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WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

SEPTEMBER, 1906

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Vol. IV SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 3

THE BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS

[Dr. Emmet's article was written in reply to the following article which appeared some time ago in the New York *Evening Post.* The whereabouts of the Richards letter, quoted from, we have been unable to ascertain.—Ed].

SINCE the publication of Prof. H. P. Johnston's monograph on the battle of Harlem Heights, not more than one or two letters or documents have come to light to be added to the very complete list of authorities given in the appendix. One of these which has recently been brought to notice is interesting and important as confirming certain views advanced by Professor Johnston respecting the location of the battlefield and other particulars of the action. It is in the form of an extract from the diary of a Revolutionary officer, Lieut. Samuel Richards of a Connecticut regiment, who, after describing the retreat from Long Island in August, 1776, continues his narrative as follows:

We then marched and took possession of the heights of Harlem and immediately flung up lines for our defence. . . . We were employed the succeeding night (September 15, 1776) in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill at Harlem Heights in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By accounts afterwards, their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms.

The sharp action which took place that day under Col. Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian, I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the bank of the North River, which our people attacked with spirit and about an equal number, and drove them back to their main body. The loss on our side was about thirty killed and sixty or seventy wounded. The loss to the enemy must have been more than that, as we repulsed them after a warm fire of three-quarters of an hour. Here I first saw Lieut. Munro; he had volunteered to go to the attack on our right under the command of Col. Knowlton.

The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead which had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them. There were thirty-three bodies found on the field; they were drawn to a large hole which was prepared for the purpose and buried together. One body of a fine-limbed young man had been brought into the camp with a bullet hole in the breast near the heart. I was struck with reflections on the force of habit to see those fatigue men performing this duty with as little apparent concern as they would have performed any duty.

The diary, though written some years after the close of the war, furnishes a narrative which is apparently based upon an accurate recollection of the events described. Lieut. Richards supports Professor Johnston's assertion, already corroborated by a mass of evidence, that the battle was fought on the western side and slope of Morningside Heights. These authorities, and the maps published in the history, trace the advance of the British from what is now One Hundred and Seventh Street along the bank of the North River to the "buckwheat field" lying between Broadway and Riverside Drive, One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and One Hundred and Twentieth Street, as they now exist, where they were met by Col. Knowlton's Rangers and where the battle occurred.

The statement of Lieut. Richards that the American loss was about thirty killed confirms the estimate made by Professor Johnston, while the third statement as to the burial of those killed furnishes a new item to be added to the account of the battle, and lends increased interest to an historic site. The plan of the battle and Lieut. Richards's description when studied in connection with the natural topography of the Heights leave no doubt that either upon or immediately to the west of the Columbia University grounds lies the burial place of the men who fell "in the first battle of the Revolution in which the American troops faced and routed the British."

DR. EMMET'S REPLY.

In the *Post* of Feb. 10th, an editorial on the battle of Harlem Heights interested me extremely, as the locality is there described as though there existed no longer a doubt as to the exact place where the battle was fought. I am aware that this view is held by many, but beyond the fact that the present site of Columbia University must necessarily be

nearer the locality where the battle was fought, it has no greater claim, I believe, to that honor than has Union Square, or any other locality. I have given no thought to the subject for many years and I am writing away from home, without a book of reference, but fortunately I have retained a recollection of the details. I am not actuated by a spirit of controversy in raising this issue, nor do I intend to take any further part in discussion. I simply wish to offer a protest, in consequence of my knowledge that the history of our country is being constantly perverted and misstated.

There exists no question that the battle of Harlem was fought, either to the north or the south of the western portion of Harlem flats; that the Americans occupied certain heights; and that the assault of the English was made by one body and that the larger portion, from the plain below along these heights; at the same time a smaller body gained the top of these heights by ascending a ravine from the Hudson river bank at some distance from the main line of attack. The whole question then relates to the locality of Harlem Heights, and at this late date, in the absence of positive proof, the locality must either continue to remain in doubt, or must be decided by circumstantial evidence, which is often the most reliable. Before presenting the evidence on which I propose to base my argument it will be necessary to make a digression.

