote its advancement were joined with those of her husband's family. She was one of the two who risked their lives to seize upon the despatches, as above related. Her husband's untimely death left her with three young children—two sons and a daughter; but she never married again.

Her companion in that daring and successful enterprise was the wife of Barkly Martin, another son. She was Rachel Clay, the daughter of Henry Clay, Jun., of Mecklenburg County, Virginia, and first cousin to Henry Clay, of Kentucky. She is said to be still living in Bedford County, Tennessee; is about eighty-six years of age, and never had any children. Her sister married Matthew, another of the brothers, and removed to Tennessee. Their family was large and of high respectability. One of the sons is the Hon. Barkly Martin, late member of Congress from that State. His father lived to a great age, and died in Tennessee in October, 1847, about seventy-six years after his first battle-field. The decendants of the other brothers are numerous and respectable in the different southern States.

A TRIBUTE is due to the fortitude of those who suffered when the war swept with violence over Georgia. After Colonel Campbell took possession of Savannah in 1778, the whole country was overrun with irregular marauders, wilder and more ruthless than the Cossacks of the Don. As many of the inhabitants as could retire from

the storm did so, awaiting a happier time to renew the struggle. One of those who had sought refuge in Florida, was Mr. Spalding, whose establishments were on the river St. John's. He had the whole Indian trade from the Altamaha to the Apalachicola. His property, with his pursuits, was destroyed by the war; yet his heart was ever with his countrymen, and the home he had prepared for his wife was the refuge of every American prisoner in Florida. The first Assembly that met in Savannah re-called him and restored his lands; but could not give back his business, nor secure the debts due; while his British creditors, with their demands for accumulated interest, pressed upon the remnant of his fortune. Under these adverse circumstances, and distressed on account of the losses of her father and brothers, who had taken arms in the American cause, Mrs. Spalding performed her arduous duties with a true woman's fidelity and tenderness. She followed her husband with her child, when flight became necessary; and twice during the war traversed the two hundred miles between Savannah and St. John's River in an open boat, with only black servants on board, when the whole country was a desert, without a house to shelter her and her infant son. The first of these occasions was when she visited her father and brothers while prisoners in Savannah; the second, when in 1782, she went to congratulate her brothers and uncle on their victory. This lady was the daughter of Colonel William McIntosh, and the niece of

General Lachlan McIntosh. Major Spalding, of Georgia, is her son.

Mrs. Spalding's health was seriously impaired by the anxieties endured during the struggle, and many years afterwards it was deemed necessary for her to try the climate of Europe. In January, 1800, she, with her son and his wife, left Savannah in a British ship of twenty guns, with fifty men, built in all points to resemble a sloop of war, without the appearance of a cargo. When they had been out about fifteen days, the captain sent one morning at daylight, to request the presence of two of his gentlemen passengers on deck. A large ship, painted black and showing twelve guns on a side, was seen to windward, running across their course. She was obviously a French privateer. The Captain announced that there was no hope of out-sailing her, should their course be altered; nor would there be hope in a conflict, as those ships usually carried one hundred and fifty men. Yet he judged that if no effort were made to shun the privateer, the appearance of his ship might deter from an attack. The gentlemen were of the same opinion. Mr. Spalding, heart-sick at thought of the perilous situation of his wife and mother, and unwilling to trust himself with an interview till the crisis was over, requested the captain to go below and make what preparation he could for their security. After a few minutes' absence the captain returned to describe a most touching scene. Mrs. Spalding had placed her daughter-in-law and the other inmates of the cabin for safety in the two state-rooms, filling the

berths with the cots and bedding from the outer cabin. She had then taken her own station beside the scuttle, which led from the outer cabin to the magazine, with two buckets of water. Having noticed that the two cabin boys were heedless, she had determined herself to keep watch over the magazine. She did so till the danger was past. The captain took in his light sails, hoisted his boarding nettings, opened his ports, and stood on upon his course. The privateer waited till the ship was within a mile, then fired a gun to windward, and stood on her way. This ruse preserved the ship. The incident may serve to show the spirit of this matron, who also bore her high part in the perils of the Revo lution.

XXI.

DICEY LANGSTON.

The portion of South Carolina near the frontier watered by the Pacolet, the Tyger, and the Ennoree, comprising Spartanburg and Union Districts, witnessed many deeds of violence and blood, and many bold achievements of the hardy partisans. It could also boast its full complement of women whose aid in various ways was of essential service to the patriots. So prevalent was loyalism in the darkest of those days, so bitter was the animosity felt towards the whigs, and so eager the determination to root them from the soil, that the very recklessness of hate gave frequent opportunities for the betrayal of the plans of their enemies. Often were the boastings of those who plotted some midnight surprise, or some enterprise that promised rare pillage—uttered in the hearing of weak and despised women—unexpectedly turned into wonder at the secret agency that had disconcerted them, or execrations upon their own folly. The tradition of the country teems with accounts of female enterprise in this kind of service, very few instances of which were recorded in the military journals.

The patriots were frequently indebted for important information to one young girl, fifteen or sixteen years old at the commencement of the war. This was Dicey, the daughter of Solomon Langston of Laurens District. He was in principle a stout liberty man, but incapacitated by age and infirmities from taking any active part in the contest. His son was a devoted patriot, and was ever found in the field where his services were most needed. He had his home in the neighborhood, and could easily receive secret intelligence from his sister, who was always on the alert. Living surrounded by loyalists, some of whom were her own relatives, Miss Langston found it easy to make herself acquainted with their movements and plans, and failed not to avail herself of every opportunity to do so, and immediately to communicate what she learned to the whigs on the other side of the Ennoree River. At length suspicion of the active aid she rendered was excited among the tory neighbors. Mr. Langston was informed that he would be held responsible thenceforward, with his property, for the conduct of his daughter. The young girl was reproved severely, and commanded to desist from her patriotic treachery. For a time she obeyed the parental injunction ; but having heard by accident that a company of loyalists, who on account of their ruthless cruelty had been commonly called the "Bloody Scout," intent on their work of death, were about to visit the "Elder settlement" where her brother and some friends were living, she determined at all hazards to warn them of the intended expedition. She had

none in whom to confide; but was obliged to leave her home alone, by stealth, and at the dead hour of night. Many miles were to be traversed, and the road lay through woods, and crossed marshes and creeks, where the conveniences of bridges and foot-logs were wanting. She walked rapidly on, heedless of slight difficulties; but her heart almost failed her when she came to the banks of the Tyger—a deep and rapid stream, which there was no possibility of crossing except by wading through the ford. This she knew to be deep at ordinary times, and it had doubtless been rendered more dangerous by the rains that had lately fallen. But the thought of personal danger weighed not with her, in comparison to the duty she owed her friends and country. Her momentary hesitation was but the shrinking of nature from peril encountered in darkness and alone, when the imagination conjures up a thousand appalling ideas, each more startling than the worst reality. Her strong heart battled against these, and she resolved to accomplish her purpose, or perish in the attempt. She entered the water; but when in the middle of the ford, became bewildered, and knew not which direction to take. The hoarse rush of the waters, which were up to her neck—the blackness of the night—the utter solitude around her—the uncertainty lest the next step should ingulph her past help, confused her; and losing in a degree her self-possession, she wandered for some time in the channel without knowing whither to turn her steps. But the energy of a resolute will, under the care of Providence, sustained

her. Having with difficulty reached the other side, she lost no time in hastening to her brother, informed him and his friends of the preparations made to surprise and destroy them, and urged him to send his men instantly in different directions to arouse and warn the neighborhood. The soldiers had just returned from a fatiguing excursion, and complained that they were faint from want of food. The noble girl, not satisfied with what she had done at such risk to herself, was ready to help them still further by providing refreshment immediately. Though wearied, wet, and shivering with cold, she at once set about her preparations. A few boards were taken from the roof of the house, a fire was kindled with them, and in a few minutes a hoe-cake, partly baked, was broken into pieces, and thrust into the shot pouches of the men. Thus provisioned, the little company hastened to give the alarm to their neighbors, and did so in time for all to make their escape. The next day, when the "scout" visited the place, they found no living enemy on whom to wreak their vengeance.

At a later period of the war, the father of Miss Langston incurred the displeasure of the loyalists in consequence of the active services of his sons in their country's cause. They were known to have imbibed their principles from him; and he was marked out as an object of summary vengeance. A party came to his house with the desperate design of putting to death all the men of the family. The sons were absent; but the feeble old man, selected by their relentless hate as a

victim, was in their power. He could not escape or resist; and he scorned to implore their mercy. One of the company drew a pistol, and deliberately levelled it at the breast of Lansgton. Suddenly a wild shriek was heard; and his young daughter sprang between her aged parent and the fatal weapon. The brutal soldier roughly ordered her to get out of the way, or the contents of the pistol would be instantly lodged in her own heart. She heeded not the threat, which was but too likely to be fulfilled the next moment. Clasping her arms tightly round the old man's neck, she declared that her own body should first receive the ball aimed at his heart! There are few human beings, even of the most depraved, entirely insensible to all noble and generous impulses. On this occasion the conduct of the daughter, so fearless, so determined to shield her father's life by the sacrifice of her own, touched the heart even of a member of the "Bloody Scout." Langston was spared; and the party left the house filled with admiration at the filial affection and devotion they had witnessed.

At another time the heroic maiden showed herself as ready to prevent wrong to an enemy as to her friends. Her father's house was visited by a company of whigs, who stopped to get some refreshment, and to feed their wearied horses. In the course of conversation one of them mentioned that they were going to visit a tory neighbor, for the purpose of seizing his horses. The man whose possessions were thus to be appropriated had been in general a peaceable citizen; and Mr Langston determined to inform him of the danger in

which his horses stood of having their ownership changed. Entering cordially into her father's design, Miss Langston set off immediately to carry the information. She gave it in the best faith ; but just before she started on her return home, she discovered that the neighbor whom she had warned was not only taking precautions to save his property, but was about to send for the captain of a tory band not far distant, so that the "liberty men" might be captured when intent on their expedition, before they should be aware of their danger. It was now the generous girl's duty to perform a like friendly act towards the whigs. She lost no time in conveying the intelligence, and thus saved an enemy's property, and the lives of her friends.

Her disregard of personal danger, where service could be rendered, was remarkable. One day, returning from a whig neighborhood in Spartanburg District, she was met by a company of loyalists, who ordered her to give them some intelligence they desired respecting those she had just left. She refused; whereupon the captain of the band held a pistol to her breast, and ordered her instantly to make the disclosures, or she should "die in her tracks." Miss Langston only replied, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran soldier: "Shoot me if you dare! I will not tell you," at the same time opening a long handkerchief which covered her neck and bosom, as if offering a place to receive the contents of the weapon. Incensed by her defiance, the officer was about to fire, when another threw up his hand, and saved the courageous girl's life.

On one occasion, when her father's house was visited on a plundering expedition by the noted tory Captain Gray with his riflemen, and they had collected and divided every thing they thought could be of use, they were at some loss what to do with a large pewter basin. At length the captain determined on taking that also, jeeringly remarking, "it will do to run into bullets to kill the rebels." "Pewter bullets, sir," answered Miss Langston, "will not kill a whig." "Why not?" inquired Captain Gray. "It is said, sir," replied she, "that a witch can be shot only with a silver bullet; and I am sure the whigs are more under the protection of Providence." At another time when a company of the enemy came to the house they found the door secured. To their demand for admission and threats of breaking down the door, Miss Langston answered by sternly bidding them begone. Her resolute language induced the company to "hold a parley;" and the result was, that they departed without further attempt to obtain an entrance.

One more anecdote is given to illustrate her spirit and fearlessness. Her brother James had left a rifle in her care, which she was to keep hid till he sent for it. He did so, by a company of "liberty men," who were to return by his father's dwelling. On arriving at the house, one of them asked the young girl for the gun. She went immediately, and brought it; but as she came towards the soldiers, the thought struck her that she had neglected to ask for the countersign agreed upon between her brother and herself. Advancing more

cautiously—she observed to them that their looks were suspicious; that for aught she knew they might be a set of tories; and demanded the countersign. One of the company answered that it was too late to make conditions; the gun was in their possession, and its holder, too. "Do you think so," cried she, cocking it, and presenting the muzzle at the speaker. "If the gun is in your possession, *take charge of her!*" Her look and attitude of defiance showed her in earnest; the countersign was quickly given; and the men, laughing heartily, pronounced her worthy of being the sister of James Langston.

After the war was ended, Miss Langston married Thomas Springfield, of Greenville, South Carolina. She died in Greenville District, a few years since. Of her numerous descendants then living, thirty-two were sons and grandsons capable of bearing arms, and ready at any time to do so in the maintenance of that liberty which was so dear to the youthful heart of their ancestor.*

The recollection of the courage and patriotism of Mrs. Dillard is associated with the details of a battle of considerable importance, which took place in Spartanburg District, at the Green Spring, near Berwick's iron works. The Americans here gained great honor.

* The preceding anecdotes were furnished by Hon B. F. Perry, of Greenville, South Carolina, who received them from one of Mrs Springfield's family.

Colonel Clarke, of the Georgia volunteers, joined with Captains McCall, Liddle, and Hammond, in all about one hundred and ninety-eight men—having received intelligence that a body of tory militia, stated to be from two to five hundred, commanded by Colonel Ferguson, were recruiting for the horse service—determined to attempt to rout them.* They marched accordingly; and hearing that a scouting party was in advance of Ferguson's station, prepared to give them battle. Colonel Clarke, with his forces, encamped for the night at Green Spring.

On that day the Americans had stopped for refreshment at the house of Captain Dillard, who was with their party as a volunteer. They had been entertained by his wife with milk and potatoes—the simple fare which those hardy soldiers often found it difficult to obtain. The same evening Ferguson and Dunlap, with a party of tories, arrived at the house. They inquired of Mrs. Dillard whether Clarke and his men had not been there; what time they had departed; and what were their numbers? She answered that they had been at the house; that she could not guess their numbers; and that they had been gone a long time. The officers then ordered her to prepare supper for them with all possible despatch. They took possession of the house, and took some bacon to be given to their men. Mrs. Dillard set about the preparations for supper. In going backwards and forwards from the kitchen, she overheard much of their conversation. It will be re-

* Mills' Statistics of South Carolina, p. 738

membered that the kitchens at the South are usually separate from the dwelling-houses. The doors and windows of houses in the country being often slightly constructed, it is also likely that the loose partitions afforded facilities for hearing what might be said within. Besides, the officers probably apprehended no danger from disclosing their plans in the presence of a lonely woman.

She ascertained that they had determined to surprise Clarke and his party; and were to pursue him as soon as they had taken their meal. She also heard one of the officers tell Ferguson he had just received the information that the rebels, with Clarke, were to encamp that night at the Great Spring. It was at once resolved to surprise and attack them before day. The feelings may be imagined with which Mrs. Dillard heard this resolution announced. She hurried the supper, and as soon as it was placed upon the table, and the officers had sat down, slipped out by a back way. Late and dark as it was, her determination was to go herself and apprize Clarke of his danger, in the hope of being in time for him to make a safe retreat; for she believed that the enemy were too numerous to justify a battle.

She went to the stable, bridled a young horse, and without saddle, mounted and rode with all possible speed to the place described. It was about half an hour before day when she came in full gallop to one of the videttes, by whom she was immediately conducted to Colonel Clarke. She called to the colonel, breathless with eagerness and haste, "Be in readiness either to

fight or run; the enemy will be upon you immediately, and they are strong!"

In an instant every man was up, and no moments were lost in preparing for action. The intelligence came just in time to put the whigs in readiness. Ferguson had detached Dunlap with two hundred picked mounted men, to engage Clarke and keep him employed till his arrival. These rushed in full charge into the American camp; but the surprise was on their part. They were met hand to hand, with a firmness they had not anticipated. Their confusion was increased by the darkness, which rendered it hard to distinguish friend from foe. The battle was warm for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the tories gave way. They were pursued nearly a mile, but not overtaken. Ferguson came "too late for the frolic;" the business being ended. Clarke and his little band then returned to North Carolina for rest and refreshment; for the whole of this enterprise was performed without one regular meal, and without regular food for their horses.

Mrs. Angelica Nott, widow of the late Judge Nott of South Corolina, remembers some illustrative incidents which occurred in the section where she resided with her aunt, Mrs. Potter, near the Grindal Shoal, a little south of Pacolet River. The whig population in this portion of the State, were exposed during part of 1780 and 1781 to incredible hardships. The breezes of fortune which had fanned into life the expiring embers

of opposition to English tyranny, had been so variable that the wavering hopes of the people were often trembling on the verge of extinction. The reverses of the British arms had exasperated the loyalists, and embittered the enmity felt towards the stubborn people who refused to be conquered. Such was the state of feeling when the destiny of the South was committed to the hands of a soldier of consummate genius, in whom the trust of all was implicitly placed.

When Tarleton was on his march against Morgan, just before their encounter at the Cowpens, a party of loyalists came to the place where Mrs. Potter lived, and committed some depredations. They burned the straw covering from a rude hut, in which the family lodged, while a relative ill of the small-pox occupied the house. Mrs. Potter and her children had built this lodge of rails, for their temporary accommodation. The soldiers attempted to take off her wedding-ring, which, as it had been worn for years, became imbedded under the skin, in the effort to force it from her finger. They swore it should be cut off, but finally desisted from the attempt. On the same march, Tarleton encamped at the house of John Beckham, whose wife was the sister of Colonel Henderson of the continental army. Mrs. Beckham saw for the first time this renowned officer while standing in her yard, and ordering his men to catch her poultry for supper. She spoke civilly to him, and hastened to prepare supper for him and his suite, as if they had been honored guests. When about to leave in the morning, he ordered the

house to be burnt, after being given up to pillage, but on her remonstrance, recalled the order. All her bedding was taken, except one quilt, which soon shared the same fate. At another time Mrs. Beckham went to Granby, eighty miles distant, for a bushel of salt, which she brought home on the saddle under her. The guinea appropriated for the purchase, was concealed in the hair braided on the top of her head.

Mrs. Potter was visited by the famous tory, Colonel Cunningham, commonly called "Bloody Bill Cunningham," on one occasion, with a party of two hundred and fifty men. They arrived after dark; and as green corn happened to be in season, encamped by one of her fields, fed their horses with the corn, built fires with the rails, and roasted the ears for themselves. At that time, the family lived chiefly on roasted corn, without bread, meat, or salt. Hickory ashes were used, with a small quantity of salt, for preserving beef when it could be had. Leather shoes were replaced by woolen rags sewed round the feet; and of beds or bedding none were left. The beds were generally ripped open by the depredators, the feathers scattered, and the ticking used for tent-cloths. The looms were robbed of cloth found in them; and hence the women of the country resorted to various expedients to manufacture clothing, and preserve it for their own use and that of their friends. A family residing on the Pacolet, built a loom between four trees in the forest, and wove in fair weather, covering the loom and web with cow-hides when it rained.

XXII.

ELIZABETH STEELE.

The long, arduous, and eventful retreat of General Greene through the Carolinas, after the battle of the Cowpens, that retreat on whose issue hung the fate of the South—with the eager pursuit of Cornwallis, who well knew that the destruction of that army would secure his conquests—is a twice-told tale to every reader. The line of march lay through Salisbury, North Carolina; and while the British commander was crossing the Catawba, Greene was approaching this village. With the American army were conveyed the prisoners taken by Morgan in the late bloody and brilliant action, the intention being to convey them to Virginia. Several of these were sick and wounded, and among them were some British officers, unable, from loss of strength, to proceed further on the route.

General Greene, aware of the objects of Cornwallis, knew his design, by a hurried march to the ford, to cross the Catawba before opposition could be made; and had stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. Most anxiously did the General await their arrival, before he pursued his route. The day gradually

wore away, and still no signs appeared of the militia; and it was not till after midnight that the news reached him of their defeat and dispersion by the British troops, and the death of General Davidson, who had commanded them. His aids having been despatched to different parts of the retreating army, he rode on with a heavy heart to Salisbury. It had been raining during the day, and his soaked and soiled garments and appearance of exhaustion as he wearily dismounted from his jaded horse at the door of the principal hotel, showed that he had suffered much from exposure to the storm, sleepless fatigue, and harassing anxiety of mind. Dr. Reed, who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners, while he waited for the General's arrival was engaged in writing the paroles with which it was necessary to furnish such officers as could not go on. From his apartment overlooking the main street, he saw his friend, unaccompanied by his aids, ride up and alight; and hastened to receive him as he entered the house. Seeing him without a companion, and startled by his dispirited looks—the doctor could not refrain from noticing them with anxious inquiries; to which the wearied soldier replied: "Yes—fatigued—hungry—alone, and penniless!"

The melancholy reply was heard by one determined to prove, by the generous assistance proffered in a time of need, that no reverse could dim the pure flame of disinterested patriotism. General Greene had hardly taken his seat at the well-spread table, when Mrs. Steele, the landlady of the hotel, entered the room, and care-

fully closed the door behind her. Approaching her distinguished guest, she reminded him of the despondent words he had uttered in her hearing, implying, as she thought, a distrust of the devotion of his friends, through every calamity, to the cause. Money, too, she declared he should have; and drew from under her apron two small bags full of specie, probably the earnings of years. "Take these," said she, "for you will want them, and I can do without them."

Words of kindness and encouragement accompanied this offering of a benevolent heart, which General Greene accepted with thankfulness. "Never," says his biographer, "did relief come at a more propitious moment; nor would it be straining conjecture to suppose that he resumed his journey with his spirits cheered and lightened by this touching proof of woman's devotion to the cause of her country."*

General Greene did not remain long in Salisbury; but before his departure from the house of Mrs. Steele, he left a memorial of his visit. He took from the wall of one of the apartments a portrait of George III., which had come from England as a present from a person at court to one of Mrs. Steele's connections attached to an embassy, wrote with chalk on the back, "O, George, hide thy face and mourn;" and replaced it with the face to the wall. The picture, with the writing uneffaced, is still in possession of a granddaughter of Mrs. Steele, a daughter of Dr. McCorkle, and may be seen in Charlotte.

* Greene's Life of Nathanael Greene. See also Foote's Sketches of North Carolina. p 355.

Elizabeth Steele was distinguished not only for her attachment to the American cause during the war, but for the piety that shone brightly in her useful life. Among her papers was found after her death a written dedication of herself to her Creator, and a prayer for support in the practice of Christian duty; with a letter, left as a legacy to her children, enjoining it upon them to make religion the great work of life. She was a tender mother, and beloved for her constant exercise of the virtues of kindness and charity. She was twice married, and died in Salisbury, in 1791. Her son, the Hon. John Steele, conspicuous in the councils of the State and Nation, was one whose public services offer materials for an interesting biography. A collection of his correspondence has lately been added to the treasures of the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina; and it is to be hoped that under its auspices, justice will be done to his memory at no distant period. Margaret, Mrs. Steele's daughter, was the wife of the Rev. Samuel E. McCorkle.

It was in the same pursuit of Greene and Morgan by Cornwallis, that the British destroyed the property of the Widow Brevard, in Centre congregation. "She has seven sons in the rebel army," was the reason given by the officer for permitting her house to be burned and her farm plundered. One of her sons, Captain Alexander Brevard, took part in nine battles, and the youngest was at seventeen first lieutenant of a

company of horse. Ephraim Brevard, another son, having graduated at Princeton College, and completed a course of medical studies, fixed his residence at Charlotte. Mr. Foote says, "His talents, patriotism, and education, united with his prudence and practical sense, marked him as a leader in the councils that preceded the convention held in Queen's Museum; and on the day of meeting designated him as secretary and draughtsman of that singular and unrivalled DECLARATION, which alone is a passport to the memory of posterity through all time."

It will be borne in mind that it was in Charlotte, the county town of Mecklenburg County, that the bold idea of National Independence was first proclaimed to the world. On the 19th May, 1775, an immense concourse of people was assembled in this frontier settlement—all agitated with the excitement which had plunged the whole land into commotion; on that day came the first intelligence of the commencement of hostilities at Lexington; and when the convention and the people were addressed, the universal cry was, "Let us be independent! Let us declare our independence, and defend it with our lives and fortunes!" The resolutions drawn up by Dr. Brevard were discussed; and by their unanimous adoption, the day following, by the convention and the approving multitude, the citizens of Mecklenburg County declared themselves a free and independent people. Due honor is awarded to him who took so active a part in that memorable transaction; but where is the tribute that should be paid to the widowed

mother who sowed the seeds which on that day yielded fruit—who implanted in her son's mind those sterling principles, the guidance of which rendered his life one of eminent usefulness?

When the southern States became the arena of war, Dr. Brevard entered the army as surgeon, and was taken prisoner at the surrender of Charleston. In that city he was seized with a fatal disease, to which he fell a victim after being set at liberty, and permitted to place himself under the care of friends.

The deplorable sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners in Charleston, moved the sympathy of the inhabitants of Western Carolina; for news came that many were perishing in captivity of want and disease. The men could not go thither to visit their friends and relatives, without insuring their own destruction; but the women gathered clothing, medicines, and provisions, and travelled long journeys, encountering danger as well as hardship, to minister in person to those who so sorely needed their succor. Much relief was brought to the sufferers by these visits of mercy; although the lives preserved were sometimes saved at the sacrifice of the noble benefactors. The mother of Andrew Jackson, returning to the Waxhaw, after a journey to Charleston—to carry clothing and other necessaries to some friends on board the prison ship, was seized with the prison-fever, and died in a tent, in the midst of the wide, sandy wilderness of pines. Her lonely grave by the road-side, were the spot known, would speak mournfully of woman's self-immolating heroism. Mrs. Jackson, with

MRS. WM. SPRAGUE.
McMenamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway. N.Y.

her children, had quitted their home on the Waxhaw, where she had buried her husband, after the rout and slaughter of Buford's regiment by the forces of Tarleton, when the women and children fled from the ravages of the merciless enemy. They had found a place of refuge in Sugar Creek congregation, where they remained during part of the summer. Part of the the foundations of the log meeting-house where the congregation met for worship may still be seen.

Other widowed mothers were there in North Carolina, who trained their sons to become zealous patriots and efficent statesmen. The names of Mrs. Flinn, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Hunter, are worthy of remembrance. The great principles proclaimed at the Mecklenburg Convention, were acted out in the noblest efforts of patriotism by their sons.

Mr. Caruthers, the biographer of the Rev. David Caldwell, states, that while all the active men in his congregations were engaged with the army at the battle of Guilford Court-house, there were two collections of females, one in Buffalo, and the other in Alamance, engaged in earnest prayer for their families and their country; and that many others sought the divine aid in solitary places. One pious woman sent her son frequently during the afternoon, to the summit of a little hill near which she spent much time in prayer, to listen and bring her word which way the firing came—from the southward or the northward. When he returned and said it was going northward, "Then," exclaimed she, "all is lost! Greene is defeated." But all was not lost; the God who hears prayer remembered his people.

XXIII.

MARY SLOCUMB.

The first expedition into North Carolina projected by Lord Cornwallis, was baffled by the fall of Colonel Ferguson at King's Mountain. The disaster at the Cowpens forbade perseverance in the second attempt and was followed by the memorable retreat of Greene. The battle of Guilford took place in March, 1781; and towards the end of April, while Lord Rawdon encountered Greene at Hobkirk's Hill, Cornwallis set out on his march from Wilmington, bent on his avowed purpose of achieving the conquest of Virginia. On his march towards Halifax, he encamped for several days on the river Neuse, in what is now called Wayne County, North Carolina. His head-quarters were at Springbank, while Colonel Tarleton, with his renowned legion, encamped on the plantation of Lieutenant Slocumb. This consisted of level and extensive fields, which at that season presented a most inviting view of fresh verdure from the mansion-house. Lord Cornwallis himself gave it the name of "Pleasant Green," which it ever afterwards retained. The owner of this fine estate held a subaltern's commission in the State

line under Colonel Washington, and was in command of a troop of light horse, raised in his own neighborhood, whose general duty it was to act as Rangers, scouring the country for many miles around, watching the movements of the enemy, and punishing the loyalists when detected in their vocation of pillage and murder. These excursions had been frequent for two or three years, and were often of several weeks' duration. At the present time Slocumb had returned to the vicinity, and had been sent with twelve or fifteen recruits to act as scouts in the neighborhood of the British General. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was near Springbank, and reconnoitered the encampment of Cornwallis, which he supposed to be his whole force. He then, with his party, pursued his way slowly along the south bank of the Neuse, in the direction of his own house, little dreaming that his beautiful and peaceful home, where, some time before, he had left his wife and child, was then in the possession of the terrible Tarleton.

During these frequent excursions of the Rangers, and the necessary absence of her husband, the superintendence of the plantation had always devolved upon Mrs. Slocumb. She depended for protection upon her slaves, whose fidelity she had proved, and upon her own fearless and intrepid spirit. The scene of the occupation of her house, and Tarleton's residence with her, remained through life indelibly impressed on her memory, and were described by her to one who enioyed the honor of her intimate friendship. I am per-

mitted to give his account, copied almost verbatim from notes taken at the time the occurrences were related by Mrs. Slocumb.

It was about ten o'clock on a beautiful spring morning, that a splendidly-dressed officer, accompanied by two aids, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza in front of the ancient-looking mansion. Mrs. Slocumb was sitting there, with her child and a near relative, a young lady, who afterwards became the wife of Major Williams. A few house servants were also on the piazza

The officer raised his cap, and bowing to his horse's neck, addressed the lady, with the question—

"Have I the pleasure of seeing the mistress of this house and plantation!"

"It belongs to my husband."

"Is he at home?" "He is not." "Is he a rebel?' "No sir. He is in the army of his country, and fighting against our invaders; therefore not a rebel." It is not a little singular, that although the people of that day gloried in their rebellion, they always took offence at being called rebels.

"I fear, madam," said the officer, "we differ in opinion." A friend to his country will be the friend of the king, our master."

"Slaves only acknowledge a master in this country," replied the lady.

A deep flush crossed the florid cheeks of Tarleton, for he was the speaker; and turning to one of his aids.

he ordered him to pitch the tents and form the encampment in the orchard and field on their right. To the other aid his orders were to detach a quarter guard and station piquets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added: "Madam, the service of his Majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property; and if it would not be too great an inconvenience, I will take up my quarters in your house."

The tone admitted no controversy. Mrs. Slocumb answered: "My family consists of only myself, my sister and child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners."

From the piazza where he seated himself, Tarleton commanded a view of the ground on which his troops were arranging their camp. The mansion fronted the east, and an avenue one hundred and fifty feet wide, and about half a mile in length, stretched to the eastern side of the plantation, where was a highway, with open grounds beyond it, partly dry meadow and partly sand barren. This avenue was lined on the south side by a high fence, and a thick hedge-row of forest trees. These are now removed, and replaced by the Pride of India and other ornamental trees. On the north side extended the common rail-fence seven or eight feet high, such as is usually seen on plantations in the low country. The encampment of the British troops being on that part of the plantation lying south of the avenue, it was completely screened by the fences and hedge-row from the view of any one approaching from down the country.

While the men were busied, different officers came u at intervals, making their reports and receiving orders Among others, a tory captain, whom Mrs. Slocumb im mediately recognized—for before joining the royal army he had lived fifteen or twenty miles below—received orders in her hearing to take his troop and scour the country for two or three miles round.

In an hour every thing was quiet, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment of some ten or eleven hundred of the choicest cavalry of the British monarch.

Mrs. Slocumb now addressed herself to the duty of preparing for her uninvited guests. The dinner set before the king's officers was, in her own words to her friend, "as a good dinner as you have now before you, and of much the same materials." A description of what then constituted a good dinner in that region may not be inappropriate. "The first dish, was, of course, the boiled ham, flanked with the plate of greens. Opposite was the turkey, supported by the laughing baked sweet potatoes; a plate of boiled beef, another of sausages, and a third with a pair of baked fowls, formed a line across the centre of the table; half a dozen dishes of different pickles, stewed fruit, and other condiments filled up the interstices of the board." The dessert, too, was abundant and various. Such a dinner, it may well be supposed, met the particular approbation of the royal officers, especially as the fashion of that day introduced stimulating drinks to the table, and the peach brandy prepared under Lieutenant Slocumb's own

supervision, was of the most excellent sort. It received the unqualified praise of the party; and its merits were freely discussed. A Scotch officer, praising it by the name of whiskey, protested that he had never drunk as good out of Scotland. An officer speaking with a slight brogue, insisted it was not whiskey, and that no Scotch drink ever equalled it. "To my mind," said he, "it tastes as yonder orchard smells."

"Allow me, madam," said Colonel Tarleton, to inquire where the spirits we are drinking is procured."

"From the orchard where your tents stand," answered Mrs. Slocumb.

"Colonel," said the Irish captain, "when we conquer this country, is it not to be divided out among us?"

"The officers of this army," replied the Colonel, "will undoubtedly receive large possessions of the conquered American provinces."

Mrs. Slocumb here interposed. "Allow me to observe and prophesy," said she, "the only land in these United States which will ever remain in possession of a British officer, will measure but six feet by two."

"Excuse me, madam," remarked Tarleton. "For your sake I regret to say—this beautiful plantation will be the ducal seat of some of us."

"Don't trouble yourself about me," retorted the spirited lady. "My husband is not a man who would allow a duke, or even a king, to have a quiet seat upon his ground."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by rapid volleys of fire-arms. appearing to proceed from the

wood a short distance to the eastward. One of the aids pronounced it some straggling scout, running from the picket-guard; but the experience of Colonel Tarleton could not be easily deceived.

"There are rifles and muskets," said he, "as well as pistols; and too many to pass unnoticed. Order boots and saddles, and you—Captain, take your troop in the direction of the firing."

The officer rushed out to execute his orders, while the Colonel walked into the piazza, whither he was immediately followed by the anxious ladies. Mrs. Slocumb's agitation and alarm may be imagined; for she guessed but too well the cause of the interruption. On the first arrival of the officers she had been importuned, even with harsh threats—not, however, by Tarleton—to tell where her husband, when absent on duty, was likely to be found; but after her repeated and peremptory refusals, had escaped further molestation on the subject. She feared now that he had returned unexpectedly, and might fall into the enemy's hands before he was aware of their presence.

Her sole hope was in a precaution she had adopted soon after the coming of her unwelcome guests. Having heard Tarleton give the order to the tory captain as before-mentioned, to patrol the country, she immediately sent for an old negro, and gave him directions to take a bag of corn to the mill about four miles distant, on the road she knew her husband must travel if he returned that day. "Big George" was instructed to warn his master of the danger of approaching his

THE FAMOUS CHARTER OAK AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

home. With the indolence and curiosity natural to his race, however, the old fellow remained loitering about the premises, and was at this time lurking under the hedge-row, admiring the red coats, dashing plumes, and shining helmets of the British troopers.

The Colonel and the ladies continued on the look-out from the piazza. "May I be allowed, madam," at length said Tarleton, "without offence, to inquire if any part of Washington's army is in this neighbor hood.

"I presume it is known to you," replied Mrs. Slocumb, "that the Marquis and Greene are in this State. And you would not of course," she added, after a slight pause, "be surprised at a call from Lee, or your old friend Colonel Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said shook your hand (pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre) very rudely, when you last met."*

This spirited answer inspired Tarleton with apprehensions that the skirmish in the woods was only the prelude to a concerted attack on his camp. His only reply was a loud order to form the troops on the right; and springing on his charger, he dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet, to a breach in the hedge-

* As I cannot distrust the authority on which I have received this anecdote, it proves that on more than one occasion the British colonel was made to feel the shaft of female wit, in allusion to the unfortunate battle of the Cowpens. It is said that in a close encounter between Washington and Tarleton during that action, the latter was wounded by a sabre cut on the hand. Colonel Washington, as is well known, figured in some of the skirmishes in North Carolina

row, leaped the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment, which was already in line.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Slocumb, with John Howell a private in his band, Henry Williams, and the brother of Mrs. Slocumb, Charles Hooks, a boy of about thirteen years of age, was leading a hot pursuit of the tory captain who had been sent to reconnoitre the country, and some of his routed troop. These were first discerned in the open grounds east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia; while a running fight was kept up with different weapons, in which four or five broad swords gleamed conspicuous. The foremost of the pursuing party appeared too busy with the tories to see any thing else; and they entered the avenue at the same moment with the party pursued. With what horror and consternation did Mrs. Slocumb recognize her husband, her brother, and two of her neighbors, in chase of the tory captain and four of his band, already half-way down the avenue, and unconscious that they were rushing into the enemy's midst!

About the middle of the avenue one of the tories fell; and the course of the brave and imprudent young officers was suddenly arrested by "Big George," who sprang directly in front of their horses, crying, "Hold on, massa! de debbil here! Look yon!"* A glance to the left showed the young men their danger: they were within pistol shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. Wheeling their horses, they discovered a

* Yon, for yonder.

troop already leaping the fence into the avenue in their rear Quick as thought they again wheeled their horses, and dashed down the avenue directly towards the house, where stood the quarter-guard to receive them. On reaching the garden fence—a rude structure formed of a kind of lath, and called a wattled fence—they leaped that and the next, amid a shower of balls from the guard, cleared the canal at one tremendous leap, and scouring across the open field to the northwest, were in the shelter of the wood before their pursuers could clear the fences of the enclosure. The whole ground of this adventure may be seen as the traveller passes over the Wilmington railroad, a mile and a half south of Dudley depôt.

A platoon had commenced the pursuit; but the trumpets sounded the recall before the flying Americans had crossed the canal. The presence of mind and lofty language of the heroic wife, had convinced the British Colonel that the daring men who so fearlessly dashed into his camp were supported by a formidable force at hand. Had the truth been known, and the fugitives pursued, nothing could have prevented the destruction not only of the four who fled, but of the rest of the company on the east side of the plantation.

Tarleton had rode back to the front of the house, where he remained eagerly looking after the fugitives till they disappeared in the wood. He called for the tory captain, who presently came forward, questioned him about the attack in the woods, asked the names of

the American officers, and dismissed him to have his wounds dressed, and see after his men. The last part of the order was needless; for nearly one-half of his troop had fallen. The ground is known to this day as the Dead Men's Field.

As Tarleton walked into the house he observed to Mrs. Slocumb, "Your husband made us a short visit, madam. I should have been happy to make his acquain tance, and that of his friend, Mr. Williams."

"I have little doubt," replied the wife, "that you will meet the gentlemen, and they will thank you for the polite manner in which you treat their friends."

The Colonel observed apologetically, that necessity compelled them to occupy her property; that they took only such things as were necessary to their support, for which they were instructed to offer proper remuneration; and that every thing should be done to render their stay as little disagreeable as possible. The lady expressed her thankfulness for his kindness, and withdrew to her room, while the officers returned to their peach-brandy and coffee, and closed the day with a merry night.

Slocumb and his companions passed rapidly round the plantation, and returned to the ground where the encounter had taken place, collecting on the way the stragglers of his troop. Near their bivouac he saw the tory captain's brother, who had been captured by the Americans, hanging by a bridal rein from the top of a sapling bent down for the purpose, and struggling in the agonies of death. Hastening to the spot, he

severed the rein with a stroke of his sword, and with much difficulty restored him to life. Many in the lower part of North Carolina can remember an old man whose protruded eyes and suffused countenance presented the appearance of one half strangled. He it was who thus owed his life and liberty to the humanity of his generous foe.

Mr. Slocumb, by the aid of Major Williams, raised about two hundred men in the neighborhood, and with this force continued to harass the rear of the royal army, frequently cutting off foraging parties, till they crossed the Roanoke, when they joined the army of La Fayette at Warrenton. He remained with the army till the surrender at Yorktown.

It need hardly be mentioned that "Big George" received his reward for this and other services. His life with his master was one of ease and indulgence. On the division of Colonel Slocumb's estate some years since, a considerable amount was paid to enable the faithful slave to spend the remnant of his days with his wife, who belonged to another person.

Another anecdote, communicated by the same friend of Mrs. Slocumb, is strikingly illustrative of her resolution and strength of will. The occurrence took place at a time when the whole country was roused by the march of the British and loyalists from the Cape Fear country, to join the royal standard at Wilmington The veteran Donald McDonald issued his proclamation at Cross Creek, in February, 1776, and having assembled his Highlanders, marched across rivers and through

forests, in haste to join Governor Martin and Sir Henry Clinton, who were already at Cape Fear. But while he had eluded the pursuit of Moore, the patriots of Newbern and Wilmington Districts were not idle. It was a time of noble enterprise, and gloriously did leaders and people come forward to meet the emergency. The gallant Richard Caswell called his neighbors hastily together; and they came at his call as readily as the clans of the Scotch mountains mustered at the signal of the burning cross. The whole county rose in mass; scarce a man able to walk was left in the Neuse region The united regiments of Colonels Lillington and Caswell encountered McDonald at Moore's Creek;* where, on the twenty-seventh, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. Colonel Slocumb's recollections of this bravely-contested field were too vivid to be dimmed by the lapse of years. He was accustomed to dwell but lightly on the gallant part borne by himself in that memorable action; but he gave abundant praise to his associates; and well did they deserve the tribute. "And," he would say—"*my wife was there!*" She was indeed; but the story is best told in her own words:

"The men all left on Sunday morning. More than eighty went from this house with my husband; I looked at them well, and I could see that every man had mischief in him. I know a coward as soon as I set my eyes upon him. The tories more than once tried

* Moore's Creek, running from north to south, empties into the South River, about twenty miles above Wilmington. See sketch of Flora McDonald

to frighten me, but they always showed coward at the bare insinuation that our troops were about.

"Well, they got off in high spirits; every man stepping high and light. And I slept soundly and quietly that night, and worked hard all the next day; but I kept thinking where they had got to—how far; where and how many of the regulars and tories they would meet; and I could not keep myself from the study. I went to bed at the usual time, but still continued to study. As I lay—whether waking or sleeping I know not—I had a dream; yet it was not all a dream. (She used the words, unconsciously, of the poet who was not then in being.) I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard-cloak—bloody—dead; and others dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind, that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; every thing was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments—and said aloud: 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare—as fleet and easy

a nag as ever travelled; and in one minute we were tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed after a mile or two's gallop to bring reflection with it; and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back; but I was soon ten miles from home, and my mind became stronger every mile I rode. I should find my husband dead or dying—was as firmly my presentiment and conviction as any fact of my life. When day broke I was some thirty miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and had followed them without hesitation. About sunrise I came upon a group of women and children, standing and sitting by the road-side, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road, and gone towards the northwest (Cape Fear). Again was I skimming over the ground through a country thinly settled, and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well-marked trail of the troops.

"The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard a cannon. I stopped still; when presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting What a fool! my husband could not be dead last night,

MERCY WARREN.

Mercy Warren

and the battle only fighting now! Still, as I am so near, I will go on and see how they come out. So away we went again, faster than ever; and I soon found by the noise of guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped. I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles, and I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare and dashed on in the direction of the firing and the shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading to Moore's Creek Bridge, a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot; the very trees; and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centred in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard-cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm; and an *unknown voice* begged for water. A small camp-kettle was lying near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it; poured some in his mouth; washed his face; and behold—it was Frank Cogdell. He soon revived and could speak. I was washing the wound in his head. Said he, 'It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his

knife, cut away his trousers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot-hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart-leaves. I gathered a handful and bound them tight to the holes; and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others; and—Doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day! I had not inquired for my husband; but while I was busy Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me; and was with his hat in hand about to pay some compliment: but I interrupted him by asking—'Where is my husband?'

"'Where he ought to be, madam; in pursuit of the enemy. But pray,' said he, 'how came you here?'

"'Oh, I thought,' replied I, 'you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one'—going to Frank and lifting him up with my arm under his head so that he could drink some more water—'would have died before any of you men could have helped him.'

"'I believe you,' said Frank. Just then I looked up, and my husband, as bloody as a butcher, and as muddy as a ditcher,* stood before me.

"'Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, 'What are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?'

* It was nis company that forded the creek, and penetrating the swamp, made the furious charge on the British left and rear, which decided the fate of the day.

"'I don't care,' I cried. 'Frank is a brave fellow a good soldier, and a true friend to Congress.'

"'True, true! every word of it!' said Caswell. 'You are right, madam!' with the lowest possible bow.

"I would not tell my husband what brought me there. I was so happy; and so were all! It was a glorious victory; I came just at the height of the enjoyment. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement had at all subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them some very obnoxious; but the worst of the tories were not taken prisoners. They were, for the most part, left in the woods and swamps wherever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt but such as had been guilty of murder and house-burning. In the middle of the night I again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning and they would send a party with me; but no! I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!"

What fiction could be stranger than such truth! And would not a plain unvarnished narrative of the sayings and doings of the actors in Revolutionary times, unknown by name, save in the neighborhood where they lived, and now almost forgotten even by their de-

scendants, surpass in thrilling interest any romance ever written! In these days of railroads and steam, it can scarcely be credited that a woman actually rode alone, in the night, through a wild unsettled country, a distance—going and returning—of a hundred and twenty-five miles; and that in less than forty hours, and without any interval of rest! Yet even this fair equestrian, whose feats would astonish the modern world, admitted that one of her acquaintances was a better horsewoman than herself. This was Miss Esther Wake, the beautiful sister-in-law of Governor Tryon, after whom Wake County was named. She is said to have rode eighty miles—the distance between Raleigh and the Governor's head-quarters in the neighborhood of Colonel Slocumb's residence—to pay a visit; returning the next day. Governor Tryon was here several days, at the time he made the famous foray against the Regulators. What would these women have said to the delicacy of modern refinement in the southern country, fatigued with a moderate drive in a close carriage, and looking out on woods and fields from the windows!

The physiologist may explain the vision that produced an impression so powerful as to determine this resolute wife upon her nocturnal expedition to Moore's Creek. The idea of danger to her husband, which banished sleep, was sufficient to call up the illusion to her excited imagination; and her actions were decided by the impulse of the moment, prompting her to hasten at once to his assistance.

This is not the place to record the Revolutionary services of Colonel Slocumb. The aid of one of his descendants enables me to add some notice of the personal history of his wife to the foregoing anecdotes. Her maiden name was Hooks. She was born in the county of Bertie, North Carolina, in 1760. When she was about ten years of age, her father, after a tour of exploration in search of a portion of country which combined the advantages of fertility and healthful air, removed his family to the county of Duplin. He was an open-hearted, hospitable man; and was one of a number bearing the same character, who settled a region of country called Goshen, still famous in North Carolina for the frank simplicity of the manners of its inhabitants, and for their profuse and generous hospitality. Here were nurtured some of the noblest spirits of the Revolution. The names of Renau, Hill, Wright, Pearsall, Hooks, and Slocumb, among others, are remembered with pride. The constant presence of the loyalists or tories in the neighborhood, and their frequent depredations, called for vigilance as well as bravery. Many a tale of treachery and cruelty, enough to freeze the blood with horror, is this day told at the fireside. Sometimes the barn or dwelling of the doomed whig, wrapped in lurid flames, lighted up the darkness of the night; sometimes his fate was to be hung to a sapling; and not unfrequently these atrocities were in like manner avenged upon the aggressors. Accustomed to hear of such things, and inured to scenes of danger, it cannot be wondered, that the gay and sprightly Mary

Hooks should acquire a degree of masculine energy and independence, with many of the accomplishments of the bolder sex. She was at this time in the early bloom of youth, with slender and symmetrical form and pleasing features, animated by blue, expressive, laughing eyes. If not absolutely beautiful, her face could not fail to charm; for it beamed with the bright soul that knew not what it was to fear. Her playful wit and repartee, rendered piquant by her powers of sarcasm, were rarely equalled.

Soon after the removal of the family to Goshen, her mother died; and in 1777, her father married the widow of John Charles Slocumb, who resided in the locality above-described, on the Neuse. At the time of their marriage, the parties had each three children Ezekiel Slocumb was the eldest son, and as the law then stood, inherited the whole of his father's real estate. Of the two plantations to which he was entitled, however, he gave one to his brother. Though but a youth of seventeen, the management of the property devolved on him; while the other children of the united family lived together at Goshen. In due time for a "course of love," Ezekiel Slocumb and Mary Hooks were married, both being about eighteen years of age. The lovely and spirited bride immediately entered upon her duties at her husband's home on the Neuse; but they were not allowed to remain long in untroubled security. To prevent or punish the frequent depredations of the tories, the boy-husband joined a troop of light-horse, who, acting on their own responsibility, performed the

duty of scouts, scouring the country wherever they had notice of any necessity for their presence. In these prolonged absences, Mrs. Slocumb took the entire charge of the plantation, being obliged to perform many of the duties which usually fall to the lot of the rougher sex. She used to say, laughingly, that she had done in those perilous times all that a man ever did, except "mauling rails;" and to take away even that exception she went out one day and *split a few.* She was a graceful and fearless rider; and Die Vernon herself never displayed more skillful horsemanship in scampering over the hills of Scotland, than did the subject of this memoir, in her excursions through the wild woods of Neuse. Not only was this southern accomplishment then in vogue among the women, but it was not thought unfeminine to chase the fox. Many a time and oft has our heroine been in at the death, and won the honor. Nor could the stag say confidently, 'this day he would not die,' if Mary Slocumb chanced to be mounted on "Old Roan," with her light unerring "Joe Manton" slung at her side!

But those were not days for sport and pleasure alone In the knowledge how to spin, sew, and weave, our fair equestrian was perfect. She could also wash and cook· and it was her pride to excel in all she did. In those days matrons of condition disdained not labor with their hands; nor were affluent circumstances an excuse for idleness or extravagance. The results of her persevering industry and that of her domestics appeared at her death in curtains, quilts, and cloths of various sorts and

patterns, sufficient in quantity to furnish a country store. Let our indolent fine ladies blush for themselves when they learn that a woman of mind and intelligence, whose rare powers of conversation charmed the social circle, actually carded, spun, wove, cut and made all the clothes worn by an officer of the army in active service during the southern campaign, including his guard-cloak; and that the material of her own dress was manufactured by her own hands!*

* The following picture of a housewife of the olden time is taken from the MS. "Remembrancer" of Christopher Marshall, Member of the Committee of Observation, &c., &c. These curious manuscript papers have been arranged by William Duane, jun., of Philadelphia:

"As I have in this memorandum taken scarcely any notice of my wife's employments, it might appear as if her engagements were very trifling; the which is not the case, but the reverse; and to do her that justice which her services deserved, by entering them minutely, would take up most of my time, for this genuine reason, how that from early in the morning till late at night, she is constantly employed in the affairs of the family, which for four months has been very large; for besides the addition to our family in the house, [is] a constant resort of comers and goers, which seldom go away with dry lips and hungry bellies. This calls for her constant attendance, not only to provide, but also to attend at getting prepared in the kitchen, baking our bread and pies, meat, &c., and also on the table. Her cleanliness about the house, her attendance in the orchard, cutting and drying apples, of which several bushels have been procured; add to which, her making of cider without tools, for the constant drink of the family, her seeing all our washing done, and her fine clothes and my shirts, the which are all smoothed by her; add to this, her making of twenty large cheeses, and that from one cow, and daily using with milk and cream, besides her sewing, knitting, &c. Thus she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idle

Mrs. Slocumb's was a happy girlhood and youth. She always recurred to its history with delight; and retained the fashion of dress then prevalent with a fond pertinacity amusing to others She scorned ever to wear any other than the long tight-waisted habit worn in her youthful days; and however costly the material, it had to be cut in the good old way. For almost sixty years she never did, and never would, allow herself to vary one iota from the fashion of Seventy-Six. It was with her a matter of pride no less than taste; it was a relic of the Revolution; and it would have savored of ingratitude, if not of impiety, to cast it away.

The true dignity of an American matron was shown in Mrs. Slocumb's reception and entertainment of the British officers, as already related. Her deportment was uniformly calm and self-possessed; her lofty spirit gave to her slender and fragile form a majesty that secured the respect of all the officers, and protected her from the slightest approach towards insolent familiarity. She presided at her table with dignity and courtesy, extending open hospitality to all her unbidden guests. Her liberality was acknowledged by strict orders that no depredations should be committed on any thing belonging to the house or plantation. These orders were in general successfully enforced; but even military authority could not save the farm-yard poultry or stock from a hungry soldiery. Not a feather was left, and

ness; yea, she also stretcheth out her hand, and she reacheth forth her hand to her needy friends and neighbors. I think she has not been above four times since her residence has been here, to visit her neighbors.

many a fine bullock was knocked in the head. But in other things the protection availed her. On the news of the army's approach, she had taken the precaution to bury in the edge of a marsh near at hand, her plate and other valuables. The soldiers suspected the place of deposit, and plunged their pike-staffs into the ground about the spot, until they discovered the treasure. They were compelled to restore it to the rightful owner

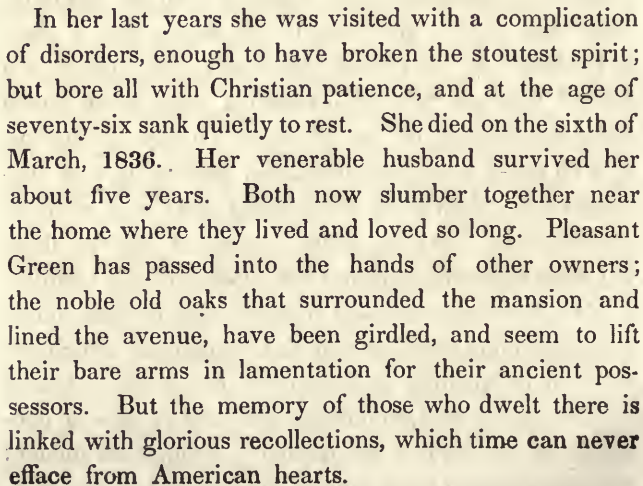
Mrs. Slocumb's little son, at this time two or three years old, became a pet with several of the officers. The little fellow was permitted to share with them the pleasure and pride of prancing about on their splendid chargers. Perhaps to some of them his childish glee recalled their own domestic circles, and awakened in their stern hearts the holy feelings of home. They seemed delighted when the infant equestrian thus playing dragoon, would clap his little hands and shout in his innocent mirth. This child was the Hon. Jesse Slocumb, member of Congress, who died full of honors in early manhood. His remains rest in the Congressional burial-ground at Washington. The brother of Mrs. Slocumb already mentioned, was at the same time a member from the Wilmington District. He died two or three years since in Alabama.

When the British army broke up their encampment at the plantation, a sergeant was ordered by Colonel Tarleton to stand in the door till the last soldier had gone out, to ensure protection to a lady whose noble bearing had inspired them all with the most profound respect. This order was obeyed; the guard brought

up the rear of that army in their march northward Mrs. Slocumb saw them depart with tears of joy; and on her knees gave thanks, with a full heart, to the Divine Being who had protected her. A day or two afterwards, her husband returned to her arms and a happy home. They lived together for sixty years in unbroken harmony, the patriarchs of all that country, and looked up to by the inhabitants with unbounded love and respect. Many a traveller has been entertained at this hospitable mansion. A chapter might here be written on the subject of that ancient hospitality now so nearly obsolete in regions of country visited by the march of improvement. It was preserved in all its primitive exuberance in the house of Colonel Slocumb; there was always provision in his larder, and a place at his board for the chance guest, who was certain of a cordial welcome, and wine which a connoisseur would have pronounced of the choicest vintage of Europe. If it be asked how this unbounded hospitality was supported—the answer is, every thing used was of home manufacture; nothing being purchased except those few essentials which are not the produce of our country.

Mrs. Slocumb possessed a strong and original mind, a commanding intellect and clear judgment, which she retained unimpaired to the time of her death. Among her friends she was remarkable for vivid powers of conversation, while those less familiarly acquainted thought her reserved, and some fancied her severe and sarcastic. In this respect she was misjudged, for her severity was aimed only at folly or misconduct.

Her characteristic fortitude in the endurance of bodily pain—so great that it seemed absolute stoicism—should be noticed. In her seventy-second year she was afflicted with a cancer on her hand, which the surgeon informed her must be removed with the knife. At the time appointed for the operation she protested against being held by the assistants, telling the surgeon, "it was his business to cut out the cancer; she would take care of her arm." He insisted, however, on her submitting to be held. At the first incision, one of the assistants complained of faintness; Mrs. Slocumb bade him go away; and driving them off, braced her arm on the table, and never moved a muscle nor uttered a groan during the operation



In her last years she was visited with a complication of disorders, enough to have broken the stoutest spirit; but bore all with Christian patience, and at the age of seventy-six sank quietly to rest. She died on the sixth of March, 1836. Her venerable husband survived her about five years. Both now slumber together near the home where they lived and loved so long. Pleasant Green has passed into the hands of other owners; the noble old oaks that surrounded the mansion and lined the avenue, have been girdled, and seem to lift their bare arms in lamentation for their ancient possessors. But the memory of those who dwelt there is linked with glorious recollections, which time can never efface from American hearts.

MENTION has been made of Esther Wake, the sister of Lady Tryon. These two lovely and accomplished women exercised great influence, according to tradition, in matters of state.* The gallantry of a warm-hearted people perhaps inclined them to estimate the character of their governor by the grace, beauty and accomplishment that adorned his domestic circle. The governor's dinners were princely, and the fascination of the ladies irresistible. In his attempt to obtain an appropriation from the assembly for building a splendid palace, female genius and influence rose superior to his official consequence and political manœuvres. Though the colony was poor, their management obtained a second grant. The admiration they commanded helped to sustain Governor Tryon's waning authority. When the royal government was annihilated, and the motion to change the name of Tryon County was under consideration, the resolution to alter that of Wake was rejected by acclamation. Thus the county in which the city of Raleigh is located, is consecrated to the memory of beauty and virtue.

* Sabine's American Loyalists. Jones' Defence of North Carolina

XXIV

SARAH BACHE *

SARAH, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin, was born at Philadelphia, on the eleventh of September, 1744 Of her early years no particulars can now be obtained; but from her father's appreciation of the importance of education, and the intelligence and information that she displayed through life, we may presume that her studies were as extensive as were then pursued by females in any of the American colonies.

In 1764, she was called to part with her father, sent to Europe for the first time in a representative capacity. The people of Pennsylvania were at that time divided into two parties—the supporters and the opponents of the proprietaries. The sons of Penn, as is known, had left the religion of their father, and joined the Church of England; and the bulk of that persuasion were of the proprietary party. The mass of the Quakers were in opposition, and with them Franklin had acted. After having been for fourteen years a

* Mr. William Duane, to whose pen the reader is indebted for this sketch—is the grandson of Mrs Bache.

SARAH BACHE.

S Bache

member of the Assembly, he lost his election to that body in the autumn of 1764, by a few votes; but his friends being in the majority in the House, immediately elected him the agent of the province in England. The proprietary party made great opposition to his appointment; and an incident occurred in connection with it that shows us how curiously the affairs of Church and State were intermingled in those days. A petition or remonstrance to the Assembly against his being chosen agent, was laid for signature upon the communion-table of Christ Church, in which he was a pew-holder, and his wife a communicant. His daughter appears to have resented this outrage upon decency and the feelings of her family, and to have spoken of leaving the church in consequence; which gave occasion to the following dissuasive in the letter which her father wrote to her from Reedy Island, November 8th, 1764, on his way to Europe: "Go constantly to church whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the common prayer-book is your principal business there; and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than sermons generally can do; for they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days. Yet I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a lit-

tle before I came away some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do."*

The opinion entertained by many that a disposition to mobbing is of modern growth in this country is erroneous. In Colonial times outrages of this character were at least as frequent as now. Dr. Franklin had not been gone a year before his house was threatened with an attack. Mrs. Franklin sent her daughter to Governor Franklin's in Burlington, and proceeded to make preparation for the defence of her "castle." Her letter detailing the particulars may be found in the last edition of Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.

The first letter from Sarah Franklin to her father that has been preserved, was written after her return from this visit to Burlington. In it she says, "The subject now is Stamp Act, and nothing else is talked of. The Dutch talk of the 'Stamp tack,' the negroes of the 'tamp'—in short, every body has something to say." The commissions which follow for gloves, lavender, and tooth-powder, give us a humble idea of the state of the supplies in the Colonies at that day. The letter thus concludes: "There is not a young lady of my acquaintance but what desires to be remembered to you. I am, my dear, your very dutiful daughter,

"SALLY FRANKLIN."

In a letter dated on the 23d of the following March (1765), the Stamp Act is again mentioned: "We have

* The manuscript letters from which extracts are made in this memoir, are in the possession of Mrs. Bache's descendants in Philadelphia.

heard by a round-about way that the Stamp Act is repealed The people seem determined to believe it, though it came from Ireland to Maryland. The bells rung, we had bonfires, and one house was illuminated. Indeed I never heard so much noise in my life; the very children seem distracted. I hope and pray the noise may be true."

A letter to her brother, written September 30th, 1766, speaks thus of some political movements in Philadelphia at that time: "The letter from Mr. Sergeant was to Daniel Wistar. I send you the Dutch paper, where I think there is something about it. On Friday night there was a meeting of seven or eight hundred men in Hare's brew-house, where Mr. Ross, mounted on a bag of grain, spoke to them a considerable time. He read Sergeant's letter, and some others, which had a good effect, as they satisfied many. Some of the people say he outdid Whitfield; and Sir John says he is in a direct line from Solomon. He spoke several things in favor of his absent friend, whom he called the good, the worthy Dr. Franklin, and his worthy friend. After he was gone, Hugh Roberts stood up and proposed him in Willing's place, and desired those who were for him to stand up; and they all rose to a man."

On the 29th of October, 1767, Sarah Franklin was married to Richard Bache, a merchant of Philadelphia, and a native of Settle, in Yorkshire, England. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bache appear to have resided with Mrs. Franklin in the house built by her in

the year 1765, upon ground over which Franklin Place now runs.*

Mrs. Franklin died on the 19th of December, 1774, having been attacked by paralysis four days previously The mansion house continued to be occupied by Mr. Bache and his family. In the garden a willow tree was planted by Mrs. Bache on the 4th of July, 1776.

The approach of the British army through New Jersey in December, 1776, induced Mr. Bache to remove his family to Goshen township in Chester County, from which place the following letter was addressed by Mrs. Bache to her father, who, in the previous October, had been sent to France by the American Congress. Mrs. Bache's eldest son accompanied him, and was educated in France and Geneva under the supervision of his grandfather.

"Goshen, *February* 23*d*, 1777.

'Honored Sir—

"We have been impatiently waiting to hear of your arrival for some time. It was seventeen weeks yesterday since you left us—a day I shall never forget.

* This house, in which Franklin died, stood rather nearer to Chestnut Street than to Market Street. The original entrance to it was over the ground upon which No. 112 Market Street is now built. On Franklin's return from Europe, he opened a new entrance to it between Nos. 106 and 108, under the archway still remaining, the house No. 106, and that lately No. 108, being built by him. His house was torn down about the year 1813, when Franklin Court was built upon the ground occupied by it—the court in front and the garden in the rear

How happy shall we be to hear you are all safe arrived and well. You had not left us long before we were obliged to leave town. I never shall forget nor forgive them for turning me out of house and home in the middle of winter, and we are still about twenty-four miles from Philadephia, in Chester County, the next plantation to where Mr. Ashbridge used to live. We have two comfortable rooms, and we are as happily situated as I can be separated from Mr. Bache; he comes to see us as often as his business will permit. Your library we sent out of town well packed in boxes, a week before us, and all the valuable things, mahogany excepted, we brought with us. There was such confusion that it was a hard matter to get out at any rate; when we shall get back again I know not, though things are altered much in our favor since we left town. I think I shall never be afraid of staying in it again, if the enemy were only three miles instead of thirty from it, since our cowards, as Lord Sandwich calls them, are so ready to turn out against those heroes who were to conquer all before them, but have found themselves so much mistaken; their courage never brought them to Trenton, till they heard our army were disbanded. I send you the newspapers; but as they do not always speak true, and as there may be some particulars in Mr. Bache's letters to me that are not in them, I will copy those parts of his letters that contain the news. I think you will have it more regular.

"Aunt has wrote to you, and sent it to town. She is very well, and desires her love to you and Temple.

We have wished much for him here when we have been a little dull; he would have seen some characters here quite new to him. It's lucky for us Mr. George Clymer's, Mr. Meredith's, and Mr. Budden's families are moved so near us. They are sensible and agreeable people, and are not often alone. I have refused dining at Mr. Clymer's to-day, that I might have the pleasure of writing to you and my dear boy, who, I hope, behaves so as to make you love him. We used to think he gave little trouble at home; but that was, perhaps, a mother's partiality. I am in great hopes that the first letter of Mr. Bache will bring me news of your arrival. I shall then have cause to rejoice. I am, my dear papa, as much as ever, your dutiful and affectionate daughter.

"S. Bache."

Mrs Bache returned home with her family shortly after, but in the following autumn the approach of the British army after their victory on the Brandywine, again drove them from Philadelphia. On the 17th of September, 1777, four days after the birth of hersecond daughter, Mrs. Bache left town, taking refuge at first in the hospitable mansion of her friend Mrs. Duffield, in Lower Dublin Township, Philadel. Co. They afterwards removed to Manheim Township in Lancaster County where they remained until the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British forces. The following extracts are from letters written to Dr. Franklin after their return. On the 14th July, 1778 Mr. Bache writes: "Once more I have the happiness of addressing you from this

dearly beloved city, after having been kept out of it more than nine months. * * * I found your house and furniture upon my return to town, in much better order than I had reason to expect from the hands of such a rapacious crew; they stole and carried off with them some of your musical instruments, viz: a Welsh harp, ball harp, the set of tuned bells which were in a box, viol-de-gamba, all the spare armonica glasses and one or two spare cases. Your armonica is safe. They took likewise the few books that were left behind, the chief of which were Temple's school books and the History of the Arts and Sciences in French, which is a great loss to the public; some of your electric apparatus is missing also—a Captain André also took with him the picture of you which hung in the dining-room. The rest of the pictures are safe and met with no damage, except the frame of Alfred, which is broken to pieces."*

André was quartered in Franklin's house during the sojourn of the British in Philadelphia. In the following letter from Mrs. Bache, his future acquaintance Arnold is mentioned. It is dated October 22, 1778, Mrs. Bache having remained at Manheim with her children until the autumn. "This is the first opportunity I have had since my return home of writing to you. We found the house and furniture in much better order than we could expect, which was owing to the care the

* The postscript to this letter is curious "I wish I could have sent to me from France two dozen of padlocks and keys fit for mails, and a dozen post-horns; they are not to be had here."

Miss Cliftons took of all we left behind; my being removed four days after my little girl was born, made it impossible for me to remove half the things we did in our former flight." After describing her little girl, she adds: "I would give a good deal you could see her; you can't think how fond of kissing she is, and gives such old-fashioned smacks, General Arnold says he would give a good deal to have her for a school mistress, to teach the young ladies how to kiss." * * * There is hardly such a thing as living in town, every thing is so high, the money is old tenor to all intents and purposes. If I was to mention the prices of the common necessaries of life it would astonish you. I have been all amazement since my return; such an odds have two years made, that I can scarcely believe I am in Philadelphia. * * * They really ask me six dollars for a pair of gloves, and I have been obliged to pay fifteen pounds for a common calamanco petticoat without quilting, that I once could have got for fifteen shillings."

These high prices were owing to the depreciation of the Continental money, but it subsequently was much greater. The time came when Mrs. Bache's domestics were obliged to take two baskets with them to market, one empty to contain the provisions they purchased, the other full of continental money to pay for them.

On the 17th of January, 1779, after speaking of the continued rise of prices, she writes, that "there never was so much dressing and pleasure going on; old friends meeting again, the whigs in high spirits and strangers

of distinction among us." Speaking of her having met with General and Mrs. Washington several times, she adds: "He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner, and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's on your birth-day, or night I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage; it was just twenty years that night."

With this letter a piece of American silk was sent as a present to the Queen of France, Maria Antionette.

Dr. Franklin in his reply seems to have expressed some dissatisfaction at the gaiety of his countrymen, which he considered unseasonable. Mrs. Bache thus excuses herself for participating in it in a letter dated September 14, 1779: "I am indeed much obliged to you for your very kind present. It never could have come at a more seasonable time, and particularly so as they are all necessary. * * * But how could my dear papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery. He would not, I am sure, if he knew how much I have felt it. Last winter was a season of triumph to the whigs, and they spent it gaily. You would not have had me, I am sure, stay away from the Ambassador's or General's entertainments, nor when I was invited to spend the day with General Washington and his lady; and you would have been the last person, I am sure, to have wished to see me dressed with singularity. Though I never loved dress so much as to wish to be particularly fine, yet I never will go out when I cannot appear so as do credit to my family

and husband. * * * I can assure my dear papa that industry in this country is by no means laid aside; but as to spinning linen, we cannot think of that till we have got that wove which we spun three years ago. Mr. Duffield has bribed a weaver that lives on his farm to weave me eighteen yards, by making him three or four shuttles for nothing, and keeping it a secret from the country people, who will not suffer them to weave for those in town. This is the third weaver's it has been at, and many fair promises I have had about it. 'Tis now done and whitening, but forty yards of the best remains at Liditz yet, that I was to have had home a twelvemonth last month. Mrs. Keppele, who is gone to Lancaster, is to try to get it done there for me; but not a thread will they weave but for hard money. My maid is now spinning wool for winter stockings for the whole family, which will be no difficulty in the manufactory, as I knit them myself. I only mention these things that you may see that balls are not the only reason that the wheel is laid aside. * * * This winter approaches with so many horrors that I shall not want any thing to go abroad in, if I can be comfortable at home. My spirits, which I have kept up during my being drove about from place to place, much better than most people's I meet with, have been lowered by nothing but the depreciation of the money, which has been amazing lately, so that home will be the place for me this winter, as I cannot get a common winter cloak and hat but just decent under two hundred pounds; as to gauze now, it is fifty dollars

a yard; 'tis beyond my wish, and I should think it not only a shame but a sin to buy it if I had millions. It is indeed, as you say, that money is too cheap; for there are so many people that are not used to have it, nor know the proper use of it, that get so much, that they care not whether they give one dollar or a hundred for any thing they want; but to those whose every dollar is the same as a silver one, which is our case, it is particularly hard; for Mr. Bache could not bear to do business in the manner it has been done in this place, which has been almost all by monopolizing and forestalling."