Grant's tomb occupies the site of Mt. Alto, the country place of my uncle, the late Mr. Bache McEvers, with whom for many years I spent a portion of every summer. As a boy I became as familiar with every foot of this neighborhood as I am now with the sidewalk in front of my Madison Avenue city residence, where I have lived for nearly fifty years. I generally accompanied my uncle when he took his Sunday afternoon walks and through his knowledge I became familiar with the history and traditions of this neighborhood, and of Westchester. On one occasion, during the summer, I think of 1838, I had pointed out to me the site of the battle of Harlem Heights, with the ravine on the North river, or west side, where a portion of the British troops came up to make the attack, and beyond that the road on Breakneck Hill, to the east side, down which the English were driven after being routed. The surrounding country was then under cultivation and divided up in small fields with scarcely any trees standing, but along the river bank and on the brow of the heights to the eastward. This locality and ravine was near the site and possibly forms a portion of the present Trinity Cemetery. I was

also told that the main part of the battle was fought below, to the south, and I went over the ground about the locality of the present Convent of the Sacred Heart, which neighborhood was too hilly to be termed " a rolling country." From my earliest knowledge in connection with this battle until recent years, no doubt seems to have existed as to where the battle was fought and the accepted belief was the fight took place on the ground I have described. The fact that the attack was made at distant points and covered quite an area would explain, I should think, the difficulty and the vague manner in which the battle is described or located by those who possessed a contemporaneous knowledge of the locality of the Harlem Heights.

Along the south side of Harlem Commons or Flats, there extended a precipitous ridge of rock and débris, from the Hudson river at Grant's tomb to the East river at Hell gate. At the time of the Revolution the chief exit from the city of New York to the north, was by way of McGowan's Pass, and in addition there were several footpaths to reach the plain below. I have always heard that the Bloomingdale road was not extended along the hill by Grant's tomb and Claremount to the valley below until many years after the Revolution, and there was only a private road in addition to the one by McGowan's Pass, which crossed this line about the course of the present Third Avenue. When I was a boy there were two or three footpaths to the west of McGowan's Pass, and at no other place was the descent possible save to a goat, or an active boy. Across the Bloomingdale road in front of my uncle's gate and along the top of the hill, there was at that time the remains of the British line of earthworks, which originally extended along the crest of this ridge across the island to the East river. The trench was about two feet deep at that time and I have frequently followed without difficulty the line well on to McGowan's Pass. In the war of 1812 this line was fortified for the protection of the city by a series of blockhouses, one of which still stands. I believe the remains of the British line of earthworks was undisturbed until the opening of the streets. McGowan's Pass was fomerly considered as forming part of the Yorkville Heights, and no part of this line, to the south of the Harlem Commons, was ever termed Harlem Heights until within recent years. If the portion of these heights nearest Harlem was always called the Yorkville Heights, it is inexplicable why the most distant portion of the line should be in any way associated by name with Harlem. On the other hand I have often heard the heights on the south side of the Harlem river termed Harlem

Heights, and these extend westward to the Hudson river bank. The settlement at Harlem with its Commons, or land in common, and the one at Yorkville represented two distinct interests, and for one familiar with the circumstances it is difficult to understand how any confusion, from accident, should exist between Harlem and Yorkville Heights.

That section of the island to the north of the Harlem Commons, between the Hudson river and the Boston road, which passed from McGowan's Pass to King's Bridge, and from the northern end of the island to the Point of Rocks to the south, then situated below the present site of the convent, included the fortress of Fort Washington and its outworks.