In the patriotic effort of the ladies of Philadelphia to furnish the destitute American soldiers with money and clothing during the year 1780, Mrs. Bache took a very active part. After the death of Mrs. Reed, the duty of completing the collections and contributions devolved on her and four other ladies, as a sort of Executive Committee. The shirts provided were cut out at her house. A letter to Dr. Franklin, part of which has been published, shows how earnestly she was engaged in the work. The Marquis de Chastellux thus describes a visit which he paid her about this time: "After this slight repast, which only lasted an hour and a half, we went to visit the ladies, agreeable to the Philadelphia custom, where the morning is the most proper hour for paying visits. We began by Mrs. Bache. She merited all the anxiety we had to see her, for she is the daughter of Mr. Franklin. Simple in her manners, like her respected father,

she possesses his benevolence. She conducted us into a room filled with work, lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor of net-work edging, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took a pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was the name of the married or unmarried lady who made it; and they amounted to twenty-two hundred.

Mrs. Bache writes to Mrs. Meredith, at Trenton; "I am happy to have it in my power to tell you that the sums given by the good women of Philadelphia for the benefit of the army have been much greater than could be expected, and given with so much cheerfulness and so many blessings, that it was rather a pleasing than a painful task to call for it. I write to claim you as a Philadelphian, and shall think myself honored in your donation."

A letter of M. de Marbois to Dr. Franklin, the succeeding year—thus speaks of his daughter: "If there are in Europe any women who need a model of attachment to domestic duties and love for their country, Mrs. Bache may be pointed out to them as such. She passed a part of the last year in exertions to rouse the zeal of the Pennsylvania ladies, and she made on this occasion such a happy use of the eloquence which you know she possesses, that a large part of the American army was provided with shirts, bought with their

money, or made by their hands. In her applications for this purpose, she showed the most indefatigable zeal, the most unwearied perseverance, and a courage in asking, which surpassed even the obstinate reluctance of the Quakers in refusing."

The letters of Mrs. Bache show much force of character, and an ardent, generous and impulsive nature. She has a strong remembrance of kindness, and attachment to her friends; and in writing to her father her veneration for him is ever apparent, combined with the confidence and affection of a devoted daughter. Her beloved children are continually the theme on which her pen delights to dwell. Again and again the little family group is described to her father when abroad; and it is pleasing to dwell on the picture of the great philosopher and statesman reading with parental interest domestic details like the following; "Willy begins to learn his book very well, and has an extraordinary memory. He has learned, these last holidays, the speech of Anthony over Cæsar's body, which he can scarcely speak without tears. When Betsy looks at your picture here, she wishes her grandpapa had teeth, that he might be able to talk to her; and has frequently tried to tempt you to walk out of the frame with a piece of apple pie, the thing of all others she likes best. Louis is remarkable for his sweet temper and good spirits." To her son she says: "There is nothing would make me happier than your making a good and useful man. Every instruction with regard to your morals and learning I am sure you have from your grandpapa: I shall therefore only

add my prayers that all he recommends may be strictly attended to."

In September, 1785, after an absence of nearly seven years at the Court of France, Dr. Franklin returned to his home in Philadelphia. He spent the last years of his life amidst the family of his daughter and the descendants of the friends of his early years, the most of whom he had survived.

In 1792, Mr. and Mrs. Bache visited England, and would have extended their tour to France, had it not been for the increasing troubles of the French Revolution. They were absent about a year.

Mr. Bache, having relinquished commercial pursuits, removed in 1794 to a farm upon the river Delaware, sixteen miles above Philadelphia, which he named Settle, after his birthplace. Here they spent upwards of thirteen years, making their residence the seat of hospitality.

In 1807, Mrs. Bache was attacked by cancer, and removed to Philadelphia in the winter of 1807–8, for the benefit of medical attendance. Her disease proved incurable, and on the 5th of October, 1808, she died in the house in Franklin Court, aged sixty-four years. Her remains, with those of her husband, who survived her a few years only, are interred in the Christ Church burial-ground, beside those of her parents.

In person, Mrs. Bache was rather above the middle height, and in the latter years of her life she became very stout. Her complexion was uncommonly fair,

with much color; her hair brown, and her eyes blue, like those of her father.

Strong good sense, and a ready flow of wit, were among the most striking features of her mind. Her benevolence was very great, and her generosity and liberality were eminent. Her friends ever cherished a warm affection for her.

It has been related that her father, with a view of accustoming her to bear disappointments with patience, was sometimes accustomed to request her to remain at home, and spend the evening over the chess-board, when she was on the point of going out to some meeting of her young friends. The cheerfulness which she displayed in every turn of fortune, proves that this discipline was not without its good effect.

Many of her witticisms have been remembered, but most of them, owing to the local nature of the events which gave rise to them and their mention of individuals, would not now bear being repeated. Her remark that "she hated all the Carolinians from Bee to Izard, would be excluded for the latter reason, but may perhaps be excused here, as it has already appeared in print. What offence Mr. Bee had given, is not known, but Mr. Izard's hostility to her father was of the most malignant character.

She took a great interest through life in political affairs, and was a zealous republican. Having learnt that the English lady to whom some of her daughters were sent to school, had placed the pupils connected with persons in public life (her children among the number), at the upper end of the table, upon the ground that

the young ladies of rank should sit together, Mrs. Bache sent her word that in this country there was no rank but rank mutton.

Mrs. Bache had eight children, of whom her eldest daughter died very young, and her eldest son in 1798 of the yellow fever, then prevailing in Philadelphia. Three sons and three daughters survived her.

XXV.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

None who take an interest in the history of Washington can fail to desire some knowledge of her who shared his thoughts and plans, and was associated with him in the great events of his life. Few women have been called to move, in the drama of existence, amid scenes so varied and imposing; and few have sustained their part with so much dignity and discretion. In the shades of retirement, or the splendor of eminent station, she was the same unostentatious, magnanimous woman; through the gloom of adverse fortune she walked by the side of the Chief, ascending with him the difficult path Heaven had opened before him; and when standing with him on the summit, in the full light of his power and renown, the eyes of her spirit looked still upward, seeking in the smile of the Supreme a reward which earthly honors could not bestow.

Though the life of Mrs. Washington was a changeful one, and had its full measure of sorrow and joy, it affords little material for the biographer. She moved in woman's domestic sphere, to which pertain not actions that strike the public eye, but uncomplaining

endurance, and continual, unnoted self-sacrifice. The best account of her is the memoir prepared for the National Portrait Gallery, by her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, D. C. According to this, Martha Dandridge was descended from an ancient family that migrated to the colony of Virginia and was born in the county of New Kent, in May, 1732. Her education was only a domestic one, such as was given to females in those days, when there were few seminaries of instruction, and private teachers were generally employed. Her beauty and fascinating manners, with her amiable qualities of character, gained her distinction among the ladies who were accustomed to resort to Williamsburg, at that time the seat of government.

When but seventeen, Miss Dandridge was married to Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of the same county. Their residence—called the "White House,"—was on the banks of the Pamunkey River, where Colonel Custis became a highly successful planter. None of the children of this marriage survived the mother; Martha, who arrived at womanhood, died at Mount Vernon, in 1770; and John perished eleven years later, at the age of twenty-seven.

Mrs. Custis was early left a widow, in the full bloom of beauty and "splendidly endowed with worldly benefits." As sole executrix, she managed with great ability the extensive landed and pecuniary business of the estate. Surrounded by the advantages of fortune and position, and possessing such charms of person, it may

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well be believed that suitors for her hand and heart were many and pressing.

"It was in 1758," says her biographer, "that an officer, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and militaire as his Chief, crossed the ferry called Williams's, over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the southern, or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime—the very soul of kindness and hospitality." He would hear of no excuse on the officer's part for declining the invitation to stop at his house. In vain the Colonel pleaded important business at Williamsburg; Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that his friend must dine with him at the very least. He promised, as a temptation, to introduce him to a young and charming widow, who chanced then to be an inmate of his dwelling. At last the soldier surrendered at discretion, resolving, however, to pursue his journey the same evening. They proceeded to the mansion. Mr. Chamberlayne presented Colonel Washington to his various guests, among whom was the beautiful Mrs. Custis. Tradition says that the two were favorably impressed with each other at the first interview. It may be supposed that the conversation turned upon scenes in which the whole community had a deep interest—scenes which the young hero, fresh from his early fields, could eloquently describe; and we may fancy with what earnest and rapt interest the fair listener "to hear did seriously in-

cline;" or how "the heavenly rhetoric of her eyes" beamed unconscious admiration upon the manly speaker The morning passed; the sun sank low in the horizon. The hospitable host smiled as he saw the Colonel's faithful attendant, Bishop, true to his orders, holding his master's spirited steed at the gate. The veteran waited, and marvelled at the delay. "Ah, Bishop," says a fair writer describing the occurrence, "there was an urchin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his governors! Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom, that it fluttered with the excess of a new-found happiness!"

Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that no guest ever left his house after sunset; and his visitor was persuaded, without much difficulty, to remain. The next day was far advanced when the enamored soldier was on the road to Williamsburg. His business there being despatched, he hastened to the presence of the captivating widow.

A short time after the marriage, which took place about 1759, Colonel and Mrs. Washington fixed their residence at Mount Vernon. The mansion was at that period a very small building compared with its present extent. It did not receive many additions before Washington left it to repair to the first Congress, and thence to the command-in-chief of the armies of his country. He was accompanied to Cambridge by Mrs. Washington, who remained some time with him, and witnessed

the siege and evacuation of Boston. She then returned to Virginia.

So prevalent at one time was the disaffection, as Mrs. Washington herself remarked, that on a visit to Philadelphia, upon her way to camp one season, few of the ladies of the city called upon her. A passage from Christopher Marshall's manuscript diary for the year 1775,* curiously illustrates the state of popular feeling at the breaking out of the war. Mrs. Washington arrived in the city on the twenty-first of November, on her journey to Cambridge. A ball was in preparation, to be given on the twenty-fourth ; and it was expected that both she and the wife of Colonel Hancock would grace the entertainment with their presence. But from some threats thrown out, it was feared that a commotion would be made, which might result in disturbance of the peace of the city. A large and respectable committee was held at the Philosophical Hall, called together for the purpose of considering the propriety of allowing the ball to be given that evening; and after mature consideration, it was concluded that no such entertainment should take place, either then, or during the continuance of those melancholy times. A committee was appointed to inform the managers that they must proceed no further in the preparations; and also to wait upon 'Lady Washington,' and request her not to attend at the assembly to which she had been invited. The committee acted agreeably to directions; and

* This passage may be found, quoted from the MS., in a note in the Life and Correspondence of President Reed. Vol. II., p 24.

reported that Lady Washington had received them with great politeness, thanked the committee for their kind care and regard in giving her timely notice, and assured them that their sentiments on this occasion were perfectly agreeable to her own.

It was not often that the interest taken by Mrs. Washington in political affairs was evinced by any public expression. The address already mentioned, which was read in the churches of Virginia, and published in the Philadelphia papers, June 1780, as "The Sentiments of an American Woman"—was attributed—it cannot be ascertained with what truth—to her pen.* She passed the winters with her husband. Mr. Custis states that it was the habit of the Commander-in-chief to despatch an aid-de-camp, at the close of each campaign, to escort Mrs. Washington to head-quarters. Her arrival at camp was an event much anticipated; the plain chariot, with the neat postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was always welcomed with great joy by the army, and brought a cheering influence, which relieved the general gloom in seasons of disaster and despair. Her example was followed by the wives of other general officers.

It happened at one time while the ladies remained later than usual in the camp on the Hudson, that an alarm was given of the approach of the enemy from New York. The aids-de-camp proposed that the ladies should be sent away under an escort. To this Washington would not consent. "The presence of our

* Remembrancer, Vol. VIII.

wives," said he, "will the better encourage us to a brave defence." The night was dark; and the words of command from the officers, the marching of the troops, the dragging of artillery into the yard, and the noise of removing the windows of the house—the house itself being filled with soldiers—all gave "dreadful note of preparation." The enemy, however, finding themselves mistaken in their hopes of a surprise, withdrew without coming to blows.

Lady Washington, as she was always called in the army, usually remained at head-quarters till the opening of the succeeding campaign, when she returned to Mount Vernon. She was accustomed afterwards to say that it had been her fortune to hear the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing, of all the campaigns of the Revolutionary war. How admirably her equanimity and cheerfulness were preserved, through the sternest periods of the struggle—and how inspiriting was the influence she diffused, is testified in many of the military journals. She was at Valley Forge in that dreadful winter of 1777–8; her presence and submission to privation strengthening the fortitude of those who might have complained, and giving hope and confidence to the desponding. She soothed the distresses of many sufferers, seeking out the poor and afflicted with benevolent kindness, extending relief wherever it was in her power, and with graceful deportment presiding in the Chief's humble dwelling.* In a letter to Mrs. Warren she says, "The General's apartment is very small; he has

* Thacher's Journal and other authorities.

had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first. Their table was but scantily furnished; but the soldiers fared still worse, sitting down at a board of rough planks, set with horn spoons and a few tumblers; the food being often salt herrings and potatoes, without other vegetables, or tea, coffee, or sugar. Their continental money was no temptation to the farmers to sell them produce. The stone jug passed round was filled with water from the nearest spring; and rare was the privilege of toddy in which to drink the health of the nation. Yet here, forgetful of herself, the patriot wife anxiously watched the aspect of affairs, and was happy when the political horizon brightened. She writes to Mrs. Warren—"It has given me unspeakable pleasure to hear that General Burgoyne and his army are in safe quarters in your State. Would bountiful Providence aim a like stroke at General Howe, the measure of my happiness would be complete."*

The Marquis de Chastellux says of Mrs. Washington, whom he met at the house of General Reed in Philadelphia,—"She had just arrived from Virginia, and was going to stay with her husband, as she does at the end of every campaign. She is about forty, or five-and-forty, rather plump, but fresh, and of an agreeable countenance." In another passage, he notices the camp life shared by her: "The head-quarters at Newburgh consist of a single house, built in the Dutch fashion, and neither large nor commodious. The largest

* MS letter, March 7th, 1778

room in it, which General Washington has converted into his dining room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney is against the wall; so that there is, in fact, but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a small room which served as a parlor. At nine, supper was served, and when bedtime came, I found that the chamber to which the General conducted me was the very parlor spoken of, wherein he had made them place a camp-bed. We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up; and my chamber became the sitting room for the whole afternoon; for American manners do not admit of a bed in the room in which company is received, especially where there are women. The smallness of the house, and the inconvenience to which I saw that General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest M. Rochambeau might arrive on the same day. The day I remained at head-quarters was passed either at table or in conversation."

The recollections of a veteran still living at Manchester, Massachusetts, at the age of ninety-two, bear testimony to the kindness of Mrs. Washington towards those in the humblest sphere. One little incident occurred when she came to spend the cold season with her husband in winter-quarters. There were but two frame-houses in the settlement, and neither had a finished upper story. The General was contented with his rough dwelling, but wished to prepare for his wife a

more retired and comfortable apartment. He sent for the young mechanic, and desired him and one of his fellow-apprentices to fit up a room in the upper story for the accommodation of Lady Washington through the winter. She herself arrived before the work was commenced. " She came," says the narrator, " into the place—a portly-looking, agreeable woman of forty-five, and said to us: 'Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here; and should like you to fit me up a beauffet on one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other.' We went to work with all our might. Every morning about eleven Mrs. Washington came up stairs with a glass of spirits for each of us; and after she and the General had dined, we were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping the crevices in the walls made by time and hard usage. Then we consulted together how we could smoothe the uneven floor, and take out, or cover over some of the huge black knots. We studied to do every thing to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return in our humble way for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, put up the pegs on the wall, built the beauffet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment. As she stood looking round, I said, 'Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could: I hope we have suited you.' She replied smiling, 'I am as

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tonished! your work would do honor to an old master, and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort.'" As the old soldier repeated these words, the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks The thrill of delight which had seventy years before penetrated his heart at the approving words of his General's lady, again animated his worn frame, sending back his thoughts to the very moment and scene.

At one time the head-quarters of the Commander-in-chief were at the house of Mrs. Berry, in New Jersey While he remained here Mrs. Washington arrived. When the carriage stopped, and a female in a plain russet gown, with white handkerchief neatly folded ovei her neck, was seen, Mrs. Berry imagined her to be a domestic. But she was undeceived when the General went forward to receive her, assisted her from the carriage, and after the first greeting, began to inquire after his pet horses. A ball was given in honor of the arrival of "Lady Washington," at which her brave husband himself condescended to lead a minuet; it being the first occasion in a long time on which he had been known to dance.*

An anecdote illustrative of the heroic spirit of the lady whose house was the Chief's abode on this occasion, will not be here misplaced. Her husband was a. Saratoga attending to some private business, when General Washington, with his officers and troops, went forth to battle. Mrs. Berry and the wives of the officers

* Communicated by a friend of Mrs. Berry.

who were with her, were busily occupied in preparing bandages and wrappings for the use of the army; every sheet and article of linen in the house having been torn up for that purpose. She was harassed with anxiety lest her husband should not return to assume his post before the departure of the troops. He did not arrive in time; and she had the mortification of seeing another appointed to the command of his men. Sometime after they were gone, she heard the welcome sound of his horse's feet. He rode up hastily, and stopped only long enough to change his wearied horse for another. As he galloped down the lane leading from the house, he heard his wife's voice calling, "Sidney, Sidney!" She was leaning from a window, her hand stretched towards him, as if eagerly soliciting his attention. He turned and rode within hearing; she wished but to give him her parting words. These were, "Remember, Sidney, to do your duty! I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field, than that you had played the part of a coward!"

Mrs. Wilson, a lady whose name is mentioned elsewhere in this book, has favored me with an account of Mrs. Washington's visit to her father's house at Union Farm, the last time she came to that part of New Jersey. She was escorted by Major Washington and ten dragoons. She remained a day and night at the house of Colonel Stewart, and spoke much with his daughter concerning house-keeping and her domestic affairs. Her conversation is described as agreeable, and her manners simple, easy, and dignified. Among other par-

ticulars, Mrs. Washington mentioned that she had a great deal of domestic cloth made in her house, and kept sixteen spinning wheels in constant operation She showed Mrs. Wilson two dresses of cotton striped with silk, manufactured by her own domestics, and worn by herself; one weighing a pound and a half, the other rather less. The silk stripes in the fabric were made from the ravellings of brown silk stockings, and old crimson damask chair-covers. Her coachman, footman, and waiting-maid, were all habited in domestic cloth; though the coachman's cuffs and collars, being scarlet, must have been imported. In the practice of this economy and moderation, as in the simplicity of her dress, Mrs. Washington appeared desirous of affording an example to others in inferior station. As late as 1796, Mrs. Wilson, inquiring for pocket handkerchiefs at a celebrated fancy store in Philadelphia, was shown some pieces of lawn, of which Mrs. Washington had just purchased. The information was added, that she paid six shillings for handkerchiefs for her own use, but went as high as seven shillings for the General's.

The anniversary of the alliance with France was celebrated by an entertainment given in the camp near Middlebrook.* On this festive occasion Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Knox, and the wives of several officers were present; and a circle of brilliants, the least of which, says the gallant journalist, was more valuable than the stone which the king of Portugal received for his Brazilian possessions. The ladies and

* Remembrancer, Vol. VI.

gentlemen from a large circuit around the camp, attended the celebration. It was opened by a discharge of cannon; and dinner was prepared in a building used for an academy. There was dancing in the evening, and a grand display of fire-works. The ball was opened by General Washington. As this was a festival given by men who had not enriched themselves by the war, the illuminations were on a cheap scale, being entirely of their own manufacture; the seats were adorned with no armorial blazonry, but were the work of native, and rather unskillful artizans. "Instead of knights of different orders, such as pageants like the Mischianza could boast, there were but hardy soldiers; happy, however, in the consciousness that they had contributed to bring about the auspicious event they had met to celebrate."

Among the lively sallies of the belles of this entertainment, one is recorded, that caused no inconsiderable amusement. A young lady, when asked if the roaring of the British lion in his late speech had not somewhat depressed the spirit of the dance—replied: "No, it should rather enliven it; for I have heard that such animals always increase their howlings when frightened."

For Mrs. Washington a heavy cloud of sorrow hung over the conclusion of the glorious campaign of 1781. Her only child was seized with a fever while attending to his duties during the siege of Yorktown. He lived to behold the surrender of the British army, and expired in the arms of his mother, mourned for by Washington as a son. The Marquis de Chastellux visiting Mount Vernon not long after this sad event says: "I had the

pleasure of passing a day or two with Mrs. Washington at the General's house in Virginia, where she appeared to me one of the best women in the world, and beloved by all about her. She has no family by the General, but was surrounded by her grandchildren and Mrs. Custis, her son's widow. The family were then in mourning for Mr. Custis, whose premature death was a subject of public and private regret."

After the close of 1783, General Washington had leisure for the superintendence of improvements in the building and grounds at Mount Vernon. This old mansion was always crowded with visitors. Social and rural pleasures winged the hours, and past dangers were pleasantly talked over. A letter never before published, of Mr. N. Webster, affords a passing glimpse of this period.

"When I was travelling to the south in the year 1785, I called on General Washington at Mount Vernon. At dinner the last course of dishes was a species of pancakes, which were handed round to each guest, accompanied with a bowl of sugar, and another of molasses for seasoning them, that each one might suit himself. When the dish came to me, I pushed by me the bowl of molasses, observing to the gentlemen present that I had enough of *that* in my own country. The General burst out with a loud laugh, a thing very unusual with him; 'Ah,' said he, 'there is nothing in that story about your eating molasses in New England!' There was a gentleman from Maryland at the table, and the General immediately told a story, stating that during the Revolution, a hogshead of molasses was stove in at

Westchester by the oversetting of a wagon; a body o' Maryland troops being near, the soldiers ran hastily and saved all they could by filling their hats or caps with molasses.

"Near the close of the Revolutionary war, I think in 1782, I was at West Point, when the birth of a Dauphin in France was celebrated by the American troops at that place. The troops were arranged in a line along the hills on the west of the camp, on the point, and on the mountains on the east side of the Hudson. When the order was given to fire, there was a stream of firing all around the camp, rapidly passing from one end of the line to the other; while the roar of cannon reverberated from the hills, resounded among the mountains, and thousands of human voices made the atmosphere ring with a song prepared for the occasion. 'A Dauphin is born!' This was a splendid exhibition, closed with a handsome repast under a long arcade or bower formed with branches of trees. I have never seen any account of this celebration in print."

While the victorious general was thus merged in "the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon," Mrs. Washington performed the duties of a Virginia housewife, which in those days were not merely nominal. She gave directions, it is said, in every department, so that, without bustle or confusion, the most splendid dinner appeared as if there had been no effort in the preparation. She presided at her abundant table with ease and elegance, and was indeed most truly great in her appro-

priate sphere of home. Much of her time was occupied in the care of the children of her lost son.

The period came when this rural Eden, which had bloomed and flourished under their care, was to be exchanged for new scenes. A few years of rest and tranquil happiness in the society of friends having rewarded the Chief's military toils, he was called by the voice of the nation to assume the duties of its Chief Magistrate. The call was obeyed. The establishment of the President and Mrs. Washington was formed at the seat of government. The levees had more of courtly ceremonial than has been known since; but it was necessary to maintain the dignity of office by forms that should inspire respect. Special regard was paid to the wives of men who had deserved much of their country. Mrs. Robert Morris was accustomed to sit at the right of the lady of the President, at the drawing-rooms; and the widows of Greene and Montgomery were always handed to and from their carriages by the President himself; the secretaries and gentlemen of his household performing those services for the other ladies. In this elevated station, Mrs Washington, unspoiled by distinction, still leaned on the kindness of her friends, and cultivated cheerfulness as a duty. She was beloved as few are in a superior condition. Mrs. Warren says, in reply to one of her letters, "Your observation may be true, that many younger and gayer ladies consider your situation as enviable; yet I know not one who by general consent

would be more likely to obtain the suffrages of the sex even were they to canvass at elections for the elevated station, than the lady who now holds the first rank in the United States."*

On the retirement of Washington from public life, he prepared to spend the remnant of his days in the retreat his taste had adorned. It was a spectacle of wonder to Europeans, to see this great man calmly resigning the power which had been committed to his hands, and returning with delight to his agricultural pursuits. His wife could justly claim her share in the admiration; for she quitted without regret the elevated scenes in which she had shone so conspicuous, to enter with the same active interest as before upon her domestic employments. Her advanced age did not impair her ability or her inclination to the discharge of housewifely duties. But she was not long permitted to enjoy the happiness she had anticipated. It was hers too soon to join in the grief of a mourning nation for the death of Washington.

Visits of condolence were paid to the bereaved lady by the President and others; and from all quarters came tributes of sympathy and sorrow. She continued to receive the visitors who came to Mount Vernon, and gave the same attention to her domestic concerns. But in less than two years after her husband's death, she was attacked by a fever that proved fatal. When aware that the hour of her dissolution was approaching, she called her grandchildren to her bedside; discoursed

* Manuscript letter.

to them on their respective duties; spoke of the happy influences of religion; and then, surrounded by her weeping family, resigned her life into the hands of her Creator, in the seventy-first year of her age. Her death took place on the 22d of May, 1802. Her remains rest in the same vault with those of Washington, in the family tomb at Mount Vernon.

Those who read the record of her worth, dwell with interest on the loveliness of her character. To a superior mind she joined those amiable qualities and Christain virtues which best adorn the female sex, and a gentle dignity that inspired respect without creating enmity. Her features are familiar to all, from the portraits of her, taken at different ages, published in Sparks' Life of Washington, and the National Portrait Gallery These have been copied into different publications.

XXVI.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

The Letters of Mrs. Adams are well known to American readers. Her history and character have been so well unfolded in these and in the memoir by her grandson, that an extended sketch of her would be superfluous. Only a brief notice, therefore, is here required.

Abigail Smith was descended from the genuine stock of the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. Her father, the Reverend William Smith, was for more than forty years minister of the Congregational Church at Weymouth. The ancestors of her mother, Elizabeth Quincy, were persons distinguished in the sacred office, and first in honor among the leaders of the church. From this ancestry, it may be inferred that her earliest associations were among those whose tastes and habits were marked by the love of literature. She was the second of three daughters, and was born at Weymouth, Nov. 11th, 1744. Not being sent to any school, on account of the delicate state of her health, the knowledge she evinced in after life was the result of her reading and observation, rather than of what is commonly called

MRS. WINTHROP GRAY
Mc Menamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway. N.Y.

education. The lessons that most deeply impressed her mind were received from Mrs. Quincy, her grandmother whose beneficial influence she frequently acknowledges Her marriage took place, October 25th, 1764. She passed quietly the ten years that succeeded, devoting herself to domestic life, and the care of her young family. In 1775 she was called to pass through scenes of great distress, amid the horrors of war and the ravages of pestilence.

She sympathized deeply in the sufferings of those around her. "My hand and heart," she says, "still tremble at this domestic fury and fierce civil strife. I feel for the unhappy wretches, who know not where to fly for succor I feel still more for my bleeding countrymen, who are hazarding their lives and their limbs!" To the agonized hearts of thousands of women went the roar of the cannon booming over those hills! Many a bosom joined in breathing that prayer—"Almighty God! cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends."

When the neighborhood was no longer the field of military action, she occupied herself with the management of the household and farm. Mr. Adams was appointed joint commissioner at the court of France, and embarked in February, 1778, with his eldest son, John Quincy. During the years in which Mrs. Adams was deprived of his society, she devoted herself to the various duties devolving on her, submitting with patience to the difficulties of the times In all her anxieties, her calm and lofty spirit never

deserted her; nor did she regret the sacrifice of her own feelings for the good of the community. After the return of peace, Mr. Adams was appointed the first representative of the nation at the British court and his wife departed to join him; moving from this time amidst new scenes and new characters, but preserving, in the variety and splendor of life in the luxurious cities of the old world, the simplicity and singleness of heart which had adorned her seclusion at home. In the prime of life, with a mind free from prejudice, her record of the impressions she received is instructive as well as interesting. She resided for a time in France, and visited the Netherlands, enjoying all she saw, with that delicate perception of beauty which belongs to a poetic spirit. When the official duties of Mr. Adams called him to the court of St. James, the unaffected republican simplicity, and exquisite union of frankness and refinement in her manners, charmed the proud circles of the English aristocracy. As was to be expected, neither she nor her husband were exempted from annoyances growing out of the late controversy. She writes to Mrs. Warren: "Whoever in Europe is known to have adopted republican principles must expect to have all the engines of every court and courtier in the world displayed against him."*

The aspect of independence she maintained, considering what was due to her country, did not tend to propitiate the pride of royalty; yet notwithstanding the drawbacks that sometimes troubled her, her resi-

* Unpublished letter

dence in London seems to have been an agreeable one Her letters to her sisters are a faithful transcript of her feelings. She observed with mingled pleasure and pain the contrast between the condition of her own country and that of the prosperous kingdoms she visited. Writing to Mrs. Shaw she says,—"When I reflect on the advantages which the people of America possess over the most polished of other nations, the ease with which property is obtained, the plenty which is so equally distributed,—their personal liberty and security of life and property, I feel grateful to Heaven who marked out my lot in that happy land; at the same time I deprecate that restless spirit, and that baneful ambition and thirst for power, which will finally make us as wretched as our neighbors."*

When Mr. Adams, having returned with his family to the United States, became Vice President, his wife appeared, as in other situations—the pure-hearted patriot —the accomplished woman—the worthy partner of his cares and honors. He was called to the Presidency, and the widest field was opened for the exercise of her talents. Her letter written on the day that decided the people's choice, shows a sense of the solemn responsibility he had assumed, with a spirit of reliance upon Divine guidance, and forgetfulness of all thoughts of pride in higher sentiments—honorable to the heart of a Daughter of America. Well might the husband thus addressed bear the testimony he does in one of his letters, in the midst of the perils of war: "A soul as pure, as benevolent, as

* Unpublished letter, 1787

virtuous, and pious as yours, has nothing to fear, but every thing to hope and expect from the last of human evils.'

In her elevated position, the grace and elegance of Mrs. Adams, with her charms of conversation, were rendered more attractive by her frank sincerity. Her close observation, discrimination of character, and clear judgment, gave her an influence which failed not to be acknowledged. Her husband ever appreciated her worth, and was sustained in spirit by her buoyant cheerfulness and affectionate sympathy, in the multiplicity of his cares and labors. It was hers, too, to disarm the demon of party spirit, to calm agitations, heal the rankling wounds of pride, and pluck the root of bitterness away.

After the retirement of her husband, Mrs. Adams continued to take a deep interest in public affairs, and communicated to her friends her opinions both of men and measures. Writing to Mrs. Warren, March 9th, 1807, she says: "If we were to count our years by the revolutions we have witnessed, we might number them with the Antediluvians. So rapid have been the changes that the mind, though fleet in its progress, has been outstripped by them, and we are left like statues gazing at what we can neither fathom nor comprehend. You inquire, what does Mr. Adams think of Napoleon? If you had asked Mrs. Adams, she would have replied to you in the words of Pope,

'If plagues and earthquakes break not heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a *Napoline*?'"*

* Manuscript letter.

Her health was much impaired; and from this time she remained in her rural seclusion at Quincy. With faculties unimpaired in old age, her serenity and benign cheerfulness continued to the last; the shadows of a life full of changes never deepened into gloom; she was still a minister of blessing to all within her influence, and in the settled calm of Christian contentment awaited the change that was to terminate her connection with the things of earth. To this she was summoned on the twenty-eighth of October, 1818.

Her character is a worthy subject of contemplation for her countrywomen. With intellectual gifts of the highest order she combined sensibility, tact, and much practical knowledge of life. Thus was she qualified for eminent usefulness in her distinguished position as the companion of one great statesman, and the guide of another. Few may rise to such pre-eminence; but many can emulate the firmness that sustained her in all vicissitudes, and can imitate her Christian virtues. These are pictured in her Letters, the publication of which was the first attempt to give tradition a palpable form, by laying open the thoughts and feelings of one who had borne an important part in our nation's early history.

The mother of Abigail Adams, it is said, took her last illness from a soldier who had served in her daughter's family, and whom she visited at Braintree, he having returned sick from the army.

She was the daughter of the Hon. John Quincy, of Braintree, and died in 1775, at the age of fifty-three. Without the least tincture of what is called pride of family, she possessed a true dignity of character, with great kindness of heart; and her efforts to relieve those in need extended to all objects of distress within her reach. Prudent and industrious in her own domestic management, she was attentive to provide employment for her poor neighbors; and was mild, frank and friendly in her intercourse with the parishioners, who regarded her with unbounded esteem and affection.

Another of her three celebrated daughters—Elizabeth—was remarkable in character and influence. She was born in 1750, and married the Rev. John Shaw of Haverhill. Her second husband was the Rev. Stephen Peabody, of Atkinson. Like her sister, she possessed superior powers of conversation, with a fine person, and polished and courtly manners. Her reading was extensive, and when speaking to youthful listeners on some improving topic, she would frequently recite passages from Shakspeare, Dryden, and the other English poets. Attentive to her domestic duties, and economical from Christian principle, to purity of heart and highly cultivated intellectual powers she united the most winning feminine grace. Her house at Haverhill was the centre of an elegant little circle of society for many years after the Revolution, and resorted to by the most cultivated residents of Boston and its vicinity. In Atkinson her gentle and friendly deportment won the lasting regard of the parishioners. She loved to instruct

ROGER WILLIAMS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY BEFORE HIS FLIGHT FROM SALEM.

the ignorant, feed the poor, and comfort the afflicted; and the young were particularly the objects of her solicitude. Thus dispensing light and joy wherever she moved, she passed a useful, and therefore a happy life, which terminated at the age of sixty-six.

Mrs. Peabody formed an early and enduring friendship with Mrs. Warren, for whose character and intellect her letters express the highest respect. Her correspondence contains frequent remarks upon the prospects of the country, and the movements of the army. "Lost to virtue," she says to John Adams—"lost to humanity must that person be, who can view without emotion the complicated distress of this injured land. Evil tidings molest our habitations, and wound our peace. Oh, my brother! oppression is enough to make a wise people mad."

On her road to Plymouth to visit Mrs. Warren, her MS. journal mentions that she stopped at the house of Dr. Hall, where she dined on salt bacon and eggs. Three of the daughters were grown, and appeared sensible as well as pretty. "But," she says, "in order to discover whether their sensibility reached further than their faces, I sat down after dinner, while they were quilting a very nice homespun bedquilt, and read in a book I had brought with me several detached pieces—"Virtue and Constancy rewarded," "Zulima the Coquette, etc." This little memorandum throws light not only on the writer's character, but the manners of the time The result appeared satisfactory; the

young ladies being so well pleased with the reading that they begged their visitor to continue it.

The eldest daughter, Mary, was married in 1762, to Richard Cranch, afterwards Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts. In 1775, the family removed from Boston to Quincy, then a part of Braintree, where they continued to reside till 1811. In October of that year both Mr. and Mrs. Cranch died, and were buried on the same day. The life of Mrs. Cranch was spent in deeds of charity and kindness She was remarkable for her cheerfulness and fortitude, with earnestness in the discharge of her Christian duties. The Hon. Judge William Cranch, of Washington, is her son.

In those portions of the country which were, at different periods, the scene of military operations, the energy, heroism, and magnanimity of woman were called by necessity into continual exercise. But there were other women whose more homely heroism was not without its effect; whose unacknowledged influence extended widely into the future. Their sphere of action limited to the bosom of their own families, the influence wrought quietly and unmarked, yet sent forth an impulse and an energy, like the life-blood propelled from the heart, through our whole national system. The mothers, who through years of adverse fortune were true to American principles, and who kept them pure in their homes in the season of prosperity, although

no brilliant acts illustrate their simple history, rendered real service to the country. Their duties during the war, or after the return of peace, were fulfilled in a spirit of self-sacrifice, without the wish or expectation of reward. The noblest reward, however, was theirs the sons in whose minds they had nursed the germs of patriotism and virtue, rose up to call them blessed.

Our country offers abundant examples of men who have attained the highest eminence, ascribing all to early maternal influence and training For the mother of Henry Clay, that great man—the pride and honor of his country—has ever expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration. Though her life afforded no incidents of striking or romantic interest, she was what expresses the perfection of female character—an excellent mother. She was the youngest of two daughters, who were the only children of George and Elizabeth Hudson. Her name also was Elizabeth. She was born in the county of Hanover, in Virginia, in 1750. Her early education was such as was attainable at that period in the colony. In her fifteenth year she was married to John Clay, a preacher of the Baptist denomination, and became the mother of eight children. Mr. Clay died during the war of the Revolution. Some years afterwards, Mrs. Clay contracted a second marriage with Mr. Henry Watkins; and in course of time eight children more were added to her family. The cares devolving upon her, in the charge of so many children, and the superintendence of domestic concerns, of course occupied her time to the exclusion of participation in

matters of public interest. She must, however, have borne her share in the agitations and dangers of the time, in behalf of those who claimed her maternal solicitude and guidance.

Her son, Henry, was separated from her when only thirteen years of age, having before that period been occasionally absent from home for months in going to school. In 1792, his step-father removed, with his mother and family, from Hanover County to Woodford County in Kentucky, leaving him at Richmond, in Virginia. He did not again see his mother till the fall of 1797, when he himself emigrated to Kentucky. His estimable and beloved parent died in 1827, having survived most of her children, of whom there are now but four remaining—two by her first, and two by her last marriage.

She was from her youth a member of the Baptist Church, and eminent in piety. Her distinguishing traits of character were energy and industry ; and she was most faithful in the performance of all her domestic duties.

I pray God
to bless you

Martha Wilson

XXVII.

MARTHA WILSON.

One of the representatives of those times, in which America must ever feel pride, is yet living at the Lake-lands, Lake of Otsego, near Cooperstown, New York. She not only retains an accurate and vivid recollection of scenes in the stormy and fearful infancy of the nation on whose vigorous manhood she is permitted to look, but has kept pace in intellectual cultivation, with the advancement of modern days. The grasp of mind that apprehends and appreciates the progress of her country's prosperity and power, gives a deeper interest to her thrilling recital of incidents belonging to its struggle for life. I am particularly favored in having received from her various anecdotes of persons with whom she was intimately acquainted at that period, her reminiscences of whom would form a most valuable contribution to the domestic history of the Revolution.

The subject of this brief sketch is a daughter of the late Colonel Charles Stewart of New Jersey. She was born December 20th, 1758, at Sidney, the residence of her maternal grandfather, Judge Johnston, in the town-

ship of Kingwood, and county of Hunterdon, in that State. This old mansion was at that time one of the most stately and aristocratic of the colonial residences in this section of West Jersey. Constructed while the border settlements of the province were still subject to treacherous visits from the Indian, its square and massive walls and heavy portals had reference as well to protection and defence as to "the pride of life;" and for many years, in its earlier days, it was not only the stronghold of the wealthy proprietor, his family and dependants, but the refuge in alarm, for miles around, to the settlers whose humbler abodes were more assailable by the rifle and firebrand of the red man. "The big stone house," as it was designated in the common parlance of the people, was thus long a place of note as a refuge from danger; and not less, in later times, as one for a redress of wrongs, and the punishment of crime; Judge Johnston having been, for more than thirty years previous to the Revolution, the chief magistrate of that section of the colony, holding a court regularly, on Monday of every week, in one of the halls of his dwelling.

It stood in that region of undulating hill country, between the high mountains of North and the flat sands of South Jersey, of the beauty of which those who fly across the State by railroad at the present day can form no conception: where blue hills and tufted woodlands, winding streams and verdant valleys, often present to the eye in their varied forms and combinations, a perfection of picturesque and rural beauty

which, while it seldom fails to attract the admiration of the passing traveller, fastens upon the heart of the resident with an enduring charm. Finely situated on an elevated terrace, at the confluence of the Capulong and a branch of the Raritan, overhung by extensive and park-like woods, with encircling waters and clusters of grove-covered islets behind, and wide-spread valleys in front, it was regarded in olden times as one of the choicest residences in the State. As the birthplace and home in childhood of the subject of this record, it has attractions of association and memory which cause her affections to revert warmly to it after a pilgrimage, amid other scenes, of well nigh a century.

The old house was accidentally burned down some fifty years ago, and a new, though less imposing, dwelling erected on the same site, by a branch of the Coxe family. This, in its turn, became the resort, for many years, of a circle greatly distinguished for beauty, wit, and cultivated talent; but now, for a long time, vicissitudes of fortune, neglect, desertion, and decay, have accomplished in it their accustomed work; and stripped of its embellishments of taste, despoiled of much of its fine woods, and its majestic single trees, it presents little indication of its former fortunes, and is fallen in its uses to the purposes of a common farm.

Previous to the Revolution, Colonel Stewart resided chiefly at Landsdown, a beautiful property in Kingwood, immediately adjoining the estate of his father-in-law at Sidney. It was here that the later years of the childhood of his daughter were spent; and here, at the

early age of thirteen, she was bereaved of her mother—a woman of strong and polished intellect, of a refined and poetical taste, and said to have been the best read female in the province. Till within a short time of Mrs. Stewart's death, the education of her daughter had been exclusively at home. She had been but a brief period at a boarding-school, when summoned to the dying bed of the mother; and it is no slight proof of the mental attainments and maturity of character which she already possessed, that her father, in his bereavement, found her society too necessary to his happiness, and the maternal care which she was called to exercise over her sisters and brothers of a more tender age, too essential to their welfare, to permit her again to resume her place at school. It is chiefly, therefore, to the self-cultivation of an inquiring and philosophic mind, and to association at home and in society, with the intelligent and the wise, that are to be ascribed the rich stores of general information and wide-spread practical knowledge, for which, from early womanhood to the passing day, she has been so highly distinguished, and so justly and extensively honored.

The hospitality of Colonel Stewart was unbounded. His friend Chief Justice Smith of New Jersey has expressed this trait of character in the epitaph upon his tomb—"The friend and the stranger were almost compelled to come in." His house was the resort of the choice spirits in intellect and public influence, of the times; and it was at his table and fireside that his daughter, called at the early age we have mentioned

to the responsible position of female head of his family, from 1771 to 1776, imbibed even in childhood from him and his compeers the principles of patriotism and the love of freedom which entitle her name and character to a prominent place among the Women of the Revolution. Colonel Stewart himself had been trained from infancy in the spirit of 1688. His grandfather, Charles Stewart, of Gortlee, a cadet of the Stewarts of Garlies, was an officer of dragoons in the army of William III., and acquitted himself gallantly, at the side of his monarch, in the battle of the Boyne. The demesne which he afterwards possessed, in the north of Ireland, was the reward of his valor; but, in transmitting to his son and his son's son the untrammelled spirit of a Scotch Puritan, who had periled his life in the cause of civil and religious liberty, he conferred upon them a better and more enduring heritage.

It was the proud and honorable independence of the same indomitable principles, that led his descendant in early youth, ere he had fully attained his majority, to self exile in the new world. Energy of character and enlarged enterprise soon secured to him here both private fortune and public influence; and the first breath of the spirit of "'76" which passed over the land, kindled within his bosom a flame of zeal for the freedom and honor of his adopted country, which no discouragement could dampen, and which neither toil, nor danger, nor disaster could extinguish.

His daughter well recollects having been told by him, on his return from the first general meeting of the

patriots of New Jersey for a declaration of rights, an incident relating to himself, highly characteristic of the times. Many of the most distinguished royalists were his personal and intimate friends; and when it became evident that a crisis in public feeling was about to occur, when disregarded remonstrance would be converted into open resistance, great efforts were made by some of those holding office under the crown, to win him to their side. Tempting promises of ministerial favor and advancement were made to induce him at least to withhold his influence from the cause of the people, even if he would not take part in support of the king; and this with increased importunity till the very opening of the meeting. But when it was seen to have been in vain—when he immediately rose and was one of the first, if not the very first, with the Stocktons, the Pattersons, and the Frelinghuysens of the day, in the spirit, at least, of the Declaration of 1776, boldly to pledge his "life, his fortune, and his sacred honor" in defence of the rights of freemen against the aggressions of the throne—the Attorney General, approaching and extending his hand, said to him, in saddened tones, as if foretelling a speedy doom—"Farewell, my friend Charles!—when the halter is about your neck, send for me!—I'll do what I can to save you!"

It was thus that the familiar confidence of the patriot father cherished and strengthened, in the bosom of his daughter, sympathies and principles corresponding with his own; while in the accelerated movements of the

Revolution, he successively and rapidly became a member of the first Provincial Congress of New Jersey, Colonel of the First Regiment of minute-men of that State; Colonel of the Second Regiment of the line and eventually, one of the staff of Washington, as Commissary General of Issues, by Commission of the Congress of 1776.

In January of this year, Miss Stewart, at the age of seventeen, gave her hand in marriage to Robert Wilson, a young Irishman of the Barony of Innishowen, who, after being educated and trained for mercantile life in one of the first houses of his native land, had emigrated to America a few years before, and amassed a considerable fortune. In her husband she made choice of one not less congenial in political sentiments and feeling than in intellectual culture and in winning manners. The first intelligence of the battle of Lexington had fired his warm blood into immediate personal action in the cause; and he was one of the volunteers who, with his friend Colonel Reed, accompanied General Washington from Philadelphia to the camp at Cambridge. A brief journal kept by him at this time shows that for six months he was at head-quarters, as muster-master-general, honored by the confidence of the Commander-in-chief, and often a guest at his table. He shared largely in the exposures of the camp, and distinguished himself for daring intrepidity, in two or three instances, in the skirmishes and cannonading which occurred at times between the forces. But his health failing, he was obliged

to forego the prospect of a military appointment pledged to him; and resigning his position sought the milder climate of the Jerseys.

Among the officers in the British army were several near relatives of Mr. Wilson; and it is a fact illustrative of the times, that a young cousin-german, who not long before the commencement of hostilities had visited the family of their common friend and relative, Colonel Stewart, at Kingwood, was now at Boston, in the gallant discharge of his duty in the enemy's ranks. He was afterwards wounded at the battle of Germantown, and visited by Colonel Stewart under a flag of truce.

It was on his return to Jersey that Mr. Wilson's marriage took place. Shortly afterwards, he, with his bride, became a resident of Hackettstown, near which he possessed a valuable property. During the year 1777, he was again in public service, as Assistant Commissary General of Purchases; but, finding the duties of the station too arduous for his health, he resigned his appointment and entered into mercantile pursuits in Philadelphia. In these he was very extensively and successfully engaged—greatly honored and beloved—till his death, in 1779, at the early age of twenty-eight. His wife had accompanied him to Philadelphia, and was established in much elegance there; but on her widowhood thus in her twentieth year, she returned to her residence at Hackettstown where she remained till near the close of the war.

During the whole Revolution, the situation of Mrs Wilson was as favorable, if not more so, for observation

and a knowledge of important movements and events than that of any other lady in her native State. Her father, at the head of an important department, in the staff of the Commander-in-chief, became generally, and almost from necessity, familiarly acquainted with the principal officers of the army; and head-quarters being most of the time within twenty or thirty miles of her residence, she not only had constant intercourse in person and by letter with him, but frequently and repeatedly entertained at her house many of his military friends. Among these, with numerous others of less distinction, were Washington, La Fayette, Hamilton, Wayne, Greene, Gates, Maxwell, Lincoln, Henry Lee, Stevens, Walter Stewart, Ethan Allen, Pulaski, Butler, Morgan, Sinclair, Woodward, Varnum, Paul Jones, Cochrane, Craik, &c.

With General Washington she was on terms of friendship. She first met him in Philadelphia, in 1775, when he was preparing to join the army at Cambridge He afterwards visited her at different times at her residence in Hackettstown; on the last occasion a year after her husband's death, and a short time after the execution of Major André. His approach, with Mrs. Washington and his staff, under the escort of a troop of horse, was privately announced to Mrs. Wilson in time to have dinner in readiness for a party of thirty or forty persons. To one whose patriotism was so decided, it must have been a pleasure indeed, thus to welcome to her roof and table the leading spirits of the land. The party did not leave till after luncheon on the second day,

and knowing that they could not reach their destination till late at night, ample provision was made from her larder and wine cellar, to furnish all needed refreshment by the way.

Before these distinguished guests took their departure, a large concourse of people from the adjacent country and the towns in the vicinity had crowded round the house to catch a glimpse of the idolized Chief. A few members of the legislature and the prominent gentlemen of the neighborhood were admitted and formally introduced. Among these was Dr. Kennedy, the family physician, whose salutation, as Mrs. Wilson well recollects, was: "I am happy indeed to meet the man whom under God, I deem the saviour of our country." As it was impossible for the multitude to obtain entrance, a little stratagem was devised by one of the gentlemen, by which those without could be gratified without subjecting the General to the annoyance of a mere exhibition of himself. Knowing his admiration of a fine horse, he ordered an animal remarkable for its beauty to be brought into the street, and then invited him out to inspect it. Thus an opportunity was afforded to the whole assemblage to gaze upon and salute him with their cheers.

Mrs. Wilson relates the following anecdote in connection with another of the visits of Washington to her:

One Mrs. Crafts, a native of Germany, who had emigrated and settled in New Jersey, through the industry of herself and husband had become the owner

of a fine farm near Hackettstown, and was in comfortable and easy circumstances. She was an excellent neighbor; and though an ardent tory, was universally respected for her many kind and good qualities. On the morning of General Washington's departure, as on the visit before described, Mrs. Wilson's house was surrounded by a throng of persons eager to obtain a glance at him. In this state of things, Mrs. Crafts, tory as she was, repaired to the spot and sent a message to Mrs. Wilson in her parlor, requesting from her the privilege of seeing the General. A reply was sent, saying that General Washington was at the time surrounded by a crowd of officers; but if Mrs. Crafts would station herself in the hall till he passed through, her desire would be gratified. She accordingly took her post there, and patiently waited his appearance. When, at length, she obtained a full view of his majestic form and noble countenance, raising both hands, she burst into tears, uttering in her native tongue an exclamation expressive of intense astonishment and emotion! Mrs. Crafts never afterwards ranked herself on the tory side. "The august and commanding presence of the father of his country," as Mrs. Wilson remarks, "having alone inspired her with such profound veneration for the man as to produce an abiding respect for the cause of which he was leader."

Mrs. Washington was several times the guest of Mrs Wilson, both at her own house and hat of her father These visits were made when on her way to the camp.

Col. Stewart's house "Union Farm" in Lebanon was robbed by a company of bandit Tories in June, 1783. By daybreak, however, some three hundred were in pursuit of the plunderers. Some of them were taken on suspicion, but could not be fully identified on account of the paint and disguises they had worn. The ringleaders, Caleb and Isaac Sweezey, and one Horton, all Tories of the neighborhood, made their escape to New York, and though known, were not heard of till after the evacuation of the city by the British, when it was ascertained that they had purchased a vessel with the proceeds of this robbery, and sailed for Nova Scotia.

Till the death of Colonel Stewart, in 1800, Mrs. Wilson continued at the head of his family—the wise, benevolent, energetic and universally admired manager of a house proverbial in her native State, and extensively out of it, for generous and never changing hospitality. Among the many guests entertained at the Union, General Maxwell was a constant visitor. Mrs. Wilson expresses her regret that justice has not yet been done, in a full biography, to this valued friend. "As a soldier and patriot," is her testimony, "he had few superiors; and in integrity, strength of mind, and kindness of heart—but few equals." She saw him first in 1775, at a review of his regiment, the second raised in New Jersey, Lord Stirling being the commander of the first. Her father was intimately acquainted with him; he was ever a welcome guest, and after the war, spent much of his time at their fireside.*

* It is unquestionably true that injustice has been done to this

For a period of near fifteen years after the death of Colonel Stewart, much of the time of his daughter became necessarily devoted, as his sole administratrix, to the settlement of a large and widely scattered landed estate, including the disputed proprietorship of a portion of the valley of Wyoming, which the business habits and energy of her father had scarce disenthralled at his death from the effects of unavoidable neglect and inattention during the discharge of his official duties in the Revolution. The strength of mind, clearness of judgment, practical knowledge, and firmness of purpose and character shown by Mrs. Wilson, secured her universal respect.

officer—his merits and services never having been properly represented before the public. In early life he was an officer in the Colonial service; fought on the field of the Monongahela and in other battles; and continuing in the army after the commencement of the Revolutionary war, was one of the most prominent patriots in New Jersey. He was at the storming of Quebec, and distinguished himself in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, &c., &c. In numerous letters and journals of the day, testimony is borne to his high character and services. Less than two years before the close of the war, he resigned his commission in displeasure at the appointment over him of an inferior officer. His death took place, probably in 1796, at the house of Colonel Stewart. He had escorted the young ladies on a visit, from which the whole party had returned early in the evening in fine spirits. The Colonel and the General had sat down to their usual evening amusement of backgammon, when Maxwell was suddenly taken ill. Supposing it to be a headache, which he had never experienced before, he rose to retire to his room. But the attack was fatal, and he expired about one o'clock the same night. Expresses were sent for his brothers, one of whom was an officer in the Revolution; but they did not arrive until some hours after his death. His remains rest in the Presbyterian church-yard, at Greenwich, Warren County, New Jersey.

XXVIII.

REBECCA MOTTE.

FORT MOTTE, the scene of the occurrence which so strikingly displayed the patriotism of one of South Carolina's daughters, stood on the south side of the Congaree river. The height commands a beautiful view, several miles in extent, of sloping fields, sprinkled with young pines, and green with broom grass or the corn or cotton crops; of sheltered valleys and wooded hills, with the dark pine ridge defined against the sky. The steep overlooks the swamp land through which the river flows; and that may be seen to a great distance, winding, like a bright thread, between the sombre forests.

After the abandonment of Camden to the Americans. Lord Rawdon, anxious to maintain his posts, directed his first effort to relieve Fort Motte, at the time invested by Marion and Lee.* This fort, which commanded the river, was the principal depôt of the convoys from Charleston to Camden and the upper districts. It was occupied by a garrison under the command of Captain M'Pherson, of one hundred and sixty-five men, having been increased by a small detachment of dragoons from

* Ramsay's History of South Carolina: Moultrie's Memoirs: Lee's Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department, &c.

REBECCA MOTTE.

Rebecca Motte

Charleston, a few hours before the appearance of the Americans. The large new mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, which had been selected for the establishment of the post, was surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet. Opposite, and northward, upon another hill, was an old farm-house, to which Mrs. Motte had removed when dismissed from her mansion. On this height Lieutenant Colonel Lee had taken position with his force; while Marion occupied the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood; the valley running between the two hills permitting the Americans to approach it within four hundred yards.

M'Pherson was unprovided with artillery, but hoped o be relieved by the arrival of Lord Rawdon to dislodge the assailants before they could push their preparations to maturity. He therefore replied to the summons to surrender—which came on the 20th May, about a year after the victorious British had taken possession of Charleston—that he should hold out to the last moment in his power.

The besiegers had carried on their approaches rapidly, by relays of working parties; and aware of the advance of Rawdon with all his force, had every motive for perseverance. In the night a courier arrived from General Greene, to advise them of Rawdon's retreat from Camden, and urge redoubled activity; and Marion persevered through the hours of darkness in pressing the completion of their works. The following night Lord Rawdon encamped on the highest ground in the

country opposite Fort Motte; and the despairing garri son saw with joy the illumination of his fires; while the Americans were convinced that no time was to be lost

The large house in the centre of the encircling trench, left but a few yards of ground within the British works uncovered; burning the mansion, therefore, must compel the surrender of the garrison. This expedient was reluctantly resolved upon by Marion and Lee, who, unwilling under any circumstances to destroy private property, felt the duty to be much more painful in the present case. It was the summer residence of the owner, whose deceased husband had been a firm friend to his country, and whose daughter (Mrs. Pinckney) was the wife of a gallant officer, then a prisoner in the hands of the British. Lee had made Mrs. Motte's dwelling his quarters, at her pressing invitation, and with his officers had shared her liberal hospitality. Not satisfied with polite attention to the officers, while they were entertained at her luxurious table, she had attended with active benevolence to the sick and wounded. soothed the infirm with kind sympathy, and animated the desponding to hope. It was thus not without deep regret that the commanders determined on the sacrifice, and the Lieutenant Colonel found himself compelled to inform Mrs. Motte of the unavoidable necessity of the destruction of her property.

The smile with which the communication was received, gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs. Motte not only assented, but declared that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to

the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight." Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus, which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided.

Every thing was now prepared for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery, to meet a desperate assault, if such should be made. The American entrenchments being within arrow shot, M'Pherson was once more summoned, and again more confidently—for help was at hand—asserted his determination to resist to the last.

The scorching rays of the noon day sun had prepared the shingle roof for the conflagration. The return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing rosin and brimstone were attached. Simms tells us the bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. The first struck, and set fire; also the second and third, in different quarters of the roof. M'Pherson immediately ordered men to repair to the loft of the house, and check the flames by knocking off the shingles; but they were soon driven down by the fire of the six pounder; and no other effort to stop the burning being practicable, the commandant hung out the white flag, and surrendered the garrison at discretion.

If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur—it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by her surrender of her own interest to the public service. I have stood upon the spot, and felt that it was indeed classic ground, and consecrated by memories which should thrill the heart of every American. But the beauty of such memories would be marred by the least attempt at ornament; and the simple narrative of that memorable occurrence has more effect to stir the feelings than could a tale artistically framed and glowing with the richest hues of imagination.

After the captors had taken possession, M'Pherson and his officers accompanied them to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, where they sat down together to a sumptuous dinner. Again, in the softened picture, our heroine is the principal figure. She showed herself prepared, not only to give up her splendid mansion to ensure victory to the American arms, but to do her part towards soothing the agitation of the conflict just ended. Her dignified, courteous, and affable deportment adorned the hospitality of her table; she did the honors with that unaffected politeness which wins esteem as well as admiration; and by her conversation, marked with ease, vivacity and good sense, and the engaging kindness of her manners, endeavored to obliterate the recollection of the loss she had been called upon to sustain, and at

the same time to remove from the minds of the prisoners the sense of their misfortune.

To the effect of this grace and gentle kindness, is doubtless due much of the generosity exercised by the victors towards those who, according to strict rule, had no right to expect mercy. While at the table, "it was whispered in Marion's ear that Colonel Lee's men were even then engaged in hanging certain of the tory prisoners. Marion instantly hurried from the table, seized his sword, and running with all haste, reached the place of execution in time to rescue one poor wretch from the gallows. Two were already beyond rescue or recovery. With drawn sword, and a degree of indignation in his countenance that spoke more than words, Marion threatened to kill the first man that made any further attempt in such diabolical proceedings."*

Other incidents in the life of Mrs. Motte, illustrate the same rare energy and firmness of character she evinced on this occasion, with the same disinterested devotion to the American cause. When an attack upon Charleston was apprehended, and every man able to render service was summoned to aid in throwing up intrenchments for the defence of the city, Mrs. Motte, who had lost her husband at an early period of the war, and had no son to perform his duty to the country, despatched a messenger to her plantation, and ordered down to Charleston every male slave capable of work. Providing each, at her own expense, with proper implements, and a soldier's rations, she placed them at the

* Simms' Life of Marion. p 239

disposal of the officer in command. The value of this unexpected aid was enhanced by the spirit which prompted the patriotic offer.

At different times it was her lot to encounter the presence of the enemy. Surprised by the British at one of her country residences on the Santee, her son-in-law, General Pinckney, who happened to be with her at the time, barely escaped capture by taking refuge in the swamps. It was to avoid such annoyances that she removed to "Buckhead," afterwards called Fort Motte, the neighborhood of which in time became the scene of active operations.

When the British took possession of Charleston, the house in which she resided—still one of the finest in the city—was selected as the head-quarters of Colonels Tarleton and Balfour. From this abode she determined not to be driven; and presided daily at the head of her own table, with a company of thirty British officers. The duties forced upon her were discharged with dignity and grace, while she always replied with becoming spirit to the discourteous taunts frequently uttered in her presence, against her "rebel countrymen." In many scenes of danger and disaster was her fortitude put to the test; yet through all, this noble-spirited woman regarded not her own advantage, hesitating at no sacrifice of her convenience or interest, to promote the general good.

One portion of her history—illustrating her singular energy, resolution, and strength of principle—should

be recorded. During the struggle, her husband had become deeply involved by securities undertaken for his friends. The distracted state of the country—the pursuits of business being for a long time suspended,—plunged many into embarrassment; and after the termination of the war, it was found impossible to satisfy these claims. The widow, however, considered the honor of her deceased husband involved in the responsibilities he had assumed. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to the honorable task of paying the debts. Her friends and connections, whose acquaintance with her affairs gave weight to their judgment, warned her of the apparent hopelessness of such an effort. But, steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered; induced a friend to purchase for her, on credit, a valuable body of rice-land, then an uncleared swamp—on the Santee—built houses for the negroes, who constituted nearly all her available property—even that being encumbered with claims—and took up her own abode on the new plantation. Living in an humble dwelling—and relinquishing many of her habitual comforts—she devoted herself with such zeal, untiring industry, and indomitable resolution to the attainment of her object, that her success triumphed over every difficulty, and exceeded the expectations of all who had discouraged her. She not only paid her husband's debts to the full, but secured for her children and descendants a handsome and unincumbered estate Such an example of perseverance under adverse cir-

cumstances, for the accomplishment of a high and noble purpose, exhibits in yet brighter colors the heroism that shone in her country's days of peril!

In the retirement of Mrs. Motte's life after the war, her virtues and usefulness were best appreciated by those who knew her intimately, or lived in her house. By them her society and conversation were felt to be a valued privilege. She was accustomed to amuse and instruct her domestic circle with various interesting anecdotes of persons and events; the recollection of which, however, at this distant period, is too vague to be relied on for a record. The few particulars here mentioned were received from her descendants.

She was the daughter of Robert Brewton, an English gentleman, who emigrated to South Carolina, and settled in Charleston before the war. Her mother was a native of Ireland, and married Mr. Brewton after her removal to this country, leaving at her death three children—Miles, Frances, and Rebecca. Miles Brewton took part with the first abettors of resistance to British oppression; and their consultations were held at his house in Charleston. Early in the war he was drowned on his way to England with his family, whom he intended to leave there, while he should return to take part with the patriots.

Rebecca Brewton was born on the 28th June, 1738.* She married Jacob Motte† in 1758, and was the

* The dates are taken from the family Bible, recorded in Mrs Motte's own hand-writing.

† A celebrated writer informs me that the name is French, and was originally spelled *Mothé*.

mother of six children, only three of whom lived to maturity. General Thomas Pinckney married in succession the two elder daughters.* The third surviving daughter was married to the late Colonel William Alston, of Charleston. By the children of these, whose families are among the most distinguished in the State, the memory of their ancestor is cherished with pride and affection. Her fame is, indeed, a rich inheritance · for of one like her the land of her birth may well be proud!

Mrs. Motte died in 1815, at her plantation on the Santee. The portrait from which the engraving is taken is said to be an excellent likeness.

Some facts related to Major Garden by Mrs. Brewton who was an inmate of Mrs. Motte's family at the time of the destruction of her house, are interesting in this connection. She stated that Mrs. Motte and her family had been allowed to occupy an apartment in the mansion while the American forces were at a distance; but when the troops drew near, were ordered to remove immediately. As they were going, Mrs. Brewton took up the quiver of arrows, and said to her friend that she would take those with her, to prevent their being destroyed by the soldiers. She was passing the gate with

* It was the wife of Thomas Pinckney who dressed his wounds after the battle of Camden, with her own hands, and fainted when the task was over

the quiver in her hands, when M'Pherson asked what she had there, at the same time drawing forth a shaft, and applying the point to his finger. She sportively bade him be careful, "for the arrows were poisoned;" and the ladies then passed on to the farm-house where they were to take up their abode.

On several occasions Mrs. Brewton incurred the enmity of the British officers by her lively sallies, which were sometimes pointed with severity. Before the siege of Fort Motte, a tory ensign had frequently amused himself, and provoked the ladies, by taunts levelled against the whigs, sometimes giving the names of the prominent commanders to pine saplings, while he struck off their heads with his weapon. After the surrender, Mrs. Brewton was cruel enough, meeting this young man on the spot where he had uttered these bravadoes, to request, sportively, another exhibition of his prowess, and regret that the loss of his sword did not permit him to gratify her.

Not long after this, Mrs. Brewton obtained permission to go to Charleston. An officer in the city inquiring the news from the country, she answered "that all nature smiled, for every thing was *Greene*, down to Monk's Corner." This *bon mot* was noticed by an order for her immediate departure; she was obliged to leave the city at a late hour, but permitted to return the following day. Her ready wit procured her still further ill-will. An officer going into the country offered to take charge of letters to her friends. She replied, "I should like to write, but have no idea of hav-

ing my letters read at the head of Marion's brigade." The officer returned in a few days on parole, having been taken prisoner by Marion, and called to pay his thanks, as he said, to her for having communicated the intelligence of his movements.

The society of this sprightly and fascinating widow appears to have been much sought by the more cultivated among the British, who enjoyed her brilliant conversation, while they winced under her sarcasm. One day when walking in Broad street, wearing deep mourning, according to the custom of the whig ladies, she was joined by an English officer. They were passing the house of Governor Rutledge, then occupied by Colonel Moncrief, when taking a piece of crape that had been accidentally torn from the flounce of her dress, she tied it to the front railing, expressing at the same time her sorrow for the Governor's absence, and her opinion that his house, as well as his friends, ought to wear mourning. It was but a few hours after this act of daring, that the patriotic lady was arrested and sent to Philadelphia.

Note.—Mrs. Motte's arrows, which have become so famous in history, had been given as a curiosity—being poisoned—by an East India captain to her brother, Miles Brewton. After his loss at sea, they were accidentally put among some household articles belonging to Mrs Motte, and in her several removals for quiet and security, chanced to be taken to "Buckhead" in the hurried transportation of her effects.

XXIX.

SUSANNAH ELLIOTT.

The presentation of a pair of colors, by the wife of Colonel Barnard Elliott, is mentioned in several historical works. They were presented to the second South Carolina regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moultrie,—on the third day after the attack on Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island, which took place June 28th, 1776. These colors were very elegant, and both richly embroidered by Mrs. Elliott's own hand. One was of fine blue, the other of red silk. They were presented with these words: "Your gallant behavior in defence of liberty and your country, entitles you to the highest honors; accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment; and I make not the least doubt, under Heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty."*

The colors having been received from the lady's hands by the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel, she was thanked for the gift—and a promise was made by the Colonel in the name of the soldiers—that they should be

* Moultrie's Memoirs; Ramsay's History of South Carolina; McCall's History of Georgia.

honorably supported, and never tarnished by the second regiment. Never was pledge more nobly fulfilled. Three years afterwards, they were planted on the British lines at Savannah. Two officers, who bore them, lost their lives; and just before the retreat was ordered, the gallant Sergeant Jasper, in planting them on the works, received a mortal wound and fell into the ditch. One of the standards was brought off in the retreat; and Jasper succeeded in regaining the American camp. In his last moments he said to Major Horry, who had called to see him—"Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to our regiment." The colors were afterwards taken at the fall of Charleston, and were deposited in the Tower of London.

The maiden name of Mrs. Barnard Elliott was Susannah Smith. She was a native of South Carolina, and the daughter of Benjamin Smith, for many years Speaker of the Assembly of the province. Left young an orphan and an heiress, she was brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Motte, with whom she lived till her marriage. Mrs. Daniel Hall used to say she was "one of the most busy among the Revolutionary women, and always active among the soldiers." It is known that her husband raised and maintained a regiment at his own expense. Among the papers in the possession of the family is a letter from General Greene to Mrs. Elliott, expressive of high respect and regard, offering her a safe escort through the camp, and to any part of the country to which she might desire to travel.

While at her plantation called "The Hut," she had

three American gentlemen as guests in the house Surprised one day by the sudden approach of the British, she hurried them into a closet, and opening a secret door, disclosed a large opening back of the chimney, known only to herself, and contrived for a hiding-place. Two entered; but the third determined to trust to the fleetness of his horse, and his knowledge of the woods. In leaping a fence he was overtaken, and cut down within sight of the house.