I had at one time in my possession the draft of a letter written by Mr. George Pollock, a linen merchant of New York, and the father of the child whose grave is near the Grant tomb. In this letter Pollock states he purchased after the Revolution a tract of land and cleared off the primitive forest which still covered this portion of Manhattan Island, and it is not likely therefore that the buckwheat field existed in this neighborhood in which it is claimed a part of the battle of Harlem was fought. Mr. Pollock built here a house, where he lived for a number of years, until the death of his wife and the loss of his child from drowning. He then sold the place to Gulian Verplanck, of Verplanck's Point. My uncle leased for many years this place from his cousin, Gulian C. Verplanck, the Shakesperian scholar, and the son of him who purchased it from Pollock. All this portion of the island, west of McGowan's Pass along the river bank to about 65th or 70th street, was heavily timbered until after the Revolution. To the existence of this timbered section the portion of the American army left in New York after the battle and evacuation of Long Island, owed its escape, for the retreat was made in disorder and the troops were in a demoralized condition. The sudden flight of the army from the city was rendered necessary by the English landing in force at Kipp's Bay, just above the present Bellevue Hospital, where they met with little resistance from the portion of the Connecticut troops, and some other colony, I do not recollect, which were placed there to oppose the landing.

This occasion is adduced as one of the few instances where Washington lost his temper and swore as an expert in his effort to avert the flight of his troops, who were demoralized from fatigue, loss of sleep, with probably insufficient food and discouraged after the defeat at Long Island. The day was an excessively hot one, and Mrs. Robert Murray,

of Murray Hill, whose husband was a Tory, but she in sympathy with the American cause, invited the British officers to rest during the heat of the day in her house. She exerted herself to such an extent to make them comfortable, that just time enough, and no more, was gained for the retreat of the American army past this point, along the wooded banks of the Hudson river. The English were so close in pursuit that Washington, in the rear with a portion of his staff, passed in the neighborhood of 70th street, through the hall of the old Apthorp House to the woods in the rear, under the guidance of Col. Aaron Burr, as those in pursuit entered the front gate. From a military standpoint it is clear that these troops must necessarily have made their way in the most expeditious manner to McGowan's Pass and across the Harlem flats to gain protection within their own lines below Fort Washington, and that no halt was likely made unless to hold McGowan's Pass for a short time to protect the rear end stragglers. And yet a memorial tablet, I am informed, has been placed on one of the buildings of Columbia University to commemorate the halt of these troops along the brow of a continuous declivity, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, as it was at that time; there to await the attack of a victorious and superior force, after all possibility of retreat as a body was cut off, and with a certainty that these troops were without a commissariat! If it were possible to assign any rational reason or purpose, under the circumstances why the American troops should hold any portion of this untenable line, it is certain that no body of troops, under the most perfect state of discipline, would have risked the fortune of a battle in this place, without artillery and with a precipice in their rear. There is no evidence that additional troops were landed on Harlem flats from either the Hudson or the East river, and it would be absurd to suppose that the English deserted an advantagous position in front of the American forces, in order to go by McGowan's Pass to the plain below with the purpose of making an attack by attempting to scale an almost inaccessible height! An attack by the ravine near this point as claimed, I know from my own knowledge of the locality would have been impossible, unless the troops to make the attack were landed at the ravine from boats. They could not have passed, before the railroad was built, along this shore for any distance on either side of the ravine. When I was a boy this point was a noted place for fishing, as the water was deep, with a steep bank, so that it was difficult for anyone to pass except at low tide and the passage was then further obstructed by a number of boulders or rocks.

I have never seen the diary of Lieut. Sam. Richards, of a Connecticut

regiment, from which you quote, but the Point of Rocks in front of the convent was then held by a Connecticut brigade, under Gen. Parsons, if my memory serves me, and a portion of this brigade we have stated was at Kipp's Bay, where the English landed. It would then seem that this portion of the army from New York had followed the course which, I claim, the whole army must have followed by retreating within their own lines, to the north of Harlem Commons.

The following portion of Lieut. Richards's diary, as quoted by you, will I think show that the attack on the American line of entrenchments was to the north of the Harlem flats, and by the ravine near Trinity Cemetery, as stated:—" We then marched [from what point?] and took possession of the Heights of Harlem and immediately flung up lines for our defence. . . . We were employed the succeeding night in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill at Harlem Heights in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By account afterwards, their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms. The sharp action which took place that day under Col. Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the bank of the North river, which our people attacked with spirit and about in equal numbers and drove them back to their main body. . . . The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead which had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them." If the battle was fought above on the " University Heights," it might be asked on what *small eminence* did Lieut. Richards take his position, and by what route did his men reach the plain below to bury the dead?