This was searched thoroughly for the others; but no threats could induce Mrs. Elliott to reveal their place of retreat. The officers then demanded her silver; and pointing to some mounds of earth not far off, asked if the plate was buried there. Mrs. Elliott replied that those mounds were the graves of British soldiers who had died at her house. Not believing her, they ordered two of the soldiers to dig and see. The coffin in one of the graves was soon disinterred; and on opening it the truth was at once made manifest. After the men had taken their departure, Mrs. Elliott released her two guests. The silver had been put in a trunk and buried in the marsh by a faithful servant, who after the close of the war came to Mrs. Elliott's son, requested assistance to dig for it, and brought it out safe, though perfectly blackened.

Mrs. Elliott was beautiful in person, with a countenance inexpressibly soft and sweet. Her portrait is in the possession of the family, defaced by the act of a British soldier—a small sword having been run through

one eye. Her descendants reside in Charleston, and in other parts of the State.

A Revolutionary *jeu d'esprit* sent me by a friend in Charleston, containing allusions to some of the prominent whig ladies, mentions the name of Mrs. Elliott. It is a letter from Major Barry to "Mrs. G." and was found copied in the hand-writing of Bishop Smith. It appears to be a burlesque dedication of a poem, which unfortunately has not descended to posterity. It is somewhat curious to observe how the writer, with playful sarcasm, characterises women of the opposite party, while seeking one who might fitly matronize his offspring.

"The feathers which bedeck the head of Mrs. Ferguson for a moment attracted my attention, but right fearful was I lest the critics and poetasters of this age might infer a light foundation from so airy a superstructure; which most sorrowful event might at once overthrow both the patronized and patronizer.

"Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Parsons called vociferously for notice; but their zeal so shook the dagger and the bowl in their hands, that I deemed them unfit for the calm dignity of the tragic scene. Too much mildness, on the other hand, superseded the veteran Mrs. Pinckney, when I beheld her smiling, sliding, gliding advance to meet the commissioners of sequestration. As for Mrs. Charles Elliott, she is only allied to such exalted spirits by the zeal of party—perhaps in her case the too exuberant emanation of a delicate and susceptible

mind. And as the banners in the hand of Mrs. Barnard Elliott waved but for a moment, flimsy as the words that presented them, so slight a triumph could not entitle her to fame so pre-eminent as this. 'Tis in you alone, madam, we view united every concomitant for this most eminent distinction—qualities which receive addition, if addition they can have, from the veteran and rooted honors of that exalted character, the General—a character allied to you by all the warm as well as tender ties. It is with pleasure I ever view the *Wharf and Bridge,* those works of his hands, which stand, like the boasted independence of your country, the crumbling monuments of his august repute. With what rapture do I behold him, in the obscure recesses of St. Augustine, attracting the notice of all mankind, and, as he traverses the promised land, planting deep in Hebrew ground the roots of everlasting fame, etc."

Although not active in political affairs, the patriotic feeling and secluded, yet picturesque life of SABINA ELLIOTT, passed in the exercise of the domestic and Christian virtues, was not without its influence. By the early death of her parents, she was left in her eighth year, the eldest of several daughters, dependent on their relatives; and was brought up by an aunt. Her personal beauty was remarkable; and when she was about fourteen, arrested the attention of William Elliott, a wealthy widower, who had been twice married, but had no children. He saw her accidentally in the street, dressed

n coarse apparel, and carrying a pitcher of water into the house; and deeply impressed by her appearance, sought an early introduction to the aunt, and soon after married the object of his admiration. He then procured masters for her and her sisters, whom he took home and educated. All, except one, married from his house.

When Mrs. Elliott was about twenty-eight, the sad event took place which cast a blight on her life. Her husband riding one day over his rice fields, on a low horse he commonly used, struck with his whip a dog lying by the roadside. The animal sprang upon him and tore his cheek. It was discovered soon after to be mad; and Mr. Elliott calmly made preparations to meet his terrible and inevitable fate. So fearful was he that in the paroxysms of the disease he might injure some of his family, that he strictly commanded two of his stoutest men servants to bind him hand and foot upon the first symptom. At the end of forty days he died of hydrophobia.

The grief caused by this misfortune, and the loss of three children, permanently impaired Mrs. Elliott's health. Two daughters remained to her; the eldest married Daniel Huger; Ann, the youngest, was united, at the close of the war, to Colonel Lewis Morris, aid-de-camp to General Greene, and eldest son of Lewis Morris, of Morrisania, one of the signers of the Declara tion of Independence.

Mrs. Elliott employed herself constantly in usefu domestic occupations; and was remarkable for industry and economy of time. She superintended the manufac-

ture of the wool and cotton worn by her slaves, to whom she was most kind and indulgent; and made salt on her plantation during the war. Some of the stockings knit by her are still extant—having the date, 1776, knit in the threads.

Garden relates a pleasant anecdote of her wit. A British officer having ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, she afterwards observed, straying about the premises, an old muscovy drake, which had escaped the general search. She had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer with her compliments; as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left altogether by accident.

She took particular delight in improving the family seat, Accabee, seven miles from Charleston. This place, mentioned in history, was noted during the war as a place of refuge; being unmolested because its mistress had no male relative to be obnoxious to the British. The mansion was of brick, solidly built; with a piazza in front, and a garden and lawn extending to the Ashley river. The grounds were covered with grass, on which the sheep owned by Mrs. Elliott might be seen lying under the magnificent live oaks decorated with the floating, silvery moss so beautiful in the low country. The graceful fringe tree and magnolia grandiflora, with other ornamental trees, grew in clumps in front and on either side. In the rear, a portico looked on an avenue of flowering locusts, nearly a mile in length. A circular stairs ascended from the spacious

hall to Mrs. Elliott's study. This beautiful country seat —now in ruins—was the usual residence of Mrs. Elliott in the spring months; the summers being spent at Johnson's Fort, on John's Island. It was there that she died.

Ann Elliott, the wife of Lewis Morris, was born at Accabee. In Charleston, while the city was occupied by the British, she wore a bonnet decorated with *thirteen* small plumes, as a token of her attachment to republican principles; and for her patriotic spirit, was called "the beautiful rebel." Kosciusko was her admirer and correspondent. An English officer—the second son of a noble family—who was billeted upon her mother, became so enamored of her that he sought the good offices of one of her female friends to intercede in his behalf; and even offered, if she would favor him, to join the Americans. Miss Elliott bade her friend say to him in reply, that to her former want of esteem, was added scorn for a man capable of betraying his sovereign for selfish interest. She had before declined the gift of a splendid English saddle-horse, of which he wished her acceptance. She would not attend church, as she had been accustomed, in Charleston, while prayers were offered there for the success of the British arms; preferring to join in the service read at her mother's house, where petitions were put up for the downfall of the invaders.

At one time, while Colonel Morris, to whom she was

then engaged, was on a visit to her at Accabee, the attention of the family was drawn to the windows by an unusual noise, and they perceived that the house was surrounded by the Black Dragoons, in search of the young officer, who had no time to escape. Ann went to one of the windows, opened it, and presenting herself to the view of the dragoons, demanded what they wanted. "We want the —— rebel!" was the reply. "Go and look for him in the American army!" answered the young girl. "How dare you disturb a family under the protection of both armies?" Her firmness and resolution conquered; and the enemy departed without further molestation.

Colonel and Mrs. Morris owned, among other possessions, a cotton plantation on the Edisto River, about four miles from Charleston, called the Round O, which is mentioned in Lee's Southern War. They had also a residence upon Sullivan's Island. In September of one year there was so severe a gale that several houses were blown down. The house of Colonel Morris, which stood on a narrow part of the island, was undermined by the advance of the tide. There was only time to remove the family to a neighbor's, when the house fell, overthrown by the assault of wind and waves.

Mrs. Lewis Morris was one of the belles distinguished at the levees of the first President. Her residence during the last years of her life, was in Morrisania. She died in New York the 29th of April, 1848 at the age of eighty-six.

The incident of Jane Elliott's first acquaintance with her husband might adorn a chapter in the romance of the real. She was the only child of Charles Elliott, of St. Paul's parish—a staunch whig in principle, who exhibited his devotion to the cause by equipping a considerable body of troops at his own expense ; but fell a victim to disease ere the war had been waged in Carolina. His daughter having imbibed his opinions, endeavored to serve the cause he had espoused, by the bestowal of a portion of her wealth for the relief of the wounded American soldiers, and to contribute to the establishment of hospitals for that purpose. Not satisfied with this substantial aid, Miss Elliott gave her personal supervision to certain wards in the hospital, which she visited to attend to the sufferers. It was on one of these ministering visits that she first saw Colonel Washington, who had been wounded and taken prisoner in the cavalry charge at Eutaw Springs, and sent to Charleston for surgical aid, and for safe keeping. The interest with which the young girl heard the story of his perils, the sympathy given to his misfortunes, and the gratitude and admiration of the brave young soldier, may all be imagined, as leading to the reciprocal sentiment that soon grew up between them. Miss Elliott was then in the early bloom of youth, and surpassingly beautiful. Her manners were dignified, yet gentle and winning; her perceptions quick, and her nature frank and generous. Homage had been paid to her charms by the conquerors, from which she turned to succor the defenders of her country. Major Barry

whose pen seems to have celebrated the charms of many rebel fair ones, addressed a poem "to Jane Elliott playing the guitar," which was lately found in the ruins of Accabee by a daughter of Mrs. Lewis Morris. These lines may serve as a specimen:

> "Sweet harmonist! whom nature triply arms
> With virtue, beauty, music's powerful charms,—
> Say, why combin'd, when each resistless power
> Might mark its conquest to the fleeting hour?"

Colonel Washington was a gallant officer, imbued with the chivalric feeling of that period, ardent in patriotism, and covered with the brilliant renown of a successful soldier. It was not strange that two so congenial should love each other, and become bound by a mutual pledge to unite their fortunes; but the marriage did not take place till the spring of 1782. With the return of peace the soldier exchanged the fatigues of the camp for the quiet avocations of the planter, establishing himself at the family-seat of his wife, at Sandy Hill, South Carolina. They had two children; one of whom a daughter, is yet living. Mrs. Washington survived her husband about twenty years, and died in 1830, at the age of sixty-six.

Anna, the wife of Charles Elliott, was a patriot by inheritance, being the daughter of Thomas Ferguson, one of the bravest and most zealous among the friends of liberty. It was said of her that she "appeared to consecrate every thought and every hour of existence to

REJOICINGS AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION.

the interests of America." She received under her hospitable roof the sick and wounded, and gave them her personal attention and sympathy; she divided of her substance among those who needed aid; she was the advocate and friend of such as were unjustly persecuted. The prisoners she visited at regular intervals received hope and strength from her presence, and were beguiled into forgetfulness of their sufferings by her conversation. To the afflicted she was indeed an angel of blessing; and even the enemies of her country were influenced by the remarkable power of fascination she possessed, which few, even the most harsh and unbending, could resist. This was acknowledged in the most satisfactory way—the granting of privileges and favors by many British officers. What she would not have condescended to ask for herself, she solicited for the benefit of her countrymen. Major Garden says: "I do not know an officer who did not owe to her some essential increase of comfort." Yet her efforts in the cause of justice and clemency were not always successful; she is said to have drawn up the petition addressed to Lord Rawdon, and signed by the ladies of Charleston, in behalf of the gallant and unfortunate Colonel Isaac Hayne.

The following anecdote of Mrs. Elliott has been mentioned. An officer of the royal army, noted for his cruelty and relentless persecution of those opposed to his political views, was one day walking with her in a garden where was a great variety of flowers. "What is this, madam?" he asked, pointing to the chamomile.

"The rebel flower," she replied. "And why is it called the rebel flower?" asked the officer. "Because," answered Mrs. Elliott, "it always flourishes most when trampled upon."

One day an officer, in the house of Mrs. Elliott in Charleston, pointed out to her a young French officer of the legion of Pulaski, passing by. "There, Mrs. Elliott," he cried, "is one of your illustrious allies! He has a fine form and martial appearance. What a pity the hero is minus his *sword!*" She answered promptly and with spirit, "Had two thousand such men been here to aid in the defence of our city, I should not at this moment, sir, have been subjected to the insolence of your observation."

Her impulsive and feeling nature is shown by another anecdote. When her father was arrested and put on board a transport ship to be sent into exile, Mrs. Elliott, who had received the intelligence in the country, hastened to Charleston and solicited permission to bid him farewell. Her request was granted. She went on board the vessel in which he was a prisoner, but had scarcely entered the cabin, when, oppressed with grief, she fainted, and was laid upon a couch. The captain, in alarm, recommended a variety of remedies, and at last said "A cordial would revive her; we have some fine French liqueur." On hearing this, Mrs. Elliott sprang from her couch in sudden excitement. "The French!" she exclaimed; "who speaks of the French? God bless the nation!" Then turning to her father, she strove by her touching eloquence, to sustain him under

his misfortunes, and inspire him with hope for the future. "Let not oppression shake your fortitude," she said, "nor the hope of gentler treatment cause you for a moment to swerve from strict duty. Better times are in store for us; the bravery of the Americans, and the friendly aid of France, will yet achieve the deliverance of our country from oppression. We shall meet again, my father, and meet with joy."

The historian Ramsay bears heart-warm testimony to the patriotism of the Carolinian women, who gloried in being called "rebels;" and did their utmost to support the fortitude of their relatives.

The wife of Isaac Holmes, one of the patriots sent into exile at St. Augustine, sustained his firmness by her own resolution, to the moment when the guard separated him from his family. Bidding him have no fears for those he left, her parting injunction was, "Waver not in your principles, but be true to your country."

When the sons of Rebecca Edwards were arrested as objects of retaliation, she encouraged them to persevere in devotion to the cause they had espoused. Should they fall a sacrifice, a mother's blessing, and the approbation of their countrymen, would go with them to the last; but if fear of death ever prevailed on them to purchase safety by submission, they must forget she was their parent, for it would to her be misery to look on them again.

The sufferings of the sick and wounded American prisoners after the fall of Charleston, appealed to female benevolence also among the loyalists. Though attached to the royal cause, Mrs. Sarah Hopton and her daughters were indefatigable in their attentions to the sufferers, whom many feared to visit in consequence of the prevalence of a contagious fever in the hospitals. The English were well supplied with necessary stores; the Americans were destitute, and therefore experienced their kindness and bounty. Their servants were continually employed in carrying them nourishment and articles needed; and in some cases, they paid the hire of nurses, where personal services were indispensable. They soothed the death-bed of many with the consolations of religion, prayed with those who were in danger, and joined with the convalescent in returning thanks. These kind offices were rendered to men of whose political principles and acts they disapproved, while great bitterness of feeling existed between the opposing parties; but no prejudice could make these Christian women insensible to the claims of humanity.

The lessons of piety and charity—the great lessons of life—taught by Mrs. Hopton to her daughters, were afterwards neither forgotten nor neglected. They were prominent in promoting the diffusion of religious education, and devoted to such objects their energies and wealth. Two of them aided in the establishment of a charity school for the education of female orphans. Mrs. Gregorie, the eldest daughter, appropriated a fund to aid in the support of this school, with many other bequests to different religious associations.

XXX.

HANNAH CALDWELL.

Few occurrences in the history of ancient or modern warfare have so strongly influenced the public feeling —have excited so universal a sentiment of horror, or such deep resentment towards the authors of the crime—as the deliberate and barbarous murder of Mrs. Caldwell. It was perpetrated not only as an act of vengeance upon an individual, but with the design of striking terror into the country, and compelling the inhabitants to submission. So far, however, from producing this effect, it but roused the indignation of the whole community, filling all with one spirit—one desire to avenge the deed, and drive the invaders from their soil. It animated the brave with new energy, inspired the timid to feats of heroism, and determined the irresolute to throng to the standard of liberty. One of the journals of the day says: "The Caldwell tragedy has raised the resolution of the country to the highest pitch. They are ready almost to swear everlasting enmity to the name of a Briton."

The Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, was

descended of a Huguenot family, and born in Virginia. He married in 1763, Hannah, the daughter of John Ogden of Newark. Her mother was Miss Sayre, a descendant of the Pilgrims. Her brothers were all staunch whigs, with the exception of Jonathan, who subsequently held the offices of Surgeon General in the British army, and Judge of Newfoundland.

Shortly after the settlement of Mr. Caldwell at Elizabethtown, the war broke out; and inheriting from his ancestors a feeling of opposition to tyranny, he warmly espoused the cause of his country. He acted as chaplain of those portions of the American army that successively occupied New Jersey; joined Colonel Dayton's regiment, and accompanied the Jersey brigade to the northern lines. He was stationed some time at Johnstown, New York, and was afterwards appointed assistant commissary to the army; stood high in the confidence of Washington; and by his eloquent and patriotic appeals, contributed greatly, in times of despondency to excite and sustain the drooping spirits of the soldiers. All the influence commanded by his character and talents —his energy, and his unbounded popularity in the community—was devoted to the cause of American freedom.

This zeal and activity did not fail to render him obnoxious to the enemy, and no effort was spared to do him injury. A price was set upon his head; and it is said that while preaching the gospel of peace to his people, he was often forced to lay his loaded pistols by his side in the pulpit. On account of the predatory incursions of the British, he was compelled to leave

his home, for a temporary residence at Springfield, New Jersey. The parsonage thus deserted, and the church in which he preached, were used as a hospital for the sick and wounded of the American army. Its bell sounded the alarm through the town on the approach of the enemy;* the weary soldiers often slept upon its floor, and ate their hurried and scanty meals from the seats of the pews; so that worshippers on the Sabbath were not unfrequently compelled to stand through the service. Even of this shelter the British and tories, who cherished implacable enmity towards the pastor of the church, determined to deprive the soldiers; it was burnt, with the parsonage, on the night of January 25th 1780.

Finding the situation at Springfield inconvenient, and the distance too great from his church, Mr. Caldwell again removed to "Connecticut Farms," four miles from Elizabethtown. It was during his residence at this place that the British troops from New York, under the command of the Hessian General Knyphausen, landed at Elizabethtown, before daylight, on the seventh of June.

Their march into the interior was marked by cruelty and devastation. Several houses were fired, and the inhabitants left destitute of provisions or shelter. When informed of the enemy's approach, Mr. Caldwell put his elder children into a baggage waggon in his possession as commissary, and sent them to some of his friends for protection. Three of the younger ones—Josiah

* See Notes concerning Elizabethtown, by Rev. Dr. Murray.

Flint, Elias Boudinot, and Maria, an infant about eight months old, remained with their mother in the house.* Mr. Caldwell had no fears for the safety of his wife and young family; for he believed it impossible that resentment could be extended to a mother watching over her little ones. He had that morning taken an early breakfast, intending to join the force collecting to oppose the enemy. Having in vain endeavored to persuade his wife to go with him, he returned to make a last effort to induce her to change her determination; but she remained firm. She handed him a cup of coffee, which he drank as he sat on horseback. Seeing the gleam of British arms at a distance, he put spurs to his horse, and in a few moments was out of sight.

Mrs. Caldwell herself felt no alarm. She had hid several articles of value in a bucket and let it down into the well; and had filled her pockets with silver and jewelry. She saw that the house was put in order, and then dressed herself with care, that should the enemy enter her dwelling, she might, to use her own expression—"receive them as a lady." She then took the infant in her arms, retired to her chamber, the window of which commanded a view of the road, towards which the end of the house stood—and seated herself upon the bed. The alarm was given that the soldiers were at hand. But she felt confidence that no

* The nurse also remained, and a little girl named Abigail Lennington, a soldier's daughter, whom Mr. Caldwell had taken into his family She is still living at Elizabethtown Immediately after the tragedy she with the nurse, gave deposition as to the facts before a magistrate

one could have the heart to do injury to the helpless inmates of her house. Again and again she said—"They will respect a mother." She had just nursed the infant and given it to the nurse, who was in the room. The girl, Abigail, was standing by the window. A soldier* left the road, and crossing a space of ground diagonally to reach the house, came to the window of the room, put his gun close to it, and fired. Two balls entered the breast of Mrs. Caldwell; she fell back on the bed, and in a moment expired.†

After the murder, Mrs. Caldwell's dress was cut open, and her pockets were rifled by the soldiers. Her remains were conveyed to a house on the other side of the road; the dwelling was then fired and reduced to ashes with all the furniture. The ruthless soldiers went on in their work of destruction, pillaging and setting fire to the houses, piling beds and clothing in the street and destroying them, till the village was laid waste.

Let it be imagined what were the feelings of the husband, when the terrible news was communicated to him. It is said that he overheard some soldiers in a house where he stopped, speaking of the occurrence; and by questioning them, learned the truth. La Fayette, on his last visit to America, informed one of the family, that Mr. Caldwell was with him that morning on the heights near Springfield, and saw, by the aid of

* He wore a red coat, and is generally supposed to have been a British soldier. Some have attributed the act to a refugee.

† The little girl received in her face some of the glass when the two balls entered, both of which took such deadly effect.

a spy-glass, the smoke ascending from the burning houses. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "the fire is not in the direction of my house." He was fatally mistaken!

Mr. Josiah F. Caldwell, one of the sons—the sixth of the nine children who were thus bereaved of a mother —relates what he remembers of the event. He was at the time six years of age. About sunrise, when it was announced that the British were coming, he went into the street and joined the people who were driving their cattle to Springfield. There he saw his father with a field-piece—a six pounder, which had formerly been used as an alarm piece. Thence the little boy proceeded to Bottle Hill, and found his second sister, Hannah, at the house of Mr. Sayre; and a day or two after, both the children set off on foot for Connecticut Farms, to see their mother. On their way, they were met by the nurse, Katy, with the two youngest children, in a chair belonging to Mr. Caldwell; she informed the young orphans of their mother's death, and insisted that they should return with her to Bottle Hill. The sister yielded, and was taken into the carriage; the little brother refused to go till he had taken a last look at his beloved parent, and pursued his way to the Farms. On his arrival he was conducted to the house where his mother's remains were laid. His father, who had arrived a short time before, was standing beside the bed on which reposed the lifeless form of this victim of political hatred. What a meeting for the heart-stricken mourner, and the child scarce able to comprehend his irreparable loss!

Some attempts were made by the royalist party to escape the odium of this sanguinary transaction, by pretending that Mrs. Caldwell had been killed by a chance shot.* The actual evidence, however, sets the fact beyond question that one of the enemy was the murderer; and there is too much reason to believe that the deed was deliberately ordered by those high in command. A letter to General Knyphausen, published in the New Jersey Journal, in reproaching him for the outrages of his army, unhesitatingly casts the blame of the murder on him, as committed designedly by one of his men: and the various rumors that went abroad amidst the popular excitement on the subject, and were mentioned in the papers of the day, show that such was the prevalent opinion.†

* Rivington's Royal Gazette, 1780.

† The Hon. Samuel L. Southard, alluding to Mrs. Caldwell's death, in connection with a memorial presented to the U. S. Senate for the church and property destroyed, says "her children were baptized to piety and patriotism in a mother's blood." Mr. Caldwell himself presented an address to the public,* showing that the murder of his wife had been a deliberate act, committed at the instigation of those in authority. "Mrs. Caldwell," he says, "was of so sweet a temper, and so prudent, benevolent and soft in her mnnners, that I verily believe she had not upon earth one personal enemy; and whatever rancor the enemy felt against myself for my public conduct and political character, I have no reason to believe there was any person among them under the influence of any personal difference, or private revenge. I cannot therefore esteem it the private action of an individual No officer interfered to preserve the corpse from being stripped or burnt, nor to relieve the babes left thus desolate among them. Many officers, indeed, showed their abhorrence of the murder, and their tenderness

* Pennsylvania Journal, October 4, 1780

The children were left at different places, till Mr Caldwell bought a small farm at Turkey, now called New Providence, where he collected his family together, under the care of the faithful nurse, Katy. The remains of Mrs. Caldwell were interred in the burial ground of the Presbyterian Church at Elizabethtown, and the congregation placed above the grave a neat freestone slab, on which is an inscription recording her bright virtues, and her melancholy fate. The memory of this martyr to American liberty will long be revered by the inhabitants of the land with whose soil her shed blood has mingled!

Her personal appearance is described as conveying the abiding impression of benevolence, serenity, and peculiar sweetness of disposition. She was about the medium height, with dark gray eyes, auburn hair, and complexion of singular fairness; of pleasing countenance, and quiet, gentle, and winning manners.

The tragedy was not yet complete. On the 24th of November, 1781, Mr. Caldwell went to Elizabethtown Point for a Miss Murray, who came under the protection of a flag of truce from New York, where she had shown great kindness to some of the sick soldiers. Mr

for the babes; why did they not set a sentinel over the corpse, till the neighboring women could have been called? They knew she was a lady of amiable character and reputable family; yet she was left half the day stripped in part, and tumbled about by the rude soldiery; and at last was removed from the house before it was burnt, by the aid of those who were not of the army. From this I conclude the army knew the will of their superiors; and that those who had benevolence dared not show it to this devoted lady."

Caldwell conducted her to his gig, and then went back into the boat for her bundle containing some articles of clothing As he came on shore he was challenged by the American sentinel, who demanded what "contraband goods" he had there. Unwilling then to dispute the matter, he turned back to leave the bundle with the officer; and at that moment was shot by a man named Morgan, who had just been relieved from duty as a sentinel. This man is supposed to have been bribed by British gold to the deed. Mr. Caldwell fell, pierced by two balls; and his body was borne to Mrs. Noel's house in Elizabethtown. Morgan, who fired upon him, was afterwards tried, found guilty of murder, and executed. The remains of Mr. Caldwell were laid in the same grave-yard with those of his wife; and the "Caldwell monument," at the inauguration ceremonies of which Dr. Miller and Hon. William L. Dayton delivered their eloquent addresses in 1846, was erected to their memory.

Mrs. Noel, the steadfast friend of the family, took the children under her protection, assembled their friends, and consulted upon measures to be taken for the care of them. All lived to become eminent and useful members of society. The eldest son, John Edwards, was taken by La Fayette to France, where he was educated; and in after years was foremost in New York in benevolent enterprises, and editor of one of the first religious periodicals in the country. The fifth son, Elias Boudinot, was taken by the Hon. Elias Boudinot, President of the first Congress; and was afterwards Clerk

of the United States Supreme Court, and one of the originators of the Colonization Society. Mrs. Noel adopted the youngest child—a daughter—who is still living in New York.

The Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabethtown, who has thoroughly investigated the subject, has prepared an accurate account of the death of the devoted patriot and pastor, which will shortly be given to the public.

On the 28th of February, 1779, a party of British troops from New York landed at Elizabethtown Point, for the purpose of capturing the Governor of New Jersey, and surprising the force stationed in the village under General Maxwell. One detachment marched at night to "Liberty Hall," the residence of Governor Livingston, and forced an entrance; but failed of their object—for it happened that he had left home some hours previously. Disappointed in the expectation of securing his prisoner, the British officer demanded the Governor's papers. Miss Livingston assented to the demand; but appealing to him as a gentleman, requested that a box standing in the parlor, which she claimed as containing her private property, should be secured from molestation. A guard was accordingly stationed over it, while the library was thrown open to the soldiers, who filled their foraging bags with worthless law papers and departed. The box, which had been sedulously guarded, contained all the Governor's correspondence with Congress, with the Commander-in-chief, and the

State officers; the young lady's stratagem thus preserving what would have proved a most valuable prize to the plunderers.*

A repartee made by one of Lord Dorchester's aids to Miss Susan Livingston, has been celebrated. When the British were evacuating New York, she expressed a wish to him that their departure might be hastened, "for among your incarcerated belles, the *scarlet* fever must rage till you are gone." Major Upham, the aid, replied that he feared, if freed from the prevailing malady—"they would be tormented by a worse—the *blue* devils."

All the letters of Livingston to his daughters show the sympathy that existed between them, and his confidence in the strength of their republican principles. His opinions and wishes on all subjects are openly expressed to them. In a letter to the Earl of Stirling, he says he has entrusted to his daughter Catharine his despatches to his correspondents in Spain. He writes at one time to her, noticing the favor shown to the British captives—"I know there are a number of flirts in Philadelphia, who will triumph in our over-complaisance to the red-coat prisoners lately arrived in that metropolis. I hope none of my connections will imitate them, either in the dress of their heads, or the still more tory feelings of their hearts."

Catharine, the second daughter, afterwards married Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore. He was at Nantes in 1778, in the American commission business.† She took

* Life of Livingston, by Theodore Sedgwick.

† The following copy of an order sent to Nantes, rather curiously

a deep interest in public affairs. Her friend, Lady Catharine Alexander, writes from Valley Forge, after the cheering news of the alliance with France—"We have nothing here but rejoicings; every one looks happy and seems proud of the share he has had in humbling the pride of Britain, and of establishing the name of of America as a nation." The following note, addressed to her by Washington from the same place, has never before been published.*

shows the precariousness of transportation in those times. It is extracted from a MS. letter of John Jay, dated Madrid, Jan. 21st, 1782, which expresses a hope that one of the parcels may meet its destination:

"Be pleased to send for Miss Kitty W. Livingston, to the care of Hon. R. Morris, Esq., at Philadelphia, by the first three good vessels bound there, the three following parcels, viz:

"*No.* 1 *to contain*—

2 White embroidered patterns for shoes.
4 Pair silk stockings.
A pattern for a negligeé of light pink colored silk, with a set of ribbons suitable to it.
6 Pair of kid gloves.
6 Yards of catgut, and cap-wire in proportion.
6 Yards of white silk gauze.

"*No.* 2 *to contain*—

"The same as above, except that the silk for the negligeé must not be pink-colored, but of any other color that Mrs. Johnson may think fashionable and pretty. The shoes and ribbons may be adapted to it.

"*No.* 3 *to contain*—

"The same as above, except that the silk for the negligeé must be of a different color from the other two, and the shoes and ribbons of a proper color to be worn with it."

* The MS. correspondence of Miss Catharine Livingston, including this note, is in the possession of Mr. Theodore Sedgwick.

MRS. JOHN JAY.

"General Washington having been informed lately of the honor done him by Miss Kitty Livingston in wishing for a lock of his hair, takes the liberty o inclosing one, accompanied by his most respectful compliments.

"*Camp, Valley Forge*, 18*th Mar.*, 1778."

The wife of William Livingston was Susannah, the daughter of Philip French, and grand-daughter, by the mother's side, of Anthony Brockholst, Lieutenant Governor, under Andross, of the Colony of New York, and subsequently its chief magistrate. Simple and unpretending in manners, she was endowed with a strong intellect and a warm and tender heart. The letters of her husband show his high respect as well as love for her. When the British troops made the memorable incursion into New Jersey by Elizabethtown, the Governor, being absent from his family, suffered intense anxiety on their account. But while the neighboring villages were seen in flames, the enemy respected "Liberty Hall," and treated its inmates with courtesy. A correspondent of Rivington's Gazette accounts for this by saying that one of the British officers received a rose from Miss Susan Livingston on his visit to the house, as a memento of a promise of protection. An anecdote connected with this invasion has been traditionally preserved, which, if proved authentic, would furnish curious evidence as to the agency concerned in the murder of Mrs. Caldwell. After a day of alarm, the flames of Springfield and Connecticut Farms being in

view, and soldiers continually passing the house, Mrs Livingston and her daughters were at a late hour surprised by the entrance of several British officers, who announced their intention of lodging there. Their presence was felt to be a protection, and the ladies retired. About midnight the officers left the house, called away by some startling news; and not long afterwards a band of straggling soldiers, intoxicated, rushed with oaths and threats into the hall. "The maid servant—all the males in the establishment having taken refuge in the woods early in the day to avoid being made prisoners—fastened herself in the kitchen; and the ladies crowding together like frightened deer, locked themselves in another apartment. Their place of retreat was soon discovered by the ruffians; and afraid to exasperate them by refusing to come out, one of Governor Livingston's daughters opened the door. A drunken soldier seized her by the arm. She grasped the villain's collar, and at the very moment a flash of lightning illumining the hall and falling full upon her white dress—he staggered back, exclaiming, with an oath—'It's Mrs. Caldwell, that we killed to-day!' One of the party was at length recognized, and the house by his intervention finally cleared of the assailants.*"

The influence of Mrs. Livingston over her husband, in spite of his unyielding and irritable temper, is repeatedly noticed by his biographer. This influence was secured by her strong good sense, her sympathy, and unselfish tenderness. She shared his thoughts in time

* Life of Livingston, p 353.

of war, and his joy when allowed to relinquish his wan dering life, and return to his home; to enter once more his deserted library, and superintend his long neglected garden. In his simple and rural occupations she was his constant and faithful companion; and his letters evince the solicitude with which he watched over her health, with the warm affection he cherished for her through years of absence and absorbing occupation She died on the 17th of July, 1789.

SARAH, LADY STIRLING, was the sister of Governor Livingston. She accompanied the Earl, her husband, who was Major General in the American army, to the camp. While the Earl was in the camp at White Plains, she paid a visit to New York—then in possession of the British—with her youngest daughter, Lady Catharine Alexander, to visit her eldest daughter, whose husband, Robert Watts, had remained quietly in the city, taking no active part on either side. The letters of both mother and daughter descriptive of this visit are interesting as showing the situation and temper of those Americans who had continued in the city during its occupation by the enemy. Lady Catharine, who writes —August, 1778—from Parsippany, the place where Governor Livingston's family had taken refuge after an invasion of Elizabethtown, is sanguine in her hope of soon seeing her relatives as zealous patriots as herself. Mr. Watts, she says, is among the number of those who are heartily sick of the tyranny witnessed;

and "as to Mary, her political principles are perfectly *rebellious.* * * The sentiments of a great number have undergone a thorough change since they have been with the British army; as they have many opportunities of seeing flagrant acts of injustice and cruelty of which they could not have believed their friends capable. This convinces them that if they conquer, we must live in abject slavery." Lady Stirling exhibits her disinterested patriotism by refusing to avail herself of the permission sent from Sir Henry Clinton, to take anything she pleased out of the city; fearing "there would be a handle made of it," if she accepted the offer. "The last time I saw him (Mr. Elliott,) he told me I must take a box of tea; but I stuck to my text."

Lady Catharine afterwards became the wife of the Hon. William Duer. A letter of condolence from Washington to the Countess of Stirling—upon her husband's death—has been preserved in the Historical Collections of New Jersey.

XXXI.

DEBORAH SAMSON.

WHEN the lapse of years shall have invested the period of the Revolution with the coloring of poesy, and the novelist shall seek his materials in the romance of American history, the heroism and deeds of the subject of this notice will perhaps afford the ground-work of a tragedy or a novel. Something of the latter sort has already been constructed upon this foundation; a production, half tale, half biography, entitled "The Female Review." published in Massachusetts about the commencement of the present century. I have not been able to find a copy; but have been told that it was not in any measure reliable, and that the heroine had repeatedly expressed her displeasure at the representation of herself, which she "did not at all recognize." The following facts respecting her, I received from a lady who knew her personally,* and has often listened with thrilling interest to the animated description given by herself of her exploits and adventures.

* A niece of Captain Tisdale, upon whom Robert attended in the army for some months

Though not comparable, certainly, to the "prophetess" in whom France triumphed—

> "The maid with helméd head,
> Like a war-goddess, fair and terrible—"

for the dignity with which the zeal of a chivalrous and superstitious age, and the wonderful success of her mission invested her—it cannot be denied that this romantic girl exhibited something of the same spirit with the lowly herdsmaid, who, amidst the round of her humble duties, felt herself inspired with resolution to go forth and do battle in her country's cause, exchanging her peasant's garb for the mail, and the helmet, and the sword. There is something moving and interesting in the aspect of the enthusiasm fostered in her secret soul, struggling with obstructions and depressions, and at length impelling her to the actual accomplishment of what she had pondered in day-dreams; while the ignorance and error mingled with this enthusiasm, should increase our sympathy without diminishing the share of admiration we would bestow, had it been evinced in a more becoming manner.

Several instances are mentioned in the history of the war, in which female courage was displayed by actions pertaining to the stronger sex. The resolution of Congress is on record, in which honorable mention is made of the services of Margaret Corbin.* The story of the

* "Resolved—That Margaret Corbin, wounded and disabled at the attack on Fort Washington, while she heroically filled the post of her husband, who was killed by her side serving a piece of artillery, do

gunner's wife, who took her husband's place when he was killed at the battle of Monmouth, and did such execution that after the engagement she was rewarded by a commission,* has been often related. And many examples were there of matrons, who, having suffered incredibly from the spoliations of the enemy, lost patience, and fought manfully for the last loaf of bread, or the last bed-quilt for their children. In the case before us, the isolation from ordinary domestic and social ties favored the impulse that prompted to a course so extraordinary.

Deborah Samson was the youngest child of poor parents, who lived in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Their poverty, rendered hopeless by pernicious habits, was the least of the evils suffered by the unfortunate children. Charity interposed to rescue them from the effects of evil example; they were removed from their parents, and placed in different families, where a prospect was afforded of their receiving proper care and instruction to fit them for maintaining themselves when arrived at a suitable age. Deborah found a home in the house of a respectable farmer, whose wife, a well-disposed woman, bestowed upon her as much attention as is common in such cases. The friendless and destitute girl was kindly treated, and provided with comfortable food and clothing; but had

receive during her natural life, or continuance of said disability, one-half the monthly pay drawn by a soldier in service of these States; and that she now receive out of public stores, one suit of clothes, or value thereof in money." July, 1779.

* History of Scoharie County.

no advantages of education. Her keen feeling of this deprivation, and the efforts she made to repair the deficiency, show her possession of a mind naturally superior, and that judicious training might have fitted her to promote in no insignificant degree the good of society. There was none to teach her; but she seized every opportunity for acquiring knowledge. She borrowed books from the children who passed the house in which she lived on their way to and from school, and persevered with untiring exertion in her private studies, till she had learned to read tolerably well; but attempted no other branch of scholarship, until, on the completion of her eighteenth year, the law released her from her indentures.

Her first arrangement on becoming the mistress of her own movements, was to secure herself the advantages of instruction. The only way in which she could do this was by engaging to work in the family of a farmer one half the time, in payment for her board and lodging, and attending the common district school in the neighborhood. Her improvement was rapid beyond example. In a few months she had acquired more knowledge than many of her schoolmates had done in years; and was by them regarded as quite a prodigy of industry and attainment.

Meantime, the Revolutionary struggle had commenced. The gloom that had accompanied the outburst of the storm, hung over the whole land; the news of the carnage on the plains of Lexington—the sound of the cannon at Bunker's Hill, had reached every dwelling,

and vibrated on the heart of every patriot in New England. The zeal which had urged the men to quit their homes for the battle-field, found its way to a female bosom; Deborah felt as if she would shrink from no effort or sacrifice in the cause which awakened all her enthusiasm. She entered with the most lively interest into every plan for the relief of the army, and bitterly regretted that as a woman she could do no more, and that she had not the privilege of a man, of shedding her blood for her country.

There is no reason to believe that any consideration foreign to the purest patriotism, impelled her to the resolution of assuming male attire, and enlisting in the army. She could have been actuated by no desire of gaining applause; for the private manner in which she quitted her home and associates, entrusting no one with her design, subjected her to surmises of a painful nature; and the careful preservation of her secret during the period of her military service, exonerates her from the least suspicion of having been urged to the step by an imprudent attachment. It is very likely that her youthful imagination was kindled by the rumor of brave deeds, and that her visions of "the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless 'larum" were colored richly by the hues of fancy. Curiosity to see and partake of this varied war-life, the restlessness of "a heart unsouled and solitary"—the consuming of energies which had no object to work upon, may have contributed to the forming of her determination. It must be borne in mind, too, that she was restrained by no consideration

that could interfere with the project. Alone in the world, there were few to inquire what had become of her, and still fewer to care for her fate. She felt herself accountable to no human being.

By keeping the district school for a summer term, she had amassed the sum of twelve dollars. She purchased a quantity of coarse fustian, and working at intervals when she could be secure from observation, made up a suit of men's clothing; each article, as it was finished, being hid in a stack of hay. Having completed her preparations, she announced her intention of going where she could obtain better wages for her labor. Her new clothes, and such articles as she wished to take with her, were tied in a bundle. The lonely girl departed; but went not far, probably only to the shelter of the nearest wood, before putting on the disguise she was so eager to assume. Although not beautiful, her features were animated and pleasing, and her figure, tall for a woman, was finely proportioned. As a man, she might have been called handsome; her general appearance was extremely prepossessing, and her manner calculated to inspire confidence.

She now pursued her way to the American army, where she presented herself, in October, 1778, as a young man anxious to join his efforts to those of his countrymen in their endeavors to oppose the common enemy. Her acquaintances, meanwhile, supposed her engaged in service at a distance. Rumors of her elopement with a British soldier, and even of her death, were afterwards current in the neighborhood where she had

resided; but none were sufficiently interested to make such search for her as might have led to a discovery.

Distrusting her own constancy, and resolute to continue in the service, notwithstanding any change of her inclination, she enlisted for the whole term of the war. She was received and enrolled in the army by the name of Robert Shirtliffe. She was one of the first volunteers in the company of Captain Nathan Thayer of Medway, Massachusetts; and as the young recruit appeared to have no home or connections, the Captain gave her a home in his family until his company should be full, when they were to join the main army.

We now find her performing the duties and enduring the fatigues of military life. During the seven weeks she passed in the family of Captain Thayer, she had time both for experience and reflection; but in after years her constant declaration was that she never for one moment repented or regretted the step she had taken. Accustomed to labor from childhood, upon the farm and in out-door employment, she had acquired unusual vigor of constitution; her frame was robust, and of masculine strength; and having thus gained a degree of hardihood, she was enabled to acquire great expertness and precision in the manual exercise, and to undergo what a female delicately nurtured would have found it impossible to endure. Soon after they had joined the company, the recruits were supplied with uniforms by a kind of lottery. That drawn by Robert did not fit, but taking needle and scissors, he soon altered it to suit him. To Mrs Thayer's expression of

surprise at finding a young man so expert in using the implements of feminine industry, the answer was—that his mother having no girl, he had been often obliged to practice the seamstress's art.

While in the house of Captain Thayer, a young girl visiting his wife was much in the society of Deborah, or as she was then called, Robert. Coquettish by nature, and perhaps priding herself on the conquest of the "blooming soldier," she suffered her growing partiality to be perceived. Robert on his part felt a curiosity to learn by new experience how soon a maiden's fancy might be won; and had no scruples in paying attentions to one so volatile and fond of flirtation, with whom it was not likely the impression would be lasting. This little piece of romance gave some uneasiness to the worthy Mrs. Thayer, who could not help observing that the liking of her fair visitor for Robert was not fully reciprocated. She took an opportunity of remonstrating with the young soldier, and showed what unhappiness might be the consequence of such folly, and how unworthy it was of a brave man to trifle with a girl's feelings. The caution was taken in good part and it is not known that the "love passage" was continued, though Robert received at parting some tokens of remembrance, which were treasured as relics in after years.

For three years our heroine appeared in the character of a soldier, being part of the time employed as a waiter in the family of Colonel Patterson. During this time, and in both situations, her exemplary conduct, and the

fidelity with which her duties were performed, gained the approbation and confidence of the officers. She was a volunteer in several hazardous enterprizes, and was twice wounded, the first time by a sword cut on the left side of the head. Many were the adventures she passed through; as she herself would often say, volumes might be filled with them. Sometimes placed unavoidably in circumstances in which she feared detection, she nevertheless escaped without the least suspicion being awakened among her comrades. The soldiers were in the habit of calling her "Molly," in playful allusion to her want of a beard; but not one of them ever dreamed that the gallant youth fighting by their side was in reality a female.

About four months after her first wound she received another severe one, being shot through the shoulder. Her first emotion when the ball entered she described to be a sickening terror at the probability that her sex would be discovered. She felt that death on the battle-field were preferable to the shame that would overwhelm her, and ardently prayed that the wound might close her earthly campaign. But, strange as it may seem, she escaped this time also unsuspected; and soon recovering her strength, was able again to take her place at the post of duty, and in the deadly conflict. Her immunity was not, however, destined long to continue—she was seized with a brain fever, then prevalent among the soldiers. For the few days that reason struggled against the disease, her sufferings were indescribable; and most terrible of all was the dread lest consciousness should

desert her, and the secret she had guarded so carefully be revealed to those around her. She was carried to the hospital, and there could only ascribe her escape to the number of patients, and the negligent manner in which they were attended. Her case was considered a hopeless one, and she perhaps received less attention on this account. One day the physician of the hospital, inquiring—"How is Robert?" received from the nurse in attendance the answer—"Poor Bob is gone." The doctor went to the bed, and taking the hand of the youth supposed dead, found that the pulse was still feebly beating; attempting to place his hand on the heart, he perceived that a bandage was fastened tightly round the breast. This was removed, and to his utter astonishment he discovered a female patient where he had least expected one!

This gentleman was Dr. Binney, of Philadelphia. With a prudence, delicacy and generosity ever afterwards warmly appreciated by the unfortunate sufferer, he said not a word of his discovery, but paid her every attention, and provided every comfort her perilous condition required. As soon as she could be removed with safety, he had her taken to his own house, where she could receive better care. His family wondered not a little at the unusual interest manifested for the poor invalid soldier.

Here occurred another of those romances in real life which in strangeness surpass fiction. The doctor had a young and lovely niece, an heiress to considerable property, whose compassionate feelings led her to join

her uncle in bestowing kindness on the friendless youth Many censured the uncle's imprudence in permitting them to be so much in each other's society, and to take drives so frequently together. The doctor laughed to himself at the warnings and hints he received, and thought how foolish the censorious would feel when the truth should come out. His knowledge, meanwhile, was buried in his own bosom, nor shared even with the members of his family. The niece was allowed to be as much with the invalid as suited her pleasure. Her gentle heart was touched by the misfortunes she had contributed to alleviate; the pale and melancholy soldier, for whose fate no one seemed to care, who had no possession in the world save his sword, who had suffered so much in the cause of liberty, became dear to her. She saw his gratitude for the benefits and kindness received, yet knew by intuition that he would never dare aspire to the hand of one so gifted by fortune. In the confiding abandonment of woman's love, the fair girl made known her attachment, and offered to provide for the education of its object before marriage. Deborah often declared that the moment in which she learned that she had unwittingly gained the love of a being so guileless, was fraught with the keenest anguish she ever experienced. In return for the hospitality and tender care that had been lavished upon her, she had inflicted pain upon one she would have died to shield. Her former entanglement had caused no uneasiness, but this was a heart of a different mould; no way of amends seemed open, except confession of her real character, and to that, though impelled by

remorse and self-reproach, she could not bring herself. She merely said to the generous girl, that they would meet again; and though ardently desiring the possession of an education, that she could not avail herself of the noble offer. Before her departure the young lady pressed on her acceptance several articles of needful clothing, such as in those times many of the soldiers received from fair hands. All these were afterwards lost by the upsetting of a boat, except the shirt and vest Rober had on at the time, which are still preserved as relics in the family.

Her health being now nearly restored, the physician had a long conference with the commanding officer of the company in which Robert had served, and this was followed by an order to the youth to carry a letter to General Washington.

Her worst fears were now confirmed. From the time of her removal into the doctor's family, she had cherished a misgiving, which sometimes amounted almost to certainty, that he had discovered her deception. In conversation with him she anxiously watched his countenance, but not a word or look indicated suspicion, and she had again flattered herself that she was safe from detection. When the order came for her to deliver a letter into the hands of the Commander-in-chief, she could no longer deceive herself.

There remained no course but simple obedience. When she presented herself for admission at the head-quarters of Washington, she trembled as she had never done before the enemy's fire. Her heart sank within

ner; she strove in vain to collect and compose herself and overpowered with dread and uncertainty, was ushered into the presence of the Chief. He noticed her extreme agitation, and supposing it to proceed from diffidence, kindly endeavored to re-assure her. He then bade her retire with an attendant, who was directed to offer her some refreshment, while he read the communication of which she had been the bearer.

Within a short time she was again summoned into the presence of Washington. He said not a word, but handed her in silence a discharge from the service, putting into her hand at the same time a note containing a few brief words of advice, and a sum of money sufficient to bear her expenses to some place where she might find a home. The delicacy and forbearance thus observed affected her sensibly. "How thankful"—she has often said, "was I to that great and good man who so kindly spared my feelings! He saw me ready to sink with shame; one word from him at that moment would have crushed me to the earth. But he spoke no word—and I blessed him for it."

After the termination of the war, she married Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon. When Washington was President, she received a letter inviting Robert Shirtliffe, or rather Mrs. Gannett, to visit the seat of government. Congress was then in session, and during her stay at the capital, a bill was passed granting her a pension in addition to certain lands, which she was to receive as an acknowledgment for her services to the country in a military capacity. She was invited to the houses of

several of the officers, and to parties given in the city attentions which manifested the high estimation in which she was there held.

In 1805 she was living in comfortable circumstances, the wife of a respectable farmer, and the mother of three fine, intelligent children, the eldest of whom was a youth of nineteen. The Dedham Register, dated December, 1820, states that during the late session of the court, Mrs. Gannett had presented for renewal her claims for services rendered the country as a *Revolutionary soldier*. She was at that time about sixty-two; and is described as possessing a clear understanding and general knowledge of passing events, as being fluent in speech. delivering her sentiments in correct language, with deliberate and measured accent; easy in her deportment, affable in her manners, and robust and masculine in her appearance. She was recognized on her appearance in court by many persons belonging to the county, who were ready to testify to her services. A brief notice added of the life of this extraordinary woman, was copied into many of the papers of the day, and appears in Niles' "Principles and Acts of the Revolution."

It is but a few years since she passed from the stage of human life. The career to which her patriotism urged her, cannot be commended as an example; but her exemplary conduct after the first step will go far to plead her excuse.

XXXII.

FLORA M'DONALD.

"MASSACHUSETTS has her Lady Arabella, Virginia her Pocahontas, North Carolina her Flora M'Donald," says the eloquent author of the "Sketches" of that State. The residence of this celebrated heroine on the banks of Cape Fear River, and the part she took in the American Revolution, link her name as inseparably with the history of North Carolina, as it is with that of her own Scotland.*

During those events which succeeded the rising in favor of the Pretender, Charles Edward—the rebellion of 1745—and led to the emigration of the colony of Highlanders who settled among the sandy forests on the Cape Fear, Flora M'Donald first makes her appearance—a young and blooming maiden. After the battle of Culloden, which destroyed the power of the Highland "lairds," Prince Charles Edward sought concealment in the mountains of Rosshire, where he escaped capture by the generous self-

* The reader is referred to the Sketches of North Carolina, by Rev William Henry Foote; see also "Memorials" of that State, by J. Seawell Jones; and an article on Pichot's History of Charles Edward, in the North American Review, Jan. 1847

sacrifice of the chivalrous Mackenzie. Landing on the island of South Uist, he found a temporary shelter at Ormaclet with Laird M'Donald; but being traced thither by the keen scent of his pursuers, it seemed that a miracle alone could save him from the net so closely drawn. After many projects for his escape had been proposed, and laid aside, the wife of the laird suggested the plan of disguising him in female attire, and passing him for a travelling waiting-maid; but it was difficult to find a lady willing to undertake the enterprise. Two who were appealed to, declined it from fear of the consequences. In this emergency she turned to the young and beautiful Flora M'Donald, the daughter of a petty laird in the same island, whose mother, after her father's death, had married an adherent of the government, Captain M'Donald, of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye This stepfather was then in command of a company of the clan M'Donald, in the service of King George, and searching for the Prince. Flora had come to visit her relations, on her return from Edinburgh, where she had just completed her education. She was a simple, kind-hearted girl, possessed of strong natural sense, and a resolution firm to accomplish whatever she decided to undertake. She had never seen the Prince; but to the proposition made to her, and her kinswoman's question, "Will you expose yourself to this danger, to aid the Prince's escape from his enemies?" she replied at once, "I am willing to put my life in jeopardy to save his Royal Highness from the dangers that beset him." In this heroic determination, she was actuated not so much

by attachment to the house of Stuart, as by a generous wish to succor the distressed.

O'Neill, an officer to whom Lady M'Donald entrusted the business, and MacEachen, accompanied Flora to Carradale, a rocky, wild, sequestered place, where the royal fugitive had his place of concealment in a damp and unwholesome cavern. They found him alone, broiling a small fish upon the coals, for his solitary repast. Startled at their approach, he made ready to defend his life; but soon discovered that the new comers were his friends, and entered with delight into their plan for his escape. The preparations for leaving the island being completed, the maiden secured a passport from her step-father for herself and companions, including a stout Irishwoman, whom she called Betsey Burke, pretending she had engaged her as an assistant in spinning for her mother in Armadale. On the 28th of June, 1746, the party set out from Uist in an open boat for the Isle of Skye. A violent storm overtook them, and they were tossed about all night; the heroic girl, anxious only for the safety of her charge, encouraged the oarsmen to exert their utmost strength, while the Prince sang songs he had learned round the Highland watchfires, and recited wild legends of the olden time. At dawn they approached the island. The sight of a band of soldiers drawn up on the shore, turned them back; the soldiers fired after them, and while the balls were whistling past, they pursued their course eastwardly, landing about noon, near the residence of Sir Alexander M'Donald, the Laird of Sleite

Concealing the Prince in a hollow rock on the beach, Flora repaired to the chieftain's house, the hall of which was full of officers in search of the royal fugitive. The Laird himself, at that time absent, was known to be hostile to his pretensions; but Flora appealed not in vain to the generous enthusiasm of woman. Lady M'Donald's compassionate heart responded to her confidence; she sent refreshments to the weary wanderer by the Laird of Kingsburg, her husband's Baillie, and as it was deemed safest to depart immediately, he accompanied them to Kingsburg. The country people whom they met returning from church looked with much curiosity at the coarse, clumsy, long-legged female figure with the Laird and the maiden; but they reached unsuspected the place of their destination, and Kingsburg conducted the Prince to his house, where he was to pass the night. His wife came to receive him and his guests, and it is said, was terrified on saluting the supposed Betty, at the rough beard which encountered her cheek. The next morning Flora accompanied the Prince to Portaree, and bade him adieu, as he was to embark for the Isle of Raarsay. At parting, he kissed her, and said, "Gentle, faithful maiden, I hope we shall yet meet in the Palace Royal." But the youthful heroine never again met the Prince who owed so much to woman's tenderness, and the loyal feelings of Scottish hearts.

After the escape of Charles Edward to France, the indignation of the officers of the crown fell upon those who had aided his flight. Flora was arrested with

others, and imprisoned in the Tower of London, to be tried for her life. The nobility of England became deeply interested in the beautiful and high-spirited girl, who, without any political or religious bias, had exhibited such romantic devotion to the cause of royalty. Prince Frederick, the heir apparent, visited her in prison, and by his exertions at length succeeded in obtaining her release. After being set at liberty, she was introduced into the court society by Lady Primrose, a partisan of Charles Edward, and a person of wealth and distinction. It is said that Flora's dwelling in London was surrounded by the carriages of the aristocracy, who came to pay their respects and congratulate her on her release; and that presents were showered upon her, more than sufficient to meet the expenses of her detention and return. The tradition in Carolina is, that "she received gold ornaments and coin enough to fill a half bushel." She was presented to George the Second: and when he asked how she dared render assistance to the enemy of his crown, she answered with modest simplicity, "It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty, had you been in a like situation." For her escort back to Scotland, she chose a fellow-prisoner, Malcolm M'Leod, who used afterwards to boast, "that he came to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise-and-four with Flora M'Donald."

Four years after her return she married Allen M'Donald, son of the Laird of Kingsburg, and thus became eventually mistress of the mansion in which the Prince had passed his first night in the Isle of Skye. Here

Doctor Johnson and Mr. Boswell were hospitably entertained in 1773; at which time Flora, though a matron and a mother, was still blooming and graceful, and full of the enthusiasm of her youth. She put her distinguished guest to sleep in the same bed which the unfortunate Charles Edward had occupied. It is mentioned in the tour to the Hebrides, that M'Donald then contemplated a removal to America, on account of pecuniary embarassments.

In 1775, with his family and some friends, he landed in North Carolina, so long a place of refuge for the distressed Scottish families, and settled first at Cross Creek—so called from the intersection of two streams—the seat of the present town of Fayetteville. It was a stormy period, and those who came to seek peace and security found disturbance and civil war. The Colonial governor summoned the Highland emigrants to support the royal cause; General Donald M'Donald, a kinsman of Flora's, who was the most influential among them, erected his standard at Cross Creek, and on the first of February, 1776, sent forth his proclamation, calling on all his true and loyal countrymen to join him. Flora herself espoused the cause of the English monarch with the same spirit and enthusiasm she had shown thirty years before in the cause of the Prince she saved. She accompanied her husband when he went to join the army, and tradition even says she was seen among the soldiers, animating their courage when on the eve of their march. Though this may be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that her influence

the first man who approached her. All were terror-struck; for Nancy's obliquity of sight caused each to imagine himself her destined victim. At length one of them made a movement to advance upon her; and true to her threat, she fired and shot him dead! Seizing another musket, she levelled it instantly, keeping the others at bay. By this time Sukey had returned from the spring; and taking up the remaining gun, she carried it out of the house, saying to her mother—"Daddy and them will soon be here." This information much increased the alarm of the tories, who perceived the importance of recovering their arms immediately; but each one hesitated, in the confident belief that Mrs. Hart had one eye at least on him for a mark. They proposed a general rush. No time was to be lost by the bold woman;—she fired again, and brought down another of the enemy. Sukey had another musket in readiness, which her mother took, and posting herself in the doorway, called upon the party to surrender "their d-—— tory carcasses to a whig woman." They agreed to surrender, and proposed to "shake hands upon the strength of it." But the victor, unwilling to trust their word, kept them in their places for a few minutes, till her husband and his neighbors came up to the door. They were about to shoot down the tories, but Mrs. Hart stopped them, saying they had surrendered to *her;* and her spirit being up to boiling heat, she swore that "shooting was too good for them." This hint was enough; the dead man was dragged out of the house; and the wounded tory and the others were hung.

XL.

REBECCA BIDDLE.

The husband of this lady, Colonel Clement Biddle, was among the first of those who took an active part on the breaking out of the war, resolved to sacrifice every thing in the cause. Both he and his wife were members of the Society of Friends, and as a consequence of his taking up arms he was "read out of meeting" by that peace-loving community; while Mrs. Biddle, as ardent a patriot—expressing her approval of the war, and encouraging her husband in his course—was subjected to similar discipline.

Mrs. Biddle gave up the comforts of home to join the army with her husband, and was with the camp during the greater part of the war. With Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Knox, who were also with the army, she formed a lasting friendship, and was intimate with Mrs. Washington—being moreover on terms of personal friendship with the Commander-in-chief, for whom she entertained the highest respect and admiration. His letters to her husband, with whom a correspondence was kept up during his life, are still in the possession of her children. This intimacy, with the unusual facilities she enjoyed

for observing the events of the war, and the characters of the distinguished men engaged in it, render it a matter of regret that the spirited anecdotes and graphic details, so well worthy of being embodied in history, with which her conversation abounded in after life, should not have been recorded as they fell from her lips. One or two of these, however, received from a member of her family, may illustrate her character.

When the American army was encamped near the Brandywine, Mrs. Biddle was informed by an aid of Washington, that a large British foraging party was within the distance of a few miles; that orders had been issued for a party to start before day for the purpose of cutting off their retreat, and that, as an engagement might be expected, the women were directed to leave the camp. Mrs. Biddle, not willing to consider herself included in the order, told General Washington, when an opportunity of addressing him occurred, that as the officers would return hungry and fatigued from the expedition, she would, if allowed to stay, make provision for their refreshment. He assured her she might remain in safety, but recommended that she should hold herself in readiness to remove at a moment's warning, promising, in the event of any disaster, to send her timely information. She immediately despatched her servant through the neighborhood to collect provisions; and all the food cooked that day in the camp was thus procured by her. The enemy, informed by spies of the movement against them, made a hasty retreat, and at a late hour the American troops returned after a fatiguing

march. Mrs. Biddle had the pleasure of giving the dinner she had provided to at least a hundred officers; each remarking, as he entered, "Madam, we hear that you feed the army to-day," which she really did till not a crust remained.

Among her guests on that occasion was the gallant La Fayette, who on his last visit paid his respects to her in Philadelphia. One of the Revolutionary reminiscences which they talked over in the presence of her deeply interested children and friends, was that entertainment, to which the General alluded with marked satisfaction. He also recalled to Mrs. Biddle's memory the suffering condition of the army at Valley Forge, where the want of provisions was at one time providentially supplied by a flight of wild pigeons in such vast numbers, and so near the ground, that they were killed with clubs and poles. Even the officers were at that time so destitute of decent clothing, that it was jocosely remarked, that a single suit of dress uniform served them all for dining in, when invited by turns to headquarters, where the repast consisted of pigeons prepared in as many ways as the cook could devise.

In no instance did the enthusiasm and patriotic spirit which animated the heroines of that day, shine more brightly than in this high-minded woman. The purest and most disinterested love of country induced a cheerful submission, on her part, to all the inconveniences hardships, and losses rendered inevitable by a protracted war; and often, in subsequent years, did her detail of those difficulties serve for the amusement of her family

circle. Her attachment to General Washington and his family continued through life; and during their residence in Philadelphia, she and Colonel Biddle were always honored guests at their table. She survived her husband many years, living till upwards of seventy, and to the last retaining in all their strength and freshness, the faculties and feelings of her prime. She ever loved to dwell on the signal display of the hand of Providence in the contest with the mother country, and whenever allusion was made to the Revolutionary war, it was a source of new delight to her children to hear her "fight her battles o'er again."

Mrs. Graydon has been made known to us in her son's "Memoirs" of his own life and times. She was the eldest of four daughters; was born in the island of Barbadoes, and when but seven years old came with her family to Philadelphia. Her father was a German who had been engaged in trade in Barbadoes—her mother a native of Glasgow; but notwithstanding the want of national affinity, and the still greater differences of dialect and religion, there was no lack of harmony in their judgment with respect to the training of their children, who were brought up in strict principles, and after good example in both parents. The mother died before the commencement of hostilities, and it is not ascertained at what time the subject of this notice married Mr. Graydon. She was pronounced by one of her acquaintances (Dr. Baird), who has transmitted the

record to posterity, to be "the finest girl in Philadelphia, having the manners of a lady bred at court." Her house was the seat of hospitality, and the resort of numerous guests of distinction, including officers of the British army. The Baron de Kalb was often there; and among persons of rank from the mother country, were Lady Moore, the wife of Sir Henry Moore, and her daughter; Lady Susan O'Brien and her husband; Major George Etherington, and others. Sir William Draper, who attained the rank of general in the British army, and, in 1779, was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Minorca, was also a frequent guest.

The account of Mrs. Graydon's visit to her son Alexander, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Fort Washington, has interest as exhibiting the strength of her maternal affection, with a fortitude and patriotic spirit worthy of an American matron. After having addressed a letter to General Washington, who could do nothing to accomplish the release of her son, she resolved on going herself to New York, notwithstanding the opposition of her friends on account of the difficulties of travelling, for the purpose of soliciting his freedom on parole, from the British commander. She accordingly purchased a horse and chair, and set out for Philadelphia, her residence being then at Reading. On her arrival in the city, one Fisher, a distant relative, was officious in tendering his service to drive her to New York, and the offer was accepted; but when they had nearly reached Princeton, they were overtaken, to their great astonishment, by a detachment of American

cavalry—Fisher, it seems, being a loyalist. The lady found in such evil company was taken also into custody and after some delay, was obliged to retrace her road to Philadelphia, under an escort of horse. When they reached Bristol on their return, means were found for the prisoner to go on without the chair, and Mrs. Graydon was accompanied by Colonel M'Ilvaine, an old friend, to the head quarters of the American army, where proper measures could be taken for her proceeding within the British lines. After being conducted to the lines, she was committed to the courtesy of some Hessian officers. It happened, during the ceremony of the flag, that a gun was somewhere discharged on the American side. This infringement of military etiquette was furiously resented by the German officers; and their vehement gestures, and expressions of indignation, but imperfectly understood by the lady, alarmed her not a little. She supported herself as well as she could, under this inauspicious introduction into the hostile territory, and had her horse led to the quarters of the general who commanded in Brunswick, where she alighted, and was shown into a parlor. Weary and faint from fatigue and agitation, she partook of some refreshment offered her, and then went to deliver a letter of introduction she had received from Mr. Vanhorne of Boundbrook to a gentleman in Brunswick. Five of the Misses Vanhorne, his nieces, were staying at the house, and with them Mrs. Graydon became well acquainted, as they avowed whig principles. Their uncle had been compelled to leave Flatbush on

account of his attachment to the American cause; but was permitted not long afterwards to return to his house there, accompanied by Mrs. Vanhorne and her daughters.

After a detention of a week or more at Brunswick, Mrs. Graydon embarked in a sloop or shallop for New York. The vessel was fired upon from the shore, but no one was injured, and she reached in safety the destined port. Mr. Bache allowed Mrs. Graydon to occupy his part of Mr. Suydam's house during her stay at Flatbush. Here, in the society of her son, her accustomed flow of good spirits returned: she even gave one or two tea drinkings to the "rebel clan," and "learned from Major Williams the art of making Johnny cakes in the true Maryland fashion." These recreations did not interfere with the object of her expedition, nor could her son dissuade her from her purpose of proving the result of an application. When she called in New York on Mr. Galloway, who was supposed to have much influence at headquarters, he advised her to apply to Sir William Howe by memorial, and offered to draw up one for her. In a few minutes he produced what accorded with his ideas on the subject, and read to her what he had written, commencing with—"Whereas Mrs. Graydon has always been a true and faithful subject of His Majesty George the Third; and whereas her son, an inexperienced youth, has been deluded by the arts of designing men—"

"Oh, sir,"—cried the mother—"that will never do! my son cannot obtain his release on those terms.'

"Then, madam"—replied the officer, somewhat peevishly "I can do nothing for you!"

Though depressed by her first disappointment, Mrs. Graydon would not relinquish her object; but continued to advise with every one she thought able or willing to assist her. In accordance with the counsel received from a friend, she at length resolved upon a direct application to General Howe.

After several weeks of delay, anxiety and disappointment, through which her perseverance was unwearied, the design was put in execution. Without having informed her son of what she meant to do, lest he might prevent her, through his fear of improper concessions on her part, she went one morning to New York, and boldly waited upon Sir William Howe. She was shown into a parlor, and had a few moments to consider how she should address him who possessed the power to grant her request, or to destroy her hopes. He entered the room, and was near her, before she perceived him.

"Sir William Howe—I presume?" said Mrs. Graydon, rising. He bowed; she made known her business—a mother's feelings doubtless giving eloquence to her speech—and entreated permission for her son to go home with her on parole.

"And then immediately to take up arms against us, I suppose!" said the General.

"By no means, sir; I solicit his release upon parole; that will restrain him until exchanged; but on my own part I will go further, and say that if I have any influence over him, he shall never take up arms again"

"Here," says Graydon, "the feelings of the patriot were wholly lost in those of the 'war-detesting' mother." The General seemed to hesitate; but on the earnest renewal of her suit, gave the desired permission.

The mother's joy at her success was the prelude to a welcome summons to the prisoners, to repair to New York for the purpose of being transported in a flag-vessel to Elizabethtown. The captives having been kept in the dark on subjects concerning which they most desired information—the state of the army and public affairs—one of those left behind furnished Graydon with a kind of cypher, by which intelligence could be conveyed to him. The disguise consisted in the substitution of one piece of information for another; for instance—a lady named, was to signify the army; if that was prosperous, the fact was to be indicated by announcing the health and charming looks of the belle in question; there being a scale in the key, by which intelligence might be graduated.

After some adventures, the travellers reached Philadelphia, where they dined at President Hancock's. He had opposed Mrs. Graydon's scheme of going to New York; and though apparently pleased with her success, could not be supposed cordially gratified by an event which might give to the adverse cause any reputation for clemency. Such is the policy of war, and so stern a thing is patriotism!

Alice Izard was the daughter of Peter De Lancey, and niece to James De Lancey, Lieutenant Governor of the province of New York. It is remarkable how many women of this distinguished family have married eminent men. Susan, the daughter of Colonel Stephen De Lancey, whose first husband was Lieutenant Colonel William Johnson, became the wife of Lieutenant General Sir Hudson Lowe, and was the beautiful Lady Lowe praised by Bonaparte. Charlotte De Lancey, who married Sir David Dundas, did not escape her share of trials during the war. When their house at Bloomingdale was burned, her mother hid herself in a kennel, and not being able on account of her deafness to discover when the enemy departed, narrowly escaped death. On a visit afterwards from a party of soldiers, the young girl was put into a bin for concealment by the servants, and covered with oats, into which the soldiers, who were in search of a prisoner they might hold as a hostage, plunged their bayonets repeatedly, but luckily did not touch her. A Miss De Lancey was the wife of Sir William Draper. In later years one of this family married a distinguished American, whose genius is the pride of his country.*

Alice was married in 1767, to Ralph Izard; and after some years accompanied him to Europe. After the breaking out of the war, her anxious desire was to return with him to this country; but not being able to do so, she remained in France during his absence, devoting herself to the care and improvement of her children.

* J. Fenimore Cooper.

On their arrival at home, after the establishment of peace, their estate was found in a state of lamentable dilapidation; but the energy and good management of Mrs. Izard soon restored a degree of order, and rendered "the Elms"—the old family residence—the seat of domestic comfort and liberal hospitality. During her husband's illness, which lasted seven years, she was his devoted nurse, while the management of his large estate, embarrassed by losses sustained during the war, devolved upon her. She wrote all his letters of business, besides attending to the affairs of her family, then augmented by the addition of two orphan grandchildren; yet found time to read to him several hours of every day. The charge of two other families of grandchildren was afterwards undertaken by her. Notwithstanding these multiplied cares, each day was marked by some deed of unostentatious charity. Her piety, though deep and sincere, was cheerful, for a humble faith directed her steps, and taught resignation in trials the most severe—the loss of many children. In the faithful performance, from day to day, of the duties before her, and the promotion of the good of others, her useful life was closed in 1832, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

An interesting anecdote is related of another Mrs. Ralph Izard, a relative of the patriot, who resided near Dorchester, within the range of excursions made by the British, at that time in the neighborhood of Charleston. When the enemy ventured beyond their lines, the

inhabitants of the country were frequently subjected to depredations. The plantation of Mr. Izard, who at that time acted as aid-de-camp to the commanding officer of the Light Troops, was often visited, but had been preserved from destruction by the prudent deportment of his wife. She invariably received the officers with polite attention, and by the suavity and gentle dignity of her manners, disarmed their hostility, and induced them to retire without disturbance. On one occasion her courage was put to a severe trial. Her husband was at home, when the alarm was suddenly given by the appearance of a party of British soldiers, from whom there was no way of escape, the house being surrounded. Mr. Izard hastily concealed himself in a clothes-press, while his wife awaited the entrance of his enemies, who had been informed of the visit of the master of the house, and were determined on his capture. A search was instituted, which proving unsuccessful, the soldiers threatened to fire the house, unless he surrendered himself. In their rage and disappointment, they proceeded to outrages they had never before ventured upon; Mr. Izard's wardrobe was robbed, and several of the marauders arrayed themselves in his best coats; valuable articles were seized in the presence of the mistress of the mansion, and an attempt was even made to force her rings from her fingers. Through all this trying scene, Mrs. Izard preserved, in a wonderful manner, her firmness and composure; her bearing, on which she knew her husband's safety depended, was marked with her accustomed courtesy and urbanity, and she betrayed no

apprehension, notwithstanding the indignities offered. So calm, so dignified was her deportment, that the plunderers, doubting the correctness of the information they had received, and perhaps ashamed of their insolence, withdrew. No sooner were they gone, than Mr. Izard made his escape, and quickly crossing the Ashley, gave notice to the Americans on the other side of the river of the proximity of the enemy. Meanwhile, the British soldiers, returning to the house, again entered Mrs. Izard's apartment, and burst open the press, which they had before forgotten to examine. Finding no one there, they retired; but were speedily intercepted by a body of cavalry that had pushed across Bacon's bridge, and so completely routed, that but a few of their number returned within their lines to relate the disaster. The property taken from Mr. Izard's house was recovered, and restored by the conquerors to the owner, with a compliment to the matron whose strength of spirit had proved the means of their obtaining the victory.

XLI.

THE WOMEN OF KENTUCKY.

Many were the brilliant exploits of the pioneers of Kentucky, and among them many a tale of woman's fortitude, intrepidity, and heroism, lived long in the recollection of those who witnessed or mingled in the stirring scenes. No materials can be gathered for extended memoirs of those dwellers in the forest, whose history, were it recorded, would throw so strong a light upon early western life; but a few detached anecdotes —illustrative of their trials in the times of civil war— may be found interesting.*

The wife of the distinguished pioneer Daniel Boone —after whom Boone County was named—and her daughters, were the first white women who stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River. They removed to the new fort, afterwards known as Boonesborough, in the summer of 1775. This place soon became the central object of Indian hostilities. A cabin, not far distant, erected to found a new fort some years afterwards, was attacked by the savages, one man and his wife killed, and the other, Mr. Duree, mortally wounded.

* See Collins's Historical Sketches of Kentucky.

His wife, who had barred the door, grasped a rifle, and told her husband she would help him to fight, but received the answer that he was dying. Having presented the gun through several port-holes in quick succession, she sat down beside her husband with the calmness of despair, and closed his eyes in death. Some hours passed, in which nothing more was heard of the Indians, and taking her infant in her arms—her son, three or four years older, following her, she sallied forth in desperation to make her way to the fort at White Oak Spring. Wandering in the woods, and running till she was nearly exhausted, she came at length to the trail, and pursuing it, met her father-in-law, with his wife and son, on their way to the new station. The melancholy tidings changed their course; they led their horses into an adjoining cane brake, unloaded them of the baggage, and regained the White Oak Spring before daylight.

The wife of Whitley, another of the enterprising hunters whose adventurous exploits have shed a coloring of romance over the early history of Kentucky, manifested a spirit of adventure and a love of independence equal to his own. To his observation that he had heard a fine report of Kentucky, and thought they could obtain a living there with less hard work—her answer was—"Then, Billy, I would go and see;" and in two days he was on his way with axe and plough, and gun and kettle. She afterwards collected his warriors to pursue the Indians. This was on an occasion when the emergency called for prompt action—the camp

of an emigrant named M'Clure having been assaulted in the night and six whites killed. His wife fled into the woods with her four children; but the cries of the infant she bore in her arms betrayed her place of retreat. She heard the savages coming towards the spot, eager to imbrue their hands in innocent blood; she could have escaped with three of the children by abandoning the youngest; the night, the grass, and the bushes, offered concealment—but how could the mother leave her helpless babe to certain destruction? She resolved to die with it. The other affrighted little ones clung to her for protection; she dared not bid them fly and hide themselves, lest the savages should discover them; she *hoped* her arms might shield them, should the inhuman enemy find them at her side. The Indians came, and quickly extinguished both hopes and fears in the blood of three of the children. The hapless mother and infant were taken to their camp where she was compelled to cook the meal on which the murderers feasted. In the morning they pursued their way, forcing her to accompany them, riding an unbroken horse.

Whitley was not at home when the news of this outrage was brought to his station. His wife immediately despatched a messenger for him, and sent, in the meantime, to warn and assemble his company. When he returned, he found twenty-one men awaiting his orders. Directing his course to the war-path, he gained it in advance of the savages, who had stopped to divide their plunder; concealed his men, and opening a deadly fire

upon them as they approached, soon dispersed them, and rescued the captives.

The siege of Bryant's station, near Lexington, which took place in August, 1782, gave occasion for a brilliant display of female intrepidity. The garrison was supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort, near which a considerable body of the Indians had been placed in ambush. Another party in full view was ordered to open a fire at a given time, with the hope of enticing the besieged to an engagement without the walls, when the remaining force could seize the opportunity of storming one of the gates. The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that Indians were concealed near the spring, but conjectured that they would not unmask themselves, until the firing on the opposite side of the fort should induce them to believe that the men had come out and were engaged with the other party. The need of water was urgent, and yielding to the necessity of the case, they summoned all the women. "Explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them, until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and bring up each a bucket full of water. Some, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves, observing that they were not bullet-proof, and the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps. To this it was answered, that the women were

in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort; and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to think their ambuscade was undiscovered; and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if men should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring.

"The decision was soon made. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror; but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure that completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption; and although their steps became quicker and quicker, on their return, and when near the fort, degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size."*

M'Clung's Sketches of Western Adventure

At the siege of Logan's fort, while the men composing tne small garrison were constantly at their posts, engaged in a vigorous defence, the women were actively employed in moulding bullets. In 1779, General Simon Kenton owed his liberty to female compassion. He was one of the most celebrated pioneers of the west, and was honored by having his name given to one of the counties of Kentucky. In an expedition for taking horses from the Indians, he was captured, and for eight months suffered incredible cruelties at their hands, till at length, being transferred to a Canadian trader, he was delivered to the British commander at Detroit. Here, while he worked for the garrison, his hard lot excited the commiseration of Mrs. Harvey, the wife of an Indian trader. His exterior was calculated to interest in his fate the gentle and enthusiastic sex; he was but twenty-four years of age, and according to one who served with him, "was fine looking, with a dignified and manly deportment, and a soft, pleasing voice, being wherever he went a favorite among the ladies." He appealed to Mrs. Harvey for assistance, and she promised at his solicitation to aid him and two other Kentuckian prisoners in their escape, and to procure them rifles and ammunition, which were indispensable on a journey through the wilderness. It was not long before she found opportunity to execute her benevolent design. A large concourse of Indians was assembled at Detroit, in western parlance, "to take a spree;" and before indulging in their potations, several stacked their guns near Mrs. Harvey's house. As soon as it was

dark, she stole noiselessly out, selected three of the best looking, hid them quickly in her garden in a patch of peas, and, careful to avoid observation, hastened to Kenton's lodgings, to inform him of her success. Her directions were, that he should come at midnight to the back of the garden, where he would find a ladder, by means of which he could climb the fence and get the guns. She had previously collected such articles of ammunition, food and clothing, as would be necessary in their journey, and with Kenton's knowledge had hid them in a hollow tree some distance from the town. No time was lost by the prisoners in their secret preparations for flight. At the hour appointed, they came to the end of the garden; the ladder was there, and Kenton climbing over, saw Mrs. Harvey already waiting for him, seated by the place where she had concealed the guns. No woman ever appeared half so beautiful in the eyes of the grateful young hunter. His thanks were expressed with the eloquence of true feeling; but she would not suffer the fugitives to waste a moment; the night was far advanced, the shoutings of the Indians, in their drunken revelry, could be heard all around them; a few hours would reveal their escape and the loss of the guns, and instant pursuit would be made. She bade him make haste to be gone; and with a brief farewell Kenton joined his companions, with whom, hastening from the city, he travelled towards the prairies of the Wabash He never ceased to remember and acknowledge, in language glowing with gratitude and admiration, the kindness of the trader's wife; but when the lapse of

half a century had changed the aspect of the whole country, still delighted to dwell on this adventure, saying that he had seen her a thousand times in his reveries as he had last beheld her—"sitting by the guns in the garden."

The presence of mind, and cool deliberate courage of Mrs. Daviess, of Lincoln County, brought about the deliverance of herself and family from the savages. Early one morning, her husband having left the house for a few moments, four Indians rushed into the room where she was still in bed with her children. They ordered her, by signs, to rise immediately; and one of them inquired how far it was to the next house. She instantly comprehended that it was important to make the distance appear as great as possible, for the purpose of detaining them at the house till her husband, who had evidently taken the alarm, should have time to bring assistance. Counting on her fingers, she made them understand that it was eight miles. She then rose and dressed herself; after which she showed the savages various articles of clothing one after another—their pleased examination delaying them nearly two hours. Another Indian, who had been in pursuit of her husband, now entered the house, and holding up in her sight his hands stained with pokeberry juice, at the same time using violent gestures and brandishing his tomahawk, endeavored to persuade her that the fugitive had been slain. Her quick eye, however, at once discovered the deception, and she rejoiced in the evidence that her husband had escaped uninjured.

The house was now plundered of every thing that could be carried away, and the savages set out, taking with them Mrs. Daviess and all her children as prisoners. The mother's care was in requisition to provide for their safety, and she was obliged to make the two oldest carry the younger ones, for well she knew that death would be the penalty of any failure of strength or speed. The Indians watched them closely, that no twigs nor weeds were broken off, as they passed along, which might serve to mark the course they had taken. Even the length of Mrs. Daviess' dress interfering, as they thought, with their movements, one of them drew his knife and cut off some inches of it.

Meanwhile this courageous woman was revolving projects for accomplishing a deliverance. She determined at length, if not rescued in the course of the day, to make a desperate attempt at night, when the Indians should be asleep, by possessing herself of their arms, killing as many as she could, and inducing the belief of a night attack to frighten the others. To such extremity was female resolution driven in those times. Those who knew Mrs. Daviess entertained little doubt that her enterprise would have succeeded; but she was prevented from the perilous attempt—being overtaken and rescued by nine o'clock, by her husband and a party of friends.

Another act of courage displayed by Mrs. Daviess strikingly illustrates her character. A marauder who had committed extensive depredations on the property of Mr. Daviess and his neighbors, was pursued by them

with the purpose of bringing him to justice. During the pursuit, not aware that they were on his track, he came to the house, armed with gun and tomahawk, to obtain refreshment, and found Mrs. Daviess alone with her children. She placed a bottle of whiskey on the table, and requested him to help himself. While he was drinking, she went to the door, took his gun, which he had set there on his entrance, and placing herself in the doorway, cocked the weapon and levelled it at him. He started up, but she ordered him, on pain of instant death, to sit down, and remain quiet. The terrified intruder asked what he had done; she replied that he had stolen her husband's property, that he was her prisoner, and she meant to stand guard over him. She kept him thus, not daring to make the slightest movement towards escape, till her husband and his party returned and took him into custody.

The wife of Joseph Russell, who, with her children, was taken captive, had the presence of mind, when on their march, to leave signs which might show the direction they had taken, by occasionally breaking off a twig and scattering along their route pieces of a white handkerchief which she had torn in fragments; so that General Logan's party found no difficulty in the pursuit. At the house of Mr. Woods, near the Crab orchard in Lincoln County, a singular adventure occurred. He had gone one morning to the station, not expecting to return till night, and leaving his family, which consisted only of his wife, a young daughter, and a lame negro man. Mrs. Woods was at a short distance from her

cabin, when she saw several Indians approaching it. Screaming loudly to give the alarm, she ran to reach the house before them, and succeeded; but before she could close the door, one of the savages had pushed his way into the house. He was instantly grappled with by the negro, a scuffle ensued, and both fell on the floor, the black man underneath. Mrs. Woods could render no assistance, having to exert all her strength in keeping the door closed against the party without; but the lame domestic, holding the Indian tightly in his arms, called to the young girl to take the axe from under the bed and despatch him by a blow on the head. Self-preservation demanded instant obedience, and after an ineffectual blow, the Indian was killed. The negro then proposed to his mistress to let in another of those still trying to force open the door, and dispose of him in the same manner; but the experiment was thought too dangerous. Shortly after, some men from the station discovered the situation of the family, and soon scattered the besiegers.

It was at the Blue Lick Springs, the most noted watering place in the west, that the bloody battle was fought with the Indians which shrouded Kentucky in mourning, and is only less famous than Braddock's defeat, in the annals of savage warfare. A romantic incident is related as having occurred after that fatal action.* Among the unfortunate captives who had survived the ordeal of the gauntlet, and had been paint-

* Judge Robertson's Address on the Fourth of July, at Camp Madison, in 1843

ed black by the savages, as devoted to torture and death, was an excellent husband and father. By some unaccountable freak of clemency, his life was spared when all his fellow prisoners were butchered. For about a year his friends believed him numbered with the slain of that disastrous day. His wife was wooed by another; but continued to hope against hope that he yet lived and would return to her. Persuaded, at length, through the expostulations of others, that her affectionate instinct was a delusion, she reluctantly yielded a consent to the second nuptials, which, however, she postponed several times, declaring that she found it impossible to divest herself of the belief that her husband lived. Again she submitted to the judgment of friends, and the day of her marriage was appointed. Just before the dawn of that day, when we may suppose her wakeful from reflection, the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin. Startled by the familiar sound, she leaped out "like a liberated fawn," exclaiming as she sprang towards the door, "That's John's gun!" and in an instant was clasped in the arms of her lost husband. In poetical justice to the disappointed suitor, it should perhaps be mentioned, that nine years afterwards the same husband was killed at "St. Clair's defeat"—and that in proper time he obtained the hand of the fair widow. The scene of this occurrence was in Garrard County, Kentucky.

An incident that occurred at a fort on Green River, shows the magnanimity which the dangers besetting the emigrants of that period often gave opportunity to exer-

cise. Several young persons belonging to the fort were pulling flax in one of the distant fields. They were joined by two of their mothers, the younger carrying an infant. The whole party was attacked by some Indians, who rushed from the woods, and pursued them towards the fort, yelling and firing upon them. The elder of the two mothers, recollecting in her flight that the younger, a small and feeble woman, was encumbered with her child, turned back in the face of the enemy, who were still firing, and rending the air with hideous yells, snatched the babe from its almost exhausted mother, and ran with it to the fort. She was twice shot at when the foe was near, and one arrow passed through her sleeve; but she escaped without injury.

The attack on the house of John Merrill, in Nelson County, Kentucky, is related differently in some particulars by different authorities; but they agree in citing it as a remarkable instance of female heroism.* Merrill was alarmed at midnight by the barking of the dog, and on opening the door, was fired upon by several Indians. He fell back wounded, and the door was instantly closed by his wife, who, an Amazon in strength and courage, stood on guard with an axe, and killed or wounded four as they attempted to enter through a breach. They then climbed to the roof to come down the chimney. She hastily ripped a feather-bed, and threw it on the fire. The blaze and smoke brought down two Indians, whom she despatched.

* Drake's Book of the Indians. McClung's Sketches of Western Adventure, etc.

XLII.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

The name of Elizabeth Zane is inseparably associated with the history of one of the most memorable incidents in the annals of border warfare. The most reliable account of it is that prepared by Mr. Kiernan for the "American Pioneer," a Cincinnati journal devoted to sketches relative to the early settlement of the country. In this a full history is given of the establishment of Fort Fincastle—afterwards called Fort Henry, in honor of Patrick Henry—under the superintendence of Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell.

This fort stood on the left bank of the Ohio, a little above the mouth of Wheeling Creek, and near the foot of a hill that rose abruptly from the inner margin of the bottom land. Of this land, the portion next the river was cleared, fenced, and planted with corn. Between the fort and the base of the hill, the forest had also been cleared away, and there stood some twenty or thirty log houses; a rude village, which, though of little importance then, was the germ of one of the fairest cities that now grace the domain of Virginia. The fort covered about three quarters of an acre of ground,

and had a block house at each corner, with lines of stout pickets about eight feet high, extending from one to the other. Within the enclosure were a number of cabins for the use of families, and the principal entrance was through a gateway on the side next to the straggling village.

In May and June, 1777, a number of savage forays upon the settlements took place, and as the season advanced, these depredations became more bold and frequent. So imminent was the danger, that the people threw aside their private pursuits; the troops were constantly in service, and civil jurisdiction gave place for months to martial law throughout the country. In September it was ascertained that a large Indian force was concentrating on the Sandusky River, under the direction of the notorious white renegade and tory, Simeon Girty. This savage host, numbering, according to various estimates, from three hundred and eighty to five hundred warriors, having completed the preparations for their campaign, took up their line of march in the direction of Limestone, Kentucky; and were brought by their leader before the walls of Fort Henry, before the scouts employed by Colonel Shepherd were able to discover his real design.

They were made aware of this in the night by seeing the smoke caused by the burning of a block-house twelve miles below; and the inhabitants of the village and several families in the neighborhood betook themselves to the fort for safety. At break of day, a man despatched to bring in some horses having been killed

a party of fourteen was sent to dislodge the savages from a corn-field near the fort. They found themselves unexpectedly and furiously assailed by the whole of Girty's army, and but two survived the skirmish. Others who had pressed to their relief, fell into an ambuscade and two thirds of their number perished. The Indians then advanced with loud whoops to take their position before the fort. The garrison, which had at first numbered forty-two fighting men, was now reduced to twelve, including boys. Girty, having posted his forces, appeared with a white flag, and demanded their surrender in the name of His Britannic Majesty; but Colonel Shepherd promptly replied that he should only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it. The little band had a sacred charge to protect; their mothers, sisters, wives and children were assembled around them, and they resolved to fight to the last extremity, trusting in Heaven for a successful issue.

For many hours, after the opening of the siege, the firing of the Indians, eager for butchery, was met by a sure and well-directed fire from the garrison, which was composed of excellent marksmen. But the stock of gunpowder in the fort was nearly exhausted! A favorable opportunity was offered by the temporary suspension of hostilities, to procure a keg of powder known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate. The commandant explained the matter to his men, and, unwilling to order any one upon an enterprise so desperate, asked who would volunteer for

the perilous service. The person going and coming would necessarily be exposed to the danger of being shot down by the Indians; yet three or four young men promptly offered to undertake it. The Colonel answered that only one man could be spared, and left it to them to decide who it should be. While they disputed—every moment of time being precious, from the danger of a renewal of the attack before the powder could be procured—the interposition of a young girl put an end to their generous contention. Elizabeth, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, came forward, and requested that she might be permitted to go for the powder. Her proposition at first met with a peremptory refusal; but she renewed her petition with steadfast earnestness; nor would she be dissuaded from her heroic purpose by the remonstrances of the commandant and her anxious relatives. Either of the young men, it was represented, would be more likely than herself to perform the task successfully, by reason of greater familiarity with danger, and swiftness in running. Her answer was—that her knowledge of the danger attending the undertaking was her reason for offering to perform the service; *her* loss would not be felt, while not a single soldier could be spared from the already weakened garrison. This argument prevailed; her request was granted; and when she had divested herself of such portions of clothing as might impede her speed, the gate was opened for her to pass out.

The opening of the gate arrested the attention of several Indians straggling through the village, and it

could be seen from the fort that the eyes of the savages were upon Elizabeth as she crossed the open space—walking as rapidly as possible, to reach her brother's house. But probably deeming a woman's life not worth the trouble of taking, or influenced by some sudden freak of clemency, they permitted her to pass without molestation.

In a few moments she re-appeared, carrying the powder in her arms, and walked at her utmost speed towards the gate. One account says the powder was tied in a table-cloth, and fastened round her waist. The Indians doubtless suspected, this time, the nature of he burden; they raised their firelocks, and discharged a leaden storm at her as she went on; but the balls whistled past her harmless—and the intrepid girl reached the fort in safety with her prize.

The story of this siege has been preserved in the collections of Virginia as the most important event in the history of Wheeling, and is enumerated among the battles of the Revolution. The brothers Silas and Ebenezer Zane received honor for having contributed to its final success; nor did the courageous conduct of the women pass unacknowledged. The wife of Ebenezer, and others, undismayed by the bloody strife going on, employed themselves in running bullets and preparing patches for the use of the garrison, and by their presence at every point where they could perform useful service, and their cheering encouragement of their defenders, inspired the soldiers with new energy for desperate resistance.

XLIII.

MARGARET MORRIS.

A Journal—which has never been published, but of which a few copies were printed for private circulation many years since—kept during the Revolutionary war for the amusement of a sister, by Margaret Morris, of Burlington, New Jersey, presents a picture of the daily alarms to which a private family was liable, and of the persecution to which obnoxious individuals were subjected. The writer was a patriot in principle and feeling, but sympathized with the distresses she witnessed on both sides. She had, however, no liking for war—being a member of the Society of Friends. Her maiden name was Hill. Her father, Richard Hill, had been engaged in the wine trade, and lived long with his family on the island of Madeira; her brother, Henry, accumulated a large fortune in the same business, and died of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. Margaret was eminently pious, and cheerful through many years of illness and suffering. In this character she is best remembered by her grandchildren and connections, among whom she was greatly beloved and venerated for her example of Christian benevolence and humble

reliance on Providence in every trial. She was .eft a widow early in life, and died at the age of seventy-nine, at Burlington, in 1816. The sister for whom the journal was written was Milcah Martha Moore, the wife of Dr. Charles Moore, of Philadelphia.

The following extracts are from the "Journal." DECEMBER 16th, 1776:

"About noon this day, a very terrible account of thousands coming into town, and now actually to be seen off Gallows Hill—my incautious son caught up the spy-glass, and was running towards the mill to look at them. I told him it would be liable to misconstruction, but ne prevailed on me to allow him to gratify his curiosity. He went, but returned much dissatisfied, for no troops could he see. As he came back, poor Dick took the glass, and resting it against a tree, took a view of the fleet. Both were observed by the people on board, who snspected it was an enemy who was watching their motions. They manned a boat and sent her on shore

"A loud knocking at my door brought me to it. I was a little fluttered, and kept locking and unlocking that I might get my ruffled face a little composed. At last I opened it, and half a dozen men, all armed, demanded the key of the empty house. I asked what they wanted there; they replied—'To search for a d—d tory who had been spying at them from the mill."

"The name of a *tory*, so near my own door, seriously alarmed me; for a poor refugee, dignified by that name, had claimed the shelter of my roof, and was at that very time concealed, like a thief in an augerhole. I

rang the bell violently—the signal agreed upon if they came to search; and when I thought he had crept into the hole, I put on a very simple look and exclaimed—'Bless me! I hope you are not Hessians!'

"'Do we look like Hessians?' asked one rudely.

"'Indeed, I don't know.'

"'Did you never see a Hessian?'

"'No—never in my life; but they are *men;* and you are men; and may be Hessians for aught I know! But I'll go with you into Colonel Cox's house; though indeed it was my son at the mill; he is but a boy, and meant no harm; he wanted to see the troops.'

"So I marched at the head of them, opened the door, and searched every place; but we could not find the tory. Strange where he could be! We returned—they greatly disappointed; I pleased to think my house was not suspected. The Captain, a smart little fellow named Shippen, said he wished they could see the spy-glass. So Dick produced it, and very civilly desired his acceptance of it; which I was sorry for, as I often amused myself looking through it.

"They left us and searched James Verree's and the two next houses; but no tory could they find. This transaction reached the town, and Colonel Cox was very angry and ordered the men on board. In the evening I went to town with my refugee, and placed him in other lodgings.

XLIV.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

Many incidents and scenes of Revolutionary times are remembered, of the actors in which little is known beyond what is contained in the anecdotes themselves. A few of these are subjoined as aiding our general object of illustrating the spirit and character of the women of those days. Fragmentary as they are—they have some interest in this light, and it seems a duty to preserve them as historical facts, which may possibly prove of service in future inquiries.

The county of Sussex in New Jersey, was noted for its number of tories. A party of them one night attacked and broke into the house of Mr. Maxwell, the father of General William Maxwell. Their first assault was upon the old man, who was eighty years of age; and having felled him with repeated blows, so that his skull was fractured, they left him for dead, and proceeded to plunder the house. Mrs. Maxwell was compelled to direct them to the place where her husband's money was kept, and to send a female domestic to show them

the way. They had determined, when their work should be finished, to make an attack on the house of Captain John Maxwell—the General's brother, who lived about a mile distant, and whom they supposed to have in his possession a large sum of money, he being commissary in the army. But their design of obtaining the spoil was frustrated by the timely information given by the negroes, who, escaping from the old gentleman's house, gave warning to the family of the young officer. John afterwards arrested one of the robbers in the neighborhood, before he had time to change his bloody garments. The others succeeded in effecting their escape.

Some British officers quartered themselves at the house of Mrs. Dissosway, situated at the western end of Staten Island, opposite Amboy. Her husband was a prisoner; but her brother, Captain Nat. Randolph, who was in the American army, gave much annoyance to the tories by his frequent incursions. A tory colonel once promised Mrs. Dissosway to procure the release of her husband, on condition of her prevailing upon her brother to stay quietly at home. "And if I could," she replied, with a look of scorn, and drawing up her tall figure to its utmost height, "if I could act so dastardly a part, *think you that General Washington has but one Captain Randolph in his army?*"

The cattle and horses of many of the whig residents on Staten Island having been driven away by the loy-

alists—they had no means of attending divine worship After the establishment of Independence, one winter's day, when several families of those who had suffered during the war, were returning in their sleighs from "meeting," the word was given by Mr. Dissosway to stop before the house of a tory captain. He gave a loud thump with the handle of his whip at the door, and when the captain appeared, said—"I called, sir, to inform you that 'the rebels' have been to church; it is their turn, now, to give thanks!" He then returned to his sleigh and drove on.

Among the noble spirits whose heroism has never been known beyond the circle of their personal acquaintance, was Mrs. Jackson, who resided on a farm upon Staten Island. The island, as is known, was a "nest of tories;" and it was thought proper to banish her husband, on account of his zeal in the cause of his country, although he had not joined the army. He was nine months confined in the Provost, and the remainder of two years was on his parole on Long Island and in the vicinity. During his absence the house was for a great part of the time the abode of British officers and soldiers, who made themselves quite at home in the use of every thing. On one occasion a soldier, carrying through the house a tin pail, used for milking, was asked by the mistress what he meant to do with it. "My master wants to bathe his feet," was the insolent reply. "Carry it instantly back," said the resolute lady, authorita-

tively; "not for your master's master shall you touch what you have no business with!" By the exhibition of such firmness and spirit she saved herself much inconvenience.

This lady was in the habit of sending provisions from time to time, to the American army on the opposite shore. This she was obliged to do with the utmost secrecy; and many a time would she set going the mill which belonged to her husband—to allow the black man she employed to cross the water unsuspected by the watchful enemy. At one time, having a calf which she was anxious to send to the suffering American soldiers, she kept it concealed all day under her bed, having muzzled it to prevent its cries.* She sometimes came to New York, with friends, to visit prisoners in the Provost. They were received on such occasions at Whitehall by a gentleman, who, though of whig principles, had been permitted to remain in the city—the father of one whose genius has rendered his name illustrious. He was in the habit of accompanying the ladies to the prison, and directed them, when they wished to convey money to the captives, to drop it silently as they went past, while he would walk just behind, so as to screen them from the observation of the stern provost-marshal.

On one occasion, Mrs. Jackson received intelligence that one of the American generals was coming to her house in the night, to surprise and capture the enemy quartered there. She gave no information to her guests

* These facts were given the writer by the daughter of Mrs. Jackson

of what awaited them, till there was reason to believe the whig force was just at hand. Then, unwilling to have her house made the scene of a bloody contest, she knocked at each of the doors, crying out, "Run, gentlemen, run! or you are all prisoners!" They waited for no second bidding, and made their escape. Mrs. Jackson used afterwards to give a ludicrous description of their running off—each man with his boots and clothes in his hands.

Mr. Jackson's house was robbed after his return home. A knock was heard at the door one night, and on opening it he felt a pistol pressed against his breast, while a gruff voice bade him be silent, on pain of instan death. His little daughter uttered a terrified scream, and received a violent blow on the forehead with the pistol from the ruffian, which stretched her upon the floor. The house was then stripped of all that could be taken away; and the path of the villains might have been traced next morning by the articles dropped as they carried off the plunder. The family believed this to have been done by tories, whom they found at all times much more cruel and rapacious than the British soldiers.

Mary Bowen, the sister of Jabez Bowen, Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island, was celebrated for her charitable efforts in behalf of those who suffered in the war. Through her influence and exertions a petition was addressed to the commandant at Providence for the

MOUNT VERNON, THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

lives of two soldiers—brothers—who had been condemned as deserters. The petition was successful, and the reprieve was read when the prisoners were on the scaffold. Miss Bowen was active in collecting charitable contributions for clothing for the army, and assisted in making up the material, exerting herself to interest others in the same good work. General La Fayette was one of her visitors, and maintained a correspondence with her. Her information was extensive, her manners gentle and pleasing; and she had the respect and affection of all who knew her. Her brother, who resided at Providence, was in the habit of entertaining persons of high distinction. Rochambeau occupied part of his house during his stay in the town.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Charlottesville, to whom application was made for personal recollections of the Baroness de Riedesel, mentions the following instance of female patriotism.

At the time that Tarleton with his corps of cavalry was making a secret and forced march to surprise and capture the Governor and Legislature of Virginia—the latter then holding its session in Charlottesville—several of the members chanced to be at the house of Colonel John Walker, distant some twelve miles from the town. This was directly on the route; and the first intimation the family had of the enemy's approach, was the appearance of Tarleton's legion at their doors. Colonel Walker was at the time on service with the troops in

Lower Virginia. Having made prisoners of one or two members of the Legislature, Colonel Tarleton ordered breakfast for himself and his officers and men. Mrs. Walker, who was a staunch whig, knew well that the design of her unwelcome guest was to proceed to Charlottesville, and plunder and destroy the public stores there collected. She delayed as long as possible the preparations for breakfast, for the purpose of enabling the members who had escaped to reach the town, and to remove and secrete such portions of the stores as could be saved. Her patriotic stratagem gained time for this. Tarleton remained but a day or two at Charlottesville, and then hurried back to join the main army under Cornwallis.

Of the same kind was the service rendered by Mrs. Murray, which Thacher has acknowledged in his Journal.

On the retreat from New York, Major General Putnam with his troops, was the last to leave the city. To avoid any parties of the enemy that might be advancing towards it, he made choice of a road along the river from which, at a certain point, another road would conduct him in a direction to join the American army. It happened that a force of British and Hessians more than twice as large as his own, was advancing on the road at the same time, and but for a fortunate occurrence, would have encountered that of General Putnam, before he could have reached the turn into the other road. In ignorance that an enemy was before them, the British officers halted their troops, and stopped

at the house of Robert Murray, a Quaker, and friend to the whig cause. Mrs. Murray treated them with cake and wine, and by means of her refreshments and agreeable conversation, beguiled them to stay a couple of hours—Governor Tryon jesting with her occasionally about her American friends. She might have turned the laugh upon him; for one half hour, it is said, would have enabled the British to secure the road at the turn, and cut off Putnam's retreat. The opportunity was lost—and it became a common saying among the officers, that Mrs. Murray had saved this part of the American army.

The following record of an instance of female patriotism has appeared in several of the journals. It is relied upon as fact by the friends of the family who reside in the neighborhood where the occurrence took place, and there is no reason to doubt its authenticity. A grand-nephew of the heroine is living near Columbia, South Carolina.

"At the time General Greene retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, when he had passed Broad River, he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter, then on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the country to be passed through was for many miles full of blood-thirsty tories, and it was a difficult matter to find a man willing to undertake so dangerous a mission. At length a young girl—Emily Geiger, pre-

sented herself to General Greene proposing to act as his messenger; and the General, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal. He accordingly wrote a letter and gave it to her, at the same time communicating the contents verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accident. Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way, we have no further information, except that she was mounted on horseback, upon a side-saddle, and on the second day of her journey was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, and not being able to tell an untruth without blushing, she was shut up; and the officer in command having the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for the purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedients, and as soon as the door was closed, she ate up the letter, piece by piece. After a while the matron arrived. Upon searching carefully, nothing was to be found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart whither she said she was bound. She took a route somewhat circuitous to avoid further detection, and soon after struck into the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. She told her adventure, and delivered Greene's verbal message to Sumter, who in consequence soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg. Emily Geiger afterwards married a rich planter on the Congaree. She has been dead thirty-five years, but it is trusted her name will descend

to posterity among those of the patriotic females of the Revolution."

It is said that the first Governor Griswold, of Connecticut, was once indebted to a happy thought of his wife for his escape from the British, to whom he was extremely obnoxious. He was at home, but expected to set out immediately for Hartford, to meet the legislature, which had commenced its session a day or two previous. The family residence was at Blackhall, opposite Saybrook Point, and situated on the point of land formed by Connecticut River on the east, and Long Island Sound on the south. British ships were lying in the Sound; and as the Governor was known to be at this time in his own mansion, a boat was secretly sent on shore for the purpose of securing his person. Without previous warning, the family were alarmed by seeing a file of marines coming up from the beach to the house. There was no time for flight. Mrs. Griswold bethought herself of a large meat barrel, or tierce, which had been brought in a day or two before and was not yet filled. Quick as thought, she decided that the Governor's proportions—which were by no means slight—must be compressed into this, the only available hiding place. He was obliged to submit to be stowed in the cask and covered. The process occupied but a few moments, and the soldiers presently entered. Mrs. Griswold was of course innocent of all knowledge of her husband's whereabouts, though she

told them she well knew the legislature was in session, and that business required his presence at the capital. The house and cellar having been searched without success, the soldiers departed. By the time their boat reached the ship, the Governor on his powerful horse was galloping up the road on his way to Hartford.* Blackhall, in Lyme, Connecticut, is still the residence of the Griswolds.

A MAN named Hubbs, who had served with the bloody tory and renegade Cunningham in South Carolina, was an "outlier" during the war. At one time he proposed, with two confederates, to rob an old man of Quaker habits—Israel Gaunt—who was reputed to be in the possession of money. The three rode up one evening to the house and asked lodging, which was refused. Hubbs rode to the kitchen door—in which Mrs. Gaunt was standing, and asked for water. He sprang in while she turned to get the water, and as she handed it to him she saw his arms. Her husband, informed of this, secured the doors. Hubbs presented his pistol at him; but his deadly purpose was frustrated by the old man's daughter, Hannah. She threw up the weapon, and, being of masculine proportions and strength, grappled with, and threw him on the floor, where she held him, though wounded by his spurs—in spite of his desperate struggles—till he was disabled by

* This traditional anecdote is communicated by a relative of the family, who believe it entirely authentic

her father's blows. Gaunt was wounded through the window by Hubbs' companions, and another ball grazed his heroic daughter just above the eye; but both escaped without further injury. Hannah afterwards married a man named Mooney. The gentleman who relates the foregoing incident* has often seen her, and describes her as one of the kindest and most benevolent of women. She died about the age of fifty, and her grandson, a worthy and excellent man, is now living in the village of Newberry.

The same company of marauders, with Moultrie, another of Cunningham's gang, visited Andrew Lee's house, at Lee's Ferry, Saluda River, for the purpose of plunder. Moultrie succeeded in effecting an entrance into the house. Lee seized and held him, and they fell together on a bed; when he called to his wife, Nancy, to strike him on the head with an axe. Her first blow, in her agitation, fell on her husband's hand; but she repeated it, and stunned Moultrie, who fell on the floor insensible. Lee, with his negroes and dogs, then drove away the other robbers, and on his return secured Moultrie, who was afterwards hanged in Ninety-Six.

In the collections of the Maine Historical Society is an account of the exertions of the O'Brien family. The

* The Hon. Judge O'Neall of South Carolina. He gives this incident and that of Mrs. Lee's exploit, in his "Random Recollections of Revolutionary Characters and Incidents," published in the Southern Literary Journal, 1838, pp. 104, 105.

wife of one of a party who left Pleasant River settlement, on an expedition, found a horn of powder after their departure, and knowing their want of it, followed them twenty miles through the woods—for there were no roads—to bring it to her husband. Hazard's Register* gives a notice of Margaret Durham, one of the early settlers of a portion of Pennsylvania, who shared largely in the toils and dangers of the war. When the thinly-scattered population fled before the savages, she was overtaken, scalped, and left for dead; but recovered to be an example of Christian faith and virtue. The daughter of a miller in Queens County defended her father from his brutal assailants at the risk of her life, when men who witnessed the cruelty dared offer no assistance. "The death bed of Mercer was attended by two females of the Society of Friends, who, like messengers from heaven, smoothed his pillow, and cheered his declining hours. They inhabited the house to which he was carried, and refusing to fly during the battle, were there when he was brought, wounded and dying, to the threshold."

When the wife of General Woodhull, who perished under the inhuman treatment he received at the hands of his captors, reached his bed-side, it was only in time to receive his last sigh. She distributed the wagon-load of provisions she had brought, for the relief of the other American prisoners.† Rebecca Knapp, who died recently in Baltimore, was one of those who relieved the

* Vol. IV., page 192.

† Revolutionary Incidents of Queens County, by H. Onderdonk, Jr

American prisoners in Philadelphia, by carrying them provisions from her own table. Others were associated in the same good work in New York. Mary Elmen dorf, who lived in Kingston, Ulster County, studied medicine, that, in the absence of the physicians, who were obliged to be with the army, she might render assistance to the poor around her. Mrs. Speakman, of Philadelphia, daily visited the soldiers who were brought into the city ill of the camp fever, and placed in empty houses—carrying food and medicines, and ministering to their wants. Eleven in one house were restored through her kind attentions.

The journal of Rev. Thomas Andross, who escaped from a prison ship through Long Island, alludes fre quently to female kindness and assistance. These prison ships were indeed store houses of pestilence and misery. A large transport—the Whitby—was the first anchored in the Wallabout; she was moored October 20th, 1776, and crowded with American prisoners, whom disease, bad provisions, and deprivation of air and light, soon reduced to a pitiable condition. The sand-beach and ravine near were filled with graves, "scratched along the sandy shore." One of these ships of death was burned the following year—fired, it is said, by the sufferers, who were driven to desperation.* Mr. Andross thus describes the old Jersey, in which he was a prisoner: "Her dark and filthy exterior corresponded with the death and despair reigning within. It is supposed that eleven thousand American seamen perished in her. None came to relieve

* Thompson's History of Long Island

their woes. Once or twice, by order of a stranger on the quarter-deck, a bag of apples was hurled promiscuously into the midst of hundreds of prisoners, crowded as thick as they could stand—and life and limbs were endangered in the struggle. The prisoners were secured between the decks by iron gratings; and when the ship was to be cleared of water, an armed guard forced them up to the winches, amid a roar of execrations and reproaches—the dim light adding to the horrors of the scene. Thousands died whose names have never been known; perishing when no eye could witness their fortitude, nor praise their devotion to their country."

A VERY interesting account is given in Dwight's Travels of the capture and escape of General Wadsworth. He had been for many years a member of Congress—and was sent by the legislature of Massachusetts to command in the District of Maine. In February, 1781, he dismissed his troops, and made preparations for his return to Boston. His wife and her friend Miss Fenno, who had accompanied him, shared in the peril, when, by order of the commander of the British fort, an attack was made on the house where the General lodged. It was near midnight, the weather being severely cold, and the ground covered with snow, when the enemy came suddenly upon the sentinel, and forced an entrance into the guard-room. Another party of them at the same instant fired through the windows of Mrs. Wadsworth's apartment; a third forcing their

way through the windows into Miss Fenno's room. The two terrified women had only time to dress hastily, when the intruders assailed the barred door of the General's chamber. He made a brave defence, but at length, being wounded in the arm, was compelled to surrender.

With the most admirable self-command, Mrs. Wadsworth and her friend gave no expression to their own agitated feelings, intent only on relieving those of the wounded prisoner. The wife wrapped a blanket round him, and Miss Fenno tied a handkerchief round his arm, to check the effusion of blood. In this condition, his strength almost exhausted, he was carried off and the ladies were left behind in their desolated house. Not a window had escaped destruction; the doors were broken down, two of the rooms set on fire, the floors drenched with blood; and an old soldier, desperately wounded, was begging for death, that he might be released from his sufferings. The neighboring inhabitants, who came to see what had happened, spared no labor—so that the next day they could be more comfortable; but the anxiety endured on the General's account could not be relieved by any kind attentions to themselves.

In about two months, Mrs. Wadsworth and her friend obtained permission to visit the prisoner, in the gloomy solitude of his quarters at Bagaduce. Parting from him at the end of ten days, Miss Fenno contrived to give him an intimation of the knowledge she had gained that he was not to be exchanged, by saying in a significant manner, "General Wadsworth—take care of yourself."

The General soon understood this caution, learning that he was regarded as a prisoner of too much consequence to be trusted with his liberty. The account of his imprisonment, his remarkable escape, and his adventures wandering through the wilderness, before reaching the settlements on the river St. George, where he found friends—has all the interest of the wildest romance, but would here be out of place. His wife and Miss Fenno had sailed for Boston before his arrival at Portland. They were overtaken by a violent storm, and barely escaped shipwreck—being obliged to land at Portsmouth. There they had a new source of anxiety. The wife had left all her specie with her captive husband, and the continental bills had lost their currency. Without money, and without friends, after meditating on various expedients, she at last remembered that she had one acquaintance in the place. To him the wanderers applied—receiving assistance which enabled them to return to Boston, where a happy reunion terminated the distresses of the family. It may be added that General Wadsworth was an ancestor of the distinguished American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IMMEDIATELY before the battle of Bennington, General Stark, with several of his officers, stopped to obtain a draught of milk and water, at the house of Mr. Munro, a loyalist, who chanced to be absent. One of the officers walked up to Mrs. Munro, and asked where her husband was. She replied that she did not know;

whereupon he drew his sword, and endeavored to intimidate her into a more satisfactory answer. The General, hearing the commotion, severely reproved the officer for his uncivil behavior to a woman; and the offender went out, apparently much abashed. Mrs. Munro always remembered Stark's words—"Come on, my boys,"—as they marched to battle. The firing continued till late; and after a sleepless night, Mrs. Munro and her sister repaired with the earliest dawn to the battle-field, carrying pails of milk and water—and, wandering among heaps of slain and wounded, relieved the thirst of many sufferers, of whom some—the Hessians—were unable to express their thankfulness, save by the mute eloquence of grateful looks. Towards noon, wagons were sent to convey them to hospitals, and to bring away the dead for burial. This was not the only occasion on which Mrs. Munro was active in relieving distress, nor was her share of hardship and trial a light one.*

A SPIRIT kindred to that of Mrs. Motte was exhibited by Mrs. Borden at a period when American prospects were most clouded. New Jersey being overrun by the British, an officer stationed at Bordentown,† endeavored to intimidate her into using her influence over her husband and son. They were absent in the American army when she was visited at her residence for this pur-

* This fact is mentioned by a descendant of Mrs. Munro.

† Said by Major Garden to be Lord Cornwallis.

pose. The officer promised that if she would induce them to quit the standard they followed and join the royalists—her property should be protected; while in case of refusal, her estate would be ravaged and her elegant mansion destroyed. Mrs. Borden answered by bidding the foe begin the threatened havoc. "The sight of my house in flames"—she said, "would be a treat to me; for I have seen enough to know that you never injure what you have power to keep and enjoy. The application of a torch to my dwelling I should regard as a signal for your departure."

The house was burned in fulfillment of the threat, and the property laid waste; but as the owner had predicted, the retreat of the spoiler quickly followed.

THE case of Sir Charles Asgill, a young officer of the British Guards, selected by lot for execution in retaliation for the murder of Captain Huddy, was made the ground-work of a French tragedy by Sauvigny, represented in Paris, in 1789. The story of his imprisonment—the sufferings of his mother and family while the doom hung over him—her appeal to the King and Queen of France—their intercession, and the final relenting of Congress—is one of deep and touching interest. It is included, with the letters of Lady Asgill, in many of the books on the Revolution.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

XLV.

ANNIS STOCKTON.

Mrs. Stockton is entitled to a prominent place among the women who lived at the period of the Revolution, as the wife of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the mother-in-law of another. Her life, passed in the quiet of the domestic circle, and varied by few incidents, affords little material for the biographer, but the elevated character and superior endowments which adorned her high position gave her an extended influence, and renders her an interesting subject of notice. Her maiden name was Annis Boudinot. She was descended of a French family, her great-grandfather, Elias Boudinot, being a French Protestant who fled from his country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The late Elias Boudinot, of Burlington, New Jersey, was her brother. The precise date of her birth cannot be ascertained, but it must have been some time in 1733.

From the period of her marriage she resided at Mr Stockton's seat near Princeton. When he visited England in 1766, she refused to go with him, being unwilling to leave her children. He says in one of his unpublished letters—"I can never forget your refusing to accompany me in the various scenes of this delightful excursion, on their account. The answer you made me when I pressed you for your consent to go with me, still vibrates on my ear; that you could not see your way clear, nor think it your duty to go, as you had no particular call of Providence to venture both their parents in one bottom."

While she remained at home, occupied with maternal duties, her husband in his letters described what he saw and heard, his heart ever turning to her with an affection which seemed to "drag, at each remove, a lengthening chain"—and fondly looking forward to the hour of their reunion. These letters were copied by her in a manuscript volume for her daughter. They exhibit the writer in a very amiable light, as the tenderest of husbands and fathers, and indirectly throw light upon the character of her to whom he was so devotedly attached. In one, dated London, August 7th 1766, he writes—"Notwithstanding the great variety of amusing scenes in this country, I already feel that I shall be impatient for the time to arrive, when my business shall be done, and I again find myself within those delightful walls, where the voice of my dearest Emilia and her sweet babes, gives me the greatest earthly happiness."

INDIANS ATTACKING THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Again, in November, he says: "Had you received a letter I wrote you from Dublin, and the one I wrote upon my return here, you would have laughed at those idle people at Philadelphia, who would persuade you that I would prefer the elegance of England to the sylvan shades of America. No! my dearest Emilia, the peaceful retreat which God has blessed me with at Princeton, you, and the sweet children you have brought me, are the sources from which I receive my highest earthly joys; joys which I prefer to the state of a prime minister, or a king upon the throne. I am entertained with the grandeur and variety of these kingdoms, as you wish me to be, and as you know I am curious, new objects are continually striking my attention and engaging my fancy; but

> 'One thought of *thee* puts all the pomp to flight,
> Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.'"

When the storm of civil war burst on the country, Richard Stockton had his full share of the peril, as well as the honor, awaiting those eminent men who had affixed their names to the Declaration. His beautiful residence at Princeton was directly in the route of the British army, on its triumphant march through New Jersey. Warned of the approach of the victorious invaders, he had barely time to remove his wife and family to a place of safety. His eldest son, Richard, then a boy twelve years of age, with an old family servant, remained in the house, while everything was left to the mercy of the enemy. The house was pil-

laged, the horses and stock were driven away, and the estate was laid waste. The furniture was converted into fire-wood; the old wine, stored in the cellar, was drunk up. and the valuable library, with all the papers of Mr. Stockton, committed to the flames. The house became for some time the headquarters of the British general. The plate and other valuable articles belonging to the family had been packed in three boxes and buried in the woods, at some distance from the mansion. Through treachery—it is said—the place of concealment was discovered by the soldiers, and two of the boxes were disinterred and rifled of their rich contents. The remaining one escaped their search and was restored to the family. The daughter of Mrs. Stockton residing in Princeton, has in her possession several pieces of silver that were in this box, and are now, of course, highly valued. She has also two portraits—one of Mr. Stockton and the other of his wife, which were in the house when occupied by the British, and found among some rubbish after their departure. Both were pierced through with bayonets. Some years since, they were entirely restored by the modern process, and now occupy their honored place in Mrs. Field's house. The portrait of Mr. Stockton is a very fine one, and understood to have been painted by Copley.

When Mrs. Stockton heard of the destruction of her noble library, she is said to have remarked that there were two books in it which she particularly valued—the Bible and Young's Night Thoughts.

It was Mrs. Stockton's custom to write annually an elegiac poem on the death of her husband, whom she survived many years. For some time before her death she resided at Whitehill, in Burlington County, the residence of Robert Field, who had married her youngest daughter, Abby. Here she died February 6th, 1801. Her closing days were calm and peaceful, and she met the approach of death with Christian faith and joy. Just before she breathed her last, she repeated in a clear, firm voice the psalm of Watts beginning,

"Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove etc."

She left two sons—Richard and Lucius Horatio—who became eminent in the profession of the law. Of her four daughters, Julia married Dr. Benjamin Rush, and lived to an advanced age; Susan was married to Alexander Cuthbert, of Canada, and Mary, to the Rev. Dr. Andrew Hunter.

XLVI.

LUCY KNOX.

In preparing the brief notice of Mrs. Knox contained in Volume First, I was not so fortunate as to receive information from any of her surviving relatives. The account gathered from tradition was felt to be an inadequate tribute to one so high in station and character. I have since been favored by her daughter with one more satisfactory. In offering this to the reader, I shall endeavor to avoid repeating what has been already recorded.

Lucy Flucker was the daughter of Thomas Flucker, Secretary of the Province of Massachusetts under the royal government. Her first acquaintance with him who was afterwards her husband, and their courtship, had not a little of romance, and has lately formed the groundwork of a newspaper tale published in Boston, the heroine being represented as the daughter of a baronet, while the name of Henry Knox is given to the hero. It is not to be questioned that there existed such a difference, in point of station, between the young people, as rendered the idea of their marriage a wild vision. The social position of Lucy's father, who

had long been high in office, was an elevated one; his family was prominent among the aristocracy of the land, at a time when distinctions in society were strongly marked, and clung to as a test of loyalty to the government. The idea that a daughter of this family should favor the pretensions of one inferior to her, was not to be tolerated; still less that she should look upon a lover branded with the name of "rebel." Henry Knox moved in a sphere comparatively humble. Bereaved of his father while yet a boy, his energies had early been called into action by the pressure of necessity; he labored to supply the wants of an excellent mother, to whom he was devoted, and a young brother, to whom he supplied the place of a father as long as life continued. At this period he kept one of the few large book-stores of which Boston could boast. Miss Flucker was a young lady of literary taste, and it was natural that she should frequently visit the book-store, where she was not long in discovering that the fine figure she had so much admired in military costume, was not the only or chief recommendation to her favor possessed by young Knox. His well-stored and intelligent mind, his warm heart and engaging manners, were soon appreciated by her, and the favorable impression produced by his captivating exterior was confirmed and strengthened. She found, too, that his views and feelings on most subjects coincided with her own. Education and associations had established some points of difference; but the bonds of sympathy between them were strong, for nature had created

them. On the great and absorbing question which then agitated the public mind, and in which every member of the community felt a deep interest, the two between whom the sentiment of regard was fast ripening into love, soon learned to think and feel alike. It is fair to suppose that the opinions of the young officer influenced those of the maiden at least so far as to induce a candid examination into the merits of the question,—the result of which was, that with all the ardor of her enthusiastic nature, she espoused the cause of her oppressed country, and thenceforward identified herself with all its interests.

The change could not remain unknown to the parents and friends of our heroine, who grieved sincerely over what they termed her "apostacy," and used both arguments and entreaties to dissuade her from a course which they believed must be destructive to all her worldly prospects. They had earnestly desired that she would favor the addresses of a British officer named George, whose attentions had been assiduous, and whom they regarded as a suitor far more worthy of her choice. With the most flattering prospects, and the certainty of pleasing all her relatives on the one hand, Lucy saw on the other a lot of obscurity, perhaps of poverty, with separation from all her youthful heart held dear. The storm was gathering darkly in the political horizon; the time had arrived when her decision was to be made, and she cast her all upon the die that was to decide the nation's fate. Her father believed she had consigned herself to an unworthy

destiny, and predicted that she would suffer in the troubles that were to come, while her sisters were enjoying the luxury and station she had unwisely renounced. How dimly did they discern the future! The proud loyalists who had borne honors conferred by the British government, were compelled to fly from their country, forfeiting the wealth they deemed secure, or inadequately compensated for the sacrifice after long delay: the poor and self-denying patriots, who gave up affluence and ease for their country's sake, stand eminent in the light of her triumph, crowned with undying fame!

The separation from her nearest and dearest relatives involved in the choice of Mrs. Knox, caused her intense grief and a severe struggle, but the path of duty was plain before her, and she bore the trial with firmness, indulging the hope that when the unhappy contest was over, they would again be united. Mr. Flucker decided to remove with his family from the country, until what he deemed a hopeless rebellion should be crushed. The duties of Gen. Knox keeping him near the Commander-in-chief, his wife was much in the society of Mrs. Washington. She was even more constantly in camp with the army, and always located as near as possible to the scene of action, that she might receive the earliest intelligence, and be at hand should any accident render her presence necessary. This was undoubtedly the most anxious and eventful period of her life. An ever-varying scene was it truly, of trouble and triumph,

disaster and rejoicing; many were its privations and trials, yet a certain wild pleasure was not wanting in the changeful camp life, when the mental faculties were kept in full play, and expectation was continually excited as to what the morrow, or the succeeding hour, would bring forth. Mrs. Knox often remarked that she *lived* more in one year at this period of intense excitement, than in a dozen of ordinary life. Painful and trying as were many scenes through which patriotic wives were called to pass, there were times when a brief repose was granted from the toils and terrors of grim war, and care was cast aside for the moment. General and Mrs. Knox were both of a sanguine and cheerful temperament, and felt strong confidence that all would eventually be well. The beneficial influence of Mrs. Knox in the camp, the deference shown to her superiority of intellect, and the courage, faith, and self-devotion with which she encountered hardships and perils, have been already mentioned. During the siege of Yorktown, she remained with Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon, having with her her eldest son, then an infant. Often in after years did she describe to her children the agitating suspense of that momentous period, the alternations of hope and fear they experienced, and the trembling that seized them on the arrival of the daily express. In the deep anguish Mrs. Washington was called to bear while the joy and gratitude of millions proclaimed her husband the savior of his country, she had the affectionate sympathy of her friend—

MRS. TULEY.
(VIRGINIA)
Mc Manamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway. N.Y.

fated to have her own heart wrung too often by similar afflictions.

After the establishment of peace, General and Mrs. Knox returned to Boston, the place of their nativity, and so long their beloved home. Of this return she was accustomed to speak as one of the most painfully interesting periods of her life. The changes produced by the lapse of a few years were striking indeed ; the whole aspect of society was altered, and while the outward appearance of the city was the same, few improvements having been made, the friends of their youth, with a few scattered exceptions, had given place to strangers, in whom they could feel no interest. The melancholy change brought to mind the truth expressed by the poet—

"Our very wishes give us not our wish."

But grateful for the happy termination of the contest, they had no disposition to indulge in useless regrets. Among those whom the events of the Revolution had brought forward in society, they found many agreeable acquaintances, and some worthy of esteem and affection. A remark made by a cousin of Mrs. Knox—a single lady, whose pride of family had survived the shock of a change of government, and who could not be persuaded to associate with those she regarded as the parvenues of the day—that "the scum had all risen to the top," is illustrative of the feeling prevalent among many who were loth to become republicans in practice. Mrs. Knox was

little influenced by this feeling; perhaps her connection with one who owed his elevation to merit rather than birth, was sufficient to convince her of the real superiority of nature's nobility to that conferred by accident or fortune. She became much attached to some of her new Boston acquaintances, and parted from them with regret when, after a year of comparative quiet, her husband was again summoned to active duties, and took charge of the war department under the old confederation. On their removal to New York, then the seat of government, they found the community disposed to welcome the commencement of a new era with festivity. The sympathy of Mrs. Knox with the general confidence and joy was enhanced by a personal feeling. Her intimacy with Mrs. Washington, to whom she had become warmly attached during her visit at Mount Vernon, was renewed, and as they occupied adjacent houses in Broadway, constant opportunities occurred of enjoying the society so much prized. A sincere and lasting friendship was thus cemented between two persons who were, in some respects, widely dissimilar.

The removal of the seat of government from New York to Philadelphia, was the signal for much hilarity among the citizens of the latter place. Their triumph over a rival city being attributed to the exertions and influence of the Hon. Robert Morris, some of the New Yorkers took their revenge by lampooning this leader in an unpopular movement, and caricatures were circulated, representing the wealthy financier in

the act of carrying off the whole body of Congress on his back, the words, "Stick to it, Bobby," being inscribed underneath. The Philadelphians, on the other hand, were eager to show hospitality to the new comers. Entertainments of every description were the order of the day, and the prominent fashionables were emulous in gaiety. An acknowledged leader of the *ton* was Mrs. Bingham, daughter to one of the first merchants of the city. She had but recently returned from France, and her loveliness and accomplishments drew around her the *élite* of the city, and rendered her house a most attractive place of resort. It was her ambition to give a new tone to society, and to introduce customs more congenial to the atmosphere of Paris, than the simplicity of a young republic. One of these customs, for instance, was that of having the visitor's name taken at the door by a servant, and passed to others on the different landings of the stairs, till it reached the door of the reception room, where it was announced in a loud voice to call the attention of the lady of the house. This custom, which never prevailed extensively, occasioned many amusing blunders, one of which happened in the case of a distinguished person, afterwards President of the United States. He gave his name as requested at the door, but was surprised to hear it reverberated in different tones, and could only suppose the calling meant to expedite his movements. "Coming!" he exclaimed; and again, "Coming, coming!"

till at length, quite out of patience, he called out, "Coming, as soon as I can get my great coat off!"

The position of Gen. Knox at this time, and probably the inclinations of his wife, rendered her a leader in these gay circles, and their house was the favorite resort, not only of the fashionable, but the intellectual and cultivated. Her talents for the management of life at the *court*, as some called it, were of great service to Mrs. Washington, who, retiring and domestic in her habits, relied on the guidance of her friend. It was not long after this period that Philadelphia received an accession of visitors, driven to this land by the French Revolution. Among these were many of the French nobility, hurled from affluence to poverty, and compelled to convert those accomplishments which had adorned their days of luxury into a means of subsistence. Sympathy and kindness were abundantly shown them by the citizens, and in many cases substantial aid. The house of Gen. Knox, where the first characters of the day were entertained, was open, and his hospitalities freely tendered to these unfortunate persons, and some of them were among his most cherished guests. In one of these—the Duc de Liancourt—both he and Mrs. Knox became warmly interested; and he afterwards passed several seasons with them in Maine. Their daughter remembers having heard him, while there, exclaim one day, after a fit of deep musing, "I have three dukedoms on my head"—beating his head with violence—"and not one coat to my back!" This

was literally true, and he was presented by the General with a suit of clothes, of which he was actually in need. More fortunate, however, than most of his countrymen, he was afterwards restored to favor and fortune, and died in the possession of great wealth. Another visitor, both in Philadelphia and Maine, was the celebrated Talleyrand. It is mentioned as indicative of his well-known character, that he affected ignorance of the English language, and too great stupidity to acquire it, for the purpose, as a gentleman who knew him assured Mrs. Knox, of observing the unguarded conversation of individuals who were not aware that he understood them.

La Fayette visited them in Boston the year following the war At one time he officiated as godfather to the son of Mrs. Knox under circumstances somewhat peculiar—he being a Roman Catholic, General Greene, the other sponsor, of Quaker parentage, the mother an Episcopalian, and the father a Presbyterian.

After eleven years service in the war office, General Knox decided on retirement from public life. His private affairs demanded attention, and the expenses inevitably attendant on his situation, and the maintenance of his establishment, with his munificent hospitality, were enough to impair a private fortune. His wife's views coincided with his own, and she felt that it had become her duty to quit scenes in many respects so congenial to her habits and inclinations. She shared her husband's trials in resisting the solicitations

of his beloved chief to remain until the close of his own public career, and in parting with him and Mrs. Washington. She had other friends besides these endeared ones, whom it cost her a pang to leave; but though in the prime of life, the idea of retirement was not distasteful to her, for she had already tasted the bitter cup of affliction. A lovely boy, eight years of age, was suddenly taken from her, being thrown into convulsions from perfect health, by a stroke of the sun, which proved fatal after a succession of fits. He was a child of unusual depth and purity of character, and his loss was severely felt by both his parents; yet, while grief disposed the bereaved mother to avoid general society, the sad dispensation showed her that amidst much frivolity and insincerity in the gay world about her, were some warm and kind and true hearts, ready to feel for the sufferings of others. The affectionate sympathy of the President and Mrs. Washington was especially grateful, and from others she received proofs of cordial interest. General Hamilton was deeply affected at the funeral, where he walked as chief mourner with the daughter of Mrs. Knox, who felt herself unable to attend.

It was in the spring of 1795, that she and the General took their final leave of Philadelphia, to enter upon a new life. Mrs. Knox, as the only one of her family entitled to inherit property in this country, owned one fifth of a large tract of land in the District of Maine, originally the property of her grandfather, General Waldo, and called the Waldo Patent.

From another branch of the family General Knox purchased a tract of equal extent, and determined to establish on this noble estate a new home, which should be a suitable abode for his wife and family, and an attraction to that portion of country, at that time little known. At Thomaston, at the head of St. George's river, he built a splendid mansion, a palace in its dimensions, and called a chateau by French visitors. This he furnished with all the taste of modern luxury, built outhouses of every description, and set in motion various branches of industry—relying on the gradual rise of the property to repay the vast amount of expenditure. Montpelier, for that was the name given to the place, was indeed a princely abode, and a delightful retreat for the soldier and the scholar—for the indulgence of literary tastes and the companionship of friends. Mrs. Knox was never more entirely pleased with her situation; but her anticipations of retirement were far from being realized. The hospitality of her husband was unbounded; everything was provided that could contribute to the amusement or entertainment of the guests, and among the crowd of visitors were often entire strangers, whose visits were sometimes protracted beyond reason.

Louis Philippe and his two younger brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and Count de Beaujolois, were frequent visitors at the house of General Knox in Boston, where the family then passed their winters. Mrs. Thatcher—the lady to whom I am so much indebted—says that "personal privations affected those young

men little in comparison with anxiety for the fate of their mother and sister, who were still in the power of the French Jacobins. Never shall I forget the delight expressed in their countenances, when, coming one day to dine at my father's, they tore the tricolored cockades, which they had hitherto worn, from their hats, and trampled them under their feet—saying that they had just learned the escape of these beloved relatives into Spain, and no longer felt disposed to keep terms with the wretches who then bore sway in their beloved land."

The second summer of their residence in Maine, a party from Philadelphia, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, their two daughters, Miss Willing, the sister of Mrs. Bingham, who was afterwards engaged to Louis Philippe during his residence in this country—the Viscount de Troailles—the brother-in-law of La Fayette and one of the most polished nobles of the French court—Mr. Richards, an English gentleman—and Mr. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, passed six weeks at Montpelier, during which time the gentlemen made extensive excursions through the adjacent country. Messrs. Bingham and Baring were induced to purchase a million of acres on the Kennebec, and a tract somewhat smaller east of the Waldo Patent.

While this gay party remained, the wilds of Maine were enlivened by the most brilliant of the society of the capital. Such intelligent companionship proved a solace to the depressed spirits of Mrs. Knox; for again

ESTHER DE BERDT.

E. DeBerdt

she had been called to mourn the loss of her children, two of whom, seized with the scarlet fever, had in one day been consigned to the tomb. These repeated bereavements were the great trial of her life. It was the will of God to take from her nine out of twelve children, and the anguish she endured, as one by one those she so loved were withdrawn, showed that her heart was feelingly alive to the most tender and sacred claims of domestic affection. In these severe trials she could lean on the sympathy and support of her best earthly friend, who, equally strong in his affections, was able sooner to rise above the pressure of sorrow, and to say with heartfelt submission, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good." "I have heard my mother say," writes her daughter, "while bending over the bed of a darling dying child, 'Bitter as is this cup, the time may come when I may look back upon this as a period of happiness!' And so indeed it proved; for when the hour arrived that took from her the prop and stay on which she had so long leaned, then she realized that all previous trials were merged in this *one* great affliction."

The sad event that closed the brilliant career of General Knox, almost overwhelmed the wife whose whole existence had been so devoted to him. Though she struggled painfully for resignation, her energies were crushed by the unexpected blow, nor did her mind ever fully recover its tone. Often, after the first agony had passed, did she express the difficulty she found in feeling interest in anything; the charm was

gone from life, which henceforward was rather endured than enjoyed. Yet gratefully did she acknowledge the blessings spared, and clung with strong affection to her few surviving children, finding her sweetest solace in their love. Her youngest daughter, whose delicate health had in her early years rendered her an object of peculiar solicitude, was, although married, fortunately still her mother's companion, and had the privilege of soothing her sorrows, and ministering to her comfort by the thousand nameless attentions prompted by affection, and so grateful to the stricken heart. The remaining days of Mrs. Knox were chiefly spent in the retirement then most congenial to her feelings, and in the spot endeared to her by so many interesting associations and remembrances of past happiness. The beauty that surrounded her was in a measure the creation of him she mourned, his taste and skill having done much to improve its natural advantages. His tomb was within view of the house, and it was a melancholy satisfaction to imagine that his spirit lingered near.

During the eighteen years of her widowhood, Mrs. Knox continued hospitably to receive her friends, but found her chief pleasure in the exercise of benevolence So many affecting proofs of the uncertain tenure of earthly blessings had taught her to look beyond the passing scene, and to seek to lay up treasure in Heaven. Her fondness for reading was the solace of many a sad hour, and her sight was never impaired so as to require the aid of glasses, Her death took place on

the twentieth of June, 1824, at the age of sixty-eight. She is described as having been, even at that age, a remarkably fine-looking woman, with brilliant black eyes and blooming complexion. Her style of dress, which was somewhat peculiar, and her dignified manners, gave her an appearance of being taller than she really was. It is a subject of regret with her family that no portrait of her remains that does her any justice. The one taken of General Knox, in the last year of his life, by the celebrated Stuart—said to be a perfect likeness—is now suspended in Faneuil Hall. The same artist had made considerable progress in one of Mrs. Knox; but one day while working at it, became suddenly dissatisfied with what he had done, and rubbed it out. He was, as is well known, much governed by impulse, and could not be prevailed on to renew the attempt.

Those who speak of Mrs. Knox, either from recollection or tradition, concur in the testimony that she was "a remarkable woman." It cannot be doubted that she possessed a mind of a high and powerful cast, with such qualities of character as make a deep and abiding impression, and that her influence on all with whom she came into contact was very decided. The deference mingled with the friendly regard of General and Mrs. Washington, and the homage paid to her intellectual superiority by many persons of judgment and talent, show this influence to have been great and well founded; in general society it was commanding, and gave a tone to the manners of the time. It can

hardly be wondered at, that among tnose who could not properly appreciate such a character, injustice should have been done to her; that dignity should have been called haughtiness, and the independence of a high and calm spirit represented as unfeminine boldness. Those who had the best opportunities of knowing her intimately, assure us that there was nothing masculine or bold in her appearance or deportment, although she may at times have seemed distant and haughty to visitors who presumed too much on her hospitality, and abrupt to those to whom her perfect sincerity of character would not permit her to show favor. That she had a heart as well as a mind —a heart full of warm sensibility—all who knew her could testify. The strength of her domestic attachments, her devotion to husband and children, for whom she was ready, in the noon of life, to give up the delights of society in the metropolis—the keenness of her suffering in those bereavements

"That woke the nerve where agonies are born,"

show that all the deep and tender feelings which belong to feminine nature were hers in an eminent degree. In the busiest scenes of her eventful life, the claims of maternal duty were never forgotten; and the love and reverence of the children who survive her are the best evidence of the excellence of her who was the guide of their early years.

XLVII.

MARGARET WHETTEN.