To the south and southeast of the high land on which Fort Washington was situated, there were a number of step-like hills, with more or less of a level or plateau space between them, and these extended around towards the Harlem river. I recollect distinctly seeing the remains of old earthworks at different points, and the line was to the north and somewhat above the Point of Rocks. In connection with the defense of the Point of Rocks, the Connecticut troops were entrenched on one of these

eminences, and if Lieut. Richards was with his command he must first have seen the advance of the enemy in line directly across the plain at the distance he states and at the foot of McGowan's Pass. From the same side as McGowan's Pass, the view would have been a limited one with all the timber removed about the foot of the Pass and there is no portion along the heights, in the neighborhood of the University, from which the front of the line of the British troops could have been seen while forming, moreover the distance would have been much less than that stated by Lieut. Richards.

The main attack was an extended one along the line of entrenchments, including the Point of Rocks, on what I believe was termed the Harlem Heights at the time the battle was fought. In consequence of the extended line and the varied fortune of the day, it has never been known at what spot Col. Knowlton lost his life. The British troops were very severely handled and failed to gain a foothold on any of these eminences, from which they could not have been dislodged and everything south of the ravine would then have been captured. There exists no authority for supposing that any portion of the battle was fought on the plain below, but from Lieut. Richards's diary, as quoted by you, it would seem the dead were buried there under his supervision, but the spot is unknown.

To the north of Manhattanville and for some distance beyond the ravine at Trinity Cemetery, the water was shallow with a shelving beach, along which the British troops could have passed at any state of the tide. It is however doubtful that five thousand men ascended the ravine, because, before a foothold could have been gained, it is said that a bugle call was sounded as though for a fox hunt, which at once brought upon the enemy an overpowering number of Americans. While it lasted this fight at the top of the ravine was doubtless the best contested hand-to-hand struggle of the Revolution. It is probable that before the whole number of the English reached the top they were divided so that those ascending were driven back to the west, and the portion already on top who were not killed, were driven down on the east side. As I have understood the plan of the battle, the object of those attacking by the ravine was a flank movement to finally get in the rear of the earthworks towards the southeast where the Americans were being assaulted from the plain below, and but for the arrogance of the enemy in giving timely notice of their presence in this quarter, which would have been unexpected, the result would have been a brilliant one for the English.

When I first heard of the battle of Harlem and talked to the old people I met, relics of the battle were to be found in almost every small farmer's house in the neighborhood. From my recollection more particularly of some sword hilts and portions of sword blades which were found on this spot I am led to believe that the clubbed musket of the American soldier at close quarters, played an important part in the struggle.

In conclusion let me state that nowhere on Manhattan Island, to my knowledge, beyond the limit of the city, have there been found the remains of so many English and Hessian soldiers, as shown by buttons, cross-belt buckles, bayonets and portions of other arms, as have been excavated from time to time in the neighborhood of the Trinity Cemetery. There could have been no fight at this point unless it was at the battle of Harlem, while the neighborhood about Columbia University, where it is claimed the battle was fought, has been particularly free from all such evidence.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M. D.

NEW YORK CITY.

POSTSCRIPT, 4

In looking through the *Journals of Congress,* edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, I found by accident the following (Vol. 6, p. 851):

" Monday, Oct. 7, 1776—

" Resolved, That Gen'l Lee be directed to repair to the camp on the heights of Harlem, with leave, if he thinks it proper, to visit the posts in New Jersey."