Margaret Todd was born in the year 1736, in New York, and married William Whetten, a native of Devonshire, England. He had emigrated to this country when a boy, without his parents, before the French war, and after having commanded vessels trading with the West Indies, settled in New York as a merchant. At the commencement of the Revolution he was the owner of several vessels, which he sold, investing the greater part of the proceeds in the paper issues of the state government and Congress. When the British ship Asia fired upon the city, August 23d, 1776, he took the alarm like many of the inhabitants, and removed with his family to New Rochelle. Here, so far from finding a refuge from the perils of war, they soon discovered themselves to be in a situation of even greater danger. After the battle of Long Island, and the occupation of New York by the British, the American forces, contending the ground from one post to another, were for some time stationed within a few miles of the village, near which the troops of Lord Howe were posted. The residence

of Capt. Whetten was thus midway between the hostile lines, and during the movement of the two armies towards White Plains, devastation and famine marked the whole region of country through which they passed. Whetten was a zealous patriot, though prevented by infirm health from taking any active part; yet he was often constrained to entertain loyalists as well as whigs. The alternate visits of friends and foes, talking of the news of the day, or sitting down to the table spread by the liberal providence of Mrs. Whetten, gave rise occasionally to singular encounters.

The Hessians, who had joined the British at New Rochelle, were the peculiar terror of the defenceless people, stories of their ferocity being circulated by both parties. Mrs. Whetten was perhaps the first to discover that such rumors might be exaggerated and that these mercenaries were sometimes less to be dreaded than soldiers speaking the English language. Observing one day that black colors were suddenly hoisted in an adjacent field, she asked a British officer who chanced to come in, what it meant. "Heaven help you, madam," was the reply; "a Hessian camp is to be set up there." It turned out better than was anticipated. A good feeling was speedily established between her and the Hessians, who came almost daily to the house; for her acquaintance with the low Dutch dialect then familiarly spoken in many families in New York, enabled her to converse readily with them. In consequence of this partiality her house was exempted from depredations to which many of

her neighbors were subjected, and she was sometimes enabled to save their property from destruction. She often corrected the errors of these foreigners respecting the country. Hearing one of them boast that the next day they would be in Philadelphia, she informed him that two rivers were to be crossed, and a long journey accomplished, before they could reach that city.

Among other interesting recollections of those days is that of a mother of her acquaintance, who melted all the pewter she had into bullets for her two sons, whom she sent from her hearth-stone to fight in the armies of their country. As she stood in the door to bid them farewell, one of the young men turned back, saying he had no gun. She urged him to go on, fearing naught, and trusting in God's protection, for he would find a gun to spare in the army. When she had lost sight of both, she wiped from her eyes the streaming tears, and went back into the house to pray for her devoted ones.

The village of New Rochelle suffered by incursions of the enemy from the commencement of the war. At one time when it was laid waste, the house of Capt. Whetten escaped destruction, being protected by a guard set by the Hessian general, at that time quartered in it. Mrs. Whetten, however, not trusting entirely to the enemy's favor, had sent away several articles of value for concealment. A family near them, compelled to fly and leave a dying father in their house, entreated her to take care of the helpless invalid, and if possible, save their property from the

rapacious soldiers. The sacred trust was accepted and fulfilled, but she was not able to protect all the articles left by the fugitives; an iron chest that stood in the piazza was plundered while the old man was expiring, and while her cares and those of her daughters were in requisition for him. The following evening, Mrs. Whetten requested her daughters to go some distance to the place where her store had been deposited, for clean sheets to furnish a bed for the Hessian officer. The young girls objected, expressing their opinion—for they supposed that the officer, who was present, could not understand English—that what they had was good enough for their unwelcome guest. The discussion, after being continued some time, was ended by the officer's saying—to the no small consternation of the ladies—"Do not trouble yourself, Madam; straw is a good enough bed for a soldier." It may be conjectured that there was no further delay in procuring the sheets.

But the family was not always so much favored as to be exempted from aggression. On one occasion, when English soldiers came to the house to demand if any rebels were harbored there, the Hessians broke into the cellar and carried off a cider cask. At another time, after having plundered the house of Mrs. Todd, heaped her china together and broken it in one crash, they came to Mrs. Whetten's to finish their work. The ruffians snatched a handkerchief from the neck of her daughter Margaret, for the purpose of tying up various articles they had found about the house. The

young girl was crying with indignation and fright, when an officer, who just then entered, asked what was the matter. "The Hessians are plundering us," was the answer. "And what are you?" demanded the officer. "We are whigs," replied the girl, but terrified at his fierce scowl and angry exclamation, she corrected herself, saying, "I am so confused, I knew not what I said, sir; we are friends to government." This little ruse saved the house from spoliation; the officer called off his men, who had taken as yet but little, and the family was left in peace. On another occasion, when the soldiers were robbing the house, a British officer interposed, beating off his men with his own sword.

One day, returning from their grandmother's, two of the daughters of Mrs. Whetten were witnesses to a hostile encounter. Meeting an American captain of their acquaintance, they invited him home to dinner. They were watched by a redcoat in the adjoining field, who presently leaped the fence and advanced towards the captain. Both fired, and then closed in a struggle. In a few moments several other British came up; some whigs who were cooking provisions in an orchard near at hand, hastened to join the fray, and a skirmish took place in presence of the frightened girls, who were glad, as soon as they could, to escape to the shelter of their home.

One night, after the family had retired, Mrs. Whetten was awakened by a noise without, and called her husband, supposing some of the Americans had come

to the village for provisions. The captain rose, and going to open the door was assailed by oaths and cries from British soldiers demanding entrance. To the question, "Are you king's man or rebel?" he replied, "I am a friend to humanity." The intruders spread themselves through the house to seize whatever plunder they might find. Several came into the chamber of Mrs. Whetten, who was keeping guard over her infant lying asleep on a pillow. They rudely snatched the pillow, throwing off the child on the floor, and demanded money. The mother had put her purse in one of her pockets and hid it under the bolster. One of the robbers snatched a pocket from under the pillow, which she strove to get away from him. Her husband begged her to give it up, as it would certainly be wrested from her; she answered that she would not; but presently perceiving the man had not taken the pocket containing her purse, and that the one in his possession held only her snuff box, she relinquished it after some further show of resistance. The soldier bore away his prize, while she took care to secrete her treasure. Meanwhile one of her daughters, who had some money in charge, fled from the house towards a neighbor's, fancying herself pursued by the enemy, though it was only her invalid father who was hastening to protect her from danger. She reached the neighbor's door perfectly bewildered with fright, and when her father came up was beating against it and calling for admittance, in her agitation using the

soldiers' language that rung in her ears—"Open, you d—d rebels, or we'll blow you to pieces!" etc.

The scarcity of provisions caused great suffering among the inhabitants of the village, supplies that might reach the continental troops being intercepted by the enemy. The little the people had was often taken from them. At one time Gen. Agnew sent word to Mrs. Whetten that she could have some milk, as he had been lucky enough to procure a cow. His offer to share the advantage with his neighbors did not long avail them; by the next morning nothing was left of the cow but the head and skin,—the Hessians having landed and left the usual tokens of their presence. One of their female neighbors, leaving the village with a wagon loaded with different articles, met on the road a party of British soldiers whom she took for Americans. When questioned, she answered that she was carrying off her property to save it from British depredation. Her wagon was immediately seized and driven down to the river, while she was left to rue her unguarded speech.

During the action at White Plains, Mrs. Whetten and her daughters heard the firing, and awaited the result with deep anxiety, praying earnestly for the success of their countrymen. At one time, when the news was discouraging, and suspense was at its height, one of the daughters observed, despondingly, "Our people will be defeated and slaughtered!" "Not so!" exclaimed her sister Sarah—afterwards Mrs. Brevoort—"the sword of the Lord and of Washington!"

The difficulty of procuring provisions at New Rochelle at length compelled the Whettens to return tc New York. The captain's health was declining rapidly, and he died a short time after the removal of his family. Its care in the midst of danger and disaster now devolved upon the widow, who proved herself equal to the charge. It has been mentioned that nearly all their property was in paper money, which Capt. Whetten had estimated as more valuable than gold, saving it as a sure provision for his family, while he paid all current expenses in specie. When the currency depreciated, Mrs. Whetten was often urged to exchange ner paper for hard money, or to purchase land with it, but steadily refused. "I will never," she said, "undervalue the currency established by Congress!" The consequence of this disinterested patriotism was the loss of all; but the high-spirited matron never regretted the sacrifice which she imagined could not have been avoided without casting a slight upon the honor of her country.

For some time the family could not obtain possession of their own house; but through the friendly offices of Andrew Elliot, collector of the port of New York under the crown, they were at length permitted to occupy it. This house stood in Cliff street, adjoining the rear of St. George's Chapel. A full account of their experience during their residence in the city for the succeeding years of the war, would present a graphic picture of the state of the times. Mrs. Whetten bore her part without shrinking, both in action

and endurance. Her benevolent feelings prompted her to do good to all, but especially the oppressed whigs, for whom her house was always an asylum. The British were sometimes quartered upon her, and she was required to board many of the prisoners, who had reason to remember her generous kindness. Once, when some of her countrymen, having dined with her, asked what compensation was due—she replied, "Nothing, if you all eat heartily;" and such was the spirit of her dealings with them. She made it her daily business to prepare food for the American soldiers, and sent it regularly to the prisons, as well as mush to the hospitals, using thus all the Indian meal she could obtain. She went sometimes with her daughters to see the prisoners, and encouraged them by cheerful conversation. Occasionally they visited that modern Bastile, the Provost, where the marshal—the notorious Conyngham—would now and then show his displeasure by kicking over the baskets of food they brought, and beating the unfortunate prisoners with his keys. Sometimes he received them with a surly courtesy, making himself amends, however, by indulging in boastful language. Miss Margaret Whetten once went with a female friend to see a woman imprisoned here, and heard Conyngham brag of having dug up in a church yard at New Rochelle various buried articles, which happened to be the property of the friend who accompanied her. The Provost stood in the Park, and the northeast apartment on the second floor, appropriated for officers or persons of distinction, was used

for the reception of visitors. It was called "Congress Hall," and the black fellow in attendance went by the name of "Washington." Mrs. Whetten and her daughters continually provided not only provisions, but clothes for the use of the captive soldiers, not heeding the surliness of their gaolers or the risk of indignity to themselves. Conyngham told a gentleman that these ladies were "the d—dest rebels in New York," but so true to the prisoners, he could not often refuse to let them come. Sometimes they went to a guard house close to the old sugar house, which adjoined the Middle Dutch Church in Nassau street, and the sergeant permitted them to sit at the window while the prisoners came into the yard below and talked with them. The prisoners taken on Long Island were here confined, and almost starved. How many desponding hearts were comforted by such ministering visits, and the examples of constancy and heroism exhibited by these generous women!

Not satisfied with such daily ministrations, Mrs. Whetten often had provisions conveyed to the unfortunate inmates of the prison ships. A boat was usually sent to receive the supplies, and it is said the prisoners were sometimes permitted to speak with the ladies. Nor did our heroine hesitate to risk her own safety by receiving persons suspected of serving the American cause. Several of her descendants remember a story of her having assisted in the escape of a spy. When a party of soldiers was sent to her house to arrest the suspected person, having notice of their approach, she

had just time to slip a dressing-gown and night-cap upon her guest, place him in a large easy chair, and put a bowl of gruel into his hands. When the guard came, she showed them the seeming invalid, and they left him, intending to return and take him as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to accompany them. The officer was reprimanded, and immediately ordered back; but by that time the object of suspicion had disappeared.—Capt. Hunter, who often came with a flag to the city, was in the habit of sending and receiving communications through Mrs. Whetten's family. On one occasion he was ordered to remain three or four days at her house, but finally permitted to depart.

It was not long before Mrs. Whetten learned that she was suspected of harboring spies, and feeling some uneasiness, she was advised to address a letter to the British commander, soliciting his protection. She went herself to deliver it at his quarters, and her absence till late in the afternoon greatly alarmed her daughters, who could suppose nothing else but that she had been arrested and sent to the Provost. She had only been detained by waiting for the aid-de-camp who had promised to favor her, to find an opportunity of presenting her letter. The dread of being persecuted as obnoxious, was no small part of their trials, for they knew how others had been treated under such circumstances. Some of the royalists once finding a military suit in a trunk belonging to one of their neighbors,—their rage at the discovery was vented in

the hearing of Mrs. Whetten's household. At another house where a British officer was billeted, he chose to take with him a female favorite, whose presence and caprices the lady was compelled to endure. Once having ventured to strike her lap-dog, she received from the virago not only a violent scolding, but a quantity of liniment thrown in her face.

Mrs. Todd, the mother of Mrs. Whetten, who accompanied her in her removal to the city, had been obliged for a time to take up her residence in a cooper's shop. A member of Congress with whom she was acquainted requested her to occupy a house belonging to him; but her removal thither seemed to give offence. A party of soldiers came the same night, plundered the house of several articles, and then seating themselves at the table, ordered supper. After drinking their punch, they would toss the cups and glasses they had emptied to the ceiling, breaking them to pieces. They would not permit the terrified women to leave the room, but compelled them to witness their brutal revelry. On their demand that the mistress of the house should give them a toast, she replied, "Why, we *eat* toast!" with so much simplicity that supposing her really ignorant of their meaning, they did not insist further. Her ingenuity in thus avoiding the necessity of pledging her enemies, was equalled by that of a tory lady, who once asked some whigs to join her in a toast, and gave—"the first two words of David's third—" her guests not being aware, till they had leisure to

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look into the Psalms, that they had drunk the health of "Lord Howe."

Some of the British soldiers showed much courtesy to Mrs. Whetten and her daughters. Once, when they expressed uneasiness at having a quarter-guard stationed opposite, they were assured that so far from being subjected to annoyance, they would be safer than before, and might leave their windows open by night as well as day. After the close of the war, one of this guard, passing the window, stopped to pay his compliments to one of the daughters. His hair was plaited on the top of his head in the usual fashion, and as he removed his high-pointed cap, he made bold to beg "Miss Peggy's" acceptance of his comb. The young lady declined the offered token of remembrance, but promised not to forget the polite guardsman.

Early in August, 1778, a ship lying not far from the Long Island shore, having a large quantity of gunpowder on board, was struck by lightning and exploded. The shock was like an earthquake, causing great alarm, and several houses were injured; St. George's Chapel, next door to Mrs. Whetten's, was violently shaken, some of its glass being shattered and the scuttles blown off

The time approached which was to end these dangers and sufferings. It was announced that New York was speedily to be evacuated by the British. The rejoicing of patriotic families who had lived so long in the midst of enemies, was of course great at the cheering prospect. One dame who lived near Mrs.

Whetten's was rather premature in her joyful demonstrations. Hearing the news flying from mouth to mouth, and seeing preparations for the departure of the royal troops, she imagined that her countrymen had already taken possession, and forthwith hoisted in full view from the top of her house a flag bearing the thirteen stars. Not long after this feat, the family of Mrs. Whetten was startled by the report of a neighbor, who came running to inform her that the provost marshal, Conyngham, at the head of a party of soldiers, was marching towards her house. That was not, however, his destination: he was in pursuit of the woman who had dared to insult His Majesty by hoisting the flag. The woman, meanwhile, hearing of his approach, locked her doors, and when the soldiers came to get possession of the flag, not only refused them admission, but stood and berated them with all the force of her tongue, joined by a number of boys, who were glad of an opportunity to insult the British. Conyngham judged it most prudent to draw off his men, and retire from the shower of abuse, which at another time would probably have been returned with a shower of bullets.

The house of Mrs. Whetten, called during the war "Rebel Headquarters," was the first in New York to which the news of peace was brought. A French gentleman—a prisoner—who boarded with her, received from the French ambassador at Philadelphia a letter containing the earliest account. After the establishment of peace, the services of Mrs. Whetten to

the American cause did not fail to receive thankful acknowledgment, and a letter was written to her by General Washington, expressing his warm gratitude on behalf of the country. He also desired leave to breakfast with her, and during the meal, while conversing about the scenes through which she and her family had passed, he rose twice to thank her for the kindness she had shown the prisoners at such risk to herself, and the substantial aid she had rendered.

Mrs. Whetten was remarkable, like many other matrons of Revolutionary times, for quickness of repartee and a rather pungent humor. Once in conversation with a British officer, the news of a signal victory gained by the Americans having just arrived, she asked with much archness—"And did my countrymen run again this time?"—"Ay, in truth, madam,"—was the candid reply: "they did run; but it was after us." Some time after peace, being in the stage on the road to Hartford, she chanced to find herself in company with two Englishmen not remarkable for comeliness, who took pleasure in abusing everything American. She observed quietly, that in one respect her country appeared to have the advantage; "we beat you," she said, "in handsome men." The Englishmen were good natured enough to join in the laugh this remark created among the passengers, and were afterwards so much pleased with the lively conversation of their travelling companion, that they were sorry to part with her at her place of destination.

Mrs. Whetten continued to live in New York till her

death, which took place in March, 1809. Her eldest daughter, Sarah, married Henry Brevoort. During the occupation of New York by the British, the relations of this gentleman with Mr. Elliot, who was highly esteemed by both parties for his integrity of character and urbanity of manners, had been very friendly—Mr. Elliot's house adjoining his country-seat. This friendship was more lasting than the war. The son of Mr. Brevoort, on a visit to England many years afterwards, received a letter from Lady Cathcart, the daughter of Mr. Elliot, enquiring if he were related to the Brevoort who had been her father's friend, and his answer was followed by a pressing invitation to visit her. Margaret, the second daughter, married Capt. Dean—whose romantic adventures have been made the subject of a pleasing tale by Miss Sedgwick. The naval career of Capt. John Whetten, who was for twenty years President of the New York Marine Society, was a remarkable one. He often spoke of his excellent mother, whose pious counsels had such influence to restrain from vice and incite to virtue in the vicissitudes of his roving life. The fact is a curious one, that living to the age of eighty-two, and wandering in distant parts of the earth, his last resting place, in the family vault in the churchyard of St. George's chapel, was within half a cable's length of the spot where he was born.

XLVIII.

BLANDINA BRUYN.

Many are yet living in whose hearts is cherished the memory of Mrs. Bruyn, while the tradition of her virtues is familiar to the inhabitants of the neighborhood where she resided. Her days were chiefly passed in the seclusion of the family circle, remote from the show and bustle of public life, but her high social position, and attention to the duties of a widely-extended and generous hospitality, brought her into contact with many of the leading minds of the period, and her exemplary discharge of the continual requirements of charity and benevolence, made her known as the protector of the unfortunate, looked up to with reverent and grateful regard by all who experienced her bounty.

Her father, Petrus Edmundus Elmendorf, was descended from the earliest settlers of Hurley, a small town on the bank of the Esopus, about three miles from Kingston, in Ulster County, New York. She was born at Kingston, then called Esopus, August 8th, 1753. Losing her father when very young, she was left entirely to the care of her mother, Mary Elmen-

dorf, a lady whose noble character, energy, and benevolent exertions in the cause of the destitute and suffering, rendered her name widely known at that period, not only throughout a large portion of New York, but in the adjoining provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. She was the Mrs. Elmendorf who, it is said, studied medicine that she might be qualified, while the men of the neighborhood were generally absent in the defence of their country, and the physicians especially were in requisition in the army, to practise the healing art among the poor families in the country around her. She appears not only to have possessed a mind of superior order, but the advantages of cultivation. From this intellectual and accomplished parent the daughter received her early instruction, with the best means of education which, in that day, it was possible to enjoy. She was placed for some time under the care of Miss Blanche Beyeau, a teacher celebrated at that period, and had the advantage of being at a boarding-school in the city of New York. However limited may have been the range of mere accomplishments then taught, it does not appear that the more substantial and useful acquirements were neglected; Blandina learned to write and speak, with ease and correctness, the English, Dutch, and French languages, in each of which she had numerous correspondents at a later period of her life. These attainments must have caused her to be regarded as a learned lady at a time when even the privilege of a common country school was enjoyed

by few, and so many of the daughters of the wealthy gained their only instruction from books at home.

Miss Elmendorf's youth passed in quiet occupations and amusements, till a short time before the rupture between Great Britain and the American Colonies. She then formed a matrimonial engagenent with Jacobus S. Bruyn, afterwards colonel in the American army, whose services to his country brought upon him the hardships of a long captivity. The tranquil happiness to which the young lovers looked forward was destined not yet to be their portion—the duties of Col. Bruyn calling him to Quebec, and afterwards to other places.

In the early part of October, 1777, the British General, Sir Henry Clinton, with the small force that could be spared from an important post left under his command, made an attack upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery. These forts were separated by a stream that came from the mountain, communicating by a bridge with each other. The British commander saw that his only prospect of securing them was by a *coup de main* in their then unguarded state, allowing no time for the arrival of succor. Sir James Wallace moved up to Peekskill Neck, to mask the only communication the Americans had across the river on that side of the Highlands. The attack on both forts succeeded at the same time, and Col. Bruyn, one of the officers engaged in the defence of Fort Montgomery, was taken prisoner.

The sad separation from her affianced husband, the

severest trial Miss Elmendorf had hitherto been called to undergo, was but the beginning of sorrows. The capture of Fort Montgomery was immediately succeeded by the burning of Esopus. This town, it will be remembered, was one of the earliest Dutch settlements in New York—said to be the third place settled, and commenced about 1618. It is beautifully situated on the fertile flats elevated above Esopus Creek. The Catskill Mountains are seen in the distance. It had been in former times the scene of battle and violence. In 1663, the Indians of that region, who had been for some time discontented with their Dutch neighbors, made an attack on the village, but were compelled to flee to the mountains by troops sent from New Amsterdam by Gov. Stuyvesant. A British account of the burning of this place is quoted in the postscript of a letter written by Sir William Howe to Lord George Germain. He calls the affair "a very spirited piece of service." The report says, in the words of Major-General Vaughan—"Esopus being a nursery for almost every villain in the country, I judged it necessary to proceed to that town. On our approach they were drawn up with cannon, which we took and drove them out of the place. On our entering the town, they fired from the houses, which induced me to reduce the place to ashes, which I accordingly did, not leaving a house. We found a considerable quantity of stores of all kinds, which shared the same fate." The American account states that one house was spared at the burning—that of

SARATOGA AND STILLWATER—ENCAMPMENT OF BURGOYNE'S ARMY.

Mrs. Hammersly, who was acquainted with some of the British officers, and for that reason was favored with their protection.

"Thus, by the wantonness of power," says the Connecticut Journal, Oct. 27, 1777, "the third town in the state for size, elegance, and wealth, is reduced to a heap of rubbish; the once happy inhabitants, who are chiefly of Dutch descent, are obliged to solicit shelter among strangers, and those who possessed lately elegant and convenient dwellings, obliged to take up with such huts as they find can defend them from the cold blasts of approaching winter." But a faint idea can be formed from description of what was endured by the helpless inhabitants. An invasion at night, and the conflagration of the entire town, at a season when the cold must have been severely felt—the distress caused by the destruction of so many homes, and the anguish of those who knew not the fate of their beloved ones—form a scene whose horrors can scarcely be compassed by the most vivid imagination. At this particular period, marked by the reverses that overspread with such gloom the prospects of the country, and the dreary picture of Valley Forge, there was hardly a ray of hope to cheer the most sanguine, or lighten the pressure of calamity. In this melancholy state of public affairs, individual misfortune was felt not the less keenly. The fate of Miss Elmendorf seemed linked with that of her suffering country. By the destruction of her native town her mother's family was broken up, and the members for

some time dispersed. Her own time was divided, after this, between Hurley, Albany, and Raritan in New Jersey, as duty called for her presence in either place, or as Providence directed her movements. Many incidents, both of an amusing and distressing character, which occurred during her journeys, were remembered by her, and related afterwards to her children. An interesting light would have been thrown upon the manners and life of that day by detailed accounts; but for lack of a record, much that might have given expression and coloring to the outline pictures of history, is lost beyond recovery.

Col. Bruyn was kept for some time in close confinement in a prison ship, where he could have no communication with his betrothed. The horrors of these abodes of suffering, despair, and death, have been often described. He was afterwards so fortunate as to obtain release, being transferred to Long Island on his parole. Yet he was still for three years doomed to endure the weariness of captivity, and to witness the struggles of his country for freedom without being able to take part in the contest. During this long and painful separation, the faithful affection of his fair and gentle mistress remained unchanged.

The season of disaster and trial was succeeded by brighter times, and in the spring of 1782 the lovers were restored to each other and united in marriage. After the close of the war, and until their death, they continued to reside at Kingston.

XLIX.

ANNE FITZHUGH.

Anne Frisby, the daughter of Peregrine Frisby, of Cecil County, in Maryland, was born Sept. 5th, 1727. Her first husband was John Rousby, and their only daughter married John Plater. On the 7th Jan., 1759, Mrs. Rousby was united to Wm. Fitzhugh, colonel in the British service. He won considerable distinction in his military career, and his services in the West India expedition. At the commencement of difficulties between the colonies and the mother country he was living on his half pay. The large estate, highly improved, on which he resided, lay at the mouth of the Patuxent River, in Maryland, and he had in operation extensive manufactories of different kinds. When discontent ripened into rebellion, though he was advanced in years, in feeble health, and had almost entirely lost his sight, neither the infirmities of age, nor any advantage to be derived from adhesion to the government, prevented his taking an open and active part with the patriots. On account of his influence in the community, he was offered a continuance of his half pay if he would remain neu-

tral, but he at once declined the offer, resigned his commission, and declared for the land that gave him birth. Unable himself to bear arms, he furnished his two sons—Peregrine and William—for the army, and dismissed them with his command to be true to the interests of their country. These were both officers, and served with distinction under the continental standard. Their father took his seat in the Executive Council of Maryland, giving his vote and influence to the debates, till the political opinions of that body were no longer wavering. Not only thus did he render service, but he was seen and heard at every public meeting, going from place to place through the country, haranguing the people in stump speeches, and devoting all his energies to the task of rousing them to fight for their own rights.

This active zeal for American freedom of course did not fail to render the venerable patriot obnoxious. He was often apprised of danger from British enmity, but no risk could deter him from the performance of duty At one time, when he had disregarded a warning from some unknown hand, Mrs. Fitzhugh was surprised in his absence by news of the near approach of a party of British soldiers. She instantly decided on her course in the emergency, and collected the slaves, whom she furnished with such arms as could be found Then taking a quantity of cartridges in her apron, she led the way out to meet the enemy, resolved that they should have at least a round of shots by way of welcome. Finding preparations for resistance where they

probably expected none, the party retired from the grounds without doing any damage.

At another time when they received information of a design on the enemy's part to attack the house that night, take the colonel prisoner, carry off what plunder could be found, and lay waste the premises, Col. Fitzhugh was dissuaded by his anxious family from making any attempt at defence. Perhaps thinking that, meeting no opposition, they would be content with plunder, he reluctantly consented to leave the place with his household. The next morning nothing remained of the mansion but a heap of smoking ruins. The family then removed to Upper Marlboro', about fifty miles up the river, where they continued to reside till the close of the war.

In the fall before peace was declared, a detachment of British soldiers having landed on the shore of the Patuxent, marched to the house of Col. Fitzhugh. It was about midnight when he and his wife were roused from sleep by a loud knocking at the door. The colonel raised a window and called out to know who was there. The reply was, "Friends." He asked, "Friends to whom?" "Friends to King George!" was shouted in answer, with a peremptory order to open the door. Knowing well that remonstrance or resistance would be useless, and that delay would but irritate the intruders to acts of violence, the colonel assured them that his wife—he being blind—would immediately descend and admit them Mrs. Fitzhugh did not hesitate, though not smal was her dis-

may and terror when, parting the curtains for an instant she saw the courtyard filled with armed men The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain was falling, but by the faint moonlight their bayonets could be distinctly seen. Hastily lighting a candle, and putting on her slippers, she went down stairs, stopping only for a moment to give her sons, who happened to be in the house, their pistols, and warn them that they must lose no time in making their escape. They left the house by the back door as their mother with difficulty turned the ponderous key which secured the front. The intruders instantly rushed in, touching her night dress with their bayonets as she turned to leave the door. She walked calmly before them into the parlor, and addressing the officer, said she hoped they intended to do the inmates of the house no harm. He replied that they did not, but he must see Col. Fitzhugh at once; then, his attention being suddenly attracted by some articles of military dress, he demanded quickly, "What officers have you in the house, Madam?" "There is no one here but our own family," answered Mrs. Fitzhugh. The men spoke together in a low voice, and then the question was repeated, to which the same reply was given with perfect calmness. She noticed a smile on the countenance of the officer as he said, "We must take these, Madam," pointing to the cap, holsters, etc. It is proper to mention that nothing else was touched in the house, although the supper table, with plate upon it,

was standing as it had been left at night, and the side-board contained several other articles.

Mrs. Fitzhugh, in obedience to the order that her husband should come down, went to assist him in dressing, and returned with him, unmindful, in her anxiety for him, that she had taken no time to dress herself. The officer informed him that he was his prisoner, and must go with them to New York, then in possession of the British. Col. Fitzhugh replied that his age and want of sight made it scarce worth their while to take him, as he could neither do harm nor service, being unable, indeed, to take care of himself. Such arguments, however, availed nothing, and he was hurried off immediately, the captors, it is likely, fearing a surprise. Mrs. Fitzhugh had made no preparations for a journey, but had too much decision of character and courage to hesitate a moment. Walking up to her husband, she took his arm, and when the officer endeavored to persuade her to remain, saying she would suffer from exposure, she answered that Col. Fitzhugh was not able to take care of himself, and that even if he were, she would not be separated from him. The officer then took down a cloak and threw it over her shoulders. With only this slight protection from the cold and rain, she left the house with the rest. Their boat lay off about half a mile, and going to the shore they had to walk through the mud, the ground being soaked with rain, but the matron's resolute spirit did not fail her. An alarm was caused by the discharge of a gun, which the soldiers

took to be the signal of a gathering in the neighborhood. They had already reached the boat, when they consented to permit Col. Fitzhugh to remain on his parole, which was hastily written out, and leaving the prisoner on shore, they pushed off as rapidly as possible.

On their return to the house, the colonel and Mrs. Fitzhugh were much surprised to find all the negroes gone, except one little girl who had hid herself in the garret. They had evidently been taken or persuaded to go off in their absence, and there was ground for the suspicion that the enemy's real object had been to obtain possession of the slaves without any resistance that might alarm the neighbors. Many of these missing ones returned to their master of their own accord, the fair promises made to allure them from his service not having been kept.

Miss Plater, the granddaughter of Mrs. Fitzhugh, displayed much courage upon this occasion. After her grandparents had left the house in charge of the soldiers, one or two of the men came back to obtain some fire, and in carrying it from the room, let some fall on the carpet. The young girl started forward, put her foot upon it, and asked if they meant to fire the house; then speaking of the outrage upon the old gentleman, expressed herself with so much dignity and feeling, that the hearts even of those rough soldiers were touched, and they answered kindly, that the house should stand, and no harm come to her. They then asked for wine, which she ordered to be set

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES.

Mc Menamy, Hess & Co. 735 Broadway, N.Y.

before them. They would not drink, however, fearing it might be poisoned, till she had tasted each bottle, and insisted on her doing so. This young lady was afterwards the wife of Col. Forrest.

Capt. Peregrine Fitzhugh, one of the sons already mentioned, who was for some time aid to General Washington, married Miss Elizabeth Chew, of Maryland, and removed in 1799 to Sodus Bay, on Lake Ontario, where he spent the remainder of his days His venerable widow still resides at Sodus Point, in the midst of her children and descendants, by whom, and a large circle of acquaintance, she is equally revered and beloved. She is one of the earliest and most highly esteemed friends of the writer of these memoirs. Col. William Fitzhugh married Miss Anne Hughes of Maryland, and removed to the vicinity of Geneseo, Livingston County, in the western part of New York.

L.

KATHARINE STEEL.*

This heroine was of a stamp rarely seen or described in recent times. It needed a primitive country, as well as unusual hardships and perils, to develop such lofty, yet unambitious heroism, such sagacity mingled with homely simplicity, such a spirit of patience, constancy and self-sacrifice, without an aspiration for praise, or a thought of reward. In one prominent character of that period we may see a type of many who lived and labored like her, unappreciated by those around them, unknown in the annals of their land, unconscious themselves of the influence they exercised, or the value of their freely-rendered services. The memory of these stout-hearted, high-souled matrons is well nigh swept from the earth; but here and there recollections survive by which we may learn how noble was the race that nursed the nation's infancy.

It might be a subject for discussion, whether the

* Most of the details of this memoir were received by Mr. Stinson from the daughter of Capt. Steel. Some incidents were related to her by her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Beard, who lived more than a century. I have already acknowledged my great obligations to Mr. Stinson in this and the succeeding Southern sketches

matrons of the Revolutionary era were intrinsically superior to those of the present day in the strength of spirit that qualified for enterprise and endurance, or whether the same circumstances would now create such heroines. An English critic, noticing the "Women of the American Revolution," thinks that the mere housewife, or the toy of luxury would hardly, on the outbreak of a storm, start up ready armed with self-command and self-sacrifice; that there could be no making a "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," out of such by the force of circumstances. However it may be, it cannot be denied that the women of our country's early day were framed of admirable stuff, as well as trained to strength in the school of hardship, and that their influence on the age was very decided.

Katharine Fisher was a native of Pennsylvania. When about twenty years old she was married to Thomas Steel, of the same State. Both belonged to the race called the Pennsylvania Irish, so many of whom emigrated to Carolina about the middle of the century. Katharine had this destination in view at the time of her marriage, and being of a mirthful disposition, as well as romantic and fond of adventure, she looked upon it as quite a matter of frolic to lead the life of a pioneer on the borders of the wilderness. The young pair made their removal to South Carolina some time in 1745, to the upper, or what is called the granite region, of the State. Their first acquaintance in the country resided upon the eastern side of the river called Catawba, after the tribe of Indians who

were located on its banks. He was a Scotchman named Daniel McDonald, one of the same people with themselves, and had lived some fifteen or twenty years in his present home among the Indians, in entire seclusion from any of the white race. The Catawbas were gentle in disposition, and lived in friendship with the settlers; McDonald probably reaped some advantage from their protection, for he was the first pioneer into that district of country, had amassed considerable wealth, and reared a large family of sons and daughters. The new comers into the wild crossed the river near his house, and fixed their residence close to Fishing Creek, about a mile from the Catawba. It was not long before the young wife began to understand what was to be the life of pioneers. She was too light-hearted, however, to be discouraged by hardships, and with the good humor which is the best philosophy, endeavored to find food for merriment in the various inconveniences they had to encounter. She spared not her own strength, not shrinking from her share of labor in the field or the woods; she also learned in a short time the use of the rifle, and became an excellent shot.

They were not long solitary; the two currents of emigration, from Charleston and the sea coast on the one side, and Pennsylvania and Virginia on the other, meeting in this neighborhood, in the course of a few years several other families came to settle near them. John Gaston had taken up his abode a mile or so up Fishing Creek, on the west side, and other dwellings

rose at intervals in different directions. These families visited each other, going up and down the creek in canoes. In time, it became necessary to unite in their defence against the hostile Indians—the Cherokees giving them much trouble. The place owned by Mr. Steel was fortified as a block-house, to which the inhabitants could betake themselves when danger threatened. These block-houses were scattered over the country at convenient distances for the unprotected settlers. One at Landsford, near the spring, commanded the river and a large extent of country, and was called Taylor's Fort, while the first-mentioned was named Steel's Fort, after the proprietor. While the men were out fighting the Cherokees, or engaged in providing for the defence and maintenance of their families, the women were in the habit of resorting on any alarm to this place of refuge. Mrs. Steel was chief and ruler among them, not merely by her right of ownership, or her superior firmness and courage, but by virtue of her hearty kindness and good humor. She was acknowledged master of the Fort, and was called familiarly, "Katy of the Fort." Possessing great influence, she could at once calm the fears of the women who had quitted their homes at the dead hours of night to flee thither; they felt in fact a sense of security in her presence. She taught the young girls the use of the rifle, a useful accomplishment in those days, when no one knew what hour she might be compelled to wield that deadly weapon, relying on her skill in its use to save herself or her children from

the hands of bloody savages. For weeks together the females would occupy the fort in the absence of their husbands or fathers. Their place of public worship, the attendance on which was never willingly neglected, was the Waxhaw meeting-house, in after years the scene of so much suffering and such disinterested benevolence.

Some thrilling incidents of peril and female prowess are related of this period, the settlers near the frontier being peculiarly exposed to Indian ravages. Late one night the alarm was given that the Indians were just upon them, and the helpless inhabitants of the neighborhood fled to the fort for protection. One young woman—Mrs. Beard—who had married an old man, bade her husband carry the child, while she bore the rifle, in readiness to use it for their defence. A young girl who lived with them was unwilling to quit the house without taking some of her clothes; she must "get on her blue skirt" at least. Mrs. Beard seized and dragged her from the house, exclaiming, "Very fine you would look, to be sure, with your blue skirt on and your scalp off!" At another time, on a Sabbath day, while the people were listening to the preaching at Waxhaw church, an alarm came that the Indians were close at hand. The congregation was immediately scattered, and the women fled to the block-house, where they remained several days, while the men were out scouring the country in every direction. This proved a false alarm. At other times the news of danger came so suddenly that the startled families

were not able to make their way to the forts. The only resource in such emergencies was to hide in the woods or swamps nearest at hand, and wait till the foe was gone; and not unfrequently the women had to remain all night in the canebrakes without covering or shelter. Mrs. Beard, relating her own experience, said: "On one occasion I indulged the impious wish that my children were dead! I lay one night alone in a thick canebrake with my two little ones. I had them both at the breast, the elder as well as the babe, to keep them from crying; I was quaking with fear that they would cry, and the Indians would find us out. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see——there lay a large rattlesnake within a few feet of me!" The mother's repinings were turned to thankfulness for the wonderful preservation of her children. The child of which she was then pregnant was marked with a rattlesnake; she was Mary Beard—the late Mrs. Sweet, of Charleston.

In a few years the little settlement had spread over the rich lands on Fishing and Rocky Creeks, the dwellings being gathered into clusters, of which there were some three or four within a short distance of each other. Not a great way from Steel's and Taylor's Forts was another settlement consisting of a few families, among which were those of William McKenny and his brother James. These lived near Fishing Creek. In the summer of 1761, sixteen Indians, with some squaws of the Cherokee tribe, took up their abode for several weeks near what is called Simpson's

Shoals, for the purpose of hunting and fishing during the hot months. In August, the two McKennys being absent on a journey to Camden, William's wife, Barbara, was left alone with several young children. One day she saw the Indian women running towards her house in great haste, followed by the men. She had no time to offer resistance; the squaws seized her and the children, pulled them into the house, and shoved them behind the door, where they immediately placed themselves on guard, pushing back the Indians as fast as they tried to force their way in, and uttering the most fearful outcries. Mrs. KcKenny concluded it was their intention to kill her, and expected her fate every moment. The assistance rendered by the squaws, whether given out of compassion for a lonely mother, or in return for kindness shown them,—proved effectual for her protection till the arrival of one of the chiefs, who drew his long knife and drove off the savages. The mother, apprehending another attack, went to some of her neighbors and entreated them to come and stay with her. Robert Brown and Joanna his wife, Sarah Ferguson, her daughter Sarah and two sons, and a young man named Michael Melbury, came in compliance with her request, and took up their quarters in the house. The next morning Mrs. McKenny ventured out alone to milk her cows. It had been her practice heretofore to take some of the children with her, and she could not explain why she went alone this time, though she was not free from apprehension; it seemed to be so by a special ordering of Providence

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.

While she was milking, the Indians crept towards her on their hands and knees; she heard not their approach, nor knew anything till they seized her. Sensible at once of all the horror of her situation, she made no effort to escape, but promised to go quietly with them. They then set off towards the house, holding her fast by the arm. She had the presence of mind to walk as far off as possible from the Indian who held her, expecting Melbury to fire as they approached her dwelling. As they came up, he fired, wounding the one who held Mrs. McKenny; she broke from his hold and ran, and another Indian pursued and seized her. At this moment she was just at her own door, which John Ferguson imprudently opening that she might enter, the Indians without shot him dead as he presented himself. His mother ran to him and received another shot in her thigh, of which she died in a few days. Melbury, who saw that all their lives depended on prompt action, dragged them from the door, fastened it, and repairing to the loft, prepared for a vigorous defence. There were in all five guns; Sarah Ferguson loaded for him, while he kept up a continual fire, aiming at the Indians wherever one could be seen. Determined to effect their object of forcing an entrance, some of the savages came very near the house, keeping under cover of an outhouse in which Brown and his wife had taken refuge, not being able on the alarm, to get into the house. They had crept into a corner and were crouched there close to the boarding. One of the Indians, coming up, leaned

against the outside, separated from them only by a few boards, the crevices between which probably enabled them to see him. Mrs. Brown proposed to take a sword that lay by them and run the savage through the body, but her husband refused; he expected death, he said, every moment, and did not wish to go out of the world having his hands crimsoned with the blood of any fellow creature. "Let me die in peace," were his words, "with all the world." Joanna, though in the same peril, could not respond to the charitable feeling. "If I am to die," she said, "I should like first to send some of the red-skins on the journey. But we are not so sure we have to die; don't you hear the crack of Melbury's rifle? He holds the house. I warrant you, that red-skin looked awfully scared as he leaned against the corner here. We could have done it in a moment."

Mrs. McKenny, meanwhile, having failed to get into her house, had been again seized by the Indians, and desperately regardless of her own safety, was doing all in her power to help her besieged friends. She would knock the priming out of the guns carried by the savages, and when they presented them to fire would throw them up, so that the discharge might prove harmless. She was often heard to say, afterwards, that all fear had left her, and she thought only of those within the building, for she expected for herself neither deliverance nor mercy. Melbury continued to fire whenever one of the enemy appeared; they kept themselves, however, concealed, for the most part, behind

trees or the outhouse. Several were wounded by his cool and well-directed shots, and at length, tired of the contest, the Indians retreated, carrying Mrs. McKenny with them. She now resisted with all her strength, preferring instant death to the more terrible fate of a captive in the hands of the fierce Cherokees. Her refusal to go forward irritated her captors, and when they had dragged her about half a mile, near a rock upon the plantation now occupied by John Culp, she received a second blow with the tomahawk which stretched her insensible upon the ground. When after some time consciousness returned, she found herself lying upon the rock, to which she had been dragged from the spot where she fell. She was stripped naked, and her scalp had been taken off. By degrees the knowledge of her condition, and the desire of obtaining help came upon her. She lifted up her head, and looking around, saw the wretches who had so cruelly mangled her, pulling ears of corn from a field near, to roast for their meal. She laid her head quickly down again, well knowing that if they saw her alive, they would not be slack in coming to finish the work of death. Thus she lay motionless till all was silent, and she found they were gone; then with great pain and difficulty she dragged herself back to the house. It may be imagined with what feelings the unfortunate woman was received by her friends and children, and how she met the bereaved mother wounded unto death, who had suffered for her attempt to save others One of the blows received by Mrs. McKenny had made a

deep wound in her back; the others were upon her head. When her wounds had been dressed as well as was practicable, Melbury and the others assisted her to a bed. Brown and his brave wife having then joined the little garrison, preparations were made for defence in case of another attack; the guns were all loaded and placed ready for use, and committing the house to the care of the Browns, Melbury sallied forth, rifle in hand, and took to the woods. He made his way directly, and as quickly as possible, to Taylor's Fort at Landsford. The men there, informed of what had happened, immediately set about preparations for pursuing the treacherous Indians who had thus violated the implied good faith of neighbors by assailing an unprotected woman. The next morning a number of them, well armed, started for the Indian encampment at the shoals. The Cherokees were gone; but the indignant pursuers took up the trail, which they followed as far as Broad River. Here they saw the Indians on the other side, but did not judge it expedient to pursue them further, or provoke an encounter.

In the meantime William McKenny had reason for uneasiness in his absence from home; for he knew that the Indians had been at the shoals some time, nor was the deceitful and cruel character of the tribe unknown to him. He was accustomed long afterwards to tell of the warning conveyed to him while on his road to Camden; two nights in succession he dreamed of losing his hat, and looking upon this as an omen of evil, became so uncomfortable that he could proceed no

further. Taking one of the horses out of the wagon, he mounted and rode homeward at his utmost speed. Reaching his own house a little after dark, he was admitted by the women as soon as he made himself known. The scene that greeted his eyes was one truly heart-rending; the slain man, John Ferguson, still lay there, and in the same apartment the dying mother and Mrs. McKenny, more like one dead than living, mangled almost past recognition—the blood still gushing from her wounds, and drenching the pillows on which she lay. No fictitious tragedy could surpass the horrors of this in real life. The wounds in Mrs. McKenny's head never healed entirely; but continued to break out occasionally, so that the blood flowing from them stained the bed at night, and sometimes fragments of bone came off; nevertheless, she lived many years afterwards and bore several children. She was at the time with child, and in about three months gave birth to a daughter—Hannah, afterwards married to John Stedman—and living in Tennessee in 1827. This child was plainly marked with a tomahawk and drops of blood, as if running down the side of her face. The families of McKenny and McFadden residing on Fishing Creek, are descended from this Barbara McKenny; but most of her descendants have emigrated to the West. The above mentioned occurrence is narrated in a manuscript in the hand-writing of her grandson, Robert McFadden.

The night succeeding this, preparations for hostile action were going on also at Steel's Fort. The Cher-

kees had passed over to Rocky Creek, and still intent on rapine and bloodshed, had stopped at the house of John McDaniel, whom they killed, with his wife, and carried away captive seven children, the eldest a girl fifteen years of age. The outraged settlers were not slow in collecting a party of ten or twelve men to pursue them. Thomas Steel, the leader, was well calculated for the service, having been an Indian trader, and being acquainted with their language.* When he set out, his little son John, a boy eleven years old, wished to accompany him, but the mother dissuaded the brave child by telling him it was his duty to stay and man the fort, for the protection of herself and his sisters. Steel's experience made him familiar with Indian wiles, and the party followed the trail almost to the borders of the Cherokee nation. They came upon the savages at length, in the dead of night, assaulted and completely routed them, killing nearly all, and rescuing the seven children. One of the white men—Thomas Garett of Rocky Creek, chanced to kill the Indian who had tomahawked Mrs. McKenny, and actually found the scalp in his shot bag. Other bloody trophies were recovered, to carry back to the friends of the murdered, and then, placing the children on their horses, the men retraced their steps homeward. The joy of the poor little captives

* His granddaughter, Mrs. Jane Thompson, has in her possession a pipe found some fifteen years since near the fort. The coiled stem is not more than ten inches long, though the whole length is about ten feet. This was the well known *calumet* of peace used among the savage tribes.

at the sight of familiar faces, was more than reward enough for their deliverers. They had no parents to welcome their return, but their uncle, Hugh McDaniel, received them. Such incidents were in those times of common occurrence, but this encounter was the last, the Cherokees venturing on no more incursions. Mrs. Steel had about this period some friends who lived on the Yadkin in North Carolina, ninety miles from her home. When she wished to visit them she was accustomed to take her child, a year old, twelve miles distance, to the house of Robert Brown, the nearest neighbor she had in the direction of the Yadkin. Leaving the infant in their care, she would proceed alone, on horseback, making her way through the Catawba Nation, and travelling through a wild country which might be called uninhabited, for so sparse was the population that from Camden to the Catawba Nation—a distance of sixty miles, there were but four houses of white settlers. She was unsurpassed in the qualities of a horsewoman, nor was she impeded by trifling inconveniences or dangers. She probably gave each of the four settlers a call as she passed to visit her friends, and on her return, though tradition preserves no instance of her needing their assistance or hospitality. A hardy race must the wives of the pioneers have been!

In 1763, Thomas Steel, with James Hemphill and Stephen White, left home on a trading expedition, taking with them packhorses, loaded with articles suited for traffic with the Indians. They were absent a year or more, going through the far west to the

Mississippi, where they took canoes and went down the river to New Orleans. On their way homeward they were taken by some Indians, who stripped them of everything, even their clothes; but they escaped with their lives, and succeeded in getting back into the French settlements. White was a blacksmith, and worked at his business to procure clothes and food for himself and his companions. Having been thus refitted for the journey, they set out once again, travelling through the primitive forest. One morning, when they were about to resume their journey, Steel had chanced to walk out of sight. The others waited for his return, and after some time heard a gun discharged at a distance. They quitted their place of encampment to go in search of him; but their search was fruitless, nor did their missing companion ever come back. They supposed he had been killed when they heard the shot, and that his body was either carried off by the murderer or so concealed in the woods that no search availed to find it. Certain of his death, they pursued their way home, bearing the sad news to his family. Mrs. Steel was now left alone with a family—three daughters and two sons—and she devoted all her energies to their careful training, instructing them in all things useful, and teaching them to labor not merely for their own benefit, but the good of the community. The sterling principles she instilled into their minds produced their fruit in the actions of after years, when trials even more severe than any she had undergone in early life, fell to her lot and theirs

Before the year 1780 she had given her daughters in marriage—Margaret to William Wylie; Mary to Robert Archer; Nancy to Thomas Bell; she living with John, now grown to manhood, and the youngest child, Thomas. She divided the land belonging to her deceased husband equally among the children—giving to each of the daughters a valuable plantation. The lands on the Creek—the finest then and even at this day in the district, she divided between John and Thomas. It is worthy of note, that her eldest son, although by the law of primogeniture entitled to claim all the lands, confirmed his mother's acts, and contentedly received only the portion she assigned him in the distribution. The early recollections of this young man went back to the time of danger from Indian incursion, and it was natural he should be imbued with strong veneration for the high-spirited mother with whom he had so often been in the midst of peril, sustained by her firmness, encouraged by her boldness, and accustomed to be cheered by her in every despondency or privation. Always meriting her popular name, "witty Katy of the Fort," she would laugh away the fears of her timid companions, when she could not reason them into bravery. Her influence over her children, therefore, was not to be wondered at—strengthened as it was by habit and affection when left to her sole care.

The home of Mrs. Steel was at no great distance from that of John Gaston, whose family she and her children often visited, going in canoes up and down

the stream. She was in the habit of sending for the newspaper, by which she learned from time to time what was going on during the first years of the war. In their friendly meetings, she and the old Justice would read for one another the news of battles lost and won at the North, and converse on the subjects then absorbing the general attention. The sons of Gaston were the companions of her son, and when there was a call for men, John Steel was foremost in proffering his services. He was at the head of the company from Chester despatched against the Cherokee Indians in the Snow campaign of 1775. At the battle of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, he was also engaged, with seven of the sons of Justice Gaston. At the siege of Savannah, he took part in the charge made under the command of Count Pulaski, and was with the troops hovering around to annoy the British army during the siege of Charleston. After the fall of that city, when news came of the horrible butchery of Buford's men by Tarleton at the Waxhaws, he was among those assembled at the house of John Gaston, appealing solemnly to the God of battles, and pledging their oath that they would never accept British protection, nor lay down the arms they had taken up while there remained an enemy in the land. How must his mother have exulted in the knowledge that her first-born displayed a spirit worthy of her, and did such honor to her lessoning!

On that memorable morning, when the devoted little band went forth from Justice Gaston's to make the

attack upon the British, on the spot where Beckhamville now stands,* Katharine Steel called upon her younger son, the only child remaining with her, and then about seventeen, to go out with the rest. "You must go now," she said to him, "and fight the battles of our country with John. It must never be said the old Squire's boys have done more for the liberty of their country than the Widow Steel's!"

"It was a solemn morning," would John Steel say afterwards in telling of it. "Some of those who had come to join us over night, had gone off and left us, deeming it too perilous an enterprise for a handful of men to attack two hundred—many of them British soldiers. We had sworn solemnly before high heaven, and our resolution was like the law of the Medes and Persians—not to be altered. As we started off, there came up eight men from Sandy River, who had been travelling all night. This was a bright spot—like the sun coming out from under a cloud! We felt that our men were true men."

Capt. Steel—who has been called "the Murat of Catawba River"—was in every engagement during the summer of 1780. He commanded a company of mounted rangers, and at the taking of Carey Fort performed feats that drew the attention of Gen. Sumter to the brave young officer. During the retreat with the stores and prisoners captured from the British, he acted as a scout. The retreat was continued during the nights of August 16th and 17th, and at eleven

* See memoir of Esther Walker.

o'clock on the morning of the 18th, Sumter's army was posted in the stronghold of Fishing Creek, two miles from its junction with the Catawba, where a bend in stream and river leaves a ridge of elevated ground between them from which both can be seen. In front and rear of this space deep ravines run from the river and the creek, leaving a narrow strip along which the road passes, while below, the road left the ridge and entered a valley opening to the creek with steep hills on either side. In this position, certainly well chosen for its natural advantages, the army was encamped, fearing no enemy's approach. The particulars of the memorable surprise that here took place, are not recorded in history. Mr. Stinson, whose residence is near the spot, has collected them from survivors of that day. (See Appendix.)

Gen. Sumter had stripped off his coat and boots, for he was in need of repose, and was lying fast asleep under his marquée. None of his men perceived the approach of the British; the first intimation given of their presence was a general fire from Tarleton's dragoons, instantly followed by a bold charge into the midst of the camp. With the assault, resistance, and endeavors to escape, the wildest confusion of course ensued. In the moment of alarm Steel's first thought was for the General. With admirable presence of mind, and thoughtless of his own safety, he ran directly to the marquée, caught Sumter in his arms, and had carried him out through the back part of the tent before he was fully awake. He had also seized

the portmanteau in which, as he knew, valuable public papers were carried, and brought it along with him. He bore the General to a horse ready saddled, and hastily assisted him to mount, bareheaded as he was; his rangers were already mounted and clustering around him, and under their protection Steel brought him through a shower of bullets, while in all directions around them the soldiers were running, as many as could catch horses mounting and making off. The British, knowing their chief prize was eluding their grasp, hotly pursued Capt. Steel; but whenever the dragoons came too near he would order his rangers to wheel their horses about suddenly and fire upon them. As the foremost fell, their horses running loose were caught and mounted by the flying soldiers, and this proving a losing business, they soon abandoned the pursuit and returned to the disordered camp. One characteristic incident deserves mention. James Harbinson (the late Capt. Harbinson), one of Steel's company, and at that time a noble-looking youth of eighteen, rode up by the side of Sumter, took off his hat, and with a gesture of graceful courtesy presented it to the General, tying a handkerchief around his own head.

It cannot be ascertained how far Steel conducted General Sumter, or if he proceeded with him all the way to Charlotte. It was not long, however, before he was sent back by his order, with a force of some fifteen men, one of his objects being to find, if possible, the valise containing the public papers, which had been

dropped by the man to whose care he entrusted it shortly after they left the camp. It was supposed to have been lost somewhere in the woods, not more than a mile from the place of the surprise. Every foot of the ground was familiar to Steel, for it was the home of his childhood. He was also commissioned to collect men wherever he could find them, and send them to join Sumter, who intended to rally his forces at Charlotte. On this mission he was traversing the country day and night. When he reached the place of the late disaster, he learned that the valise had been found by one of the tories from the Wateree, and carried to Hog-fork, on Wateree Creek. Thither he proceeded and obtained it—none of the papers having been taken out. On his way back he chanced to meet the wife of one of his acquaintances, and stopped to bid her tell her husband that all patriots were summoned to meet their General at Charlotte, and that he must come and join him the next morning at Neely's on Fishing Creek, whence he could go on with his party. Steel was not aware that the man to whom he sent this message had turned loyalist. The woman, of course, immediately carried the news to her husband, who set out to collect tories for the purpose of intercepting Capt. Steel, travelling all night through the neighborhood, for the attack was to be at Neely's on the following morning.

Meanwhile the brave captain, suspecting no treachery, reached his home late that night, and once more embraced the excellent mother who had trained him

to his present career of duty. Early the next morning he set off for Neely's, about four miles distant, Mrs. Steel accompanying him on horseback. Proud was she that the gallant son riding by her side had risked his life in the country's service, and by his courageous efforts saved his General from being captured in the late attack; proud also of his bold recovery of the papers, and his energetic appeal to his countrymen to arm themselves and rally round the standard of liberty. Her heart swelled with exultation, as she saw men on all sides responding to the call, and if some anxiety for the safety of her children and neighbors mingled with her patriotic joy, she had before her eyes the battles of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock, and had good hope that they would return to victory. No motives of ambition mingled with her enthusiasm, nor did the services of her son receive any reward save the consciousness of having nobly performed his duty. His name and his brave deeds, which should have been remembered and recorded with others in the Revolution, have been honored only in the section of country where he lived, and among the descendants of those who were his companions.

When the party arrived at Neely's, Mrs. Neely and some of her daughters immediately busied themselves in preparing breakfast. The horses were hitched to trees in the yard, and two other daughters of the landlady went out into the cornfield to keep watch. All was silent for some time; at length a man named Andrew Lockart left the premises, followed by David

McCance, a young lad, to get his horse from the pasture. While going through the field, he saw a body of tories, in two divisions, approaching through the standing corn. The leader, whom he recognized as Coonrod Huntsucker, one of his near neighbors and a noted loyalist, waved his hand at him in token that he should keep silence. Lockart paid no heed to the signal, but halloed with all his might to give the alarm at the house. Thereupon another of the advancing party,—one David Ferguson of Wateree,—snapped his gun at him; Lockart then taking deliberate aim at the leader, fired and cut off his bridle reins, crippling one of his fingers, and stopping not to see the effect, turned and fled precipitately. In his flight he fell into a deep gully, which probably saved him, for the tories' shots passed over him as he lay still. Coonrod's horse in the meantime taking fright, ran away with him before he could recover his control of the bridle. This accident in all likelihood saved the party at the house. From the hollow where he lay, not venturing to move, Lockart heard firing at the house with the shouts of the tories, crying "Well done, Scoggins!" &c. When he found they were out of the way, he came out from his concealment, as far as the stream called Rocky Branch. Hearing steps approach, he took up a large stone to throw at the supposed foe; but it proved to be only the boy David McCance, who narrowly escaped being killed by the missile. While the two stood there, they saw the whole body of tories going off, evidently disappointed of their expected prey; and sure

EXECUTION OF PERSONS CONDEMNED FOR WITCHCRAFT.

of their friends' escape, both lost no time in catching their horses, and started at their utmost speed for Charlotte, not knowing but that a reinforcement of loyalists might suddenly arrive.

At the time of the alarm, Mrs. Steel was engaged in combing the captain's hair. He boasted a remarkably fine head of hair; it was very long and of raven blackness, and was usually worn tied in a queue behind. John's important services to the whig cause, employing him almost night and day, had of late left him little leisure for attention to his locks; they had been long uncombed, and probably showed very plainly the neglect they had experienced. The personal appearance of her son was a matter of pride to the matron, only less than her delight in his gallant conduct; she loved to see him look well, for he was a fairer image of herself. With her features he inherited her high qualities of mind and heart; he regarded her with reverence as well as affection, and never once in his life had disobeyed her. She had instilled into him the principles which guided herself; she had breathed into him her own romantic and unconquerable spirit. It was a common remark at the time and afterwards, that any one who might chance to overhear the conversation between the mother and son, not knowing who they were, might suppose from its tone and tenor that two young men were discoursing upon some animating theme. The disasters that from time to time had overtaken the American arms, could not discourage their hopes, nor subdue their ardor. "*We are in the*

right," Mrs. Stee would repeat, and that knowledge was the source of confidence and comfort through every trial

To retu —while thus occupied, they heard the sharp crack of the rifle, followed immediately by Lockart's warning shouts, and the screams of the young girls who had been stationed in the field. In a moment after, several guns were fired in quick succession, and the girls were seen running towards the house, while the two divisions of the enemy, at no great distance behind them, could be perceived advancing through the standing corn. Not an instant was to be lost; yet such was the effect of sudden surprise on the brave men who, only two days before, had been taken unawares on Fishing Creek, that they seemed utterly at a loss what to do. Mrs. Steel alone retained perfect self-possession. Starting up, she called to the men, "You must fight!" but directly after, seeing the confusion that prevailed, she shouted an order for them to "clear themselves" as fast as possible. She urged her son to mount his horse at once, and save the public papers in his charge, while she pulled down the bars to let out him and his men. John was quick in all his movements, and it may easily be conceived that no time was now wasted. First in the saddle, he spurred his noble horse towards the bars, which he cleared at a bound—his mother having had no time yet to let them down—and galloped off. He was followed by James Harbinson, and the greater number of his men, for whom Mrs. Steel removed the bars as

fast as she could; several, however, were slower in getting off, and paid the penalty of their delay, being now exposed to the fire of the advancing tories. About fifty guns were discharged at the bars, and two of the whigs—William Anderson and James Barber—fell dead from their horses, bearing Mrs. Steel under them to the ground. Another received wounds of which he expired in a few days, and three others, also severely wounded, succeeded in making their way to the house of McFadden, one of the neighbors. Robert McFadden, who could not get his horse, in leaping the bars had part of his foot shot off; Samuel McCance, riding at full speed up the lane, received a shot in the hip, and John Lockart's hunting-shirt filling with the wind as he rode, was riddled through and through with bullets that missed his body. Capt. Steel, determined to cut his way through the assailants, rode foremost up the lane at full speed, his long hair, unfastened, streaming in the wind, his rifle in one hand, held high above his head in defiance of the foe. He was closely followed by those of his company who had escaped. The tories made no attempt to stop them; but startled by the fury of their onset on their own party, gave way precipitately and scattered from the road, though they might have overpowered them by numbers; nor were they able to rally till the fugitives were beyond their reach. The whigs who were taken prisoners were carried to Camden; one or two died in the gaol there, while others languished for seven months, suffering incredible cruelties.

How was it meanwhile with the matron, as she struggled to release herself from the weight of the dead bodies, rising from the ground covered with the blood of the slain, her dress pierced in different places with bullet holes! Her first thought was for "John and the papers." When she heard they were safe, she burst into an exclamation of thankfulness, and as she was fortunately unhurt, turned her attention to the relief of others. The tories, meanwhile, enraged at their disappointment, and ascribing their failure to the energetic aid of Mrs. Steel, with one accord turned their course to her house. This they burned to the ground, and destroyed her property of every description, wherever they could find anything belonging to her. This vindictive outrage was the strongest testimony they could give of their estimate of the importance of her services to her friends.

The captain often related this adventure, and said that when flying along the lane with his hair streaming, he thought of Absalom, and vowed, if he escaped his fate while passing under the trees, to sacrifice the hair which had brought him into such peril. This resolve was carried into effect; for the Misses Hemphill afterwards at his request cut it off. James Harbinson, who also wore his hair in a queue, lost it by a singular chance: it was cut off by a rifle ball as he leaped the bars. The vow he then made was different from the captain's; for he resolved to wear it long while he lived, in defiance of British or tories, and religiously kept his resolution for more than half a century. It is still

remembered that at a large Fourth of July celebration, this aged soldier appeared with his hair, then as white as cotton, tied up in a queue, and that he enlivened the festival with song after song and story after story of the Revolution. His voice was remarkably sweet and powerful, and he was a tall, strongly-built, and noble-looking old man, whose ripened age had redeemed the promise of his youth. He lived to see the national prosperity his stripling arm had helped to win, his death taking place about 1840.

Captain Steel and those who escaped with him made their way that night to Charlotte. Andrew Lockart and his young companion became separated accidentally, and lay during the night in a thicket near the Nation Ford, neither knowing that the other was close in his neighborhood till the next morning, when they discovered each other, and went on together. Steel continued to act a distinguished part in the partisan service, was at Charlotte when Cornwallis advanced upon the place, and also at King's Mountain. He was afterwards with Col. Lacey when, after leaving Fishdam Ford, Sumter, aware of Tarleton's approach, made a hasty retreat, and took up his position at Blackstock's, near Tyger River. On the retreat, Sumter ordered his servant to dismount, gave the horse to Sergeant Rowan, and desired him to go back with Mr. Hannah, of York, to watch the enemy's movements. The two ere long discovered that two officers of Tarleton's kept in advance of the main body. Rowan offered his canteen of whiskey to Hannah, and took a

long draught himself, for he had much faith in that sort of inspiration ; he then proposed to "take a nigh cut and wait upon those two gentlemen." As the doomed officers came near the ambush, both were shot by the concealed whigs. Rowan rode back and secured the sword of his victim, and they brought Sumter information of the near approach of Tarleton's cavalry. On this report the General prepared for immediate action. The encounter, with its result, is detailed in history ; the Americans had the advantage, but Sumter received a severe wound, and was carried on a litter the samc night into North Carolina. Capt. Steel returned home in November, and by the aid of his faithful rangers reduced the neighborhood to order, organizing the militia, bringing some of the tories to trial and execution for murder, driving others of the worst from the country, and pardoning less culpable offenders who promised reformation. The condition of the times demanded such summary measures; a fatal disease threatened destruction to the body of the state, and it needed a sharp weapon and an unshrinking hand to eradicate it. Steel was encouraged in all he did by the counsels and approbation of his mother. She rejoiced in seeing the friends of liberty rally once more to recover the State, and exulted not a little when Morgan's and Davison's troops crossed the river near her residence.* In every matter relating to the war she took a special interest. The

* A record of all these military movements, is extant in a manuscript written by George Wade, who at the time furnished the

story of Col. Washington's log cannon, she thought one of the best jokes she had ever heard. Early in December, 1780, this colonel, who had penetrated with a small force to the neighborhood of Camden, appeared in hostile array before the house of Col. Rugely, who had taken a commission in the British militia. He had surrounded his house with a stockade fort, and kept there one hundred and twelve men, who were under his command. Washington's cannon was a pine log, one end of which was stuck in the ground, while the other, elevated a few feet by its branches, was presented. The imagination of the garrison converting the harmless timber into a piece of artillery completely equipped with the apparatus of destruction—they immediately surrendered.

An anecdote of one of the "fighting men" of the neighborhood is illustrative. After the whigs had begun to re-establish themselves on the soil, John Gaston the younger, having returned home, heard from Andrew Lockart the particulars of the affair at Neely's, and the shout of the tories—"Hurra for Scoggins!" Resolved to visit the offence with summary punishment, he took his rifle, mounted his horse, and rode at full speed to Scoggins' house, which stood near the river, just below the spot where Sumter had been surprised. Scoggins saw him galloping that way in fiery haste, and conscious of his deserts for having

American troops with corn and other provisions. He and the McDonalds were the wealthiest planters on the Catawba, and their fine lands along the river produced large supplies of corn.

conspired to entrap and murder his neighbors, was in no small trepidation. As Gaston neared the house, he fired at him, but missed his aim. Gaston dashed on to the door, driving back Scoggins, cocked his weapon, presented it and fired, but also missed, the man dodging at the instant, and his own eyes being somewhat blinded with the smoke. Scoggins seized the opportunity to dart past his assailant, who, flourishing his empty gun, rushed after the fugitive, pursuing him along the river, and up and down the high hill at Cloud's fishtraps. The race continued for more than an hour, till Scoggins finally made his escape, either the anger or the strength of his pursuer being exhausted. No further attempt was made to punish him, for the fright and race for his life were considered as entitling him to immunity.

John Steel continued in active service, and was engaged in every battle during the campaign of 1781. In the spring following, he was married to Margaret Beard, Esther Gaston and Alexander Walker officiating as bridesmaid and groomsman. Thomas Steel, the younger brother, afterwards married the sister of Margaret. John was accustomed jocularly to apologise for the interruption in his military career, by protesting he had deferred to his bride's wish to have the marriage hastened; he was willing to please her at inconvenience to himself, but being absent only on a furlough, was obliged to leave her directly and return to the camp. He laid his commands on the affianced lovers Esther and Alexander, that they should not be

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

wedded till he finally came home ; threatening punishment if they disobeyed his injunction. They chose, however, to be guided by their own judgment in so important a step, and as John's return was delayed till he had seen the British fleet leave his native shore, he found his friends comfortably settled in their new abode. He, for his part, had thoroughly enjoyed the soldier's life ; he was at home in the camp, and the ever fresh and varied excitement, with continual change of scene, suited his adventurous spirit. It is not a little remarkable that he was never wounded in all his battles, though he never shrunk from perilous enterprise, always exposing himself among the foremost. His home was upon the old plantation, where his family grew up around him. The produce of his lands supplied his wants, and he never showed any desire to accumulate wealth. His disposition was amiable, and he seemed not to remember injuries he had received during the war, though others did not always show an equal readiness to forgive him. As an illustration of his placable nature, his daughter, Mrs. Jane Thompson, mentioned a singular fact—that she never learned from her father who had been whig or tory among their neighbors. On one occasion when they were at a religious meeting, she noticed a man with his hand bound up, and asking her father what was the matter, was answered simply that it had been hurt. She learned from others that the man's hand had been wounded while he served with the loyalists, and that afterwards turning patriot he

was ashamed of his former conduct and unwilling that it should be mentioned. This generosity on Steel's part will appear the more worthy of commendation when we consider the state of feeling then prevalent between opposite parties, throughout the country.