This proves that I am correct in saying that all north of Harlem Flats was called Harlem Heights at the time and after the Revolution. When the change was made I do not know, but at some time it became desirable to locate the " Buckwheat Field " for the battle of Harlem Heights somewhere in the neighborhood of Columbia University; which region, at the time of the encounter was, I believe, heavily timbered, notwithstanding the alleged existence of the buckwheat field. It was not until after the battle of White Plains, and early in November, that any portion of the outworks of Fort Washington was abandoned by the Americans. These works were near King's Bridge, and were at once

taken possession of by Knyphausen with his German battalions, which crossed the Flats from McGowan's Pass, and for the first time the English got a foothold on Harlem Heights. We are all thankful to the Sons of the Revolution for their well-meaning efforts through the erection of these various tablets to establish for the people a knowledge of the truth. But in this instance at least, I think the tablet will have to be moved, and replaced somewhere between the " Point of Rocks " and Trinity Cemetery. And while this is doing, the propriety may be considered of moving the statue of Nathan Hale to the neighborhood of 56th or 57th Street, between Second and Third Avenues; if its present position is meant to mark the place of his execution. Hale was taken across Long Island Sound to the headquarters of Howe, then at the Beekman House, near 61st street and the East river. He was likely confined over night at old Cato's house, which was on the Boston Post Road, (where Howe's bodyguard was stationed), and hung early next morning from one of the apple trees of the orchard just across the road, where I, as a boy, often looked upon the one nearest the road and decided as to the very limb from which he was most likely hung.

There was no necessity for taking him to the " Old Provost " for the night, nor have I found any evidence that he was ever within five or six miles of where his statue now stands, in City Hall Park.

T. A. E.

A CAROLINA GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

A CHARACTER SKETCH

WITH what a stately mien he steps forth from the shadows of the past at the summons of memory, to take his place once more upon the stage of life.

How strong the contrast he presents with his courtly dignity and Old World standards, to the hurrying, skurrying figures of the present day! Nor is the difference a superficial one. No doubt circumstances are in part responsible for this change, for, with all due respect to the theory of heredity, I yet maintain that breeding (which is the sum total, as it were, of home influences) is quite as important a factor as birth itself, in producing a given result; and the home atmosphere of the Old South is gone beyond recognition. Nevertheless, while making allowance for changed environment, I believe that the difference is a still more radical one, beginning at the very center of character and working outwards to the circumference of manners. In other words, it is a difference in the moral and intellectual standpoint of the " then " and the " now." For all its materialism the world is governed by ideas, and it is as impossible for water to rise above its source as for a nation to rise superior to its ideals. In those days the prizes for which men strove in the race of life were subjective things, the intangible rewards of honor, influence, reputation, and the like—mere unsubstantial bubbles in the estimation of this utilitarian generation, perhaps, but exercising a very real and a very elevating influence upon the aspirants who contended for them. An influence, surely, far more salutary than that frantic struggle to get on in the world —that mad worship of the Golden Calf, with its fierce, merciless sacrifice of soul and body upon the altar of Mammon, which now prevails.

Men realized then that a man's own personality was his most precious possession; and the rule by which they measured success or failure in life was conditioned upon endeavor rather than upon attainment. The man himself counted for more in those days; " to be " took precedence of " to do." In these, the process is reversed, and the man is gauged solely by his power of accomplishment.

Closely akin to Slavery as a power in character-moulding must be reckoned the much-derided " code of chivalry " which prevailed at the South. In the eyes of the Southern man, woman was a thing apart, a creature quite unfit to cope with the rude vicissitudes of fortune. Gently reared, an object of tender reverence, she was to be guarded from every blast of adverse fate, delicately cherished, and amply provided for. That she could make her own way in the world was regarded as an impossibility—that she should be forced to make the attempt, as an enormity, a " deadly sin " against the social code. No Southern man might allow his female relatives to earn their bread on pain of losing caste forever among his fellows.

There can be no question that judged by the hard, prosaic standards of to-day, this creed was in some degree Quixotic. Experience has abundantly proved that woman is not the helpless, dependent being it deemed her. Yet it is an open question whether on the whole, the womanhood of the present time is of a higher type than that of fifty years ago. Be this as it may, however, one thing is clear, had the old order been allowed to run its course, the spirit of the age would inevitably have brought about many changes in Southern modes of thought and habits of life, and thus have worked out gradually and naturally the answers to problems whose sudden and forced solution gave a wrench to the Southland from which it is doubtful whether she ever entirely recovers.