When peace returned to the country and order once more prevailed, Mrs. Steel's zealous efforts were not wanting to heal breaches among the neighbors, and remove obstacles to a good understanding. Her eldest son, the pride of her heart, was aided by her, when the necessity for strong measures ceased, in holding out the hand of fellowship to the erring, reclaiming the depraved, and restraining the vindictive ferocity of her younger son and her sons-in-law. All she could influence were disposed to the exercise of a conciliatory spirit, and to forgetfulness of past wrongs. It was no trifling part of woman's mission to reconcile the discordant elements left by the disorganizing ravages of civil war, and to build up a new and promising state of society. Mrs. Steel showed no less of the truly heroic in her character in her labors after the establishment of peace, than in the darkest hour of the actual struggle. Her days were ended at the old fort in 1785. She was surrounded by her children, all of whom were married. Her eldest son, who had fought so many battles, was killed in 1812, by a fall from his horse. Even at an advanced age he was one of the best riders in the country, and it is said he had scarce a rival in this martial accomplishment, in the American army. When making a charge, his massive eyebrows drawn

down, his teeth set, and his whole aspect denoting iron determination, he was said to look like a commissioned demon of destruction. Yet in the social circle he showed himself one of the most jovial spirits in the world. His hair, which in youth had been such an ornament, at the time of his death had the same glossy blackness, and his fine countenance and powerful frame betokened no diminution of strength. All the survivors of the Revolution in the region where he lived spoke with warm admiration of Capt. Steel, and among their descendants his memory is venerated as one of the bravest of the brave, and a benefactor to his native land. The mother to whom he owed so much, retained to the last of life the sprightliness and sweetness of disposition that had distinguished her in youth. She was always ready to enter into the lively conversation of those around her, and could laugh and jest with the merriest; while all the tenderness of the woman, as well as an indomitable courage, marked her character. Her personal appearance was striking and attractive, and her face bore the impress of the spirit that shone forth in so many noble actions.

The descendants of the Steel family, with those of Mrs. Steel's sons-in-law, have removed to the west, and are scattered through different States. The only one remaining in South Carolina is Mrs. Jane Thompson, before mentioned as the daughter of Capt Steel.

LI.

NANCY GREEN.

An interesting glimpse into the life and character of the Scotch-Irish patriots of South Carolina at the period of the Revolution, is afforded in the history of Mrs. Green. She was the daughter of Robert Stephenson, (commonly called Stinson) a native of Scotland, and was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, in 1750. The family was reared in the strictest tenets of the covenanting faith, in the parish of Ballymoney, under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Martin, who about the year 1773 emigrated to America and took up his abode on the banks of Rocky Creek, a branch of Catawba River, in the county, now district of Chester, South Carolina. Many of his congregation quitted their country with him, following their pastor under the impulse of the same desire—of "freedom to worship God." Among these emigrants were James, William and Elizabeth Stinson and their brother-in-law, William Anderson, who had married Nancy Stinson shortly before the sailing of the ship. Her wedded life thus commenced with a voluntary renunciation of home and the society of her early friends,

to seek a new country—encountering unforeseen privations and difficulties. They were accompanied by an orphan girl—Lizzy Craig—a niece of Anderson, and his only relative who came to America. At this time bounty lands were bestowed by the government as inducements to emigration. Those who received such warrants, on their arrival took care to fix their location as near as possible to a central point, where it was their intention to build a meeting-house. The spirit was that of the ancient patriarchs, who, wherever they went, first built an altar unto the Lord. The spot selected for this purpose was the dividing ridge between Great and Little Rocky Creek. Here, in the summer of 1773, the pious covenanters might be seen from day to day, felling trees and clearing a space of ground, on which they reared a large log meeting-house, many of them living in tents at home, till a place was provided in which they could assemble for religious service.

The land selected by William Anderson lay about two miles to the east, half a mile from what is now Rossville, near Great Rocky Creek. On a small elevation near the road leading to McDonald's Ferry, stood his tent, until the meeting house was completed. He then went to work for himself, and built a log cabin, clearing around it a patch of ground in which he planted Indian corn. He was ignorant of the manner of cultivating this grain, but the first settlers, or "country-borns," were ever ready to offer assistance, and took pains to instruct the Irish emigrants in its

culture. The wants of a small family were supplied with small crops, for corn was then only used for making bread, the woods affording abundant supplies of grass, cane and wild pea vines, to serve their horses and cattle for provender the year round. The streams abounded in shad and various other fish in their season, and the trusty rifle that hung on the rack over the door, was never brought back without having performed its duty in slaying the deer, the bear, or whatever small game might be sought in the forest. Often have the old men who lived at that day spoken of the abundance that prevailed, and the ease with which money could be made; a good hunter, when he chose making five dollars a day in deer skins and hams, while if generous he might give away the remainder of venison to the poor. The hams and skins were sent to Charleston and exchanged for powder, lead, and other necessary articles. The wealth of these primitive planters consisted in stock, their labors in tilling the earth, felling the woods and fencing their fields, while they were disturbed by none of the wants or cares created by a more advanced state of civilization. Such was the condition of the Covenanters who had left their native Ireland for the religious liberty found in these wilds. During seven years after their settlement in the woods, the Andersons enjoyed a life in which nothing of earthly comfort was wanting. Year after year the little patch of corn was enlarged, till it became a field of respectable dimensions, ten acres being then considered a good clearing for a farm.

Their stock, small in the beginning, had increased to numerous herd of cattle. William was now a man of substance, well to do in the world, able to assist others, and now and then to show his kind feeling towards a countryman or old acquaintance by the present of a cow. Not only had their basket and store been blessed, but their dwelling was gladdened by the voice of infancy. Of their three children the first-born—Mary—was able to read and repeat the catechism to the minister; Robert could read the Bible, and little William was just able to walk. Every Sabbath morning the parents, in their Sunday clothes, with their neatly-dressed and well-behaved little ones, might be seen at the log church, their pocket Bibles containing the old Psalms, in their hands. Turning over the leaves, they would follow the preacher in all the passages of Scripture cited by him, as he commented on his text. Thus their simple, trustful piety caused the wilderness to rejoice.

But this happiness could not be lasting. The rumor of war had gone over the land ; it was heard even in this remote section, and these refugees who had found peace could not but sympathise with their oppressed brethren. The desolation that ravaged the North, ere long took its way southward. The attack on Sullivan's Island startled many who had fancied themselves in security. Some persons from the Catawba region were at the scene of strife, and brought a report to those remaining at home, while several did their part by going out against the Cherokee Indians ; yet so far

this pleasant neighborhood had been spared, and seemed likely to continue exempt from the miseries of civil war ; its families were unmolested, and the pure ordinances of the gospel were regularly administered, with none to make them afraid. This immunity was of short duration. John McClure, of Fishing Creek, coming home, brought intelligence of the surrender of Charleston, and his own defeat at Monk's Corner. Still worse was the news from across the river—of the inhuman massacre of Buford's command by Tarleton's corps, at the Waxhaws. This event gave a more sanguinary character to the war. Directly after this appalling announcement, spread the rumor that a strong party of British was posted at Rocky Mount, that the people of Wateree were flocking to take protection, and profess themselves loyal subjects of King George, and that the conquerors were sending forces in every direction to reduce the province to submission. Such was the aspect of affairs up to a certain Sabbath in June 1780.

On the morning of this memorable Sabbath—the picture is drawn in no hues of fiction—the different paths leading to the log meeting-house were unusually thronged. The old country folk were dressed with their usual neatness, especially the women, whose braw garments, brought from Ireland, were carefully preserved, not merely from thrift, but as a memorial of the green isle of their birth. They wore fur hats with narrow rims and large feathers—their hair neatly braided,—hanging over their shoulders, or fastened by

the black ribbon bound around their heads. The handsome dress of silk or chintz—a mixture of wool and flax—or of Irish calico, fitted each wearer with marvellous neatness, and the collar or ruffles of linen white as snow, with the high-heeled shoes, completed their holiday attire. It was always a mystery to the dames who had spent their lives, or many years in the country, how the gowns of the late comers could be made to fit so admirably, their own, in spite of every effort, showing a sad deficiency in this respect. The secret of the difference probably lay in the circumstance that the females from the old country wore stays well fortified with whalebone. The men, on their part, appeared not less adorned in their coats of fine broadcloth, with their breeches, large knee buckles of pure silver, and hose of various colors. They wore shoes fastened with a large strap secured with a buckle, or white topped boots, leaving exposed three or four inches of the hose from the knee downward. It must be acknowledged that this people, so strict in their religious opinions, were somewhat remarkable in their fondness for dress. They considered it highly irreverent to appear at church not clad in their best attire, and though when engaged in labor during the week they conformed to the custom of their neighbors, wearing the coarse homespun of their own manufacture, on the Sabbath it was touching to see how much of decent pride there was in the exhibition of the fine clothes brought from beyond seas. As years rolled on, many of the dresses and coats began to show marks

of decay; but careful repairing preserved the hoarded garments linked with such endeared associations, and only a few who had married with the "country-borns" had made any alteration in them. This peculiarity in dress gave the congregation assembled to worship in that rude sanctuary, a strange and motley appearance—European finery being contrasted with the homespun gowns, hunting-shirts and moccasins of the country people. It was always insisted on as a point of duty among the Covenanters, that children should be brought to church with their parents. The little ones sat between the elders, that they might be kept quiet during divine service, and be ready at the appointed hour for the catechism. The strict deportment and piety of this people had already done much to change the customs formerly prevalent; men and women who used to hunt or fish on the Sabbath now went regularly to meeting, and some notorious ones, whose misconduct had been a nuisance to the community left the neighborhood. The Strouds, Kitchens and Morrises, formerly regarded as the Philistines of the land were regular in their attendance upon divine worship.

On this particular day, the whole neighborhood seemed to have turned out, and every face wore an expression of anxiety. Groups of men might be seen gathered together under shade trees in every direction, talking in loud and earnest tones; some laying down plans for the assent of their friends; some pale with alarm, listening to others telling the news, and some,

transported with indignation, stamping the ground and gesticulating vehemently as they spoke. Everywhere the women mingled with the different groups, and appeared to take an active part in what was going on. At eleven o'clock precisely, the venerable form of Martin, the preacher, came in sight. He was about sixty years of age, and had a high reputation for learning and eloquence. He was a large and powerful man, with a voice which it is said might have been heard at the distance of half a mile. As he walked from the place where he had hitched his horse, towards the stand, it being customary, when the congregation was too large to be accommodated in the meeting-house, to have the service in the open air, the loud and angry words of the speakers must have reached his ears. The voices ceased as he approached, and the congregation was soon seated in silence upon the logs around the stand.

When he arose to speak, every eye was fixed upon him. Those who had been most noisy expected a reproof for their desecration of the Sabbath, for their faithful pastor was never known to fail of rebuking those whose deportment was unsuited to the solemnity of the day. But at this time he too seemed absorbed with the subject that agitated every bosom. "My hearers," he said, in his broad Scotch-Irish dialect—"talk and angry words will do no good. *We must fight!* As your pastor—in preparing a discourse suited to this time of trial—I have sought for all light, examined the Scriptures and other helps in ancient

and modern history, and have considered especially the controversy between the United Colonies and the mother country. Sorely have our countrymen been dealt with, till forced to the declaration of their independence—and the pledge of their lives and sacred honor to support it. Our forefathers in Scotland made a similar one, and maintained that declaration with their lives; it is now our turn, brethren, to maintain this at all hazards." After the prayer and singing of the Psalms—he calmly opened his discourse. He cited many passages from Scripture to show that a people may lawfully resist wicked rulers; pointed to historical examples of princes trampling on the people's rights; painted in vivid colors the rise and progress of the reformation—the triumph of truth over the misrule and darkness of ages—and finally applied the subject by fairly stating the merits of the Revolutionary controversy. Giving a brief sketch of the events of the war from the first shedding of blood at Lexington, and warming with the subject as he went on, his address became eloquent with the fiery energy of a Demosthenes. In a voice like thunder, frequently striking with his clenched fist the clapboard pulpit, he appealed to the excited concourse, exhorting them to fight valiantly in defence of their liberties. As he dwelt on the recent horrid tragedy—the butchery of Buford's men, cut down by the British dragoons while crying for mercy —his indignation reached its height. Stretching out his hand towards Waxhaw—"Go see," he cried— "the tender mercies of Great Britain! In that church

you may find men, though still alive, hacked out of the very semblance of humanity: some deprived of their arms—mutilated trunks: some with one arm or leg, and some with both legs cut off. Is not this cruelty a parallel to the history of our Scottish fathers, driven from their conventicles, hunted like wild beasts? Behold the godly youth, James Nesbit—chased for days by the British for the crime of being seen on his knees upon the Sabbath morning!" etc. To this stirring sermon the whole assembly responded. Hands were clenched and teeth set in the intensity of feeling; every uplifted face expressed the same determination, and even the women were filled with the spirit that threatened vengeance on the invaders. During the interval of divine worship they went about professing their resolution to do their part in the approaching contest; to plough the fields and gather the crops in the absence of the men—aye, to fight themselves, rather than submit. In the afternoon the subject was resumed and discussed with renewed energy—while the appeals of the preacher were answered by even more energetic demonstrations of feeling. When the worship was concluded, and the congregation separating to return homeward, the manly form of Ben Land was seen walking among the people, shaking hands with every neighbor and whispering in his ear the summons to the next day's work.

As the minister quitted the stand, William Stroud stepped up to him. This man, with his sons, was noted for strength and bravery. They were so tall in

stature, that like Saul, they overlooked the rest of the congregation. He doubted not, he said, that Mr. Martin had heard of his "whipping the pets." "I rather think," he continued, "some people will be a little on their guard how they go to Rocky Mount for 'tection papers! Yesterday I was down at old deaf Lot's still-house; who do you think was there? John and Dick Featherston! John said he had been to Rocky Mount to see the fine fellows, and they were so good to him, to give him 'tection. Do, John, tell me what that is, I asked. He said it was a paper, and whoever had one was safe; not a horse, cow or hog would the British take from him without paying two prices for it. So, John, says I, I know now who told the British about James Stinson's large stock of cows, which they drove off yesterday, knocking down Mrs. Stinson for putting up old Brindle in the horse stable, so as to keep one cow to give milk for the children! Now, John, as you have British 'tection, I will give you Whig 'tection! With that I knocked him down; Dick came running up; I just gave him a kick in front; he doubled up; John got up and ran for it, and Dick begged like a whipped boy. I told him he might carry the news that 'tection paper men should be whipped and have their cows taken from them to pay James Stinson for his. I think this is what you call the law of Moses! and as for these Britishers, if I don't make old Nelly ring in their ears and be *dad* to them! Excuse me for swearing this time, if you please. Now, Mr. Minister, here is old Bill—that is two; then here

is young Will, Tom, Jack, Hamp, Erby, Ransom, and Hardy; and there are some girls, you know, and the baby, little Anzel. I have heard you say children are a crown to old men who sit at the gate." The manner in which this characteristic speech was delivered, may be imagined. Martin showed his acceptance of the proffered aid by taking William's hand, and introducing him to Capt. Land.

On his way home from meeting William Anderson was unusually silent, as if some weighty matter engaged all his thoughts. Mrs. Anderson spoke first—after she too had been reflecting. "I think, William, little Lizzy and I can finish the crop, and gather it in if need be, as well as take care of the stock." "I am glad of that, Nancy," was the reply. "I was silent, for I did na ken how to let you know it, but to-morrow morning I leave home. The way is now clear; the word of God approves, and it shall ne'er be said that the Covenanters, the followers of the reformers of Scotland, would na lend a helpin' hand to the renewal of the Covenant in the land of America! Now, Nancy, Capt. Land will be out before day, giving notice that up at the cross road hard by, he will drill the men who are willing to fight; this was agreed upon as I left." Their conversation through the day was in the same strain. As they rose from dinner, Mrs. Anderson said, "William, were you out at kirk in Ballymoney on that Sabbath when Mary Martin, our minister's first wife, lay a corpse in his house? No one thought he could attend to preaching in his sore dis-

tress; but precisely at the striking of the hour he was seen walking down the long aisle to the pulpit. I never shall forget the sermon! there was not a dry eye in the whole congregation; old men and women fairly cried aloud. I thought of that, to-day, when after sermon old Stroud went up to him as if he had been one of the elders. Did you see the man of God clap Stroud on the back as if he were going to see him have a fair boxing match? Our minister is a wonderful man; he can persuade people to almost anything." William Anderson looked up quietly and asked, "Did he persuade you to marry him, Nancy, when he went to your father's a courting?"

"Na, indeed, William; I could na think of an old man when I had you fairly in my net. But I did him a good turn in letting him know that Jenny Cherry was setting her cap for him, and sure enough he took my advice, and they were married. You know they called their first child for me—Nancy—a little older than our Mary."

That Sunday evening wore away, and early on the Monday morning the plough stood still in the furrow, and the best horse, saddled and bridled, was at the door. Mrs. Anderson had been up since a little after midnight, making hoe cakes on the hoe, and corn dodger in the oven, and while the cooking of meats was going on, busily plying the needle, running up sacks and bags to hold provision for man and horse on a long journey. Good "Ball," accustomed to range for his food, when not at liberty could not do without

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON, SEVENTH PRESIDENT.

a few ears of corn. As soon as he had taken his break-fast, William Anderson, bidding his wife farewell, mounted and rode off. In about two hours she heard the firing of horsemen's pistols in the direction of the muster-ground, and soon William made his appearance, riding as fast as the horse could carry him. Passing around the house, he took the path to the spring, rode down the stream from the spring and crossed the creek at the cowford. Some British dragoons who had been in close pursuit, failing to overtake him, gave vent to their rage by plundering the house of the most valuable articles of furniture, and insulting Mrs. Anderson with gross and indecent language. Their visit brought the small pox; and the poor mother's attention was soon too entirely absorbed by the sufferings of her children to leave time for distress on other accounts The brief glimpse she had of her husband as he fled was probably the last; it is not known that he ever again came home, though he was not killed till two months after. She had only the assistance of Lizzy in nursing the three little ones, and was often compelled to leave them, to plough the cornfield and finish working the crop. Thus the sufferers had not proper attention, and it went hard with poor little Willie. For a long time the mother despaired of his life, and when he did at last recover, how altered was the beautiful boy whose fresh blooming face had been her delight! This child was the late Col. William Anderson of Chester District.

Before the return of the next Sabbath, Mrs. Ander

son's stock had been driven off by the enemy, and the log meeting-house was burned to the ground. Stripped now of almost everything within doors and without, she had no resource but to roast the ears of green corn, or dry the corn in the milk, and grate it on a rough stone into coarse meal, of which she made mush for herself and the sick children. Meanwhile her husband joined the forces of Sumter under Capt. John Steel, at Clem's Branch, on the east side of Catawba River. He was in the battle at Williamson's, at Rocky Mount, Hanging Rock, and Carey's Fort on the Wateree. He was shot by the tories in the attack on Steel's party at Neely's, mentioned in the preceding memoir. In the confusion his body and Barber's were left unburied during the day; but at night Mr. Culp and one of his negroes dug a grave and interred them by the bars where they fell. Such was the end of a brave man, whose name deserves honor from his adopted State.

Mrs. Anderson was now a widow in peculiar circumstances of desolation. Her brothers James and William were in the camp: the whigs had retired to North Carolina, and the neighborhood was in consequence left to the depredations of the tories. In two months great changes had taken place within the circuit of three miles: in this limited neighborhood were five newly made widows—Mrs. Anderson—Mrs. Land—Mrs. Boyd—Mrs. James Barber and Mrs. Joseph Barber. Joseph had been taken at Fishing Creek, and carried to Camden gaol, where he died, probably

of starvation. Young William Stroud was taken by the British, and hung on the road—it is said by Tarleton's orders—for the crime of fighting the battles of his country when they chose to consider him a British subject. His body hung upon the tree three weeks during the month of August, a placard forbidding his burial being fastened to it—and the loyalists passing on the road daily to Rocky Mount. At last a few friends bold enough to risk the vengeance threatened, came at night, and digging a hole in the earth under the suspended corpse, climbed the tree, cut the rope, and let it fall into the grave.* This happened about half a mile below Green's meeting-house. A strip of red clay about fifteen feet long—the only patch of that color on the road, marked the last resting place of one who, in the short space of two months had killed more soldiers of the royal army than probably any one else during the whole war. It was not surprising that when taken, he should be punished so barbarously for the purpose of striking terror into others.

The season for harvest now approached, and the wives of absent whigs, and the widows of those who were slain, were obliged to cut and gather in the corn for the use of their families. But what certainty had they—exposed to cruel marauders—that they would ever have a bushel of the grain for bread? It was truly a dismal prospect, for in the state of the country

* Other accounts state that Stroud was buried by his sister. It was Capt. Dickson, of York District, who cut him down.

they had little to expect but nakedness and starva tion.

At the proper season Mrs. Anderson pulled her flax, watered and put it through the break, then scuttled it with the hand-scuttle, and hackled it on the coarse and fine hackle. Day after day, and at night too, the humming of her busy little wheel might he heard as she spun the flax. She had now no stock to attend to except the old sorrel mare and colt. The corn, when gathered, was put for safe keeping into the crib of Samuel Ferguson, one of her neighbors, and other articles, which she thought might be taken from her on some marauding visit of the tories, she gave into the charge of his excellent wife Isabella. These precautions were taken in view of her own approaching confinement, which took place in the winter. The child—a boy—called James Barber, after the unfortunate man who met his death at Neely's at the same moment with her husband, died in infancy of the scarlet fever.

From time to time some whigs of the neighborhood venturing to visit their homes, would call to inquire after her, and assist her by doing little turns of service, such as cutting wood, and the like; but a great part of the fuel she used, she gathered herself, and carried it home on her shoulders, or with the help of Lizzy. Her brother, William Stinson, had removed, some years before the war, to the vicinity of King's Mountain. He served in Capt. Barber's company, and was engaged in the battle of King's Mountain. He paid

several visits to his sister, generally accompanied by Ben Rowan, a hero whose history has all the interest of a romance, and whose motto through life was "Never shrink from danger." Mrs. Anderson was encouraged by both, and assured that should she be maltreated, the offender would not escape the punishment Rowan was in the habit of inflicting upon tories who had distressed whig women. The food on which Mrs. Anderson and her children subsisted during the winter was chiefly bread, though occasionally a little meat was brought to her by patrolling whigs. In February—when in a southern climate the winter begins to soften into spring—she contrived to build up the rock dam at the place used for a fish trap, spending the whole of several days, while at work, in the water up to her knees. When the fish began to run, she went every morning with Lizzy to the trap, and carried home what had been taken. Some days she made several traps, and the gain was proportionate. These fish she dried in the wooden chimney, hanging them all the way up, and thus supplied herself with provisions against a time of need. Often has she been heard to say that her life at this period was not an unhappy one, though she suffered many privations. Incessant occupation kept her thoughts from dwelling on past sorrows, or anticipating distress, and her trust was placed in Him who has said to the faithful, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." She still mourned for the brave man who had found a patriot's grave. but resigned herself to the decree of Providence, endeavor.

ing to fill his place in the care of her helpless children About the time she began preparations for putting in a new crop of corn, an occurrence took place which brought about an event having much influence on her future life.

One morning in April, 1781, long before the dawn of day, she was startled by hearing the sound of a huntsman's horn, on the road leading towards the spot where the meeting-house had stood. She thought she recognized the sound of Littleton Esbel's horn, and was not mistaken. Esbel was a mighty hunter in those days. He had no scruples about taking horses, and was always in possession of a good one; he was, moreover, fond of good liquor, and always carried a canteen of whiskey with him. Withal, he was a good soldier, had been much in camp, fought valiantly, and was esteemed an active and intelligent fellow. He often boasted of successful cunning, and was heard to say "any fool could take a horse, but it took a wise man to keep him." On this occasion it happened that several other men, not so well mounted as himself, were in his company. As they rode, the merry hunter, in the exhilaration of spirits elevated by more than moderate draughts from the canteen, continually blew his horn. It chanced that a troop of British dragoons, from one of the royal posts below, were out that day, and hearing the continued blowing of the horn, they were induced to suppose there might be a general mustering of the rebels. They set off, accordingly, in the direction of the sound, and before Esbel had the

least intimation of their approach, the tramp of their horses showed they were within a short distance. He saw at once the danger of his situation, but with the quickness of lightning bethought himself how to remedy the difficulty. At once he commenced in a very loud tone giving the usual military orders to prepare for action, while in a lower voice he bade his party clear out instantly and be off on peril of their lives. The stratagem succeeded to admiration; the dragoons halted, hearing the orders, and formed a line to face the expected attack, preparing to meet the enemy as well as they could. As soon as Esbel saw that his men were out of danger, putting spurs to his horse, he made for the road about a hundred and fifty yards to the left of the British, giving them a discharge of his rifle as he passed. The fire caused them to look in that direction, and seeing but a single foe, they started in pursuit. This was just what Esbel desired; he was out of reach of pistol-shot, and knew well that he rode the swiftest horse in the country, having picked him out for his speed with a view to some such accident. "Butterfly," as he called him, had won more whiskey by his racing than would have sufficed to buy half the ponies in the land. He had no fear, therefore, of being overtaken, and had a mind for some sport with his pursuers. Rising high in his saddle, he made a gesture of contemptuous defiance; then spurring his steed, galloped down the road, followed by a troop of redcoats at full speed. He enjoyed the sport exceedingly, hallooing and going through

the Indian warwhoop, which many of the men in that region had learned when in camp from the Catawbas The rage of the cheated dragoons was evinced by their continually firing their pistols, without effect, however, for the fugitive took care to keep beyond their reach, turning towards his pursuers at short intervals, and making various gestures intended to insult and irritate them. The race held on in this manner for about a mile and a half, and Esbel said it was "the prettiest race I ever had. I held in Butterfly, so as not to beat too much, you see; but just to keep about a hundred and fifty yards in advance." He was now passing the spot where the log meeting-house—burnt the summer before—had stood. The sight of the blackened space brought to his mind the last sermon he had heard preached there, and the words of the minister, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," came forcibly to his recollection. Esbel had but little feeling on the subject of religion, nor had his deeds been such as he could always remember with satisfaction. Yet conscience sometimes made its low voice heard, and at this moment the idea that after all, he might be given up to final perdition, that his time might be even then at hand—that by some mischance his horse might stumble and throw him—was far from agreeable. He knew well, from the example of Capt. Land and young Will Stroud, what mercy he might expect, if captured. Possessed by a sudden fear, he turned and took to the woods.

resolved to throw Rocky Creek between him and his pursuers.

Mrs. Anderson heard the tramp of his horse as he came down the hill towards her house, for some time before he appeared. When he rode into her yard, he called out—addressing her by name—"I have chased fifty red coats; no, I am not right there; I have led them a chase like a pack of fools! So here's the old canteen; will you taste a little whiskey? Now, isn't it good? 'tis of Butterfly's winning. He has carried me bravely in this race, and I would have had these fellows all day at my heels to keep them out of worse business, but as I passed the burnt meeting-house it made me a little sorry, and then I thought about the minister's last sermon, and so I thought I would just leave them." By this time the distant sound of horses' feet gave notice that the dragoons were coming. Esbel bade a hasty adieu to his neighbor, took to the ford, and having crossed, went a little way up the creek, to the top of the hill. There he blew a loud and long note on his horn. The redcoats came down to the creek, but not finding the ford readily, rode back to Mrs. Anderson's house to enquire of her if the rebels were in any considerable force. They had been chasing, they told her, a saucy fellow who, they now began to think, had been decoying them out of the way, as they judged from his extreme impudence. He would stop, they said, in the midst of his running, and call out to them, repeating his audacious defiance every little while. What was the result—as far as the

troopers were concerned—it is not our present business to inquire; we have to do with another individual, whom their pursuit of Esbel brought upon the stage of action.

On the road passed in this chase, north of Ragsdale's house, lived a man who had come to the country in the company of one Tom Morris. Morris had none of the best of characters, and the stranger's intimacy with him was not much to his credit in the neighborhood. None, however, knew anything to his disadvantage, unless extreme poverty might be deemed so, and that was a complaint which the ravages of war rendered too common to be disreputable. He was so reduced that he owned not a hunting-shirt except one much the worse for wear, but he was willing to work, and readily engaged to do a certain quantity of labor for a new one. Mrs. Ferguson told her husband if he would give him the work, she would cut and make the garment out of some material she had in the house. The man accordingly undertook a stipulated quantity of grubbing, and was upon the last forty rods, when happening to look up, to his surprise he saw a horseman—Esbel, in fact—galloping down the road, and shortly after, the dragoons following him at full speed and firing their pistols. Leaving his work, he ran to hide himself; but after a while, finding all was still, he ventured out again and resumed his grubbing. Hardly had he begun, however, before he again heard the tramp of horses, and spied the redcoats coming swiftly up the road on their return. Again he was off,

lying hid all the afternoon and part of the night—and returning, finished his work by moonlight some time before day. The next morning, wearing the new hunting-shirt his labor had procured, he set off to fulfil a resolution he had formed after seeing the redcoats—that he would go out into the range, take the first horse he could find, and make for the army under command of General Greene, then on the march towards Camden after the battle of Guilford. He had no doubt that he would soon find a horse, for while at work he had seen many in the range. This day, however, luck seemed to be against him, and he walked about till near noon without seeing a horse grazing, or hearing the bell commonly worn by animals thus at liberty. At last he heard the sound of a distant bell, and followed it up a small stream that bordered a cultivated field. In the midst of this space he saw a log cabin, with two or three little children playing on the sunny side of the house. Coming nearer, he perceived a very young girl letting down some bars to give entrance to a sorrel mare followed by a colt, and a woman of comely appearance, who by this time had noticed the approaching stranger, and was looking anxiously towards him, as if doubtful if he were friend or foe. As soon as he saw her, he walked directly up, and asked if she had seen any other horse in the range besides her own. She replied in the negative, and courteously invited the stranger to walk in. The invitation was accepted, and in the conversation which ensued, the visitor learned that the dame was a widow,

and the mother of the children he had seen; that the young girl was an orphan she had taken to bring up, and that she had suffered not a little from the depredators infesting the country. He told her on his part that he had been grubbing for Mr. Ferguson, that he had resolved to join the army, having had a great fright on account of the redcoats, and what had been his business in the woods. "I suppose," said the dame—in whom the reader will recognise an acquaintance—"you are the soldier Tom Morris brought with him?" The reply to this interrogatory introduced a prolonged and interesting conversation, which was interrupted by dinner. At the widow's hospitable solicitation the stranger sat down to the meal with the family, relinquishing, for that day at least, his project of securing a horse. Of course he could not think of taking the only one belonging to a poor woman! He was glad he had not seen the animal before, for had he taken her, she might not have found her way home after being turned out, or might have been seized by some one less scrupulous. Having parted from his new acquaintance, he took his course back to Ferguson's, much more thoughtful than he had come. The image of the sociable dame went with him; her fair face and handsome features, set off by soft light hair of the hue poets call golden, with her fine form—had made an impression which his admiration of the courage and resolution she had shown through so many trials, deepened and strengthened. Her lot in life was like his own: she lived alone, with means sadly diminishe-

by the troubles of war, and her little family depended on her labor for their subsistence from day to day. When he thought of the spirit she had shown, he remembered with some mortification how he had hid himself from the redcoats. That night it may be supposed he slept but little, having such food for reflection. In the morning little Lizzy came to Mr. Ferguson's to shell a bag of corn. The stranger assisted her, and having finished shelling the corn, took the bag and put it on the horse, offering to carry it to mill for her if she would tell him the road. The little damsel was not so ready to trust a person she did not know, especially as she had noticed what he said the day before on the subject of getting a horse, and prudently declined his offer, saying she had been bidden to go herself, and she always obeyed her aunt. Her answer caused the man no little chagrin, for he had made the friendly proposal only that he might have a reasonable excuse for another visit to the cabin. His conclusion now was to go at all hazards, trusting for his welcome to fortune and the dame's kindly nature.

It was not long before he was again at the fair widow's house, and to all appearance on a very comfortable footing. His history was already pretty well known to Mrs. Anderson, for she had heard the details from Tom Morris himself. When at length he ventured the question, "I suppose, Madam, you think well of the fellows Tom has told you of?" the frank answer was: "I do; my ain dear Willie died the death of a soldier."

"Then you would marry a soldier?"

"I have not thought about that; but if I ever should marry—if I think as I do now—none but a soldier would I have."

What turn the discourse took after this avowal tradition does not exactly inform us; nor how the "round unvarnished tale" which the soldier had to tell concerning himself, was received by his gentle auditor. But it is certain that, some three or four days after this conversation, the associate of Tom Morris went to Ferguson's to borrow a horse, and that he, accompanied by Nancy Anderson mounted on the sorrel mare, was riding along the road on the way to the house of the old Justice, John Gaston. After a short ceremony the Justice pronounced them man and wife, and received the fee of one dollar, all the money which the newly made husband possessed in the world.

The sudden conversion of Mrs. Anderson into Mrs. Green, gave no small offence to many of her friends, who fancied they had an undoubted right to control her in a step involving her future prospects. Not a single person of her acquaintance thought she had made a good or suitable match. They were especially scandalized that she had thought proper to dispense with formalities prescribed by the church and the custom of their fathers, which required an intended marriage to be published by the minister on three successive Sabbaths. It was impossible for her to comply with this requisition, there being no meeting for public religious service in those days of desolation, but the

over-strict deemed this no sufficient excuse. Nancy, however, did not suffer herself to be rendered uncomfortable by their disapprobation of her choice, or their censure of her hasty nuptials. She considered herself the most competent judge in the matter, and had decided that circumstances may modify cases to such an extent as to render proper a course which at a different time might have been ill-advised and unbecoming. She thought also that Daniel Green and herself had probably become better acquainted with each other's disposition and character in the five days preceding their marriage than many whose course of love is protracted for years; and knowing what it was to be alone and destitute, it was something to find one who could take care of her little property, aid in the maintenance of her family, and defend her in case of need. Both she and her soldier had been tried in the crucible of the Revolution, and both came forth like gold refined. They were well suited, in all respects essential to the comfort of married life, and matched in personal appearance. Nancy had no inconsiderable share of beauty of that striking order which suited her rather tall and robust figure, and though mild and amiable, possessed great energy and firmness. Daniel Green might have been called one of nature's noblemen. His appearance was commanding, his powerful frame denoting great strength, and his open and honest countenance expressed the benevolence of his heart. Frank and honorable in all his dealings, he was disposed to trust, but sagacious in discerning character,

his intellect being naturally keen and strong, and experience, without book learning, having given him deep insight into men. It will not be inappropriate here, to give a brief sketch of his career, especially as part of it illustrates the benevolence of other women who lived in those days. He was born in New Jersey, about 1752. His parents were poor, and unable to send him to school, but a quick perception and retentive memory enabled him to gain knowledge; when six years old, by hearing the sayings of Poor Richard read from the almanac, he soon got them by heart, and by close application learned to read, afterwards teaching himself to write. These maxims strongly impressed him; throughout his long life he was in the habit of repeating them on all occasions, and might have been called a second edition of the philosopher who wrote them, so similar was the character of his mind. As soon as he was old enough to contribute to the support of the family, he hired himself out to service. In the beginning of the war he was drafted to go to Canada. He then went to Philadelphia, about thirty miles from his home, and enlisted as a marine with Capt. Biddle. When entering the service, he informed Biddle that he had left his business at home in an unsettled state, and was promised a furlough before long, when he could have an opportunity of attending to it. Notwithstanding this promise leave of absence was refused on the ground that it had been granted to several married men, who should have the preference, and after applying four times in vain

FIRST SABBATH SERVICE OF THE PILGRIMS.

for permission to go home, the Andrea Doria getting ready to sail, Daniel, with one of his fellow marines, took his departure without leave, went back to New Jersey, settled his business, and returned to Philadelphia. As he and his companion entered the city they met an acquaintance, who informed them they were advertised as deserters, and that it was in his power, had he not scorned such bad faith, to make ten pounds by arresting them. The handbills posted at the corners, offering a reward for their apprehension, confirmed this information. Green used afterwards to say, had the man attempted to secure them, he would have been killed, for both were resolved to perish on the spot rather than submit to be arraigned as deserters. Their resolution was soon taken, and going directly to the barracks—where their guns had been left—they despatched a message to Capt. Biddle, announcing their return, and requesting him to come on shore. The next morning a sergeant and guard were seen marching towards the barracks. The two delinquents stood ready, musket in hand, and when the guard came within a short distance, Green called to them to halt, accompanying his order with a look of desperate determination that could not be mistaken. The sergeant informed them the captain had sent for them; the answer was, that they had sent for the captain and did not mean to leave the barracks with any but himself. At the sergeant's order to seize the prisoners, their muskets were presented, and the clicking of the cocks was the signal for the prompt order "right about

face," which the guard instantly obeyed, being out of sight at the first corner. A few hours after, they saw Biddle approaching, and wheeling out of the room into the street as he came up, at the proper distance they presented arms. The captain returned their salutation, and asked Green why he had thus treated the guard. The young man replied by reminding him of his promise of leave of absence, which was afterwards refused when solicited. His affairs required his attention; he had gone home to settle them, had returned of his own accord, and was now ready to serve his country. "You shall have justice, my brave fellow," said the captain; then taking each marine by the hand, the three marched through the streets to the wharf, and were soon on shipboard. Every eye was upon them, the sergeant having given an account of his reception, and several were heard to say they would be put to death for desertion and resistance to the guard, or at least whipped severely for an example. When the marines mustered they fell into ranks, and answered to the calling of the roll. The captain then came forward and explained the whole matter, concluding by saying, "These men are not deserters; I was to blame. I am satisfied with them, and," turning to the sergeant, "you, sir, and the guard must overlook what they did. Desperate men will do desperate acts, and you in their situation might have done the same. Let it pass, therefore, and see that every one hereafter does his duty." Thus did his humanity

and candor prevent injustice and secure the confidence of his men.

Green was afterwards transferred to the Randolph, which, after encountering a heavy gale at sea, put into the harbor of Charleston, to have a new mast made. This mast in a few days chanced to be struck by lightning and destroyed, and the accident, which he regarded as ominous, so disturbed the sailor's mind that he went ashore, and finding a soldier willing to exchange places with him, enrolled himself in a regiment of continental regulars. Whenever the vessel came into port on returning from her voyages, Green always visited his old companions, being very kindly treated by the commodore, but always looked upon his exchange as providential—the poor fellow who took his place never having returned. He served in the army, was taken prisoner May 12th, 1780, and employed on board the prison ship as a boat hand to fetch water and provisions from land. In March, the following year, the boat was sent some distance up Cooper River for fresh water, two British soldiers acting as a guard. The prisoners—seven in number—suffered not the opportunity to pass; they rose on the guard by a concerted movement, disarmed them, and effected their escape. After encountering many difficulties, they reached a plantation belonging to Col. Pinckney, and were received with the most cordial hospitality by Mrs. Pinckney, who, though alone—her husband not daring to venture home, and plundered of everything by the royalists, so that she depended on her negroes

for daily supplies—was ready to share what she had with them. From this place the fugitives made their way to "Buckhead," called Fort Motte, on the Congaree River, the residence of Mrs. Motte. This lady, whose patriotism was soon to be so signally displayed in the destruction, by her own consent, of her beautiful mansion, welcomed them kindly, and gave them lodging in an outhouse, where they were hid during the day, for it was thought unsafe to let the blacks on the premises know of their presence. Provisions were sent to them every day by Mrs. Motte, and she often paid them visits, accompanied by a young lady whose residence was on the north side of the river, and who was on a visit to her house. Her name, it is to be regretted, cannot be ascertained. Green, in relating the adventure, said, "These ladies were elegant and polished in their manners; we were ragged, dirty, rough-looking fellows; yet notwithstanding our forlorn condition, they treated us as equals, spoke to us kindly, and made us feel that we had not served our country in vain. They made many inquiries about the situation of the prisoners, and informed us that all was not lost, as the British would fain have made us believe when trying to seduce us from our duty. 'Yes,' said this lovely young lady, 'the Scotch-Irish of Chester, Lancaster and York refused British protection and defended themselves; they have fought many battles since you were immured in the prison ship, and though sometimes driven back, have rallied again. A few days ago, Sumter and his men swam the river

in this very neighborhood. These are your country-men.' My comrades smiled, especially Tom Morris, whom the speaker addressed, for they were men of Chester and Lancaster. Then, with one of the sweetest looks I ever met, she said to me, 'Green, you keep good company,' and informed me that Gen. Greene had lately fought the enemy at Guilford."

This young lady at length proposed to assist the men in getting across the river. She told them she and Mrs. Motte had decided that she was to go home the next day, and make arrangements to send some of her negroes to the riverside on the following night with canoes to convey them across. Accordingly on the appointed night, Mrs. Motte's trusty house servant came and conducted them to the landing. Several blacks were there with canoes; they were taken over the river, and led up to the overseer's house, where a table was set out, covered with abundance of provisions. Bedclothing was also furnished, so clean and fresh, that the hardy travellers would not soil the snow white sheets and quilts by sleeping in them, but stretched themselves before the fire. In the morning before they had all risen, breakfast was on the table, and they were invited to take for their journey as much as they could conveniently carry. "To think,"—said Green —"of one so accomplished showing so much kindness and attention to us, of late so unused to humane treatment!" In taking leave of the overseer, he offered him the only dollar he had remaining of the money with which they had left the banks of Cooper

River. The overseer shook his head, saying he would not take it for the world: Miss —— would never forgive him. "Why, all day yesterday," he said, "after she came home, she was riding back and forward from the great house to the quarter, ordering the killing of a hog or a sheep, and late in the evening was here with several negroes, who brought baskets full of large loaves of bread and cake, with bedclothing; and again, she herself set out the table, putting on the provisions, and all the time keeping me in the dark. At last she said—I shall never forget her look—'I suppose you would like to know what all this is for! I intend to send you seven men a little after dark, and you must do your best to make them comfortable. You see I have provisions pretty plenty. Mrs. Motte told me the giant Tom Morris was a great eater; let them have plenty, and take with them in the morning. They have seen rough times; they are very dirty; but they are the finest looking men I have seen in a long time, and you know they are on our side.' No—no —sir—I can't take your money!" Green contented himself with sending by the overseer a message of heartfelt thanks to his mistress, and a wish that when she married, her husband might be as good a man as she was a woman. Two days afterwards he and Morris were safely sheltered in the house of Isabella Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. Green found their troubles ended with the war. Prosperity attended them: they grew wealthy, but had no children to bear the name. The children of Anderson were treated by Green as his own.

With the wealth his industry acquired he did much good during his whole life. He repaired the church at Beckhamville, and built a wall around the burial-ground of cut granite well laid in lime, which is still entire, and to all appearance will last for generations. For many years the church he rebuilt was used by the Presbyterians, though it has now passed into the hands of the Methodists, and is their place of worship. Green himself never belonged to any particular denomination, but was esteemed by the members of all the different religious societies as an excellent man and a sincere Christian.

One who knew Nancy Green observed that if a woman ever lived who came up to Solomon's description of the virtuous woman in Proverbs it was she. As her life was spent in quiet usefulness, so her end was peace, and her last moments were sustained by the hope which gives to a Christian the victory over death. Her earthly course was finished in June, 1827. The afternoon of the day of her burial, Green remarked to one of his friends that he and his late wife had lived together near fifty years—and had tasted far more of real happiness than falls to the lot of most mortals. "We have been blessed," he said, "in our basket and our store, flourishing like a green bay tree beside the waters; but this is not our abiding place I have laid her at the head of her little granddaughter, Nancy Anderson. How soon I too may go the way of all living, I know not; but when that time comes, lay my bones by her side, at the head of the grave of my

granddaughter, Polly Anderson." He survived Mrs. Green but a few weeks. The fatigue of nursing and watching during her protracted illness, was in all probability the exciting cause of a severe attack of fever, which shortly terminated his life. For many hours before the final yielding of the powers of nature, he was delirious, and the ruling passion of the soldier was strong in the mind's wandering; all day he was mounting guard, and fighting over again the battles of the Revolution. The last words he uttered were an order to charge and break the ranks, and even when no longer able to speak, he would make the motion of thrusting with his hand, as if charging with the bayonet.

A singular circumstance occurred not many days before the death of Mrs. Green. While she lay in so precarious a state, that every day was expected to be her last, the country was visited by one of the heavy rains common to a southern climate. The water, falling almost in torrents, swept deep hollows even in nearly level ground; the earth was washed away from the spot at Neely's bars, where, as already mentioned, William Anderson and James Barber were interred, and the bones, after the repose of almost half a century, were brought to the surface. Col. Anderson, the son, went up to Neely's place, collected the bones, and carried them to the burial-ground enclosed by Daniel Green, depositing them there beside the place where he expected soon to open a grave for his mother. It was thought that in her feeble state she could not bear

to be informed of the occurrence, and her family refrained from allusion to it in her hearing; but the black nurse, having less prudence, told her what had happened. Mrs. Green expressed much regret that the bones had not been brought to her, anxiously desiring to see even one of the finger joints of the husband of her youth. Her last resting place is now a spot of remarkable interest. On either side repose the remains of her two warrior husbands: at her feet her son, Col. William Anderson—her grandchildren and great grandchildren enlarging the circle of kindred dead,—and around them is the granite wall which is a monument of the public spirit of her last chosen companion. To this solemn scene is not wanting a dirge of nature's own music; the ceaseless roar of the great Falls of the Catawba. Here lofty mountains confine the river in a narrow channel, pent as it comes nearer within walls of rock, piled on either side. Rushing over large masses of rock, it precipitates itself down the falls, the troubled waters dashing from one descent to another—a sheet of foam from shore to shore—descending in the succession of falls about one hundred and fifty feet, and abating not their impetuosity till they have passed Rocky Mount. The wildness of the steep and rugged cliffs, the grandeur of the Falls, and the picturesque scenery around—combine to render the spot an object of curiosity to travellers. It is an appropriate place for the rest of those whose spirits were tried amid the fierce conflict of political opinions and human passions—wilder than the strife of the boiling waters.

LII.

ESTHER WALKER.

The readers of American history must honor the memory of the noble patriot and martyr to liberty—Dr. Alexander Gaston, the father of the late Judge Gaston, of North Carolina. Others of that family were conspicuous in Revolutionary times. One of the brothers of Alexander, the Rev. Hugh Gaston, was a Presbyterian clergyman of eminent piety and learning, and well known as the author of "Gaston's Concordance," a standard theological work. Another, John, had his share in the labors and dangers of the patriots in the heroic age of our country. He was born in Ireland, but his ancestors were French, and are noticed in history as distinguished and zealous adherents of the Huguenot cause in the early part of the seventeenth century. They sought refuge in Ireland, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

John Gaston, the father of the subject of this memoir, emigrated to the United States about the year 1730, and some time afterwards, married Miss Esther Waugh. At this time his residence was in Pennsylvania. How long he continued there is not definitely

known; but it is believed that he left that colony about 1750 with some families of the Scotch-Irish, who came to South Carolina and settled upon the Catawba River. They gave to these new settlements the names of Chester and Lancaster, corresponding with those of the counties they had left.

The homestead where Mr. and Mrs. Gaston resided, was on the south side of Fishing Creek, six miles from its junction with the Catawba—now known, as it was then, by the name of Cedar Shoals. At this place Esther was born, 1761. She was the eleventh of a family consisting of nine sons and three daughters. Her parents, who were strict members of the Presbyterian church, took pains to instil into the minds of their children those principles of piety which exercised an influence over her life. The father of this family was himself a devoted Christian, as the whole course of his life testified. The following singular clause in his last will and testament, written with his own hand, is characteristic: "I leave my soul to Almighty God, my Creator; to Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, and to the Holy Ghost, my Sanctifier. I leave my body to be buried in a decent, Christian manner."

John Gaston was familiarly called Justice Gaston, having been a justice of the peace under the British rule. He was also one of His Majesty's surveyors, and celebrated for the accuracy of his plats. When the separation took place between the Colonies and the Imperial Government, followed by the struggle for freedom, although advanced in years, he took an ac

tive part in favor of the Americans. He was in the habit of sending one of his sons weekly to Camden, a distance of nearly fifty miles, for the only newspaper published in the State—"The South Carolina and American General Gazette." A copy of this journal is in the possession of the widow of his youngest son, Joseph, and bears date February 23d, 1776. From this the old man learned from time to time the progress of British encroachments, while he nourished that spirit of resistance to tyranny, which prompted him, when the oppressors of his country endeavored to enforce submission, to meet the crisis with firmness, tc maintain his own independence, and to urge his patriotic band of sons to a vigorous defence of their rights.

The darkest period of the war for the South, when South Carolina was claimed by the Briton as a conquered province, when the hopes of the people were prostrated, and they were compelled, almost every where, to accept protection by professing allegiance to the crown, did not extinguish the zeal of the patriots. The sons of John Gaston, and his nephews, McClure, Strong, and Knox, often met to speak together of the aspect of affairs and consult as to what steps were to be taken. While they were talking of the disaster at Monk's Corner,* a messenger brought intelligence that

* John McClure, 'a young veteran of twenty-two,' was with the company of mounted militia at Monk's Corner. They escaped with the loss of their horses, and had just reached home. He was at Justice Gaston's when the news came of Buford's defeat.

Tarleton with his cavalry had pursued and overtaken Col. Buford near the Waxhaws, and refusing quarter, had slaughtered his men without mercy. The wounded had been carried to Waxhaw Church as a hospital, while the tories had shown themselves active on either side the Catawba below Waxhaw and Fishing Creek settlements. At this news, the young men rose with one accord, and undaunted by reverse, grasped each other by the hand, and voluntarily pledged themselves to suffer death rather than submit to the invader. This spontaneous vow was confirmed by a solemn oath, and thence forward they continued in arms, Dr. James Knox being the surgeon of their company.

Such were the spirits by whom Esther Gaston was surrounded. She was at this time about eighteen, tall and well developed in person, and possessed of great mental as well as physical energy. Determined to bear her part in the work that was to be done, she lost no time in repairing to Waxhaw church, accompanied by her married sister Martha, and Martha's son John, a boy eight years of age. The temporary hospital presented a scene of misery. The floor was strewed with the wounded and dying American soldiers, suffering for want of aid; for men dared not come to minister to their wants. It was the part of woman, like the angel of mercy, to bring relief to the helpless and perishing. Day and night they were busied in aiding the surgeon to dress their wounds, and in preparing food for those who needed it; nor did they regard fatigue or exposure, going from place to

place about the neighborhood to procure such articles as were desirable to alleviate the pain, or add to the comfort, of those to whom they ministered.

Meanwhile, the British were taking measures to secure their conquest by establishing military posts throughout the State. Rocky Mount was selected as a stronghold, and a body of the royal force was there stationed. Handbills were then circulated, notifying the inhabitants of the country that they were required to assemble at an old field, where Beckhamville now stands, to give in their names as loyal subjects of King George, and receive British protection. After this proclamation was issued, Col. Houseman, the commander of the post at Rocky Mount, was seen with an escort wending his way to the residence of old Justice Gaston. He was met on the road by the old man, who civilly invited him into the house. The subject of his errand was presently introduced, and the Justice took the opportunity to animadvert, with all the warmth of his feelings, upon the recent horrible butchery of Buford's men, and the course pursued by the British government towards the American Colonies, which had at length driven them into the assertion of their independence. In despair of bringing to submission so strenuous an advocate of freedom, Col. Houseman at last left the house; but presently returning, he again urged the matter. He had learned, he said, from some of His Majesty's faithful subjects about Rocky Mount, that Gaston's influence would control the whole country; he observed that resistance was

useless, as the province lay at the mercy of the conqueror, and that true patriotism should induce the Justice to reconsider his determination, and by his example persuade his sons and numerous connections to submit to lawful authority, and join the assembly on the morrow at the old field. To these persuasions the old man gave only the stern reply—"Never!"

No sooner had Houseman departed, than the aged patriot took steps to do more than oppose his passive refusal to his propositions. He immediately despatched runners to various places in the neighborhood, requiring the people to meet that night at his residence. The summons was obeyed. Before midnight, thirty-three men, of no ordinary mould, strong in spirit and of active and powerful frames—men trained and used to the chase—were assembled. They had been collected by John McClure, and were under his command. Armed with the deadly rifle, clad in their hunting-shirts and moccasins, with their wool hats and deer-skin caps, the otter-skin shot-bag and the butcher's knife by their sides, they were ready for any enterprise in the cause of liberty. At reveillé in the morning, they paraded before the door of Justice Gaston. He came forth, and in compliance with the custom of that day, brought with him a large case bottle. Commencing with the officers, John and Hugh McClure, he gave each a hearty shake of the hand, and then presented the bottle. In that grasp it might well seem that a portion of his own courageous spirit was communicated, strengthening those true hearted men

for the approaching struggle. They took their course noiselessly along the old Indian trail down Fishing Creek, to the old field where many of the people were already gathered. Their sudden onset took by surprise the promiscuous assemblage, about two hundred in number; the enemy was defeated, and their well directed fire, says one who speaks from personal knowledge, "saved a few cowards from becoming tories, and taught Houseman that the strong log houses of Rocky Mount were by far the safest for his myrmidons."

This encounter was the first effort to breast the storm after the suspension of military opposition; "the opening wedge," in the words of an eye witness,* "to the recovery of South Carolina." Before the evening of that day, Justice Gaston was informed of the success of the enterprise, and judging wisely that his own safety depended on his immediate departure, his horse was presently at the door, with holster and pistols at the pommel of the saddle. The shot-bag at the old man's side was well supplied with ammunition, and his rifle, doubly charged, lay across the horse before him. Bidding adieu to his wife and grandchildren, and bestowing on them his parting blessing, he left home with his young son, Joseph, who was armed and mounted on another horse. On his way, he made a visit to Waxhaw church, where his daughters Esther and Martha were still occupied with their labor of

* Joseph Gaston. His account of the events of this period was written in 1836, and printed in a country newspaper of that time.

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kindness, to carry the news that "the boys," as he called them, had done something towards avenging the injuries of the poor men who were dependent on their care. A shout of exultation from the women welcomed the intelligence, and many a wounded soldier felt his sufferings mitigated by the tidings. The Justice pursued his way till he could consider himself beyond the danger of pursuit. His son Joseph returned, and marching with a detachment of men from Mecklenburg, North Carolina, in a few days joined his brothers in arms under the gallant John McClure.

Loud and long were the curses of Houseman levelled against old John Gaston. The arch rebel, he declared, must be taken, dead or alive, and the king's loyal subjects were called upon to volunteer in the exploit of capturing and bringing to Rocky Mount a hoary headed man, eighty years of age, for the crime of being the friend of his country and bringing nine sons into the field. Before the sun rose, about twenty redcoats were fording Rocky Creek, and wending their way along the Indian trail leading to Gaston's house. The thirst for revenge rankled in their hearts, and destruction and murder were in their purpose; but the God who protects those who place reliance on Him in all trial and danger, had opened a way of escape for the patriot's family. His wife and little Jenny, the daughter of his son William Gaston, providentially advised of the enemy's approach, had quitted the house. Their place of concealment was so near, that they could distinctly hear the frightful oaths of the disappointed

British soldiers, and could see the redcoats passing to and fro through the yard. Mrs. Gaston, clasping her grandchild's little hands between her own, knelt upon the ground, and in that glen, sheltered by bushes, poured out her petition to the God of the widow and the fatherless. The prayer of this aged matron, the mother of a brave race of men and women, was not only for her husband and children, but for the liberty of her country and its deliverance from evil and blood-thirsty men, who had not the fear of their Creator before their eyes. In the fervor of her supplication she prayed aloud. Her granddaughter, in describing the scene thirty years ago, said she might have been heard as far as the house, and it was fortunate that the soldiers did not discover her.

Samuel McCreary, the grandson of Mrs. Gaston, who was employed at work not far from the spot, heard the noise of the soldiers, and ascended a steep bluff within a short distance of the house, where he was concealed from view by the thick foliage, while yet he could observe every movement. He heard the heavy strokes of their broadswords on the chair usually occupied by the Justice, with the diabolical wishes that he were in it to receive the cleaving blows. The house was plundered of everything, and the stock carried off. The only article saved was the Family Bible, which Mrs. Gaston had taken with her in her flight. It is still kept in the family. She and her grandchildren spent the night at the house of Thomas Walker, the father of Alexander Walker, who was at that time the

lover, and afterwards became the husband of Esther Gaston.

On the next Sabbath the Rev. William Martin preached the discourse already mentioned at the log meeting-house. As steel sharpeneth steel, so did this minister, by his stirring words, rouse the spirit of his hearers, and prepare them to meet the coming storm by taking up arms. The effect of his eloquence was soon apparent. At an early hour on Monday morning, many of the conscientious Covenanters were seen drilling on the muster-ground seven miles from Rocky Mount, under the brave Capt. Ben Land, while two miles above this, at the shop of a negro blacksmith, some half a dozen more were getting their horses shod. Those at the muster-ground were charged upon by a party of British dragoons, having no previous notice of their approach, and dispersed.* Their captain being overtaken and surrounded by the dragoons, who attacked him with their broadswords, defended himself with his sword to the last, and wounded several of his enemies severely before he fell. The news of his death was carried to his wife, who shortly after gave birth to a son. It may be mentioned, as an instance of female patriotism illustrative of the general feeling, that in the anguish of her recent bereavement, while it seemed that the prospect was utterly dark, and the hope of national freedom crushed for ever, Mrs. Land called

* The man who carried to the enemy the tidings of Martin's sermon, and the mustering of the Covenanters, "did not die in his bed."

her child Thomas Sumter, in honor of the American general.

The party at the blacksmith's shop was also surprised, and one man killed in the shop. The dragoons then crossed Rocky Creek, and soon found their way to the rude stone hut which was the preacher's dwelling. They found the old divine in his study, preparing a sermon which was to be a second blast, made him their prisoner, and carried him like a felon to Rocky Mount. Thomas Walker had already been arrested, and was also confined there. The country was daily scoured for the purpose of discovering and destroying the whigs, and the unoffending inhabitants were plundered. Meanwhile, the loyalists were collecting and strengthening the royal post.

The victory at the Old Field was followed by a battle at Mobley's Meeting-House, and one at Williamson's—now Brattonsville—July 12th, in which Huck* was defeated and slain. The attention of General Sumter, who was encamped near Nation Ford on the Catawba, was then directed to Rocky Mount. On the night of July 30th, the American soldiers marched near the residence of Esther Gaston. She was informed, perhaps by one of her brothers, or her lover, Alexander Walker, who found time to call, that they

* The name is thus printed in most historical books, although at the time spelt Huyck. It is commonly pronounced Hook through that region of country, and sometimes written Hoik. His first name was Christian. There seems to have been a Lieut. John Huyck in the army. See Hist. Suffolk Co., p. 99.

were advancing against the enemy's position. By the morning she was in readiness to follow, and riding about two miles to the house of her brother, John Gaston, she urged her sister-in-law to go with her to the scene of action. The two were soon mounted, and making their way at a quick gallop down the Rocky Mount road. The firing could be distinctly heard. While these brave women were approaching the spot, they were met by two or three men, hastening *from* the ground, with faces paler than became heroes. Esther stopped the fugitives, upbraided them with their cowardice, and entreated them to return to their duty. While they wavered, she advanced, and seizing one of their guns, cried "Give *us* your guns, then, and we will stand in your places!" The most cowardly of men must have been moved at such a taunt; the runaway soldiers were covered with confusion, and for very shame dared not refuse to go back. Wheeling about, they returned to the fight in company with the two heroines. During the action Esther and Jane Gaston were not merely idle spectators, but busied themselves diligently in rendering whatever services were required, assisting in dressing the wounds of the soldiers, and in carrying water to allay their burning thirst. A Catawba Indian, severely wounded, was succored by them, and his last looks were turned in gratitude on those who had soothed his pain and supplied his wants. In these services, the training Esther had received at Waxhaw enabled her to do her part skilfully, and while she gave comfort to the dy-

ing, her animating words encouraged the living to persevere. The gallant Col. Neil was here slain. The prisoners William Martin and Thomas Walker, were bound to the floor in one of the log huts. The enemy knew well what reason they had to dread the effect of Martin's stormy eloquence. He afterwards regained his liberty, and lived to about the age of ninety, dying in 1806. The gentleman who communicated this account, remembers to have heard him preach, and was struck with his remarkable personal appearance. Numerous anecdotes are related of him. It was usually his practice, when reproving, to name the person who was the object of his displeasure. When the news came to him that the British had evacuated Charleston, he rode about the country to carry the intelligence to the neighbors, adding the comment, "The British have taken shipping, and may the d——l go with them!"

The action continued for a great part of the day. The sharp-shooters among the whigs concealed themselves in the woods and behind rocks, and fired at every crevice of the log houses occupied by the enemy's garrison. The British marksmen who went up to the loft to return the fire, were brought down every few minutes wounded or dead. The defence was made good from the buildings surrounded by an abatis, although the General offered a reward of four thousand dollars to any one who would fire them.* This

* So says a MS. narrative by Rev. Samuel McCreary. It appears to have been written in 1822.

was attempted by throwing faggots from rocks to the nearest houses, but without effect. A more effectual measure was then adopted—building brushheaps from the rocks to the houses, but this was frustrated by the rain which began to fall. An anecdote is told of one of Sumter's partisans, "hopping John Miller" (so called from being lame of a leg.) He took care to load his piece behind a rock, but would come out openly when about to shoot, always after deliberately taking aim, uttering the brief ejaculation, as he pulled the trigger, "May the Lord direct the bullet!" The same confidence in Providence and the justice of his cause, impelled him to a desperate attempt to dislodge the enemy. Assisted by a few others of his own stamp, he made a brush-pile by throwing brush over a rock that stood against the rear of the house. Having piled it so as to reach the house, Hopping Miller fired the heap, with a good prospect of burning out the garrison. This time, however, fortune was in their favor; for a heavy rain put out the fire, and late in the evening, Sumter drew off his men. With the retreat, Esther and her sister-in-law returned to their homes, through a heavy shower of rain, and a night so dark that it was impossible to distinguish any one.

In the following week, the Battle of Hanging Rock took place. Again the heroic maiden repaired to Waxhaw Church, where the wounded claimed the care of generous woman. Among the sufferers lay her youngest brother Joseph, a lad of sixteen, severely

wounded in the face, pale as death, and exhausted from loss of blood. Heavy cause for mourning, indeed, had the Gaston family after that fatal encounter, no less than three of Esther's brothers, Robert, Ebenezer, and David, being numbered with the dead Her cousin John McClure, too, was desperately wounded, and died not long afterwards. Another brother, Alexander Gaston, who was a lieutenant in the regular army, fell a victim to the small-pox in Sumter's retreat from Wright's Bluff. When news of the death of her sons was brought to Mrs. Gaston, it is said her words were—"I grieve for their loss, but they could not have died in a better cause." Nor did grief for these bereavements prevent Esther from performing her melancholy duty. Her heart was wrung by the suffering she witnessed, in many, too, whom she well knew as neighbors. Attentive only to the claims of the distressed, and wasting no time in the indulgence of her own sorrow, she spared herself no exertion nor fatigue in helping her cousin, Dr. James Knox, who performed the duty of surgeon to the wounded soldiers. She remained for a considerable time in this hospital, and afterwards went with the wounded to Charlotte, where she continued her care of her brother, and other sufferers.

When Justice Gaston quitted his home, his intention was to go to his brother Alexander at Newbern, N. C., but finding his way blocked up by the loyalists on Cross Creek, he turned back, and remained a few weeks in Iredell and Mecklenburg Counties. After the

battle of Hanging Rock, he returned home, for he observed it was at best but a few days of life that could be murdered by his foes. It is said he always went armed with a brace of horseman's pistols and his trusty rifle, all well loaded and ready for use, being resolved, in case of attack, to defend to the death his house and his aged partner. The victories of his countrymen, however, acted as a check on those who might be disposed to molest him, and the only hostile demonstration was the cutting out of his initials from a white oak that stood where the road to his house left that to Rocky Mount. His useful life was closed in 1782, (his pistols, it is said, being still under his pillow, and the rifle beside him,) leaving the memory of his heroic acts as a proud inheritance to his children. Mrs. Gaston survived him seven years, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, by whom the memory of her excellence and piety is affectionately cherished *

* Samuel and John McCreary, grandsons of Justice Gaston, lost their mother in childhood, and having a stepmother of a loyalist family, left their home and came to his house. Samuel, a lad of fifteen or sixteen, went out to battle with his uncles, and fought bravely. After the war he and his brother were taught to read by their grandmother, having few other advantages in the way of instruction. Samuel became an able minister of the Baptist denomination. He had a wonderful memory, could recall any event, and seemed to have the whole Bible by heart, besides being deeply read in many learned works. His constant remark was, "I owe everything to my grandmother." John was sheriff at an early period and for a great part of his life a member in the House of Re presentatives and Senate of his State, and a member of Congress

Alexander Walker was in service during the whole war. In 1775, when there was a call for men to go out against the Cherokees, in the Snow Campaign, Thomas Walker, his father, was drafted for the expedition, and Alexander, then only about fourteen, but tall and athletic beyond his years, went out in his place, serving through the campaign under the command of Capt. Steel. He was also engaged with Steel at the siege of Savannah. Among the anecdotes he was accustomed to relate was one of Ben Rowan, of the infantry, being out on a foraging party and meeting at the dead of night a number of men, with whom they exchanged a fire before discovering that they were whigs. No harm was done; but late on the following morning, as they came towards the camp, they were attacked by a body of British. Alexander was with the dragoons under the command of Count Pulaski who were ordered to charge for the protection of the infantry. The gallant Count might be seen riding up and down the lines on his black charger, chapeau in hand, exclaiming every now and then in his imperfect English, "I am sorry for your country! I am sorry for your country!" "He was the noblest horseman," Walker used to say, "I ever beheld, except Col. Davie, who was a splendid looking officer, unrivalled in eloquence, and with a voice that could be heard at a great distance. On one occasion when we were about to make a charge at night, after everything

from the district of Pinckney. These two Revolutionary boys belonged to the debating society established by John Brown.

was ready, Davie in a penetrating voice gave the command, to 'be silent *as thought itself.*' For weeks this caution rang in my ears."

At the battle of Hanging Rock, Walker was in the division of Col. McClure, which made a furious onset on the tory camp. The account of this action, one of the most spirited and best fought during the Revolution, belongs to another memoir. Whenever the army was in the vicinity of Justice Gaston's, Alexander obtained leave of absence and visited Esther. They were married at the close of the war, and having both done and suffered so much for their country, now enjoyed the blessings of peace they had contributed to purchase. Their house was on the north side of Fishing Creek, nearly opposite the old homestead where Esther's father had lived. Her only child, a son, was named after this revered parent, John Gaston.

Mrs. Walker never lost her desire of being useful to those around her, nor refused to exercise, for the benefit of her neighbors, the medical knowledge her practice during the war had given her. She was regarded as a skilful doctoress, and was consulted in most cases of disease occurring in her neighborhood. Women in delicate health were occasionally brought to her, sometimes on litters when not able to travel, and left under her care. In cases of wounds she was frequently called upon, and generally succeeded in giving relief to the sufferer. Although this success was doubtless in great part owing to the experience she had in administering to the soldiers, she was not destitute of

scientific knowledge in medicine. Shortly after her marriage, she had an opportunity of studying those branches of the subject to which she wished to devote herself. An educated physician, Dr. McCrea, boarded in her house, and under his instruction, she acquired the medical knowledge which she so often made useful in after life

In other excellent qualities, more strictly pertaining to the female character, Mrs. Walker was eminent. She was remarkable not only for energy, but for ingenuity and industry. Like other Revolutionary matrons, she was skilful in the use of her needle, and many of the coats worn in the neighborhood bore testimony to her dexterity. She also did a great deal of cutting out for the country people. Having no daughters, she frequently took orphan girls to bring up, exercising over them the kind care of a parent, and teaching them to do the work she gave them. After educating them to industry and usefulness, she gave them in marriage to worthy young men. Thus she became the mother of the motherless, and there is no doubt that her instruction and example both in matters pertaining to usefulness in this life, and to religious preparation for another, had much to do in forming that character for industry and piety, for which the females of that vicinity were so much respected.

LIII.

MARY McCLURE.

Mary McClure was the mother of Capt. John McClure, a man recognised throughout the whole South as one of the master spirits of the Revolution. His achievements during his brief and brilliant career were important enough to render him the theme of high praise among his compatriots, to make his loss deeply felt as a public calamity, and to cover his memory with honor. Revolutionary men spoke of him as "one who disdained to shun his foe." Gen. Davie said regarding him, "of the many brave men with whom it was my fortune to become acquainted in the army, he was one of the bravest, and when he fell, we looked upon his loss as incalculable." It is not too much to say that he was indebted for his eminent qualities to maternal training.

Mrs. McClure was the sister of John Gaston. She came to South Carolina probably about the same time, and settled upon the rich table lands lying on the south fork of Fishing Creek, eight miles north of Chestei Court House, where two of her grandsons, James and Hugh McClure, now reside. She was one of the earli-

est residents of that region of country, and had much to encounter from the hostile incursions of the Cherokee Indians. It was probably in allusion to this experience that she was commonly called "The Cherokee heroine." Many nights and days did she spend in the forts, whither the women and children were accustomed to resort when the men were out. At the period of the Revolution she was considerably advanced in years, the mother of seven children of mature age—four sons and three daughters—and had been a widow some fifteen or twenty years. She took a warm interest in public affairs, and was active in personal exertions to serve the cause of freedom. Two witnesses yet living—John Bishop and Mrs. Mary Johnston, testify to her zeal, "that she did all she could; she urged every one to take up arms, sent forth all her sons and her sons-in-law, and her neighbors too." So strenuous and successful were her efforts, that she had not a doubtful neighbor whom she did not bring over to the whig side. It was, indeed, owing in great part to the women of that vicinity, that the men were so united and so resolute; that they went forth, to a man, to fight the battles of the Revolution, while the women attended to the farms, performing the labors both of the household and the field. Mrs. McClure seconded the enterprise set on foot by her brother—the surprise of the British at the Old Field. In that encounter her son Hugh was so severely wounded that he was left a cripple for life. John, the leader of the enterprise, manifested great coolness and energy in

directing and carrying it out, and was rewarded by the achievement of a brilliant victory. This bold stroke, the first symptom of reaction after an apparently hopeless prostration—had a marvellous effect, several who had previously suffered their names to be enrolled among the loyalists changing sides on that day. These were of course regarded as traitors, and some were afterwards taken prisoners and hung by the order of Lord Cornwallis. The arrival in the neighborhood of Col. Winn, of Fairfield, who came to propose a similar attack on a large body of the enemy at Mobley's Meeting-house in Fairfield District, was warmly welcomed. The same number of men, among whom were John Bratton and John Mills—went down with him, and as before, were victorious, surprising and defeating more than two hundred. They also recovered several horses which the loyalists had taken for the King's service from the whigs of Chester. Three or four of these belonging to Mrs. McClure, were brought back and delivered to her.

The success of these attempts inspiring the patriots with new hope, McClure spread his men in small parties over the country, inducing others to join them. Their numbers received daily additions in York District. They made a stand at the Iron Works of Col. Hill, exchanging a few fires, but being outnumbered, they continued the retreat—while the enemy destroyed the works—and crossing the Catawba, withdrew as far as Lincoln County in North Carolina. There they selected their position, and made preparations to receive the

British, who, however, did not advance upon them, but facing about, retreated, making no halt till they were within the stronghold of Rocky Mount. The whigs, watchful for an opportunity favorable to their return, at length passed down the north side of the Catawba, and formed their camp near a stream called Clem's Branch, on the edge of Lancaster District. This district and that of Chester lay in front, between them and the British posts at Rocky Mount and Camden. On one hand were the whigs of York, on the other, those of Mecklenburg County, which lay on the east, the Catawba forming a defence on the west. No position could have been more judiciously selected than this in the heart of a whig population, and in time came encouraging reinforcements. It was here that Gen. Sumter found the men who had been driven to North Carolina, resting upon the soil of South Carolina; the line of division probably passing through the camp. During the weeks they occupied this encampment, the patriots were not idle. Sergeant Ben. Rowan, with a few men, went back into North Carolina nearly two hundred miles, for the purpose of procuring lead, and drove pack-horses before them laden each with about two hundred and fifty pounds weight. Others were sent out after powder. The smiths were busy in every direction, manufacturing swords, and making and repairing those twisted rifles which did such destructive execution in the battles of the south. The active and enterprising John McClure, with his company of mounted riflemen, was constantly in the

MARCHING TO THE BATTLE-FIELD—BALL'S BLUFF.

field, and others were out in different directions through the country, encouraging the desponding partisans, collecting recruits, and putting down the loyalists wherever they could. These movements annoyed and alarmed the British, who regarding the province as subdued, were not disposed to brook disrespect from a few stragglers. Col. Floyd, a loyalist of York District, made grievous complaint at Rocky Mount, in consequence of which Col. Turnbull, then commander of the post, sent out Capt. Huck with his force of four hundred men. With his band of redcoats and tories he wasted the country; everywhere, it is said, cursing Presbyterians, and burning those Bibles which contained the old version of the psalms. In his second progress he visited the house of Mary McClure. Her son James and her son-in-law Ned Martin, had just returned from Sumter's camp. When the British drew near, both were busily employed in running bullets, having melted up for this purpose their mother's pewter dishes—in those days the pride of a housekeeper. So occupied were they, that the enemy had entered the lane before they were aware of their presence. James McClure, it was commonly said, had but one idea at a time, and at this particular moment, perhaps from the nature of his occupation, that of fighting was uppermost. His first impulse was to salute the intruders with a volley; but Ned objected that they were too many for them. James replied—"we can kill a good many before they get to the house, and then we can go up the stairs and kill a good many more before they

can get up." "But,"—remonstrated Ned—"they will burn the house and defeat us at last." The idea of fighting, therefore, was reluctantly given up. To escape was out of the question, but James climbed the wall of the new house, and perched himself upon some plank lying on the windbeams. Here he was soon discovered and brought down, and with his brother-in-law, taken out into the yard and searched. Their pockets were full of pewter bullets, furnishing proof of their murderous designs against the king's men. While they were secured with ropes, James told them boldly that if Ned had agreed to do as he wished, both would have been saved from their present disgrace; for, said he—"to surrender without firing a gun is too disgraceful!" His daring only made his situation more desperate, and the sentence was pronounced, that at sunrise on the morning of the 12th July, Ned Martin, James McClure and Col. Moffat, were to be hanged by the neck for the crime of having their pockets full of pewter bullets!

Mrs. McClure saw the young men bound by the red-coats, whose tender mercies she well knew. But remonstrance or entreaty would be vain, and it is not recorded that she ventured on either, though the keenest anguish must have filled her heart when she thought of their too probable fate. When they were secured, Huck stepped up to her and said, rudely, "You see now, Madam, what it is to oppose the King! Where are your other sons—John and Hugh? I should like to have them in company with this Jemmy

of yours, who impudently says if it had not been for Ned Martin, he would never have been bound as he now is. We'll hang your son, Madam; that is his doom! Where are John and Hugh? Come, out with it! Search, men; they are hid some where—grand cowards!"

"That is a lie!" exclaimed the indignant mother, casting upon the brutal captain a look of intense scorn. "You, sir, know better! You have never yet stood to meet them; and if John were here now, you would be afraid to face him!"

"D—n him!" cried Huck, "tell me where I may meet him."

"Go to Gen. Sumter's camp," was the reply; "there you may possibly meet with him."

In scrutinizing the different objects around the room, Huck laid his hands upon two books on the table Taking them up, he asked, "What book is this?"

"That, sir, is the 'Afflicted Man's Companion.'"

"A good title—one which the d—d rebels will soon have need of."

"It is a good book, sir," replied Mrs. McClure.

"And what book is this?"

"It is the Family Bible."

"Do you read them?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is these books," said Huck, furiously, "that make you such d—d rebels!" and he threw them both into the fire. The matron sprang forward to recover them, and though he would have prevented her, suc-

ceeded in dragging them from the flames. One corner of the Bible was badly burned. It was long kept in the family as a relic.

Enraged at her saving the books, Huck struck Mrs. McClure with the flat of his sword. She said to him, nothing daunted by his brutality, "Sir, that will be a dear blow to you!"

The soldiers set fire to the new house, but Mrs. McClure succeeded in extinguishing the flames. It was but little, however, that her unassisted strength could avail, and they soon entered and began pulling down the plank partition. It happened that she had wrapped a few gold guineas in a cloth, and hid them in a crevice. Knowing where they were concealed, she rushed in through the soldiery amidst the falling plank, and when the cloth fell, placed her foot upon it, stooped down as if hurt, and saved the money. The others, meanwhile, were busily engaged in destroying her property, carrying off whatever articles it suited their inclination to take. A quantity of nails had been purchased for the new building; these they took and scattered them broadcast over the field as they departed from the premises, driving James and Ned before them.

No sooner were the intruders gone, than Mrs. McClure despatched her daughter Mary in all haste to Sumter's camp, to carry the news of the outrage she had suffered and the captivity of the young men. The young woman made her way to the camp, arriving late in the evening. The Americans had heard

from different persons for several days past, of the march of Huck's party through the country, their progress being marked by cruelty and spoliation, and some from the vicinity of Mrs. McClure's had fled to the camp for safety. The news of the capture hastened their preparations for the expedition against him, and just after sunset the companies of John McClure and John Bratton—the York and Chester men —headed by their captains and under the command of Col. Neil, left Sumter's camp. The distance to be marched was thirty miles, and from the intelligence they had received, it was supposed that the enemy would be found at White's (now Crawford's) Mills, engaged in grinding the wheat and grain they had been for several days gathering throughout the country. The little band of patriots, only seventy-five in number, but resolved to peril their lives in avenging their own and their neighbors' injuries, made directly for the mill. Shortly after midnight they arranged the disposition of attack. McClure took twenty mounted men, and went up the pond, intending to go round its head about half a mile ; but found a ford where they could pass through the pond. McClure, putting himself at the head of his men, gave command to swim their horses, and having reached the other side, issued his orders in a loud voice, and the party, spurring their horses, dashed up the hill. The tramp of their feet on the rocky ground, broke the dead silence of night. No British were found on the hill, and so rapid had been their advance, that the body below with

Neil and Bratton, not expecting them so soon, at first took them for the enemy. The march was resumed, and a little before day they passed the house of old Mr. Adair. Observing the door ajar and light shining from the fire place, Bratton went up gently to the door and tapped. The old man was sitting up at the fire, two British officers having taken his bed. From him they learned the disposition of the enemy at Williamson's. The plan of attack was then arranged, and McClure, taking one division, went off to enter the lane at the further end, where the attack was to be commenced, Neil and Bratton entering at the near end, to take the enemy in rear. McClure, as usual with him, took a nigh cut, and came on the side of the lane, where he threw down the fence as he leaped over. It was now so light that his brother James, who was confined with other prisoners in a corncrib, recognized him;* but when the guard placed over them called out "Who is there?" James, with admirable presence of mind, replied indifferently, "Oh, it is some of your tory friends." The drums and fifes of the enemy now began to play for morning parade. In an instant the sharp crack of McClure's rifle announced that his part of the game had commenced. The particulars of this action have been elsewhere noticed. The guard stationed at the crib ran behind it to hide themselves from the shots; James McClure, though tied down so that he was unable to move, shouted an order for them to

* One account makes the action commence rather earlier in the morning. See Vol. i. p. 243.

leave the crib, that the prisoners might not be exposed to the danger of being killed by their own friends. After the fall of Huck and Ferguson, and the scattering of their forces, the tory, Col. Floyd, made his escape on horseback. Dropping his valise, he ordered his boy, Sam, to stop and get it. Both Sam and the valise were captured, and the negro was sold as a part of the booty. He was purchased by John Nixon, and is still living with his daughter. Although very old, he occasionally goes up to the great house, to carry his "young mistresses" through the war. That battle field of July 12th, 1780, made Sam decidedly a whig, and he gives it as his opinion that "the whigs can whip the whole world chock full of redcoats and tories too." One other article of booty, obtained that day and afterwards sold, was Huck's razor. It was bought by Capt. John Steel, and is now in the possession of one of the Gastons, having already done a good deal of shaving, and likely, if properly taken care of, to last for several generations to come.

McClure, mounted at the head of his men, pursued the flying enemy for nearly thirty miles. The bushes were the only places of safety between Williamson's and Rocky Mount, and many prisoners were taken in the pursuit. The effect of this victory was of lasting advantage. Some who were loyalists that day, never afterwards entered a British camp, although lurking about unwilling to come out on the other side. From all the surrounding country men flocked to Sumter's camp It was about this time that "the Bloody

Scout" under Cunningham, was committing unprecedented cruelties on the inhabitants of Union and Spartanburg Districts. James Knox, who had removed thither but the year before from Mrs. McClure's neighborhood, was inhumanly butchered in his own yard, where he was occupied in shelling corn. His family fled back to Chester, while the Thomases, McJunkins, and others of that region, repairing to Sumter's camp with a supply of powder, brought intelligence of "Bloody Bill's" whereabouts. Another of John McClure's services was the driving of this notorious murderer from the vicinity. He was sent out by Sumter in pursuit of him, and having understood that he had crossed Broad River to the western side of York District, he soon struck his trail and chased him across the district of Union. Cunningham fled some thirty miles towards Ninety-Six, and barely escaped, while four of his men were captured by McClure.

The night he brought in his prisoners, Sumter broke up his camp at Clem's Branch, and marched down to Davie's camp in the Waxhaws. The next day, while Davie with his cavalry took the road leading down the east side of the Catawba, to place himself between the British posts at Hanging Rock and Rocky Mount, Gen. Sumter took that to Landsford, crossed the river at sunset, and marching all night, at sunrise on the 31st of July, invested Rocky Mount. McClure's riflemen were engaged through the day. At night Sumter drew off his men, and encamped on the ground where he was surprised eighteen days afterwards.

He then removed his camp to Landsford, where he was joined by Davie, and while there the Chester men held an election; McClure, who was constantly out with strong mounted parties, being elected Colonel, and John Nixon Lieutenant Colonel.

About sunset on the following Sunday, Sumter crossed the river, marched all night, and commenced the battle of Hanging Rock a little after daylight, August 7th. Hanging Rock is in Lancaster District, and remarkable not only for its association with that celebrated battle, but as a natural curiosity. On the east side of the creek many rocks are piled in an irregular group along the declivity of a steep hill. That called Hanging Rock is a single mass twenty feet in diameter, which on the side nearest the stream to which it gives its name, is scooped into a regular arch, under which several persons might be sheltered. Its edges are tinged with smoke, it is supposed from fires kindled there by hunters. Another boulder is poised on the edge of a larger rock, resembling a ship resting on the summit of a cliff, and looking as if a slight force would hurl it into the waters below. The battle ground is near this spot. Sumter's force in three divisions, advanced on the camp of the tories under the command of Col. Morgan Bryan.* His lines were posted on the brow of a steep hill beyond the creek, while the British camp lay nearly half

* The accounts written by McCreary and Gaston are followed. Mr. Stinson obtained that of Walker from himself, and the particulars concerning Mrs. McClure from her grandson and Hon Judge Peter Wylie.

a mile distant. Sumter's centre line, opposed to Bryan's centre, and led by the intrepid Capt. McClure, came first within the enemy's view. The old song says:

> "Said Sumter—'Good men must be lost
> At yonder point, I see.'
> McClure replied—'That is the post
> For Rocky Creek and me.'"

His command received the first fire, but as the men ascended the hill the shot passed over, reaching only the tallest; while on the right the fire did terrible execution. The contest then raged fearfully; bullets poured like hail; McClure was wounded in the thigh, but plugging the wound with wadding, dashed on in front of his men, his voice, urging them forward, heard above the din of battle and the shrieks of the wounded. The direction:

> "No prisoners 'mong the tories make,
> The British suppliant save."

showed their hate of the loyalists. After firing, they clubbed their guns, rushing into the camp and grappling with the foe. Where dead and wounded lay in heaps, McClure fell, pierced with several wounds, while at the same time his cousins, the four Gastons, lay bleeding around him. Some near him ran to his relief; but he ordered them back to the fight, and as he lay weltering in blood, his voice was still heard urging them on. As the tories fled towards the British camp many of the whigs rushed pell-mell with

them; Alexander Walker, hurrying along in their midst, was about to fire on those before him, when one close to him caught his arm, crying, "Those are on our side!" and then, as if struck with a sudden suspicion, asked, "What is that green leaf in your hat for?" The whigs had taken the precaution to put each a leaf in their hats that morning before going into battle. Walker pulled out the token, but the discovery was already made; one of the tories seized his gun, the other ran a bayonet through his shirt. Letting the weapon go, he turned and fled back. "It appeared to me," he said, "that they fired fifty guns after me; every leap I gave, I heard something fall on the leaves which I took for blood, and thought I must be badly wounded, and would soon fall exhausted. I thought of the intolerable thirst I had witnessed in those bleeding to death, and my mouth began to feel parched. I had now reached the branch, and stooped to drink." Major Nixon, who, going up the hill when the tories fired on McClure's line, had tripped on the scabbard of his sword, fallen, and thus probably escaped the bullets whistling over his head, had rushed on in the confusion, and seeing Walker turn, had also turned back. As his comrade stooped to the water he leaped over him.

"On examination," continued Walker, "I found I was not hurt, but my powder horn was severely wounded, being pierced through with a rifle ball, and having lost the greater part of its contents."

Nixon took command of McClure's division, and the

right and left lines succeeded in flanking the enemy, who gave way in every direction, while the victors with shouts of triumph took the ground. But they soon saw from the British lines on their right, towards Coles' old field, a part of the Prince of Wales' regiment marching in platoons upon them. The platoon firing and charge of bayonet were a new mode of warfare to the undisciplined American troops; yet they boldly met the reinforcement. Again to use Walker's words —"In the distance we heard the enemy's drums and fifes as they marched towards us. We stood still to receive them. As the Prince of Wales' regiment approached, Sumter gave the order to keep cool and wait for the word to fire. They had come near when the order was given, and our fire was a fire that did credit to the Revolution! Only one of their officers—and he an inferior one—was left standing on his feet, and one half their men were slain or wounded.* The soldiers stood petrified; and then Col. Davie of the dragoons, being on the right flank of our line, in a voice like thunder called out—'Britons, ground your arms! you have but one officer left; to the ground, if your lives are worth preserving!' It was done; the men of this regiment were our prisoners; we took their muskets, armed our men with them, and pre-

* Joseph Gaston, who after being wounded was carried to a small stream in the rear, faint from loss of blood, says he heard the firing of the platoon on the hill at the encounter with this regiment, and anxiously enquiring of some one who came down, of the success, was answered—"we are killing them like wild turkeys." The Regiment was destroyed.

pared to meet the enemy. We met and fought them manfully in the open field, but an accident frustrated our hopes. Col. Davie, coming round on the right flank to make a charge where we had broken the ranks—was mistaken by our men for the enemy, and giving way, they retreated to the tory camp."*

McClure's command sustained the largest share of the whole loss. He himself, thus stricken down in the bloom of life, was borne on a bier from the field to Waxhaw church, where the next day his mother

* McCreary's MS. proceeds: "Sumter's men, flushed with victory, seized the arms of their vanquished enemy, with their unexpended round of cartridges, and advanced across a ravine to the British main encampment on Cole's old field. A tremendous fire ensued from the enemy's cannon, which opened with platoons from the field. The enemy was surrounded on three squares of the field, and every thing seemed to promise complete victory, when the alarm of a reinforcement occasioned a retreat on the opposite side of the field from that of Bryan's ground; nor could all the skill of generalship displayed by their commander on the occasion rally, until they had reached Bryan's ground, where they made a final stand. The British sounded a retreat, and sent in a flag with overtures for a truce, in which they offered to show the same care and attention to the American dead and wounded as their own. Bryan's ground was retained until biers were made for the wounded, and the retreat covered in safety to the Waxhaw by night. The engagement lasted three hours and forty-six minutes by the watch." * * "This was thought to be one of the most spirited and best fought actions by raw militia—all volunteers—against British regulars during the Revolutionary war. And although American historians have not paid it due attention, it being a mere militia affair, yet a British writer has not forgotten to do the subject justice."

came to nurse her gallant son. In a day or two the wounded were carried to Charlotte, Mrs. McClure going with them, and devoting to John the most unwearied attention. On the 16th August occurred the defeat of Gen. Gates near Camden, and during the two following days, men flying from that disastrous field were continually coming and passing on. It is thought that McClure's death was hastened, if not caused, by his excitement, and anxiety to take the field again. On the 18th, contrary to the directions of the surgeon, he rose and walked across the room, but was suddenly taken worse, his deep-seated wound broke inwardly and he bled to death in a few hours. At the time there was a report that the British were coming, and every body was leaving Charlotte. It was proposed to bury the corpse without a coffin, but his mother insisted on having him decently interred, saying that the enemy, "the servants of Satan, were bound like their master, and could go only the length of their chain." A few brave men remained with her, and rendered the last offices to the dead. At the very hour, probably, that McClure drew his last breath, his compatriots in arms under Sumter, fifty miles below, on Fishing Creek, were routed, slain, and flying; Sumter himself on the road, bareheaded, making his way with all speed to Charlotte, as did Gen. Gates two days before! The hope of liberty was crushed to the earth, while the gallant officer who had seemed all eye, who had never suffered surprise, but often surprised the enemy, closed his mortal career. In Liberty Hall, the room in which

the Mecklenburg Declaration was penned by the son of the widow Brevard, died the son of the widow McClure

Mrs. McClure returned to her home, bearing a heavy load of grief for the loss of him who was the prop of her declining years. Her kindred had fought the battles of liberty on every field, and four out of her brother's family had fallen. One of her nephews, Hugh Knox, had been wounded at Rocky Mount; another, William Strong, slain in the presence of his mother. Her son Hugh had nearly recovered from his wound, and James had been rescued by his brother's prompt movement. These, with her neighbors driven back at this time, were afterwards engaged in the battle of King's Mountain. The matron herself did not give way to sorrow, for she was still called to an active part. Her eldest son, William, who had been educated by her brother, Dr. Alexander Gaston of Newbern, had entered the army as surgeon, and at the surrender of Charleston was taken prisoner. He endeared himself to the citizens by his professional services to the sick, and his name is still remembered with gratitude. He afterwards married and resided at Newbern, at his death leaving a daughter, Hannah, who was educated by Mrs. Margaret Gaston, and became the wife of her son, the late Judge Gaston.

Mrs. McClure set out for Charleston—two hundred miles distant, on horseback and alone—to see this son. After crossing, on her way, the line of Chester District, she was in the midst of loyalists. Entering

Charleston, she may be said to have bearded the lion in his den, where unrecorded cruelties were exercised, not only on the imprisoned soldiers, but the unoffending inhabitants—women and children. She found Dr. McClure confined to the city limits, and spent some time with him. She informed him of the condition of affairs in the upper districts, and he introduced her to some of the whig leaders. Yet, even while the prospect was thus gloomy, she still looked on the triumphant Briton as a *chained enemy*—and predicted that his time was short. She knew the spirit of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the Catawba; she knew that it was a war of principle—the principle of Bible truth—the right of self-government in church as well as State, and that in centuries resistance would not be vanquished. Such were the sentiments of one who would dare martyrdom before she would stand by and see the word of God consumed.

Returning home early in October, she was greeted by the joyful news of the battle of King's Mountain, of the promotion of some of her Chester neighbors to the rank of officers, and in a few days of the retreat of Lord Cornwallis to Winnsboro'. In this retreat the British army passed within two miles of her house. The militia of the country *took toll* as it passed, at every suitable thicket; a single whig sometimes riding up, picking off his object, and making good his escape. This turn of the scale afforded great matter of rejoicing to Mrs. McClure, who held forth the consolation to her neighbors, never doubting for a moment, although the

AN ESCAPE FROM INDIANS DURING THE MIAMI WAR.

issues of battle might be various, that the cause of right would ultimately triumph.

Col. Tarleton for a short time halted his legion at White's Mills on Fishing Creek, midway between Charlotte and Winnsboro', on a look out for the dreaded mountain torrent. It did not descend, but several of the King's Mountain men on their return took toll, and many a dragoon who left camp in fancied security, never returned. The redoubtable Colonel himself came near ending his days by the hand of a young woman, Jane Morrow. He went into a house where she was alone, and offering some insult, took hold of her; she struggled with him, and succeeded in causing him a rather severe fall on the floor. One John Owens, hearing the noise, ran in, and found the invincible Colonel lying flat on his back, Jane's knee upon his breast, and her hands grasping his throat with such force that he was black in the face! Owens interposed and saved him; but the Morrows always blamed him for not letting Jane have her own way, and as long as he lived "he had to sneak out of any company where they were."

From the commencement of 1781, the widow's heart was gladdened by news of victories, or favorable results when the tide of battle turned against her friends. None felt more grateful than she did for the aid rendered by other states. On one occasion, when the whigs had obtained a quantity of salt by taking a fort, it was sent up by wagons to Col. Watson's in York District to be distributed by pecks among the

widows of those who had fallen in battle. Mrs McClure and Mary Johnston set out on horseback for their peck. As they passed the battle ground at Williamson's, Mrs. McClure said, " There, Mary, is the grave of Hook, who struck me a grievous blow! Old as I am, I could find it in my heart to get down and dance over it; but that would be wrong; I should not rejoice over a fallen enemy. God is just, and will avenge his own cause; let us ever trust in Him!" At this period, though at least seventy-five, Mrs. McClure scarcely appeared to have numbered forty-five years. With a constitution that seemed almost to defy the ravages of time, she was one of the finest looking women of her day; having a smooth, clear and fair complexion, cheeks blooming as the rose, and a form faultless in its proportions. Her countenance indicated the fearless spirit she possessed. Her relations with her neighbors and acquaintance were always friendly. The men of the Revolution, after the war, took much pleasure in visiting " the mother of the brave captain" as they called her. She was a Calvinist in faith and always prompt to maintain the right, in religion as in politics, regardless of consequences. She lived till about the year 1800, in the midst of her family settled on lands she had apportioned to them. Her remains were deposited in the graveyard of Old Richardson Church, by the side of her brothers, John and Rev. Hugh Gaston.

LIX.

ISABELLA FERGUSON.

Some months before the destruction of the log meeting-house mentioned in a preceding memoir, Samuel Ferguson, a 'country-born,' attending service there, had looked upon the face of Isabella Barber, and had seen that she was fair. The wooing and marriage followed in due time, the last event taking place a little before the fall of Charleston. The young couple were then living in the house of Isabella's father—Samuel Barber,—the brothers, Joseph and James, having taken to themselves wives, and fixed their homes on the opposite hill. They were in the field with Sumter while Samuel was enjoying a protracted honeymoon. His brothers were rampant loyalists, and were with the royal force at Rocky Mount, James Ferguson having a colonel's commission. Samuel was a lover of hunting, and it was shrewdly suspected that in some of his forest excursions he went as far as that post; though if he ever did so, the occurrence was not mentioned to his young wife. They had more than once talked over the subject of the war, and the difference of opinion between her brothers and his own.

Samuel was never strong in argument, not being highly gifted in mental endowments, whereas Isabella had sat under the preaching of a learned minister, had been regularly catechised, and indoctrinated in the Scriptures and the political creed of her people. Her husband was thus constrained to acknowledge that to her "beautiful countenance" she added Abigail's other accomplishment—"a good understanding"—and it usually happened that she had the best in every discussion.

Col. Ferguson, having raised a hundred and fifty or more loyalists, was not a little proud of his new command, and his fine British uniform. He was a man of commanding appearance, and the honors heaped on him were very gratifying to his brothers, who like him, anticipated nothing but honor and riches in their military career. But what was to be done with Samuel and his Irish wife, whose counsels had so far prevailed with him against all their solicitations to join the King's party? At this time Col. Ferguson was preparing to accompany Capt. Huck on his expedition. With his command he left Rocky Mount one morning, dressed in full uniform and mounted on a noble charger—the music of drum and fife sounding, and the colors of Old England flying. He could not help thinking that if his young sister-in-law could see him thus in the pomp of war, she would no longer detain her husband from a chance of the like promotion. It was not much out of his way to take the road by the house,—and then his martial appearance

might have a proper effect upon that nest of Covenanters! He pleased himself with imagining the surprise of Isabella when she should see how much better he looked in a splendid uniform than in tow trowsers and hunting-shirt. In the afternoon of the first day's march, the cavalcade of New York regulars and South Carolina loyalists approached the house of old Barber. A messenger was despatched to say that Col. Ferguson of His Majesty's army wished to speak with Samuel. Samuel presently made his appearance, looking rather awkward, and his brother, in a formal address, invited him to join him, saying he had come for that special purpose. "It may be,"—he urged, "that I shall be made a lord; how then should I feel in hearing it said my brother was a rebel?"

Isabella was within hearing while the Colonel was endeavoring to persuade her husband, and came forward at the last word. "I am a rebel!" she said proudly—as glorying in the name:—"my brothers are rebels, and the dog Trip is a rebel too! Now, James, I would rather see you with a sheep on your back, than tricked out in all those fine clothes! Above all, I am told you have our minister chained by the foot like a felon! Rebel and be free! that is my creed!" Then turning to her husband, "we have often talked it over, Samuel," she said, "and you could never justify their unhallowed practices—coming here to make slaves of us who would die first, and plundering, stealing cows, and the like. Now, in the presence of the British army I tell you, if you go with

them you may stay with them—for I am no longer your wife! You know well if Joe or Jemmy should happen to see you in such company, they would pick you out as a mark not to be missed."

Samuel was unable to withstand this determination of his bonny Isabel, whom he loved the better for her spirit. He requested his brother to excuse his going at this time; he might report him a true subject of the King, but his wife being rather on the wrong side, he would content himself with doing what he could at home to serve His Majesty and bring back the rebels. Could Isabel but be convinced, he might be able to turn the whole clan of Covenanters; "for she is never afraid to speak her mind." Thus he spoke while in his heart he felt sure that his wife would stand firm, and doubted if after all she were not in the right. His brothers shook hands with him, and the Colonel bade him be faithful and have courage, and he would no doubt obtain a commission for him.

The party scoured the country round about, punishing rebel men and women, sending prisoners to Rocky Mount, enlisting loyalists, and thrashing out wheat at different farms, to be sent to White's Mills for grinding. After Huck was slain in the action at Williamson's, another of the officers, mounted his horse, which became restive, the new rider's legs being much longer than the Dutch Captain's, and threw him against a stump. He died afterwards of the injuries received in the fall. Col. Ferguson was to be seen every where

endeavoring to rally the scattered force. A fatal shot brought him from his horse—his head striking the ground, and one of his brothers had his hand torn to pieces. The brothers scattered with the rest of the men and were hid for weeks in the woods—their wives bringing them food in the dead hours of night. It was particularly observed that the brothers Barber and William Anderson, who were excellent shots, fought that morning more like wild beasts than conscientious Covenanters. Henry, a red-headed Irishman of Huck's party, had insulted Mrs. Bratton with opprobrious epithets, striking her with his sword, and driving her before him into the house. He was wounded when taken prisoner by the whigs, and fortunately not recognised by Col. Bratton, who would have killed him for his outrage to his wife. Her generosity saved him, while her husband was searching every where for the offender. Adamson, who had treated her and her children with respect and kindness, driving the rude soldiers from her room, and seeing that nothing was taken from her, was nursed by her with the tenderness of a sister, and her cheeks were bathed in tears when she saw his sufferings.

This victory proved of advantage to the wives and widows of the patriots of Rocky Creek. Samuel Ferguson, on his part, when he heard of the result of the expedition, the Colonel's death and the miserable situation of his remaining brothers, never looked on the bonny face of Isabella without a feeling of thankfulness that he had escaped a similar fate. Her words

that day, respecting Joe's and Jemmy's shooting, he had thought sounded like a prediction. When the prospect seemed darkest, other movements were working out for the widows and orphans made by this unnatural strife, a deliverance from starvation. Isabella was earnest in schemes for the alleviation of the misery around them, while her husband, whose confidence in her judgment and good sense was stronger than ever, listened to her plans with approval, and sought her counsel as to the manner of assisting his unfortunate brothers. She exhorted him to gain the confidence of their neighbors by deeds of kindness to the defenceless and destitute, and thus deserve their good offices in turn. "Your brothers," she would say, "went to their undoing, leaving their own people to join themselves to the alien; but if they repent, there is forgiveness for the greatest transgressor. You and they too might have work to do in helping those who have lost all by the war, and then the whigs would call you friends."

About three quarters of a mile north of Rossville, at the bend of Rocky Creek, is a deep ravine, the sides of which are precipitous, but may be descended by grasping the bushes along the path. In the depths of this ravine was a cave, excavated by human labor, about ten feet deep and as many in width. This place at the present day is a marvel to the country people, who are unable to conjecture at what period, or for what purpose, the cave was originally constructed. It was here that Samuel Ferguson deposited the articles

CIVIL WAR.

entrusted to his care by the benevolent Isabella, she receiving the goods from the women, for fear of involving her husband, should the royalists discover that whig property had been secreted. The corn brought to him for safe keeping Ferguson put into his own crib, and assisted the poor women by milking for them, and by various needful services. It was understood, for prudence' sake, that he leaned to the loyalist side of the controversy, while his wife was a firm whig; though in reality he had been won over, in heart, to her opinions. By their joint exertions the distresses of the neighborhood were much relieved, and his brothers found advantage in adopting the same course, deserving the good offices of the women by the kindly assistance thus rendered them. All this was brought about by the efforts of a woman, who well merited to be called, as she was by all who knew her, "the good Isabella Ferguson."

MARY NIXON, the daughter of William and Mary Adair, was married in 1774 to Capt. John Nixon, who had left Ireland some years before. He was among the foremost of the fighting men at the outbreak of the war. When the British had possession of the country in 1780, he raised a company, having much influence in his neighborhood, and the unbounded confidence of his men, and in every action acquitted himself with distinction. From the period of Gates' defeat till the 7th November, the tories had the ascendency through

the country, carrying off the property of the whigs, in some cases taking possession of their plantations with all that appertained—negroes, stock, etc., and parcelling out the property among themselves. A letter written by one of the patriots of that day says—" All the other parts of my estate, except my lands, have fallen into the hands of the enemy. They drove off at one time between ninety and a hundred head of cattle to Winnsboro' : they have also got all my sheep, and the greatest part of my hogs, plantation tools, household furniture, and every other article that was of any value, so that I am properly situated for a soldier, and am determined to see the event of our cause or fall in the attempt."* A party of loyalists from Newberry, assisted by some from Sandy River, had collected a great deal of plunder from the whigs of Chester. Nixon got on their trail and pursued them to the line of Newberry and Union Districts. They took refuge in a house, from which, as it was strongly fortified, they could not be dislodged. Nixon went up alone, and was in the act of firing the house, when he received the shot which terminated his career not long afterwards. His name, while he lived, had been a terror to the loyalists, and even after his fall they were bent on vengeance upon his family. Col. Winn, of Fairfield, hearing of their intentions, sent a message in haste to Mrs. Nixon, advising her to remove with her property. She left home that very night with her negroes and as many articles as could be carried.

* MS. letter of D. Hopkins--Dec. 20th, 1780.

LV.

SARAH McCALLA.*

Few of the women whose lot was cast amid the scenes of our Revolutionary contest, had more to do personally with what was passing around them, than the subject of this sketch. The account of her experience, therefore, is a portion of the history of the country. She had a hereditary right to be a patriot; her mother was Hannah Wayne, a first cousin of Gen. Anthony Wayne. She was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in Piqua township, within forty-five miles of Philadelphia. In 1775 she was married to Thomas McCalla. In the following year, when the British were in New York, the young husband was called out to serve in the militia, and was stationed for some time at Powles' Hook, being there the day on which the battle was fought upon Long Island. He could hear the firing all day, and from Bergen Heights, where he lay that night, saw plainly the blaze of artillery. When he had served out the time for which

* The materials of this memoir were obtained by Mr. Stinson from Mrs. McKown, the daughter of Mrs. Nixon, and from Samuel McCalla, who resides at Bloomington, Indiana.

the militia had been called, he received a dismissal and returned home. Soon, however, the scene of action was brought near them. When the British marched from the head of Elk to Philadelphia, McCalla was again in the field, and at the time of the battle of Brandywine his wife, but three miles distant, could hear the firing of every platoon. In this scene of trial and peril she did not abandon herself to the paralyzing effects of terror, nor shrink from performing services which humanity taught her were a duty. Many a wounded soldier had cause to bless her heroism and benevolence while she dressed his injuries with her own hands, rendered all necessary offices of kindness, or offered the consolation and encouragement which bear so soothing an influence from the sympathizing heart of woman. It was a part of her daily business to aid the cause of her suffering countrymen by every means and exertion in her power. She was in full hearing of the cannonade at Mud Island, and the explosion of the British ship Augusta. In all the conflicts of that eventful period her husband bore an active part, nor would she be idle while he was exposed to danger. She continued indefatigable in her labors, succoring the distressed as far as her ability extended, tending the sick and wounded, consoling those who suffered, and encouraging the wavering and irresolute to brave all in the righteous cause, entrusting themselves to the protection of a Providence that is not blind chance. The good wrought by such women, full of zeal for their country and anxious de-

sire to alleviate the miseries they witnessed, is incalculable. It could be appreciated only by those who received the benefit of their humane efforts, and therefore it had no reward, save "the blessing of those who were ready to perish."

In the latter part of the year 1778, Thomas and Sarah McCalla removed from Pennsylvania to Chester District in South Carolina. David McCalla, a brother of Thomas, had previously gone to this State, and was then residing with Capt. John Nixon. The first place at which the emigrants stopped, after their arrival, was Nixon's; but they afterwards fixed their home on a plantation upon the roadside, now belonging to William Caldwell. It was at this place, marked by "the mulberry tree," that the volunteer company of the 27th regiment used to muster. These dwellers in an almost wild region had but a humble home; they lived in a log cabin, cultivating the ground for daily bread, and trusting in Divine protection from the evils surrounding them incident to a primitive state of society, and from the more appalling dangers rapidly approaching with the desolating footsteps of civil strife. They were here when the war entered Carolina to penetrate her recesses, and during the severe campaign of 1780, when the struggle between the whigs and the British aided by gangs of tory outlaws, was carried on amid scenes of bloody contest and deeds of unprecedented cruelty. It was no time for a patriot to remain a mere spectator of what was going on, although to join the whig cause was apparently to rush

on certain destruction. McCalla did not hesitate to cast his lot with the few brave spirits who scorned security purchased by submission. Repairing to Clem's Branch, he joined himself to the "fighting men," and was in every engagement from the beginning of Sumter's operations against the royal forces, till the evening of August 17th, when he obtained leave of absence to visit his family. Thus he was not with the partisans at the disastrous surprise on Fishing Creek. Intending to join the whig force at Landsford, he made his way thither soon after; but was there informed that Capt. John Steel had passed down to the battle ground, and was rallying and sending on the men towards Charlotte. The following morning McCalla succeeded in joining Capt. Steel at Neely's, but it was for him a most unfortunate movement. An hour afterwards they were surprised; Steel and some others made their escape, but McCalla was taken prisoner and carried to Camden. There he was thrown into jail, and threatened every day with hanging; a threat the British did not often hesitate to fulfil in the case of those who fell into their hands, having been found in arms against the royal government after what they chose to consider the submission of the State.

While this brave man was languishing in prison, expecting death from day to day, his wife remained in the most unhappy state of suspense. For about a month she was unable to obtain any tidings of him. The rumor of Sumter's surprise, and that of Steel, came to her ears; she visited the places where those

disasters had occurred, and sought for some trace of him, but without success. She inquired, in an agony of anxiety, of the women who had been to Charlotte for the purpose of carrying clothes or provisions to their husbands, brothers, or fathers, not knowing but that he had gone thither with the soldiers; but none could give her the least information. Imagination may depict the harrowing scenes that must have passed, when females returning to their homes and children after carrying aid to the soldiers, were met by such inquiries from those who were uncertain as to the fate of their kindred. To these hapless sufferers no consolation availed, and too often was their suspense terminated by more afflicting certainty.

In the midst of Mrs. McCalla's distress, and before she had gained any information, she was called to another claim on her anxiety; her children took the small-pox. John was very ill for nine days with the disease, and his mother thought every day would be his last. During this terrible season of alarm, while her mind was distracted by cares, she had to depend altogether upon herself, for she saw but one among her neighbors. All the families in the vicinity were visited with the disease, and to many it proved fatal. As soon as her child was so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, Mrs. McCalla made preparations to go to Camden. She felt convinced that it was her duty to do so, for she clung to the hope that she might there learn something of her husband, or even find him among the prisoners.

With her to resolve was to act, and having set her house in order, she was in the saddle long before day, taking the old Charleston road leading down on the west side of the Catawba River. The mountain gap on Wateree creek was passed ere the sun rose, and by two o'clock she had crossed the river, passing the guard there stationed, and entered Camden. Pressing on with fearless determination, she passed the guard, and desiring to be conducted to the presence of Lord Rawdon, was escorted by Major Doyle to the headquarters of that commander. His lordship then occupied a large, ancient looking house on the east side of the main street. The old site of the town is now in part deserted, and that building left standing alone some four hundred yards from any other, as if the memories associated with it had rendered the neighborhood undesirable. It was here that haughty and luxurious nobleman fixed his temporary residence, "sitting as a monarch," while so many true-hearted unfortunates whose fate hung on his will, were languishing out their lives in prison, or atoning for their patriotism on the scaffold.

Into the presence of this august personage Mrs. McCalla was conducted by the British Major. Her impression at first sight was favorable; he was a fine looking young man, with a countenance not unprepossessing, which we may suppose was eagerly searched for the traces of human sympathy by one who felt that all her hopes depended on him. His aspect gave her some encouragement, and being desired to explain the

object of her visit, she pleaded her cause with the eloquence of nature and feeling; making known the distressed situation of her family at home, the fearful anxiety of mind she had suffered on account of the prolonged absence of her husband and her ignorance of his fate, and her children's urgent need of his care and protection. From Major Doyle she had at length learned that he was held a prisoner by his lordship's orders. She had come, therefore, to entreat mercy for him; to pray that he might be released and permitted to go home with her. This appeal to compassion she made with all the address in her power, nor was the untaught language of distress wanting in power to excite pity in any feeling heart.

Lord Rawdon heard her to the end. His reply was characteristic. "I would rather hang such d——d rebels than eat my breakfast." This insulting speech was addressed to his suppliant while her eyes were fixed on him in the agony of her entreaty, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks. His words dried up the fountain at once, and the spirit of an American matron was roused. "Would you?" was her answer, while she turned on him a look of the deepest scorn. A moment after, with a struggle to control her feelings, for she well knew how much depended on that—she said, "I crave of your lordship permission to see my husband."

The haughty chief felt the look of scorn his cruel language had called up in her face, for his own conscience bore testimony against him, but pride forbade

his yielding to the dictates of better feeling. "You should consider, madam," he answered, "in whose presence you now stand. Your husband is a d——d rebel——"

Mrs. McCalla was about to reply—but her companion, the Major, gave her a look warning her to be silent, and in truth the words that sprang to her lips would have ill pleased the Briton. Doyle now interposed, and requested his lordship to step aside with him for a moment. They left the apartment, and shortly afterwards returned. Rawdon then said to his visitor, with a stately coldness that precluded all hope of softening his determination: "Major Doyle, madam, has my permission to let you go into the prison. You may continue in the prison *ten minutes only*. Major, you have my orders." So saying, he bowed politely both to her and the officer, as intimating that the business was ended, and they were dismissed. They accordingly quitted the room.

Thus ended the interview from which she had hoped so much. What had been granted seemed a mockery rather than an alleviation of her sorrow. Ten minutes with the husband from whom she had been parted so many weeks, and that, too, in the presence of the royal officer! A brief time to tell how much she had suffered—to relieve his anxiety concerning the dear ones at home, inquire into his wants, and learn what she must do for him! But even this indulgence, the Major informed her, had been reluctantly granted at his earnest intercession; and he took occasion to

blame her own exhibition of spirit. The whig women, he observed, who had come down to see their friends, had shown a more submissive disposition; none had dared reply to his lordship angrily, or give him scornful looks, and he was therefore not prepared to expect such an expression of indignation as that which had escaped her. "It was with great difficulty," he said, "that I got permission for you for ten minutes. His lordship said: 'D——n her, she can cry, and I believe she can fight, too! did you see what a look she gave me? Upon my soul, Major, such a woman might do much harm to the King's service; she must not be permitted to pass and repass, unless some one of the officers are with her. She must stay only ten minutes, and it must be in your presence.'"

A Spanish general, it is said, once excused himself for ordering to execution a prisoner whose little boy had just suffered him to cut off both his ears, on the promise that his father's life should be spared—by saying: "The father of such a child is dangerous to Spain; he must pay the forfeit of his life." Lord Rawdon seems to have reasoned much in the same manner; the husband of such a woman must be strictly watched, as a dangerous enemy to the royal cause.

The sight of the prison-pen almost overcame the fortitude of the resolute wife. An enclosure like that constructed for animals, guarded by soldiers, was the habitation of the unfortunate prisoners, who sate within on the bare earth, many of them suffering with

the prevalent distemper, and stretched helpless on the ground, with no shelter from the burning sun of September. "Is it possible," cried the matron, turning to Doyle, "that you shut up men in this manner, as you would a parcel of hogs!" She was then admitted into the jail, and welcome indeed was the sight of her familiar face to McCalla. The time allotted for the interview was too short to be wasted in condolement or complaint; she told him she must depart in a few minutes, informed him of the state of his family—inquired carefully what were his wants, and promised speedy relief. When the ten minutes had expired, she again shook hands with him, assuring him she would shortly return with clothes for his use, and what provisions she could bring, then turning, walked away with a firm step, stopping to shake hands with young John Adair and the other captives with whom she was acquainted. The word of encouragement was not wanting, and as she bade the prisoners adieu, she said: "Have no fear; the women are doing their part of the service." "I admire your spirit, madam," Doyle observed to her, "but must request you to be a little more cautious."

Mrs. McCalla was furnished by the Major with a pass, which she showed to the officer on duty as she passed the guard on her return, and to the officer at the ferry. She rode with all speed, and was at home before midnight; having had less than twenty-four hours for the accomplishment of her whole enterprise; in that time riding one hundred miles, crossing the

river twice, and passing the guard four times—visiting her husband, and having the interview with Lord Rawdon, in which probably for the first time in his life he felt uneasiness from a woman's rebuke. It convinced him that even in the breast of woman a spirit of independence might dwell, which no oppression could subdue, and before which brute force must quail, as something of superior nature. How must the unexpected outbreaking of this spirit, from time to time, have dismayed those who imagined it was crushed forever throughout the conquered province!

It is proper to say that Mrs. McCalla met with kinder treatment from the other British officers to whom she had occasion to apply at this time, for they were favorably impressed by the courage and strength of affection evinced by her. Even the soldiers, as she passed them, paid her marks of respect. The tories alone showed no sympathy nor pity for her trials; it being constantly observed that there was deeper hostility towards the whigs on the part of their countrymen of different politics, than those of English birth.

Mrs. McCalla began her work immediately after her arrival at home; making new clothes, altering and mending others, and preparing the provisions. Her preparations being completed, she again set out for Camden. This time she had the company of one of her neighbors, Mrs. Mary Nixon, whose brother, John Adair, has been mentioned as among the prisoners. Each of the women drove before her a pack-horse, laden with the articles provided for the use of their

suffering friends. They were again admitted to the presence of Lord Rawdon to petition for leave to visit the prisoners, but nothing particular occurred at the interview. His lordship treated the matron who had offended him with much haughtiness, and she on her part felt for him a contempt not the less strong that it was not openly expressed. From this time she made her journeys about once a month to Camden, carrying clean clothes and provisions ; being often accompanied by other women bound on similar errands, and conveying articles of food and clothing to their captive fathers, husbands, or brothers. They rode without escort, fearless of peril by the way, and regardless of fatigue, though the journey was usually performed in haste, and under the pressure of anxiety for those at home as well as those to whose relief they were going. On one occasion, when Mrs. McCalla was just about setting off alone upon her journey, news of a glorious event was brought to her ; the news of the battle of King's Mountain, which took place on the 7th of October. She did not stop to rejoice in the victory of her countrymen, but went on with a lightened heart, longing, no doubt, to share the joy with him who might hope, from the changed aspect of affairs, some mitigation of his imprisonment. When she reached Camden, an unexpected obstacle presented itself ; she was refused permission to pass the guard. It was not difficult to see whence this order had proceeded ; but submission was the only resource. She took off the bags from the horse that had carried

the load, and seated herself at the root of a tree, holding in her hand the bridle-reins of both horses. No friend or acquaintance was near to offer aid, and she made up her mind to spend the night in that place, not knowing whither to go. She was not, however, reduced to this; for before long one of the inhabitants of the village came to her assistance, took her horses and tied them in the back yard of his house, and helped her to carry in the packs. This piece of kindness called forth her feelings of gratitude, and was often mentioned by her in after life as an unexpected and gratifying instance of good will.

The next day she had another interview with Lord Rawdon, which was abruptly terminated by one of her impulsive answers. To his rude remark, that he ought to have hung her rebel husband at the first, and thus avoided the trouble he had been put to with her —she promptly replied: "That's a game, sir, that two can play at!" and was peremptorily ordered out of his lordship's presence. Her friend Major Doyle, however, benevolently interfered to plead for her, representing her distress, and at length obtained permission for her to go to the prison with the food and clothing she had brought. She said to this officer: "Your hanging of the whigs has been repaid by the hanging of the tories." In reply, Doyle assured her he had never approved of such a course, and that the responsibility must rest solely upon his lordship. The consciousness of guilt in the exercise of these cruelties doubtless often harassed his mind, and it was not

surprising he should testify uneasiness or anger when allusion was made, as in her retort, to the subject. Mrs. McCalla then informed the Major of the news of the action at King's Mountain. It was the first intelligence, he said, that had reached him of the battle, though he had no doubt Rawdon was already in possession of the news, he having within a short time shown so much sternness and ill-humor that scarce any one dared speak to him. Though ill tidings spread quickly, it does not seem wonderful that the knowledge of an action so disastrous to the British arms should be concealed as long as possible from the soldiers and prisoners, and thus that the earliest information should be brought by an American woman, living among those who would be first to hear of it.

About the first of December, Mrs. McCalla went again to Camden. On the preceding trip she had met with Lord Cornwallis, by whom she was treated with kindness. Whatever hopes she had grounded on this, however, were doomed to disappointment; he was this time reserved and silent. She was afterwards informed by the Major that a considerable reverse had befallen His Majesty's troops at Clermont, and the annoyance felt on this account—Doyle said—was the cause of his not showing as much courtesy as he usually did to ladies. "You must excuse him," observed the good-natured officer, who seems to have always acted the part of a peace-maker on these occasions; and he added that Cornwallis had never approved of the cruelties heretofore practised.

RUINS OF THE CITY OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

Towards the last of December the indefatigable wife again performed the weary journey to Camden. McCalla's health had been impaired for some months, and was now declining; it was therefore necessary to make a strenuous effort to move the compassion of his enemies, and procure his release. Rawdon was in command, and she once more applied to him to obtain permission for her husband to go home with her. As might have been anticipated, her petition was refused: his lordship informed her that he could do nothing in the premises; but that if she would go to Winnsboro' and present her request to Lord Cornwallis, he might possibly be induced to give her an order for the liberation of the prisoner.

To Winnsboro', accordingly, she made her way, determined to lose no time in presenting her application. It was on New Year's morning that she entered the village. The troops were under parade, and his lordship was engaged in reviewing them; there could be no admission, therefore, to his presence for some time, and she had nothing to do but remain a silent spectator of the imposing scene. A woman less energetic, and less desirous of improving every opportunity for the good of others, might have sought rest after the fatigues of her journey, during the hours her business had to wait; Sarah McCalla was one of heroic stamp, whose private troubles never caused her to forget what she might do for her country. She passed the time in noticing particularly every thing she saw, not knowing but that her report might do service. After the lapse

of several hours, the interview she craved with Cornwallis was granted. He received her with courtesy and kindness, listened attentively to all she had to say, and appeared to feel pity for her distresses. But his polished expression of sympathy, to which her hopes clung with desperation, was accompanied with regret that he could not, consistently with the duties of His Majesty's service, comply unconditionally with her request. He expressed, nevertheless, entire willingness to enter into an exchange with Gen. Sumter, releasing McCalla for any prisoner he had in his possession. Or he would accept the pledge of Gen. Sumter that McCalla should not again serve until exchanged, and would liberate him on that security. "But, madam," he added, "it is Sumter himself who must stand pledged for the keeping of the parole. We have been too lenient heretofore, and have let men go who immediately made use of their liberty to take up arms against us."

With this the long tried wife was forced to be content, and she now saw the way clear to the accomplishment of her enterprise. She lost no time in returning home, and immediately set out for Charlotte to seek aid from the American general. She found Sumter at this place, nearly recovered of the wounds he had received in the action at Blackstock's, in November. Her appeal to him was at once favorably received. He gave her a few lines, stating that he would stand pledged for McCalla's continuance at home peaceably until he should be regularly exchanged

This paper was more precious than gold to the matron whose perseverance had obtained it; but it was destined to do her little good. She now made the best of her way homeward. After crossing the Catawba, she encountered the army of Gen. Morgan, was stopped, being suspected to be a tory, and taken into his presence for examination. The idea that she could be thus suspected afforded her no little amusement, and she permitted the mistake to continue for some time, before she produced the paper in Sumter's handwriting, which she well knew would remove every difficulty. She then informed the general of her visit to Winnsboro' on the first of January, and her sight of the review of the troops. Morgan thanked her for the information and dismissed her, and without further adventure she arrived at her own house.

A few days after her return, the British army, being on its march from Winnsboro', encamped on the plantation of John Service, in Chester District, and afterwards at Turkey creek. Mrs. McCalla went to one of those camps in the hope of seeing Lord Cornwallis. She succeeded in obtaining this privilege; his lordship recognised her as soon as she entered the camp, and greeted her courteously, questioning her as to her movements, and making many inquiries about Sumter and Morgan. On this last point she was on her guard, communicating no more information than she felt certain could give the enemy no manner of advantage, nor subject her friends to inconvenience. At length she presented to the noble Briton the paper which she

imagined would secure her husband's freedom. What was her disappointment when he referred her to Lord Rawdon, as the proper person to take cognizance of the affair! The very name was a death-blow to her hopes, for she well knew she could expect nothing from his clemency. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike in vain; Cornwallis was a courteous man, but he knew how, with a bland smile and well-turned phrase of compliment, to refuse compliance even with a request that appealed so strongly to every feeling of humanity, as that of an anxious wife pleading for the suffering and imprisoned father of her children. She must submit, however, to the will of those in power; there was no resource but another journey to Camden, in worse than doubt of the success she had fancied just within her reach.

It was a day or two after the battle of the Cowpens that she crossed the ferry on her way to Camden. She had not yet heard of that bloody action, but observing that the guard was doubled at the ferry, concluded that something unusual had occurred. As she entered the village, she met her old friend Major Doyle, who stopped to speak to her. His first inquiry was if she had heard the news; and when she answered in the negative, he told her of the "melancholy affair" that had occurred at the Cowpens. The time, he observed, was most inauspicious for the business on which he knew she had come. "I fear, madam," he said, "that his lordship will not treat you well."

"I have no hope," was her answer, "that he will

let Thomas go home; but, sir, it is my duty to make efforts to save my husband. I will thank you to go with me to Lord Rawdon's quarters."

Her reception was such as she had expected. As soon as Rawdon saw her, he cried angrily, "You here again, madam! Well—you want your husband—I dare say! Do you not know what the d——d rebels have been doing?"*

"I do not, sir," replied the dejected matron, for she saw that his mood was one of fury.

"If we had hung them," he continued, "we should have been saved this. Madam! I order you most positively never to come into my presence again!"

It was useless, Mrs. McCalla knew, to attempt to stem the tide; she did not therefore produce, nor even mention the paper given her by Sumter, nor apologise for her intrusion by saying that Lord Cornwallis had directed her to apply to him; but merely answered in a subdued and respectful tone by asking what she had done.

"Enough!" exclaimed the irritated noble. "You go from one army to another, and Heaven only knows what mischief you do! Begone!"

* Judge Wylie, the son of one of the prisoners, says that in attempting their escape, they loosened some bars about the door, but daylight surprising them, they replaced every thing but the spring bar, which they could not get back. When the keeper opened the door, he received a blow from the bar that nearly killed him. It was probably this attempt to escape that so enraged Lord Rawdon. Another account states that the prisoners actually got out of the jail, and were retaken before they had left Camden.

She waited for no second dismissal, but could not refrain from saying, as she went out, in an audible voice, "My countrymen must right me." Lord Rawdon called her back and demanded what she was saying. She had learned by this time some lessons in policy, and answered with a smile, "We are but simple country folk." His lordship probably saw through the deceit, for turning to his officer, he said, "Upon my life, Doyle, she is a wretch of a woman!" And thus she left him.

That great event—the battle of the Cowpens—revived the spirits of the patriots throughout the country. Everywhere, as the news spread, men who had before been discouraged flew to arms. The action took place on the 17th of January, 1781; on the 22d of the same month, six wagons were loaded with corn at Wade's Island, sixty miles down the Catawba, for the use of Gen. Davison's division. The whole whig country of Chester, York and Lancaster may be said to have risen in mass, and was rallying to arms. Mecklenburg, North Carolina, was again the scene of warlike preparation; for the whigs hoped to give the enemy another defeat at Cowans or Batisford on the Catawba. On the 24th of January Gen. Sumter crossed this river at Landsford, and received a supply of corn from Wade's Island. His object was to cross the districts to the west, in the rear of the advancing British army, to arouse the country and gather forces as he went, threaten the English posts at Ninety-Six and Granby, and go on to recover the State. While

Cornwallis marched from his encampment on Service's plantation, the whigs of Chester, under the gallant Captains John Mills and James Johnston, were hovering near, watching the movements of the hostile army as keenly as the eagle watches his intended prey. Choosing a fit opportunity as they followed in the rear, they pounced upon a couple of British officers, one of whom was Major McCarter, at a moment when they had not the least suspicion of danger, took them prisoners in sight of the enemy, and made good their retreat. By means of this bold exploit the liberation of McCalla was brought about, at a time when his wife was wholly disheartened by her repeated and grievous disappointments. When Gen. Sumter passed through the country, a cartel of exchange was effected, giving the two British officers in exchange for the prisoners of Chester District in Camden and Charleston.

The person sent with the flag to accomplish this exchange in Camden was Samuel Neely of Fishing Creek. As he passed through the town to the quarters of Lord Rawdon, he was seen and recognized by the prisoners, and it may be supposed their hearts beat with joy at the prospect of speedy release. But in consequence of some mismanagement of the business, the unfortunate men were detained in jail several weeks longer. Neely was in haste to proceed to Charleston, being anxious, in the accomplishment of his mission in that city, to get his son Thomas out of the prison-ship, and in his hurry probably neglected some necessary formalities. His countrymen in Cam-

den were kept in confinement after his return from Charleston with his son. Capt. Mills was informed of this, and indignant at the supposed disrespect shown by Lord Rawdon to the cartel of Gen. Sumter, wrote a letter of remonstrance to Rawdon, which he entrusted to Mrs. McCalla to be conveyed to him.

Our heroine was accompanied on this journey by Mrs. Mary Nixon, for she judged it impolitic that the letter should be delivered by one so obnoxious to his lordship as herself. Still she deemed it her duty to be on the spot to welcome her liberated husband, supply all his wants, and conduct him home. The distance was traversed this time with lighter heart than before, for now she had no reason to fear disappointment. When they arrived at Camden, they went to the jail. John Adair was standing at a window; they saw and greeted each other, the women standing in the yard below. Perhaps in consequence of his advice, or prudential considerations on their part, they determined not to avail themselves of the good offices of Major Doyle on this occasion. Adair directed them to send the jailor up to him, and wrote a note introducing his sister to the acquaintance of Lord Rawdon. The two women then proceeded to the quarters of that nobleman. When they arrived at the gate, Mrs. McCalla stopped, saying she would wait there, and her companion proceeded by herself. She was admitted into the presence of Lord Rawdon, who read the note of introduction she handed to him, and observed, referring to the writer—that the small-pox had almost finished

THE STAMP RIOTS IN NEW YORK.

him; still, he had come very near escaping from the jail; that he was "a grand 'scape-gallows." On reading the letter of Capt. Mills his color changed, and when he had finished it, turning to Mrs. Nixon, he said in an altered tone: "I am sorry these men have not been dismissed, as of right they ought." He immediately wrote a discharge for eleven of the prisoners, and put it into her hands, saying: "You can get them out, madam. I am very sorry they have been confined so many weeks longer than they should have been." At the same time he gave Mrs. Nixon a guinea. "This," he said, "will bear your expenses."

His lordship accompanied her on her way out, and as she passed through the gate his eye fell on Mrs. McCalla, whom he instantly recognized. Walking to the spot where she stood near the gate, he said, fiercely: "Did I not order you, madam, to keep out of my presence?" The matron's independent spirit flashed from her eyes, as she answered: "I had no wish, sir, to intrude myself on your presence; I stopped at the gate on purpose to avoid you." Unable to resist the temptation of speaking her mind for once, now that she had a last opportunity, she added: "I might turn the tables on you, sir, and ask, why did *you* come out to the gate to insult a woman? I have received from you nothing but abuse. My distresses you have made sport of, and I ceased long since to expect anything from you but ill-treatment. I am now not your supplicant; I come to *demand*, as a right, the release of my husband!" So saying, she bowed to him con-

temptuously, wheeled about, and deliberately walked off, without stopping to see how her bold language was received. Mrs. Nixon hastened after her, pale as death, and at first too much frightened to speak. As soon as she found voice, she exclaimed: "Sally! you have ruined us, I am afraid! Why, he may put us both in jail!"

Mrs. McCalla laughed outright. "It is not the first time, Mary," she replied, "that I have given him to understand I thought him a villain!" The two made their way back to the prison, but even after they got there Mrs. Nixon had not recovered from her terror. She was informed that it would be some time before the prisoners could be released. The blacksmith was then sent for, and came with his tools. The sound of the hammering in the apartments of the jail, gave the first intimation to the women who waited to greet their friends, that the helpless captives were chained to the floor. This precaution had been adopted not long before, in consequence of some of the prisoners having attempted an escape. They were then put in handcuffs or chained by the ankle. These men left the place of their long imprisonment and suffering in company with the two women, and as they marched through the streets of Camden, passing the British guard, they sang at the top of their voices the songs of the "liberty-men." They were eleven in all, among them Thomas McCalla, John Adair, Thomas Gill, William Wylie, Joseph Wade, and Nicholas Bishop; the last a man eighty years of age, and per-

fectly deaf. The crime for which he had been torn from his home and immured in jail was that of being the father of eight or nine fighting men, enlisted under the banner of their country. His thirteenth child, John Bishop, was then in the camp.

After the liberated prisoners had marched a mile or two on their way, it was concluded that those who were able to travel should go on as rapidly as possible, leaving McCalla and Adair, with the females, their horses and luggage, to follow them as their strength should permit. With this last party Joe Wade remained, being a stout able-bodied man, and willing to render assistance to his invalid comrades. This patriotic individual—the brother of the late George Wade of Columbia, S. C.—suffered much from British cruelty—having been caught in arms after taking protection. Garden states that he received a thousand lashes, and died under the infliction. Joe, however, did not die, but recovered of his wounds, and being unable to overcome his propensity for fighting, he was again so unfortunate as to be taken, was carried to Camden, and there kept for some time in prison. He was one of those who attempted to break jail, and as the irons were put on the delinquents, he said facetiously to the officials performing this duty, that he "would prefer having a pair of stockings." They therefore accommodated him with heavy irons on each ankle. But this did not fetter the captive's spirits; he would rattle his chains merrily, telling his fellow-prisoners they knew nothing of the pleasures of

a plurality. "Your single chain," he would say frequently, "can only go—whop!—but I can jingle mine, and I will soon give you the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,'" suiting the action to the word, and jingling to the amusement of all who could hear him. Many a night Joe thus performed his musical airs with these novel instruments, as a pastime to himself and those who like him were at a loss for diversion, and to the great annoyance of the keepers of the jail, whom he prevented from sleeping. He was proof, however, against their murmurings and menaces, and continued in spite of remonstrance, to keep his fellow-captives in music and songs, while John Adair taught them to play at cards, by way of getting rid of their superfluous time. Yet Joe had a soul that could be touched, though his spirit was unconquerable; his heart was in the right place, and could feel for the misfortunes of others, prompting to active exertions for their relief. He saw now that his neighbor and fellow-sufferer, Adair, who had been a prey to the small-pox in prison, had scarcely strength to walk, and without hesitation he took him upon his back and trudged along under the weight. "Never mind, my boy," he would say when John remonstrated; "you are not quite so heavy as a thousand lashes! My back is a little rough, so hold on tight! Why, if I had only thought of bringing the chains along, I might have played you a tune as we are going! No matter; when we stop to rest, John, you shall out with the pack of cards, and we will have the odd trick."

The honest patriot was bearing on his furrowed back—in that pale and emaciated stripling—a hero of after times; one who, a third of a century from that date, led the hunters of Kentucky to the field, together with Andrew Jackson, another youth of the Catawba, on the banks of the Mississippi. Yes! the lad whom Joe Wade then carried from the jail that had so nearly been his place of death, afterwards on the banks of the monarch of rivers, cancelled the debt of the thousand lashes, owing to his old friend; for nearly thrice that number of Britons were numbered among the wounded and slain, two or three of them general officers in their army! How strange that two boys of Catawba River who had been maltreated by the despotic English, should become instrumental in obtaining over the invincibles of Wellington's command—the haughty conquerors of Europe's master—the victory in one of the most splendid battles recorded in ancient or modern times! But without looking into the future, the kind-hearted Joe had his present reward in the pleasure of doing a service to a youthful but resolute patriot, and through him, of serving the cause of his country. It could not have been difficult to discover that no common spirit animated that boy's wasted frame. He distinguished himself, indeed, in several battles, and aided to form the constitution in the conventions of the States of Tennessee and Kentucky—devoting his whole life, in short, to public service.

To return to our travellers. They stopped, the first

night, at the house of Mrs. Weatherspoon, who welcomed them with cordial kindness. She had little to offer in the way of refreshment, having only one cow; but she made a potful of mush, and this with the new milk, formed a delicious repast for supper and breakfast, seasoned as it was with the love that makes "a dinner of herbs" more savory than the costliest dainties.

When Thomas McCalla reached the home he had so long desired to see, he found his affairs in an embarrassed condition, and little remained to him even for the supply of the most ordinary comforts. Mrs. McCalla's frequent journeys, the necessity of providing articles to be carried to Camden, and the impossibility of her balancing the account meanwhile by thrifty management, or by profitable labor, had sadly diminished their means. Not only this, but she had been compelled to contract debts, which her husband was unable for years fully to repay. Her disposition was generous to a fault; in carrying provisions to Thomas, she could not forget those who suffered with him, and whose bitter wants were evident to her eyes; she bestowed liberally of what she had, and might in truth be said to have fed and clothed the Camden prisoners. Who could blame this liberality, when her neighbors were willing to supply her, knowing the use that would be made of their loans! She and her husband took upon themselves the responsibility of repayment, and she spared not the labor of her hands for this purpose during many years. Thomas, broken down in

health, was unable for some time to work, but with returning strength applied himself faithfully to the task, which through persevering toil was at last accomplished. He never received from the country any remuneration for his losses, nor held any office. Yet the unobtrusive patriots had their reward in the consciousness of having done well and nobly, and having worthily served the good cause. If by their expenditures for the relief of others, a bar was placed to their attainment of riches, their poverty was honorable, and they enjoyed the respect of the virtuous and good among all their acquaintance. God gave them the blessing of children, whom they trained up in the right way. These became members of the same church with their parents, and patriotism was to them a household inheritance; the knowledge of the duties of good citizens, as well as the principles of piety, being instilled into them as their earliest and most important lessons.

Lord Rawdon's aversion to Mrs. McCalla was not without foundation; she was a very shrewd and independent person, and bore in her countenance the ineffaceable stamp of her character. Her eye was keen and penetrating as the glance of the eagle, and though remarkable for self-control, she often expressed by the rapid play of her features, the emotion called up at the moment, which she did not deem it prudent to utter in words. She often had secret interviews with the leading men of the American party, to whom she gave information, and who had entire confidence in

her representations, and high respect for her opinions on military affairs. She was not, however, indiscriminate in her disclosures, for she knew whom to trust, and could keep a secret whenever it was necessary. On her return from one of the trips she made to Camden, she chanced to meet two of her whig acquaintances—John McWaters and Thomas Steel—upon the Wateree. They were seeking information from Camden—the whigs at the time meditating a visit to this post of the enemy. She communicated to them all she knew, informing them of the position of the British in the town, and the guard stationed at the river; and so satisfied were her friends of the accuracy of her account and the correctness of her judgment, that in consequence of the intelligence brought by her, the projected enterprise was abandoned for the time.

Regarding the enemy she always expressed herself with candor. The British soldiers she described as uniformly polite and respectful to women, and frank and manly in their deportment; the loyalists of American birth she invariably condemned as coarse, vulgar, rude and disgusting in their manners. The New York volunteers, she said, were "pilfering, thievish, contemptible scoundrels." She generally spoke well of the British officers, some of whom she thought an honor to the service; but in her praise always excepted Lord Rawdon.

In person Mrs. McCalla was of medium size. Her constitution was vigorous, her temperament ardent,

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

though her self-possession was striking, and it seemed impossible to take her by surprise. With a strong will and steadfast purpose, she had great quickness of perception and reach of apprehension, and her measures were always proportioned to the difficulties to be overcome. Though firm of resolution as a rock, her heart was full of all gentle and generous impulses; the sight of distress was sufficient to melt her at once into sympathy, and she would hesitate at no sacrifice of her own interest, nor endurance of privation—to afford relief to the sufferer. She preserved throughout life her habits as a fearless equestrian, and when she was near the age of seventy, travelled on horseback all the way alone to the State of Indiana and back to her home, to visit her daughter, then married to Thomas Archer, the grandson of Katharine Steel.

Mrs. McCalla has been dead many years, and with her husband lies buried in Catholic graveyard near the place of her residence. She had five sons and several daughters. Her son Thomas died in the last war with Great Britain, in the service of his country. Her children and descendants have now all removed to the West, except the two children of John, who are living in Abbeville District. South Carolina might regret the loss in them of some of her best and most patriotic citizens, but they still serve their country, having borne with them to the great West the lessons of earnest piety and disinterested patriotism, taught them in early life by an exemplary mother. Thus the good seed sown by her was not lost, but is springing

up to bear abundant fruit in another soil, not less gen ial than their native one. One of the sons, Samue McCalla, lives near Bloomington, Indiana; David, at Princeton, in the same State. They are zealously attached to their country, and aim to serve its best interests. In person they bear the impress of their brave parentage so strikingly, that were a military commander selecting among a thousand, men who would be foremost in scaling a height to dislodge the foe, or who would willingly die in the last trench of Freedom, the choice would probably fall on these two

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MARY ADAIR, with her husband, William Adair, lived on the south fork of Fishing Creek. Their sons—James, William and John—enlisted at the commencement of the war, with an orphan whom they had adopted and brought with them when they removed to South Carolina. This was Edward Lacy, who rose to the rank of Colonel after the death of McClure, and was colonel of the Chester men at the battle of King's Mountain, and till the close of the war. After the war he became a General, and was one of the first county Judges. If the services of this distinguished man have conferred honor on his district and his State, how deep a debt does the country owe to the noble matron whose early protection and careful training formed him for usefulness, and incited him to his honorable career!

It has been mentioned that Huck's party stopped at Adair's on their way to Williamson's. After having

taken the silver buckles from Mrs. Adair's shoes, the rings from her fingers, and the handkerchief from her neck, they took her husband out, put a rope about his neck and were about to hang him up because his sons were out with the rebels, when some of the tories pleaded in his behalf that the old man was not so much to blame ; it was the mother who had encouraged her sons, and urged them to their rebellious course. The officer then drew Mrs. Adair apart, and remarking that he had understood her sons were fine young men, and that her influence over them was such that she could persuade them to anything she pleased, promised, if she would bring them over to the King's service, to obtain for each a commission in the army. The matron replied that her sons had a mind of their own, and thought and acted for themselves. The call made by the whigs before daylight the next morning—July 12th—has been noticed. After they were gone, Mr. and Mrs. Adair left the house quietly, leaving the two officers who had quartered themselves upon them, in bed, for they knew that in a short time there would be warm work at their neighbor's. They had scarcely reached the shelter of a thicket when they heard the first gun, and for an hour or more while the firing continued they remained in agitating suspense. At length venturing within sight of the road, they saw the redcoats and tories flying, and soon afterwards the gallant McClure in pursuit, and then no longer in fear they returned to the house. When they went to the battle ground, Mrs. Adair helped to dress the wounds

of the captain who had insisted that she should send her sons to him, and reminded him of the order.* His reply when she showed her sons was: "It is a little too late." The sons removed their aged parents, with their moveable property, to Virginia, and then came back to the camp. John, who afterwards became so distinguished, was at school in Charlotte at the beginning of the war, and left Liberty Hall to enter the army. Although but a stripling he obtained a lieutenant's commission, and was engaged in several battles. He made his escape at the time of the surprise of Sumter, and reached Charlotte, whence he was sent out a day or two after on some errand, and with another soldier, George Weir, was made prisoner at a house on the road. They might have effected their escape the night after their capture, but John Adair had set his heart on having two fine horses in possession of the enemy, and the opportunity was neglected which did not again occur. They were then taken to Camden, and examined by Lord Rawdon, who thought he could obtain from them some important information. His lordship was acquainted with Weir—they having been boys together in Ireland; but he failed in extracting anything from either of the prisoners. Though both were taken out with halters around their necks—they boldly persisted in saying "we have no disclosures to make." Adair was kept in jail about seven months, and suffered from hunger and want of clothing, and from a severe attack of the small-pox. Yet he

* See Vol I., p. 245.

did his best to keep up the spirits of his fellow-prisoners, among other devices for their amusement teaching them to play at cards with a pack he had procured. These unfortunate captives owed much to the kind-hearted women of Chester and York, who shared among them the provisions and clothing they had brought their relatives, and encouraged them to bear their privations with cheerfulness. Not long after Adair had gone to the West, his parents removed from South Carolina. Mrs. Adair lived to see him rise to distinction in the councils both of Tennessee and Kentucky, become the chief magistrate of the latter State, and general of the Kentucky forces in the war of 1812, and return to his home covered with the laurels of victory, respected and honored by all who knew his worth. As a shock fully ripe she was gathered to the tomb in 1819.

LVI.

SARAH BUCHANAN.*

THE history of the trials and sufferings of the early settlers of Tennessee, in their more than ten years of border warfare with the Delawares, Shawnees, Creeks and Cherokees, lives only in the memory of a few of their descendants. Yet in the midst of those trials and sufferings were enacted deeds of heroism and chivalry which might well challenge a comparison with those of the Pequod war and King Philip, in the early settlement of New England, or with those of a later date, in which Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton obtained their legendary fame.

About the year 1772, a few adventurous spirits in Virginia and North Carolina, allured by the tales told by hunters and trappers of beautiful valleys and meandering streams beyond the Alleghany Mountains, sought new homes in the lovely valley of the Watauga,

* I am indebted for this sketch to MILTON A. HAYNES, Esq., of Tennessee, who obtained the materials from Mrs. S. V. Williams, the daughter of Mrs. Buchanan, and other members of the family. Some MS. papers have been consulted for the historical facts; see also Haywood's History of Tennessee from 1770 to 1796.

now the Holston River, in the region now called East Tennessee. One of these hardy pioneers was the father of Sarah Buchanan, Capt. George Ridley. In December, 1773, in one of the rough block-houses used for the double purpose of fort and dwelling, was born the subject of this memoir--one of the first, if not the first-born daughter of Tennessee. Her earliest impressions were received amid scenes of strife, in which the inhabitants of the Watauga were continually engaged with their Cherokee neighbors.

In the year 1779, several parties made preparation to strike out still further into the wilderness, to establish if possible a new colony west of the Cumberland Mountains in the valley of Cumberland River. Gen. James Robertson, of North Carolina, in concert with Col. Donaldson, started from Watauga about the middle of December, the former leading a land expedition, the object of which was to cross the mountains, proceed to a place then known as the Big Salt Lick, now Nashville, establish a fort, build houses and open fields; the latter conducting a flotilla of rudely constructed flat-boats, which bearing the old men, women and children, and the baggage of the pioneers, descended the Holston, for the purpose of following Tennessee River to some point beyond its pass through the mountains. The land party was to join the flotilla somewhere on the great bend of the Tennessee, and conduct them to their new home in the valley of the Cumberland. Of this party was the father of Sarah Buchanan with his family. It was a dark and fear-

ful voyage, that descent of the Watauga and Tennes see, through the dark and bloody grounds of the warlike Cherokees and Creeks. To daily attacks from the Indians, who from the shores of the narrow river fired on the voyagers as they descended the rapid current in their frail open boats, now and then boldly pushing out in their canoes to assault them, were added the dangers of the rapid and meandering stream, where sunken rocks and dangerous rapids threatened to engulf the frail barks in its boiling eddies. To aggravate these horrors, when the voyagers, their numbers reduced by disease and the murderous savages, reached the head of the Muscle-Shoals, no sign could be discovered of Gen. Robertson. Col. Donaldson and his party found themselves environed by dangers which might have unnerved the stoutest heart. An unexplored wilderness on either side, seven hundred miles of up-stream navigation behind them, with thousands of armed warriors ready to fall upon them, while in advance was heard the roar of the turbid waters as they dashed amongst the projecting rocks of the Muscle-Shoals. It was a fearful alternative, but death was certain in the rear or on either flank, and after weighing well all the dangers of his situation, Col. Donaldson determined to descend the Tennessee to its mouth and attempt to reach the Big Salt Spring by the ascent of the Cumberland. Many instances of female courage are mentioned in connexion with this voyage; but their history does not properly belong to this sketch.

On the 24th of April, 1780, four months and two

days after Col. Donaldson left Watauga, those who survived of this adventurous party of pioneer voyagers reached the spot where Nashville now stands. Here they met their friends who had succeeded in reaching the same place some weeks before. Interesting indeed was the reunion, but not without its sorrows; for many a father, mother, brother, sister, looked in vain for the pride of their hearts. The painter who loves to depict upon the canvas the varied and conflicting emotions of the human heart, might find in the landing of these wayworn voyagers at the French Lick a fit subject for his pencil. The parties of Donaldson and Robertson, and two small ones conducted by Capt. Rains and Major John Buchanan, father and son, having met here, constituted the entire colony of Cumberland Valley, numbering less than five hundred souls, of whom one hundred and fifty were all that were able to bear arms. It would be an agreeable task for the historian who loves to trace a state from its foundation, to follow the rise and progress of this infant colony step by step down to the present time; but this task belongs not to the humble biographer.

From the landing of these pilgrims at Nashville, they were regarded by the various tribes of Indians around them as intruders, and a war of extermination was waged upon them by the Creeks, Cherokees, and Shawnees for fifteen years. Never was the history of any colony so marked by bloody opposition. Its settlers thus by the force of circumstances driven at once into a state of war from the moment of their

settlement, every man became an armed occupant, who held his life and his fort or block-house only by the strength of his arm.

The situation of these early pioneers was most adverse to the formation of polished and elegant society. Living in forts, each containing half a dozen or more families, they were compelled to work their small fields with guns by their sides. Books, schools, churches, academies, they had none. Toil and danger were their only school-masters, and stern necessity their only pastor and lawgiver. Capt. Ridley had established a small fort near Nashville, in which military rule was necessarily preserved, while various persons, pursuing the bent of their own interest established others, in which they rallied their friends and retainers to repel the assaults of Indian marauders. In the space of thirty miles around Nashville were a dozen such forts, and in and around these were all the inhabitants of the valley. Of necessity, social intercourse was kept up by occasional visits from one to another; but the road being often rendered dangerous by Indian ambuscades, it required more than a common share of bravery for small parties, especially of females, to venture, though the distance between the forts was only two or three miles.

On one occasion Sarah and a kinswoman named Susan Everett were returning home from a visit a mile or two distant, careless of danger, or not thinking of its presence. It was late in the evening, and they were riding along a path through the open woods, Miss

Everett in advance. Suddenly she stopped her horse, exclaiming, "Look, Sally, yonder are the red skins!" Not more than a hundred yards ahead was a party of Indians armed with rifles, directly in their path. There was no time for counsel, and retreat was impossible, as the Indians might easily intercept them before they could gain a fort in the rear. To reach their own block-house, four or five hundred yards distant, was their only hope of safety. Quick as thought Sarah whispered to her companion to follow and do as she did, and then instantly assuming the position of a man on horseback, in which she was imitated by her relative, she urged her horse into a headlong gallop. Waving their bonnets in the air, and yelling like madmen, they came furiously down upon the savages, who had not seen them, crying out as they came—"clear the track, you d—d red skins!" The part was so well acted, that the Indians took them for the head of a body of troopers, who were making a deadly charge upon them, and dodging out of the path, fled for very life—and so did Sally and Susan! Before the savages had recovered from their fright, the two girls were safe within the gates of the fort, trembling like frightened fawns at the narrow escape which they had made.

It was no doubt in consequence of this and similar instances of intrepid bearing and excellent horsemanship, that Sarah won the title of "the fast rider of Mill Creek." Soon after this period she won the heart and accepted the hand of the gallant Major John

Buchanan, and was married to him at the age of eighteen. He was a widower, over thirty years of age, and on account of his intrepidity in repelling Indian aggressions, had become the terror of the savages, as well as the pride of Cumberland Valley. His family originally emigrated from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He had come with his father in 1779 from South Carolina, where he had been a soldier under Col. Pickens. In several battles with the Indians he had been greatly distinguished for personal bravery, as well as for tact and skill as a commander. It is said he was dressed in buck-skin from head to foot, equipped with rifle and powder horn, starting out on a scouting expedition, when he came to address his future bride, and asked her to become the commander of Buchanan's Station—a fort two miles east of her father's block-house. Sarah had scarcely been transferred to her new home, before it was her lot to see her husband's father shot down at the gates by the Indians. Not long afterwards her brother-in-law, Samuel Buchanan, also an inmate of the fort, having gone a few hundred yards from the station, was surprised by a party of Indians, who cut off his retreat, so that his only means of escape was to gain a bluff twenty-five or thirty feet high on the bank of Mill Creek, and precipitate himself from its summit. This he did; but in the fall dislocating his knee, was overtaken by the Indians, who killed and scalped him within gun shot of the fort. Such scenes of blood, brought so near to her door, were calculated to unnerve the tender spirit

of woman; but Mrs. Buchanan seemed to gather new energy and power from every trial and danger by which she was surrounded.

On another occasion, when her husband and all the men of the fort were absent, two celebrated horse-thieves who had taken refuge with the Indians, came and demanded of Mrs. Buchanan two of the Major's fine horses. Knowing their lawless character, she pretended acquiescence and went with them to the stable, but on arriving at the door she suddenly drew a large hunting-knife from under her apron, and assuming an attitude of defiance, declared that if either of them dared to enter the stable, she would instantly cut him down. Struck by her intrepid bearing, they fell back, and although they tried to overcome her resolution by threats and bravado, she maintained her ground, and the marauders were compelled to retire without the horses.

In 1792, the population of East Tennessee had increased to near ten thousand, and that of the Cumberland Valley, principally around Nashville, to seven thousand. Of these about one thousand were men of arms, many of whom had for twelve years battled with the Creeks and Cherokees. General Washington as President of the United States, had sent for and received at Philadelphia a large delegation of Indian chiefs, in order if possible to establish amicable relations between the settlers of Tennessee and the red men of the forest. In pursuance of his instructions, Gov. Blount had held a peace talk about the beginning

of May, 1792, in which the Cherokees and Creeks pretended to be reconciled to their white brethren. Bloody-Fellow and John Watts, two Cherokee chiefs, were so earnest in such protestations that Gov. Blount called them the champions of peace, and President Washington conferred upon the first the title of General.

The report of the pacific disposition of the Indians soon spread over the Cumberland Valley, and although some of the old men shook their heads, as if distrusting the signs, yet the effect was to cause the mounted rangers, who had been for some time kept as a guard for the frontier, to be disbanded. The people watched less carefully, and ventured out more boldly and in smaller bodies, and nearly all began to rejoice at the return of the halcyon days of peace. But there was one to whom these signs of amity between the red men and the Anglo-Saxons of Cumberland Valley were any thing but pleasing. This was the Spanish Governor of Florida, at Pensacola. Distributing presents in arms and clothing to the Creeks and lower Cherokee towns, he invited and obtained a conference with the chiefs, in which he arrayed them all except Bloody Fellow against their neighbors. In consequence of this conference, about the middle of August John Watts assembled the principal warriors at Will's Town, and having hoisted the Spanish flag, appealed to the young warriors to join his standard, and march with him to exterminate the people of the Cumberland. Bloody-Fellow alone spoke against the war, and declared that

he would have no part nor lot in it. Among the hostile chiefs were the Shawnee Chief, and the son of the White Owl, who boasted that they had killed three hundred white men, and could kill as many more. During this talk, Bloody-Fellow taunted Watts for wearing a medal given to him by General Washington, while he was waging war against the whites. At this Watts tore off his medal, threw it upon the ground, and stamped upon it.

The war party prevailing, Watts was chosen as the commander of about a thousand warriors, principally Creeks and Cherokees, including about one hundred Shawnees, commanded by the Shawnee Chief. It was resolved immediately to send two refugee Frenchmen, who lived with the Indians, to the Valley. They were bearers of letters from Watts to Gen. Robertson at Nashville, professing great friendship; and were to return in ten days and report the situation of the country. Arriving at Nashville, these Frenchmen immediately informed Gen. Robertson of all that had been done at the late conferences; adding that the Indians would attack the Cumberland settlements in ten days. This report caused great alarm. Five hundred mounted men were immediately assembled at Nashville, and scouts sent out in every direction, but especially towards the Tennessee River, to discover the advancing Indians whose invasion was thus foretold; yet each returning scout reported none.

In the meantime Watts and his confederates, ignorant of the treachery of their spies, were busily pre-

paring their warriors and supplies for the invasion They had despatched several written messages to Gov Blount at Knoxville, in the name of Bloody-Fellow, professing great friendship, and artfully detailing the efforts of Watts to get up a war-party, which was represented as a failure. Gov. Blount and Gen. Robertson were thus deceived, although both had been warned of nearly all that had happened. The hostile Indians were assembled on the Tennessee River, below Chattanooga, having organized and equipped an army to attack and destroy the settlements in Cumberland Valley, while one of the young chiefs, who was to join the expedition, was at Knoxville, eating at Gov. Blount's table, and receiving presents for the chiefs, as a reward for their friendship. So skilfully had these adroit savages blended falsehood with truth, that Blount sent an order to Gen. Robertson, at Nashville, by express, about the 20th September, directing him to disband his troops, as the Indians were all peaceably disposed. On the same day the Indians, having waited in vain two weeks for the return of their French spies, crossed the Tennessee River. It seemed as if the fate of Cumberland Valley was to be decided by a mere chance. Gen. Robertson, knowing the lawless character of the semi-barbarous Frenchmen who had alarmed him with news of the intended invasion, and had kept the troops two weeks beyond the longest period fixed, wholly disbelieved their tales, and looked upon them only as rogues who sought, under the

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.
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alarm which they had created, to cover a retreat with stolen horses.

In this state of affairs, Gov. Blount's orders came; and yielding alike to his own convictions of duty and the orders of his governor, on the 28th Sept. Robertson disbanded the five hundred militia who had been assembled to repel the invasion. Every man sought his own home in one of the twenty or thirty stations scattered over Davidson and Sumner Counties; some rejoicing at the prospect of a respite from "war's rude alarums," while not a few hastened quickly to their families, feeling a presentiment that some dreadful calamity was about to descend upon the Valley. At this very time a murderous army of Indian warriors were within thirty miles of Buchanan's station, and not a company of armed men remained west of the Cumberland mountains. A few men had thought it blindness to disperse the soldiery at such a crisis, and among these was Major John Buchanan. His station was four miles east of Nashville, on the farther side of Mill Creek, being the outpost toward the Indian Nation, and necessarily exposed to the first assault. Having no power to alter the orders of Gen. Robertson or Gov. Blount, he yet felt that the very state of affairs which he deplored, imposed upon him a double responsibility. Having about a dozen men living in his station, he quietly prevailed on half a dozen young men on whose courage he could depend, to pass a few days with him. Yet, though uneasy at his exposed condition, he dared not breathe his fears; for the first

sign of alarm on his part would have been a signal for the departure of half his little garrison, consisting of nineteen men, a few women and slaves, whose natural instinct would lead them to seek safety in some fort less exposed, and more in the rear. He spoke of his fears to but one—his wife; for he knew her firmness, and was not afraid to trust her discretion. Having put all the arms in order, and prepared the doors and gates to resist the expected assault, he calmly, but anxiously awaited the result.

On Sunday night, about the hour of midnight, while the moon was shining brilliantly, the Indian army under Watts and the Shawnee, advancing in silence, surrounded Buchanan's station. In order to effect an entrance into the fort by a coup de main, they sent runners to frighten and drive in the horses and cattle. This was done, and the animals came dashing furiously towards the fort; but the garrison, wrapped in slumber, heeded them not. The watchman, John McCrory at this instant discovering the savages advancing within fifty yards of the gates, fired upon them. In an instant the mingled yells of the savage columns, the crack of their rifles, and the clatter of their hatchets, as they attempted to cut down the gate, told the little squad of nineteen men and seven women that the fearful war-cloud which had been rising so long was about to burst upon their devoted heads!

Aroused suddenly from deep slumber by the terrible warwhoop, every man and woman felt the horror of their situation. The first impulse with some was to

surrender, and it is related of one woman that she instantly gathered her five children and attempted to go with them to the gate to yield themselves to the Indians. Mrs. Buchanan seized her by the shoulder, and asked her where she was going.

"To surrender myself and children to the Indians—if I don't they'll kill us any how," exclaimed the terrified woman. "Come back," said Mrs. Buchanan, "and let us all fight and die together." An old man who waked up as it were in a dream, seemed paralyzed, and exclaimed in a plaintive voice—"Oh, we shall all be murdered!"

"Get up then and go to fighting!" exclaimed Mrs. Buchanan; "I'd be ashamed to sit crouched up there when any one else is fighting. Better die nobly than live shamefully!"

In the meantime Major Buchanan had arranged his men in the block-houses so as to rake the Indians by a flank fire, and was pouring a galling fire into the head of the assaulting column. Yet nothing dismayed, the daring foe crowded against the gates, their blows falling faster and heavier, while now and then they attempted to scale the pickets. At length, unable to do this or to force open the well-barred and ponderous gate, the bold warriors advanced to the block-houses, and standing before them, pointed their guns in at the port holes; both sides sometimes at the same instant firing through the same opening. It was the policy of Major Buchanan to impress upon them the idea that the fort contained a large garrison. To do this it

was necessary for his men to fire their guns often, and occasionally in volleys. At this crisis the whisper went round—"All is lost. Our bullets are out!" But there were guardian angels whom these brave men knew not of. Scarcely had the words been spoken, when Mrs. Buchanan passed around with an apronful of bullets, which she and Nancy Mulherrin, the Major's sister, had moulded during the fight out of her plates and spoons. At the same time she gave to each of the tired soldiers some brandy which she carried in a pewter basin. During the contest they had thus moulded three hundred bullets. Not without their fun were these hardy men in this hour of peril. In order to keep up a show of good spirits, they frequently cried out to the Indians, "Shoot bullets, you squaws! Why don't you put powder in your guns?" This was understood, for Watts and many others spoke very good English, and they replied by daring them to come out and fight like men. In the midst of these banterings, Mrs. Buchanan discovered a large blunderbuss which had been standing in a corner during the fight and had not been discharged, and gave it to an Irishman named O'Connor to fire off. In telling the story afterwards the Irishman said: "An' she gave me the wide-mouthed fusee and bade me to shoot that at the blasted creeturs, and Jimmy O'Connor he took the fusee, and he pulled the trigger when the rest fired, for three or four times, and loaded her again every time, and so ye see, yer honor, when I pulled the trigger again, the fusee went off, it did, and Jimmy O'Connor went under the bed." This

unequal contest lasted for four long hours, and when the first blush of morning began to appear in the East, most of the chiefs were killed or wounded. The boastful Shawnee was transfixed in death, leaning against the gate which he had so valorously assaulted; the White Owl's son and Unacate, or the White-man-killer, were mortally wounded, and the blood-thirsty John Watts was borne off on a litter, shot through both legs.

During this protracted fight Mrs. Buchanan aided the defenders by words and deeds, as if life or death depended upon the efforts which she was then making. She knew, and all knew, that if the assault could be repelled for four hours, relief would come from the neighboring posts. Foiled, discouraged, their leaders disabled, this formidable army of savage warriors precipitately retreated towards their country, bearing off most of their wounded, yet leaving many dead upon the field. This was the first formidable invasion of Cumberland Valley, and its tide was rolled back as much by the presence of mind and heroic firmness of Sarah Buchanan and Nancy Mulherrin, as by the rifles of their husbands and friends. The fame of this gallant defence went abroad, and the young wife of Major Buchanan was celebrated as the greatest heroine of the West. From 1780 to 1796, there was not a year in which her family had not been exposed to peril, in which of course she was a partaker.

LVII.

NANCY VAN ALSTINE.

Nancy, the daughter of Peter and Sarah Quackinbush, was born in the vicinity of Canajoharie, about the year 1733. She was a descendant of one of the brothers Quackinbush who came from Holland some time in the seventeenth century, having purchased a tract of land, on which, as is supposed, a large portion of the business part of the city of New York was afterwards built. They were, however, deprived of their rights by some English adventurers whose shrewdness and knowledge of business enabled them to take advantage over the Hollanders, imperfectly acquainted with the language, and unaccustomed to business transactions. The title was found invalid, and the new settlers in New Amsterdam were compelled to resign their possessions to those who had no just claim upon them. After this the brothers separated, and the grandfather of the subject of this sketch removed to the wild but inviting region of the Mohawk Valley. Peter, the father of Nancy, was among the early settlers of this country, and did not escape the difficulties many of them were forced to encounter.

He pursued for many years the business of a trader with the Indians, and spent a large portion of his time in travelling to and from the aboriginal settlements—his line lying chiefly upon the Susquehanna. The Indians placed the utmost confidence in him, frequently applying to him for advice, and as it occasionally happened that he had a full supply of goods when other traders had disposed of all their stock—for he made a practice of providing himself with an extra supply of the most saleable articles—they imagined that he was peculiarly under the care of the good Spirit who gives abundance to those whom he favors. Their kind feelings towards their white brother who "always had something left for the Indian," disposed them to bestow on him some particular mark of regard, and after a meeting for consultation, they decided on giving him the name of *Otsego*, and christening the lake for him. The ceremony of naming both him and the lake was performed by pouring liquor upon his head as he knelt on the ground, a portion being afterwards poured into the water. It is probable that few are acquainted with this origin of the name of Otsego Lake; but the family tradition has been confirmed by the recollection of some who witnessed the occurrence.

The mother of Nancy belonged to the Wimple family, considered one of the most respectable Dutch families in the valley. The Brouks and Gansevorts were near connections, and for some time the daughter was an inmate of the family of John Brouk of Coxsackie, re-

ceiving while there all the instruction in the English language she ever had. Schools were not common among the Dutch settlers, on account of the distance between their farms, and Nancy never enjoyed any advantages of this kind; but possessing superior mental powers and a disposition to study, she acquired what in those days was considered a good education. She read Dutch with ease, and had her memory well stored from the best of all books—the Bible. The customs were simple among that primitive people, and they had a natural dislike to innovation. English was not spoken; a Yankee was suspected and shunned, and a general prejudice existed against strangers, which it required a long acquaintance to overcome. In business transactions, as verbal agreements were always held sacred, and no writing was necessary among them, it was but natural that they should dread being outwitted by more crafty dealers. The women were of the class described by a distinguished chronicler, who "stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets." Miss Quackinbush was distinguished among them, not only for remarkable beauty of person and a fine voice, but for her intellectual superiority, her more cultivated manners, and a certain pride of bearing common in some of the more ancient families. She had the influence over all with whom she associated inseparable from a strong cast of character, was looked up to by all her youthful companions, and so generally admired that she was for some years known through that region as the belle of the Mohawk. To these attractive qual-

THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON.

ities she joined great industry and ingenuity; she gained the prize among all competitors in the knitting, spinning and weaving match, and moreover was perfect mistress of needlework in all its branches—an accomplishment of importance at that time, when all articles of male and female attire were of domestic manufacture. At the age of eighteen she was married to Martin J. Van Alstine, also a descendant of a Holland family who had settled in the valley of the Mohawk. It was probably an ancestor of his who was murdered by the Indians early in the French war—Eva, the wife of Jacob Van Alstine, who then resided in the valley.* While riding along the road, her little daughter in her arms, she stopped to open a swing gate, and was fired on and killed by the savages. The child was taken to Canada, returned after long captivity, and in 1843 was living, at the age of near a century, with her nephew, J. C. Van Alstine, at Auriesville, Montgomery County.

The young people, immediately on their marriage, removed to the Van Alstine family mansion in the neighborhood, which was their home for nearly thirty years. Their residence here was marked by much suffering from Indian hostility. The valley of the Mohawk, one of the richest agricultural districts in the country, and one of the most populous at the period of the Revolution, presented an inviting aspect to the plundering savages and the refugees who shared a precarious subsistence among them and in the wilds of

* History of Schoharie County.

Canada. Scarcely any other section was so frequently invaded and overrun by the enemy. Month after month during seven years its villages and settlements were attacked or destroyed by the relentless foe, its farms laid waste, and the inhabitants driven from their homes, or killed and captured. The settlers in this particular neighborhood were few, and were obliged to band together for their mutual defence, forming parties to serve as scouts through the country, for the traveller from place to place was liable to attack in the lonely forest, or to a bullet or arrow aimed from the covert of rocks or bushes. Mr. Van Alstine was thus compelled to be much from his home, where none but females were left in his absence, except an old domestic, whose extreme fear of the savages prevented his being of any service. Mrs. Van Alstine, however, had a knowledge of the Indian language, which gave her great advantages, and her natural sagacity and tact, with her intimate acquaintance with their peculiarities of character, enabled her on several occasions to protect her family. Her hospitality was always freely extended to all who claimed it, although the entertainment of a savage was often not without risk from others who might be lurking close at hand. Many incidents might be mentioned illustrating the dangers of this border life, but it is necessary to record merely a few which concern the family of our heroine, and exhibit her courage and firmness.

During the summer of 1778, the Indians and tories being sufficiently employed in the destruction of

Wyoming and Cherry Valley, the Mohawk Valley remained unmolested, with the exception of a descent upon the German Flats. In the spring of 1779, Gen. Clinton moved up the Mohawk and encamped at Canajoharie, and in this summer also little mischief was done. But in the spring of 1780 the Indians again appeared, infuriated at the destruction of their villages, and eager to wreak vengeance on the unoffending inhabitants. In August, Brant, with an army of Indians and loyalists, burst upon the defenceless settlements, plundering, killing, burning and desolating the country; while in the autumn Sir John Johnson ravaged the north side of the river. Thus the destruction of the Mohawk settlements was almost complete, and if here and there a small one escaped, it afforded but a temporary shelter, being likely to be destroyed by the next storm that should sweep over the land.

While the enemy, stationed at Johnstown, were laying waste the country, parties continually going about to murder the inhabitants and burn their dwellings, the neighborhood in which Mrs. Van Alstine lived remained in comparative quiet, though the settlers trembled as each sun arose, lest his setting beams should fall on their ruined homes. Most of the men were absent, and when at length intelligence came that the destroyers were approaching, the people were almost distracted with terror. Mrs. Van Alstine called her neighbors together, endeavored to calm their fears, and advised them to make immediate arrangements for removing to an island belonging to her hus

band near the opposite side of the river. She knew that the spoilers would be in too great haste to make any attempt to cross, and thought if some articles were removed, they might be induced to suppose the inhabitants gone to a greater distance. The seven families in the neighborhood were in a few hours upon the island, having taken with them many things necessary for their comfort during a short stay. Mrs. Van Alstine remained herself to the last, then crossed in the boat, helping to draw it far up on the beach. Scarcely had they secreted themselves before they heard the dreaded warwhoop, and descried the Indians in the distance. It was not long before one and another saw the homes they loved in flames. When the savages came to Van Alstine's house, they were about to fire that also, but the chief, interfering, informed them that Sir John would not be pleased if that house were burned—the owner having extended civilities to the baronet before the commencement of hostilities. "Let the old wolf keep his den," he said, and the house was left unmolested. The talking of the Indians could be distinctly heard from the island, and Mrs. Van Alstine rejoiced that she was thus enabled to give shelter to the houseless families who had fled with her. The fugitives, however, did not deem it prudent to leave their place of concealment for several days, the smoke seen in different directions too plainly indicating that the work of devastation was going on. It was this company of Indians that destroyed the family of Mr. Fonda.

The destitute families remained at Van Alstine's house till it was deemed prudent to rebuild their homes. Later in the following autumn an incident occurred which brought much trouble upon them. Three men from the neighborhood of Canajoharie, who had deserted the whig cause and joined the British, came back from Canada as spies, and were detected and apprehended. Their execution followed; two were shot, and one, a bold, adventurous fellow, named Harry Harr, was hung in Mr. Van Alstine's orchard Their prolonged absence causing some uneasiness to their friends in Canada, some Indians were sent to reconnoitre and learn something of them. It happened that they arrived on the day of Harr's execution, which they witnessed from a neighboring hill. They returned immediately with the information, and a party was despatched—it is said by Brant—to revenge the death of the spies upon the inhabitants. Their continued shouts of "Aha, Harry Harr!" while engaged in pillaging and destroying, showed that such was their purpose. In their progress of devastation, they came to the house of Van Alstine, where no preparations had been made for defence, the family not expecting an attack, or not being aware of the near approach of the enemy. Mrs. Van Alstine was personally acquainted with Brant, and it may have been owing to this circumstance that the members of the family were not killed or carried away as prisoners. The Indians came upon them by surprise, entered the house without ceremony, and plundered and destroyed

everything in their way. Mrs. Van Alstine saw her most valued articles, brought from Holland, broken one after another, till the house was strewed with fragments. As they passed a large mirror without demolishing it, she hoped it might be saved; but presently two of the savages led in a colt from the stable, and the glass being laid in the hall, compelled the animal to walk over it. The beds which they could not carry away they ripped open, shaking out the feathers and taking the ticks with them. They also took all the clothing. One young Indian, attracted by the brilliancy of a pair of inlaid buckles on the shoes of the aged grandmother seated in the corner, rudely snatched them from her feet, tore off the buckles, and flung the shoes in her face. Another took her shawl from her neck, threatening to kill her if resistance were offered. The eldest daughter, seeing a young savage carrying off a basket containing a hat and cap her father had brought her from Philadelphia, and which she highly prized, followed him, snatched her basket, and after a struggle succeeded in pushing him down. She then fled to a pile of hemp and hid herself, throwing the basket into it as far as she could. The other Indians gathered round, and as the young one rose clapped their hands, shouting "Brave girl!" while he skulked away to escape their derision. During the struggle Mrs. Van Alstine had called to her daughter to give up the contest; but she insisted that her basket should not be taken. Having gone through the house, the intruders went up to the kitchen cham-

ber, where a quantity of cream in large jars had been brought from the dairy, and threw the jars down stairs, covering the floor with their contents. They then broke the window glass throughout the house, and unsatisfied with the plunder they had collected, bribed a man servant by the promise of his clothes and a portion of the booty to show them where some articles had been hastily secreted. Mrs. Van Alstine had just finished cutting out winter clothing for her family—which consisted of her mother-in-law, her husband and twelve children, with two black servants—and had stowed it away in barrels. The servant treacherously disclosed the hiding place, and the clothing was soon added to the rest of the booty. Mrs. Van Alstine reproached the man for his perfidy, which she assured him would be punished, not rewarded by the savages, and her words were verified; for after they had forced him to assist in securing their plunder, they bound him and put him in one of their wagons, telling him his treachery to the palefaces deserved no better treatment. The provisions having been carried away, the family subsisted on corn, which they pounded and made into cakes. They felt much the want of clothing, and Mrs. Van Alstine gathered the silk of milkweed, of which, mixed with flax, she spun and wove garments. The inclement season was now approaching, and they suffered severely from the want of window glass, as well as their bedding, woolen clothes, and the various articles, including cooking utensils, taken from them. Mrs. Van Alstine's most arduous

labors could do little towards providing for so many destitute persons; their neighbors were in no condition to help them, the roads were almost impassable, besides being infested by Indians, and their finest horses had been taken. In this deplorable situation, she proposed to her husband to join with others who had been robbed in like manner, and make an attempt to recover their property from the Indian castle, eighteen or twenty miles distant, where it had been carried. But the idea of such an enterprise against an enemy superior in numbers and well prepared for defence, was soon abandoned. As the cold became more intolerable and the necessity for doing something more urgent, Mrs. Van Alstine, unable to witness longer the sufferings of those dependent on her, resolved to venture herself on the expedition. Her husband and children endeavored to dissuade her, but firm for their sake, she left home, accompanied by her son, about sixteen years of age. The snow was deep and the roads in a wretched condition, yet she persevered through all difficulties, and by good fortune arrived at the castle at a time when the Indians were all absent on a hunting excursion, the women and children only being left at home. She went to the principal house, where she supposed the most valuable articles must have been deposited, and on entering was met by the old squaw who had the superintendence, who demanded what she wanted. She asked for food; the squaw hesitated; but on her visitor saying she had never turned an Indian away hungry, sullenly commenced preparations for a meal.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY—DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

The matron saw ner bright copper tea-kettle, with other cooking utensils, brought forth for use. While the squaw was gone for water, she began a search for her property, and finding several articles gave them to her son to put into the sleigh. When the squaw, returning, asked by whose order she was taking those things, Mrs. Van Alstine replied, that they belonged to her; and seeing that the woman was not disposed to give them up peaceably, took from her pocket-book a paper, and handed it to the squaw, who she knew could not read. The woman asked whose name was affixed to the supposed order, and being told it was that of "Yankee Peter"—a man who had great influence among the savages, dared not refuse submission. By this stratagem Mrs. Van Alstine secured, without opposition, all the articles she could find belonging to her, and put them into the sleigh. She then asked where the horses were kept. The squaw refused to show her, but she went to the stable, and there found those belonging to her husband, in fine order—for the savages were careful of their best horses. The animals recognised their mistress, and greeted her by a simultaneous neighing. She bade her son cut the halters, and finding themselves at liberty they bounded off and went homeward at full speed. The mother and son now drove back as fast as possible, for she knew their fate would be sealed if the Indians should return. They reached home late in the evening, and passed a sleepless night, dreading instant pursuit and a night attack from the irritated savages.

Soon after daylight the alarm was given that the Indians were within view, and coming towards the house, painted and in their war costume, and armed with tomahawks and rifles. Mr. Van Alstine saw no course to escape their vengeance but to give up whatever they wished to take back; but his intrepid wife was determined on an effort, at least, to retain her property. As they came near she begged her husband not to show himself—for she knew they would immediately fall upon him—but to leave the matter in her hands. The intruders took their course first to the stable, and bidding all the rest remain within doors, the matron went out alone, followed to the door by her family, weeping and entreating her not to expose herself. Going to the stable, she inquired in the Indian language what the men wanted. The reply was "our horses." She said boldly—"They are ours; you came and took them without right; they are ours, and we mean to keep them." The chief now came forward threateningly, and approached the door. Mrs. Van Alstine placed herself against it, telling him she would not give up the animals they had raised and were attached to. He succeeded in pulling her from the door, and drew out the plug that fastened it, which she snatched from his hand, pushing him away. He then stepped back and presented his rifle, threatening to shoot her if she did not move; but she kept her position, opening her neckhandkerchief and bidding him shoot if he dared. It might be that the Indian feared punishment from his allies for any such act of

violence, or that he was moved with admiration of her intrepidity; he hesitated, looked at her for a moment, and then slowly dropped his gun, uttering in his native language expressions implying his conviction that the evil one must help her, and saying to his companions that she was a brave woman and they would not molest her. Giving a shout, by way of expressing their approbation, they departed from the premises. On their way they called at the house of Col. Frey, and related their adventure, saying that the white woman's courage had saved her and her property, and were there fifty such brave women as the wife of 'Big Tree,' the Indians would never have troubled the inhabitants of the Mohawk valley. She experienced afterwards the good effects of the impression made at this time.

It is probable some of these Indians were imbued with a portion of the humane disposition shown by Brant in his clemency to the conquered. In the spring a party of Canadian savages were sent to scour the country and collect provisions. Their orders were to take no prisoners, but they captured all who came in their way, murdering those who offered resistance. One of Mrs. Van Alstine's brothers was taken prisoner, and having repeatedly attempted to effect his escape, was sentenced by their council to be burned. He was bound to the stake and the faggots were piled around him, when an aged Indian who had not been present at the council interfered to save him, pleading that he had never harmed them, and had a wife and children,

and pledging himself for his safe-keeping. The victim was accordingly released, and being told to thank each Indian for his life, did so, and though he might have escaped afterwards, remained with his captors till the journey was accomplished—determined to fulfil the pledge given by his preserver.

It was not long after this occurrence that several Indians came upon some children left in the field while the men went to dinner, and took them prisoners, tomahawking a young man who rushed from an adjoining field to their assistance. Two of these—six and eight years of age—were Mrs. Van Alstine's children. The savages passed on towards the Susquehanna, plundering and destroying as they went. They were three weeks upon the journey, and the poor little captives suffered much from hunger and exposure to the night air, being in a deplorable condition by the time they returned to Canada. On their arrival, according to custom, each prisoner was required to run the gauntlet, two Indian boys being stationed on either side, armed with clubs and sticks to beat him as he ran. The eldest was cruelly bruised, and when the younger, pale and exhausted, was led forward, a squaw of the tribe, taking pity on the helpless child, said she would go in his place, or if that could not be permitted, would carry him. She accordingly took him in her arms, and wrapping her blanket around him, got through with some severe blows. The children were then washed and clothed by order of the chief, and supper was given them. Their uncle—then also a

prisoner—heard of the arrival of children from the Mohawk, and was permitted to visit them. The little creatures were sleeping soundly when aroused by a familiar voice, and joyfully exclaiming, "Uncle Quackinbush!" were clasped in his arms. In the following spring the captives were ransomed, and returned home in fine spirits.

In the year 1785 Mr. Van Alstine removed his family to the banks of the Susquehanna, eighteen miles below Cooperstown, where he had purchased a tract of land previous to the war. The comfortable house erected here had been burned by the Indians, and another had to be built before the owners could remove to their new home. There were at that time only three white families in the neighborhood, but several Indians were living near. Many incidents that occurred during their residence here are preserved in the family tradition, and illustrate life in the woods at this period. On one occasion an Indian whom Mr. Van Alstine had offended, came to his house with the intention of revenging himself. He was not at home, and the men were out at work, but his wife and family were within when the intruder entered. Mrs. Van Alstine saw his purpose in his countenance. When she inquired his business, he pointed to his rifle, saying, he meant "to show Big Tree which was the best man." She well knew that if her husband presented himself he would probably fall a victim unless she could reconcile the difficulty. With this view she commenced a conversation upon subjects in which she

knew the savage would take an interest, and admiring his dress, asked permission to examine his rifle, which, after praising, she set down, and while managing to fix his attention on something else, poured water into the barrel. She then gave him back the weapon, and assuming a more earnest manner, spoke to him of the Good Spirit, his kindness to men, and their duty to be kind to each other. By her admirable tact she so far succeeded in pacifying him, that when her husband returned he was ready to extend to him the hand of reconciliation and fellowship. He partook of some refreshment, and before leaving informed them that one of their neighbors had lent him the rifle for his deadly purpose. They had for some time suspected this neighbor, who had coveted a piece of their land, of unkind feelings towards them because he could not obtain it, yet could scarcely believe him so depraved. The Indian, to confirm his story, offered to accompany Mrs. Van Alstine to the man's house, and although it was evening she went with him, made him repeat what he had said, and so convinced her neighbor of the wickedness of his conduct, that he was ever afterwards one of their best friends. Thus by her prudence and address she preserved, in all probability, the lives of her husband and family; for she learned afterwards that a number of savages had been concealed near, to rush upon them in case of danger to their companion.

At another time a young Indian came in and asked the loan of a drawing knife. As soon as he had it in his hand he walked up to the table, on which there was a loaf of bread, and unceremoniously cut several

slices from it. One of Mrs. Van Alstine's sons had a deerskin in his hand, and indignantly struck the savage with it. He turned and darted out of the door, giving a loud whoop as he fled. The mother just then came in, and hearing what had passed expressed her sorrow and fears that there would be trouble, for she knew the Indian character too well to suppose they would allow the matter to rest. Her apprehensions were soon realized by the approach of a party of savages, headed by the brother of the youth who had been struck. He entered alone, and inquired for the boy who had given the blow. Mr. Van Alstine, starting up in surprise, asked impatiently, "What the devilish Indian wanted?" The savage, understanding the expression applied to his appearance to be anything but complimentary, uttered a sharp cry, and raising his rifle, aimed at Van Alstine's breast. His wife sprang forward in time to throw up the weapon, the contents of which were discharged into the wall, and pushing out the Indian, who stood just at the entrance, she quickly closed the door. He was much enraged, but she at length succeeded in persuading him to listen to a calm account of the matter, and asked why the quarrel of two lads should break their friendship. She finally invited him to come in and settle the difficulty in an amicable way. To his objection that they had no rum, she answered—"But we have tea;" and at length the party was called in, and a speech made by the leader in favor of the "white squaw," after which the tea was passed round. The Indian then took the

grounds, and emptying them into a hole made in the ashes, declared that the enmity was buried forever. After this, whenever the family was molested, the ready tact of Mrs. Van Alstine, and her acquaintance with Indian nature, enabled her to prevent any serious difficulty. They had few advantages for religious worship, but whenever the weather would permit, the neighbors assembled at Van Alstine's house to hear the word preached. His wife, by her influence over the Indians, persuaded many of them to attend, and would interpret to them what was said by the minister. Often their rude hearts were touched, and they would weep bitterly while she went over the affecting narrative of our Redeemer's life and death, and explained the truths of the Gospel. Much good did she in this way, and in after years many a savage converted to Christianity blessed her as his benefactress.

Mrs. Van Alstine was the mother of fifteen children, having passed her fiftieth year when the youngest was born. Twelve of these were sons, and all lived to become useful members of society. Most of them are now deceased, but two of her daughters survive—Mrs. Wimple, who resides at Syracuse, and the youngest child, Mrs. Ellen McKnight, now living at Havana, in the State of New York. Mrs. Van Alstine died in 1831 at Nampsville, Madison County, having retained her mental faculties to the last. According to a wish expressed on her death-bed, her Dutch books were buried with her. She feared they might be regarded as rubbish, and knew not how much her descendants would have valued them.

PRISON AND ESCAPE.

LVIII.

ELEANOR WILSON.*

The wives and mothers of Mechlenburg County, North Carolina, were called upon to bear more than their share of the toils and dangers of the Revolution. Among these was Eleanor, wife of Robert Wilson, of Steel Creek—a woman of singular energy of mind and devoted to the American cause. Her husband with three brothers and other kinsmen, settled in Mechlenburg about 1760, having removed from the Colony of Pennsylvania. These brothers were Scotch Presbyterians, arrayed by religious and natural prejudice, as well as early education, against tyranny in every form. At the time of the Declaration of Mechlenburg, May 20th, 1775, one of them—Zaccheus Wilson—representing all his kinsmen, signed that declaration, pledging himself and his extensive family connexions to its maintenance. This bold act of a county meeting was immediately published in the royal journals in Charleston, and copies were sent

* Milton A. Haynes, Esq., to whom I am indebted for this sketch, obtained the materials from different members of the family.

to the King of Great Britain by his Colonial governors, with letters representing the movement of Charlotte-town as a dangerous one, to be immediately suppressed. In this crisis there were not wanting citizens who shook their heads, and curling their lips in scorn, characterized the actors in this opening scene of the bloody drama of the Revolution as madmen, rebels and traitors, who were kindly admonished to look out for their necks. From the first to the last, Mrs. Wilson espoused the cause of liberty, exulting whenever its defenders gained any triumph.

Animated by her enthusiasm, her husband and sons entered warmly into the contest. Her sons Robert and Joseph, in service under Col. Lytle with Lincoln at Charleston, were taken prisoners at the surrender of that city, but having given their parole, were allowed to return home. On the way one of their companions became so weak as to be unable to travel. Determined not to desert him, they carried him on their shoulders alternately, till he was able to go on as before. They had scarcely reached home when the British General issued his proclamation declaring the country subdued—withdrawing the paroles, and requiring every able-bodied militia man to join his standard Refusing to fight against their country, and being no longer, as they believed, bound by their paroles, they immediately repaired to the standard of Sumter, and were with him in several battles. In that of Hanging Rock, Capt. David Reid, one of their kinsmen, was mortally wounded, and in great agony called for water,

which young Robert brought in his hat. In the same action Joseph, a little in advance, was suddenly assaulted by a tory—a powerful man—whom he knew, but killed him after a severe struggle, carrying off his rifle, which is now in the possession of his son, David Wilson, of Maine County, Tennessee.

The elder Robert Wilson and his son John, having collected a supply of provisions and forage for Sumter's corps from the neighborhood of Steel Creek, were hastening to meet them at Fishing Creek, and arrived a short time after the surprise. The consequence was the capture of the two Wilsons, and the seizure of the supplies. The prisoners were hurried to the rear, after having been brutally threatened with hanging on the nearest tree, and by a forced march reached Camden next day, where they were added to a crowd of honorable captives, such as Andrew Jackson, Col. Isaacs, Gen. Rutherford and others, more than a hundred of whom were crowded into one jail.

Meanwhile Cornwallis, leaving Rawdon at Camden, advanced his army to rebellious Charlotte, to forage upon its farms and plantations, and to punish its inhabitants. Many scenes of rapine, house burnings and plunderings might be detailed in connection with his five weeks stay hereabouts. The whig inhabitants of Mechlenburg, Rowan and Iredell came up manfully to sustain their country in this crisis. Although a few of the wealthier ones hastened to Charlotte, and claimed and obtained the protection of the British General, these were in a proportion of scarcely one in

a hundred. Unable to keep the open field, the republicans under Davie, Sumter, Davidson, Dickey, Brevard, Hall and Irwin, scattered through the forests and swamps, constantly falling in small parties upon the insolent dragoons of Tarleton and other troops sent out as scouts and on foraging excursions. It was a kind of guerilla warfare, boldly waged by the patriots of Mechlenburg, and feared by the British soldier, who always hated to be shot at from the thickets while he was quietly getting forage for his horse. Having already been rendered uneasy by the bold manner in which the rebels pounced upon his regulars, occasionally driving them within sight of his camp, Cornwallis, when he heard of the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain by a formidable body of patriots, fearing that so bold a party might attack his rear at Camden, concentrated his army, drew in his foraging parties, and on the 14th of October began his retrogade march towards Winnsboro'. During this march the British army halted for the night at Wilson's plantation near Steel Creek. The British General, with his staff, and the redoubtable Tarleton occupied the house of Mrs. Wilson, requiring her to provide for them as though they had been her friends. Although the soldiers were seizing every article in the way of provision on the place, Mrs. Wilson acted her part so well that the General decided in his own mind that she at least was not unfriendly to the Royal cause. Having drawn out in the conversation the principal items of her family history, and

finding that he was occupying the house of a noted whig leader, the brother and father of more than a dozen active soldiers, who was, moreover, his prisoner in Camden jail, Lord Cornwallis artfully attempted to enlist her in the King's cause. He began by observing that he deeply regretted being compelled to wage a war in which many of its worst calamities fell upon woman. He was constrained to believe that in this instance, as well as many others, many worthy men who were at heart good subjects, had been seduced from their duty by the delusive promises of aspiring and unprincipled leaders. "Madam," he continued, "your husband and your son are my prisoners; the fortune of war may soon place others of your sons—perhaps all your kinsmen, in my power. Your sons are young, aspiring and brave. In a good cause, fighting for a generous and powerful king, such as George III., they might hope for rank, honor and wealth. If you could but induce your husband and sons to leave the rebels, and take up arms for their lawful sovereign, I would almost pledge myself that they shall have rank and consideration in the British army. If you, madam, will pledge yourself to induce them to do so, I will immediately order their discharge."

To this artful appeal Mrs. Wilson replied, that her husband and children were indeed dear to her, and that she had felt, as a woman must, the trials and troubles which the war had brought upon her. She felt proud of her sons, and would do anything she thought right to advance their real and permanent in-

terests; but in this instance they had embarked in the holy cause of liberty—had fought and struggled for it five years, never faltering for a moment, while others had fled from the contest and yielded up their hopes at the first obstacle. "I have seven sons who are now, or have been, bearing arms," she continued, "—indeed my seventh son, Zaccheus, who is only fifteen years old, I yesterday assisted to get ready to go and join his brothers in Sumter's army. Now, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious enterprise, I would take these boys, (pointing to three or four small sons) and with them would myself enlist under Sumter's standard, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and if necessary, to die for their country!"

"Ah! General!" interrupted the cold-hearted Tarleton—"I think you've got into a hornet's nest! Never mind, when we get to Camden, I'll take good care that old Robin Wilson never comes back again!"

On the next day's march a party of scouts captured Zaccheus, who was found on the flank of the British army with his gun, endeavoring to diminish the number of His Majesty's forces. He was immediately taken to the head of the column, and catechised by Cornwallis, who took the boy along with him on the march, telling him he must act as his guide to the Catawba, and show him the best ford. Arriving at the river, the head of the army entered at the point designated by the lad, but the soldiers had scarcely

gone half across before they found themselves in deep water—and drawn by a rapid current down the stream. Believing that this boy, on whom he had relied to show him the best ford, had purposely brought him to a deep one in order to embarrass his march, the General drew his sword, and flourishing it over him, swore he would cut his head off for his treachery. Zaccheus replied that he had the power to do so, as he had no arms, and was his prisoner; "but, sir," said he, "don't you think it would be a cowardly act for you to strike an unarmed boy with your sword? If I had but the half of your weapon, it would not be so cowardly; but then you know it would not be so safe!"

Struck by the lad's cool courage, the General became calmer—told him he was a fine fellow, and that he would not hurt a hair of his head. Having discovered that the ford was shallow enough by bearing up stream, the British army crossed over it safely and proceeded towards Winnsboro'. On this march Cornwallis dismissed Zaccheus, telling him to go home and take care of his mother, and to tell her to keep her boys at home. After he reached Winnsboro', Cornwallis despatched an order to Rawdon, to send Robin Wilson and his son John, with several others, to Charleston, carefully guarded. Accordingly in November, about the 20th, Wilson, his son and ten others set off under the escort of an officer and fifteen or twenty men. Below Camden, on the Charleston route, parties of British soldiers and trains of wagons were continually passing, so that the officer had no fear of the Americans, and

never dreamed of the prisoners attempting an escape. Wilson formed plans and arranged everything several times, but owing to the presence of large parties of the enemy they could not be executed. At length, being near Fort Watson, they encamped before night, the prisoners being placed in the yard, and the guard in the portico and house. A sentinel was posted in the portico over the stacks of arms, and all hands went to providing for their evening repast.

Having bribed a soldier to buy some whiskey, for it had been a rainy day, the prisoners pretended to drink freely, and some of them seemingly more intoxicated than the rest, insisted upon treating the sentinel. Wilson followed him as if to prevent him from giving him the whiskey, it being a breach of military order. Watching a favorable opportunity he seized the sentinel's musket, and the drunken man, suddenly become sober, seized the sentinel. At this signal the prisoners rushed to the guns in the portico, while the guard, taking the alarm, rushed out of the house. In the scramble for arms the prisoners succeeded—drove the soldiers into the house at the point of the bayonet and the whole guard surrendered at discretion. Unable to take off their prisoners, Wilson made them all hold up their right hands and swear never again to bear arms against the cause of "liberty and the Continental Congress," and then told them that they might go to Charleston on parole; but if he ever found a single mother's son of them in arms again, he would "hang him up to a tree like a dog!"

Scarcely were they rid of their prisoners before a party of British dragoons came in sight. As the only means of escape, they separated by twos and took to the woods. Some of them reached Marion's camp at Snow Island, and Wilson, with two or three others, arrived safely at Mechlenburg—a distance of over two hundred miles, through a country overrun by British troops.

The term of the services and imprisonment of the family, was not less than two years each, being in all near sixteen years. Several of the sons were officers; Aaron was a lieutenant at the battle of Stono, in June, 1779, and Robert was a captain in the Indian war towards the close of the Revolution.

Mrs. Wilson was the mother of eleven sons. She and her husband lived to a good old age at Steel Creek, and died about the same time, in 1810. It is estimated that their descendants, living in Tennessee and the West, will now number seven or eight hundred. About 1792, or in the two years following, Joseph, John, James, Aaron, Robert, Samuel, Zaccheus, Josiah, Moses and Thomas Wilson, removed with their families to the Cumberland Valley, near Bledsoe's Lick, and not long afterwards located themselves near Harpeth Lick, in the southeast corner of Williamson County. They lived to advanced ages, and with the exception of Josiah and Moses, have some time since been gathered to their fathers. They were generally inflexible Presbyterians—stern republicans and great haters of tories. Robert, the first man who crossed the Cum-

berland mountains with a wagon, married Jane, the daughter of William and Ellen McDowell, York District, South Carolina. The McDowells were of a brave family. Charles, Joseph and William were in the battle of King's Mountain; Ellen and her daughter Jane heard the firing from their house, and the mother immediately went to the scene of strife, where she remained several days, nursing and attending to the wounded soldiers. She was a woman of remarkable courage and energy. A party of marauders having taken some of her property during the absence of her husband, she followed them, assembling her friends on the way, and soon recovered the booty. Her husband had manufactured powder in a cave near his dwelling; but as he could not burn the charcoal there without detection, she burnt it by small quantities in her fire-place, and carried it to him. In this way part of the powder used at King's Mountain was procured. Young Robert Wilson was with McDowell at Hanging Rock, and it was in reward for his gallant conduct that he gave him his daughter Jane. In 1832, the mother, then near ninety years of age, removed to Clay County, Missouri. Her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, has lived at Harpeth Lick since 1819, when her husband died She is eighty-seven years old, yet retains her mental faculties in remarkable vigor. She has one hundred and forty descendants, of whom the Rev. T. W. Haynes, of Charleston, S. C. is one, and also the writer of this notice.

LIX.

MARY MURRAY.

THE important service rendered to the American cause by Mrs. Murray, who saved Gen. Putnam and his troops from a surprise by the British, has been mentioned.* One of her descendants has communicated a few additional particulars concerning her. Her maiden name was Mary Lindley, and she was of a Quaker family. She was born in Pennsylvania, and resided in that colony for some years after her marriage to Robert Murray. Her eldest son, Lindley—so extensively known for his work on the grammar of the English language—was born at the town of Snetara, near Lancaster. In 1753 she removed with her family to the city of New York, where Murray became ere long one of the wealthiest and most respected merchants. He had joined the society of Friends from a persuasion of the truth of their creed and approbation of their customs, and though he was one of the four or five gentlemen who first rode in their coaches, he had a dislike to everything like luxury or ostentation, always terming his carriage his 'leather convenience.' Mrs. Murray is remembered in the family tradition as

* See Vol. II., p. 294.

a person of great dignity and stateliness of deportment. Her disposition is described by a tribute to her memory in the memoirs of her son, Lindley Murray: "My mother was a woman of amiable disposition, and remarkable for mildness, humanity and liberality of sentiment. She was indeed a faithful and affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a kind mistress. I recollect with emotions of affection and gratitude her unwearied solicitude for my health and happiness."

About the year 1764 Mr. Murray removed his family to England and remained there, on account of his health, till 1775. He was descended of a noble Scottish family, whose younger branches, like many other scions of nobility, had found themselves obliged, in impoverished and troublous times, to seek their fortune in the new world. It was natural, therefore, that he should retain their prejudices, and he continued disposed to loyalism during his life, while his wife, as the anecdote recorded of her testifies, joined with all her sympathies in the contest for liberty in her native land. The scene of her detention of the British officers was 'The Grange,' a small country seat at Murray Hill, some time since removed to make way for the improvements of the growing city.

Mrs. Murray died Dec. 25th, 1782, (O. S.) Many of her descendants are now living in New York: those of her son, John Murray, and her daughters, Beulah—Mrs. Martin Hoffman—and Susannah—the wife of a British officer—Col. Gilbert Colden Willett, a grandson of the English Lieutenant-Governor Colden.

APPENDIX.

SURPRISE OF GENERAL SUMTER.

After the fall of Charleston, May 12th, 1780, the British over-ran the State, establishing posts at Georgetown, Camden, Rocky Mount, Ninety-Six and Augusta, with others on the line from those to Charleston, to serve as places for rest, or to keep open their communication. The province was thus to all appearance conquered, the people generally having submitted; but a few resolute spirits scattered over the country could not be subdued by the severest measures. The 'outlyers' gathered under the command of Pickens and Williams, did service, while in the upper country the battles described were fought, and Marion harassed the enemy from the recesses of his swamps. This was the state of the war during May, June, July and August; the patriots endeavoring to supply their lack of numbers by laborious service and rapid marches. The news of the approach of Gates gave a new impulse to their zeal, and brought recruits to the standard of Sumter, enabling him to commence an aggressive warfare. By August 13th Gen. Gates rested at Clermont, thirteen miles from Camden. The mistake he committed in sending four hundred regulars to aid Sumter in the taking of Carey Fort, was productive of a train of disasters. Had he, instead, ordered Sumter with his riflemen to join him, he might have advanced on Camden, and fought the battle before aid arrived from Georgetown; or had he still delayed and

commenced the night march when he did, such an addition to his force, and of such men, might have turned his defeat into a splendid victory. Sumter's attack on the convoy and Carey Fort was crowned with success, and with his three hundred prisoners and forty-four wagons loaded with munitions of war, he hastened to join Gen. Gates, on the way receiving the news of his defeat. Encumbered with prisoners and baggage wagons—many of the regulars and country militia being on foot—his march on the retreat was slow, though kept up during the nights of the 16th and 17th August. It was not more than forty miles above Camden that he pitched his camp on the ill-fated morning of the 18th. (See Katharine Steel, page 101.)

A strong guard could have disputed the passage from Fishing Creek up the valley, for half a mile from the place where the road passed on the ridge. The enemy could only have kept the road in file, and a few discharges of artillery would have demolished them. Had they taken the open field lying a few hundred yards from the camp, they must have passed in column over parts of the ground —the ravines narrowing one pass into a mere strip of land. Gen. Sumter had occupied this very ground on the night following his attack on Rocky Mount, having chosen it as a stronghold in expectation that the British, reinforced from Hanging Rock, would attack him. They did, in fact, march for this purpose, but the creek was too much swollen by the heavy rains to be crossed. This strong military position was guarded by the Catawba on the east, and the creek on the west, with ravines in front and rear, and on either hand a narrow strip of ground affording the only space for occupation ; while at the place of encampment the ground was so spread out that he could have used his whole force, or if driven from that position could have taken a similar one at almost every hnndred yards distance on the ridge road for miles up the river. Its great natural advantages, therefore, justified his selection. When his army halted and struck their tents, the guard. being mounted, repaired to their posts, Major Crowford of the Waxhaws being the officer in command. The men in camp who had no duty to do, and were not too hungry, were soon fast asleep in their tents

having had no rest for two nights. Some were engaged in slaughtering beeves, and every few moments the crack of a rifle might be heard, while those awake would call out "Beef!" to one another. The sentinels posted down the road towards the ford of the creek, were marching up and down the line appointed, while others of the guard made for the river, desirous of a bath, as the weather was oppressively warm, and intending to be back at the station in time to take their turn. It is said that Major Crowford gave them permission to go; in any case, it is likely that these forest hunters, unaccustomed to military discipline, would have exercised their own discretion. Just as the army halted, Sarah Featherston, a young woman of a tory family, passed the road. Many of Sumter's men gave her the credit of having informed Tarleton of their situation, and some thought she had guided the British up the creek to what was called McKown's ford. This, however, she did not do, for they came up the road from the stream. The sentinels did their duty, delivering their fire in turn; but there was no guard to oppose the advance of the enemy. Each dragoon had a foot soldier mounted behind him, and these dismounted near the camp. In front, a short distance from the tents, Mrs. Pray, of Fairfield District, was seated upon a log feeding her two children. Her husband had gone into North Carolina after Gates' defeat, to join his force, and she having to leave home because her neighbors were loyalists, thought it safest to travel with the army. She had with her a negro boy, and two horses. As she sat upon the log, the British dragoons charged past her, and she would have been run over had not the log been large and furnished with branches, so that they were obliged to pass round it. She sat still, her eyes fixed on the terrible spectacle, and saw the defenceless or slumbering men shot down or cut to pieces, till she turned sickening from the scene of massacre. She saw a few of the regulars rallying behind the wagons, and returning the fire, and presently the bullets whistling near brought her to her recollection. Slipping down from the log, she pulled the children after her, and kept them close by her side till the firing ceased. When the British left the ground they took her servant

and horses, and she was left with her children, alone with the dead and wounded. Next day she went with the little ones, who were crying for bread, to the house of Nat Rives, a tory living in the neighborhood, to beg some food for them. He coolly told her there was the peach orchard, and she might take what she wanted, it was good enough for a rebel. This Rives afterwards accompanied Mrs. Johnston to the ground. When the British made their onset on the camp, Mrs. Pray's brother, John Starke, mounted his horse and made for the river. Plunging in, he reached an island, and spurred his horse from a high bank into deep water, rising in a few moments and effecting thus his escape to the opposite shore. The dragoons had pursued several of the men into the river, and were shooting and stabbing them. Starke, indignant at the sight, rose from his saddle to call the attention of the enemy, and made them a gesture of defiance. They were nearer than he had calculated, and their fire wounded him severely in the thigh. Some of the whigs who had escaped across the river procured a cart and carried him to his mother's house, where he lay helpless a long time, exposed to ill usage from the tories, whom in after life he could never forgive.

At the time of the surprise, it is supposed that between one and two hundred young men were bathing in the river. The dragoons, pursuing those who fled, came in among them, and an indiscriminate slaughter ensued. One William Reeves had his hair cut with a bullet, and was so stunned he would have been drowned, had not George Weir dragged him upon a rock. John Nesbit, Richard Wright, and Stephen White were making for the opposite bank, when White called out that he was shot. His companions dragged him to a rock, and then hid themselves till the British had left the river. When they came back they could find nothing of White, nor was it ever known what became of him. Many of the soldiers stood on the east bank of the river with no covering from the burning sun. Some of them went to the house of McMeans, whose wife gave them all her husband's clothes, and even exhausted her own wardrobe, so that more than one of the survivors of that disastrous day went home in petticoats! Ben Rowan, "the

boxer of the army," heard the firing of the sentinels in the direction of the creek, but supposed it to be the killing of beeves a little further from the camp. The men had just brought in some of the meat, and were cooking before the tents. Ben, on his way to the next tent, had in his hand a piece of buckskin, of which he meant to have a pair of moccasins made for his blistered feet. He was startled by the enemy's broadside, and seeing in an instant that all was lost, ran for safety to the place where the three hundred prisoners were under guard. They were shouting for joy and flinging up their hats, when with his Herculean strength he forced himself a pathway through and over them. Just as he got through them, he saw a loose horse grazing, and flung himself upon the animal without saddle or bridle, slapping first with one hand and then with the other to direct his course. The horse went off at a brisk pace through the woods, and Ben made good his escape, to be an actor in every subsequent battle of the South. Joel McClemore, as he ran through the camp, picked up a rifle, not knowing if it were loaded or not; he was presently pursued by a dragoon, and after dodging from tree to tree for some time, got near the fence and succeeded in crossing it. It then occurred to him that the open field was not so safe as the woods in case of continued pursuit, and turning round, he said to the dragoon in his Virginia vernacular, "I'll eat fire if you cross that fence but I'll shoot you!" The dragoon put spurs to his horse, and as he leaped Joel drew trigger at a venture. The gun went off, and the man fell, while the horse leaped the fence. Joel lost no time in mounting, and thus escaped with a fine horse, holster and pistols. William Nesbit was in his tent asleep at the first alarm, but taking a horse from one of the wagons, escaped up the river, and was with the foremost at McDonald's ford. On another part of the field, the brave Capt. Pagan was rallying his men, among whom were the brothers Gill; he was shot and fell down the hill, while his company scattered. Archibald Gill, though but a stripling, showed so much indignation at what he witnessed at this defeat, that he was afterwards called "mad Archy." A few regulars who contended for a time behind the wagons against overpowering numbers, were forced to

yield. Gen. Sumter was saved in the manner already mentioned. Near the spot where James Johnston was wounded after killing one of the British dragoons, John Reynolds shot another, and secured his horse. Everywhere up the river and creek the woods were full of men flying for their lives, while some who escaped butchery were driven back to the camp by the troopers.

The prisoners were placed under a strong guard, having to do without dinner as well as breakfast, with the prospect of the gibbet before many who had taken British protection, when they should reach Camden. Among these were Col. Thomas Taylor (distinguished afterwards in the war) and his brother, Capt. John Taylor. Tarleton remained master of the field of slaughter, for it could not be called a battle. By his order the wagons for which they could not find horses were collected together and consumed, with such articles as could not conveniently be taken away. Long before sunset the British commenced their return march towards Camden, leaving the dead unburied and the wounded who could not be removed, to perish. The march was continued several hours after dark. Thomas Taylor advised those among the prisoners who expected no mercy to effect their escape, and showed them how this was to be done. The guard could not long keep on the edge of the road, but must march in the front and rear of the prisoners; they were to get as near the centre as they could, drop off on the side, and lie down till they were passed. Many escaped in this way. It was near midnight when Tarleton halted to encamp on the bank of Wateree creek. While the men were reposing, Col Taylor watched his opportunity, and proposed to his brother and a Mr. Lake to attempt escape by jumping down a steep bank fifteen or twenty feet in height, sliding gently into the water, and swimming down the stream. The feat was accomplished, though it was very dark and in leaping down they fell one over the other. Col. Taylor profited by the lesson of this surprise at the Fishdam, Nov. 7th, when the same corps of Tarleton, under Major Wemyss, attempted to steal a march on Sumter's army at dead of night, and were repulsed with such loss.

The scattered men of Sumter's army with one accord made their

way to Charlotte, as if that destination had been previously appointed. Those who went home stayed only long enough to procure such articles of clothing as they had lost, and went on. They might be seen the next day upon every road leading towards Charlotte. Sumter himself went on the same night, and Capt. Steel, as already mentioned, returned to the battle ground.

Capt. Berry, who with some of his men had escaped after the defeat of Gen. Gates, on the night of the 17th wandered up the river as far as George Wade's house. Wade, who came home in the night, gave him three hundred pounds of flour for his soldiers, and informed him that Gen. Sumter would be on the other side of the river the next morning. Berry crossed the next day with his command, and had not been an hour in camp before the surprise took place, in which he was captured; thus leaving one disastrous field to meet misfortune in another.

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