No presentment of the Old South would be complete without some mention of " the code of honor." In point of fact, while in the abstract duelling was strenuously upheld by the great unwritten law of public opinion, practically, it was seldom resorted to. To give or accept a challenge was always a possible contingency to Southern men, but an exceedingly improbable one, so far as the vast majority were concerned. I offer no defense for a practice opposed to laws both human and Divine, yet justice requires that the case should be fairly stated. That duelling should be tolerated in a community indicates an imperfect state of civilization beyond a doubt. But a positive evil may sometimes be regarded as a relative good, as, for example, when it is evidently a crude and tentative attempt on the part of society to protect itself against other evils still more grievous, with which it knows not how else to cope. In its day, the " law of the duello " was certainly a powerful conservator of the moral tone of the community, exerting a most salutary restraining influence over a high-strung, hot-tempered people; nay, even putting a curb upon that most

irrepressible of members, the female tongue, by the knowledge that a woman's nearest male relatives would be held accountable for her thoughtless utterances. And as family bonds were peculiarly strong in the Old South, it may readily be seen what an effective agency this was for promoting the public peace.

So much for the serious side of Southern character, its ambitions and its aspirations, its controlling principles of action, its motive-springs of thought. Now to present the lighter side.

" Quaint " is, perhaps, the word which to modern ears will best convey a correct impression of the manners and general " make-up " of the old time Carolina gentleman. Look at him as he stands, with head uncovered, conversing with some lady of his acquaintance whom he has casually met in the street. What deference of manner; what delicately implied appreciation of the favor she is conferring upon him by her recognition. And this, utterly irrespective of the lady's age or charms. The infirm old grandmother, the unattractive maiden of uncertain age, the shy, immature little school-girl were alike sure of courteous treatment from him. The fact that she was a woman was sufficient to entitle her to respectful attention always. Not that these ancient gentlemen were insensible to female charms—very much the reverse—but simply that they possessed the soul of the true knight to whom helplessness and weakness everywhere and always successfully appealed. " Noblesse oblige " was the motto in small things as in great.

The outward garb of this man of by-gone days was ruled by an elegant simplicity, and the most fastidious taste down to the minutest details. Jaunty garments and brilliant colors were not to his mind. Habited from October to June in a sober suit of fine black broadcloth, from June till October in some fabric of equally good quality, but of texture better suited to the temperature of a Southern summer—with immaculate linen and simple white or black neckwear, he looked what he was, a gentleman, every inch of him.

With scrupulous punctiliousness he discharged all his obligations to society. And if there was just a shade of antiquated formality in his methods, a bare suspicion of unnecessary precision in his speech, the absolute naturalness and unaffectedness of it all completely disarmed criticism.

No race and no time holds a monopoly of the virtues. There were faults and failings in those days even as these—for the most part, indolence and hot-headedness, with perhaps, a touch of imperiousness, and occasional manifestation of arrogance or insolence. But there was soundness at the core, and the good so largely predominated that one looks back upon that time regretfully as to the "Golden Age" of Southern history!

H. E. BELIN.

CHARLESTON *News and Courier.*

RAMAPO MEMORIES

THE Ramapo River, from its source in Orange County, N. Y., to its mouth near Pompton, N. J., is a stream of beauty and interest. It abounds in nooks which delight the artist's heart—quiet reaches of river and level meadows overhung by steep, tree-covered mountains—and the whole valley challenges attention, whether seen in the springtime, clothed in living green, or amid the changing hues of autumn. With every rock and pass and old house are associated legends, and mountain-side and gravel-pit are worth the while of the geologist. Too much of this there is for one letter, so I write now of this gorge, sixteen miles long, which extends from Turner's Station to Suffern and is known locally as "The Ramapo Clove," "The Suffern Clove," and "The Clove."

Out over the Erie Railroad you have travelled thirty-two miles to reach this village. You have noticed since leaving Paterson the high hills off to the left, and you have approached them until you are at their feet. They are known here as the Ramapo Mountains and are a continuation of the Highlands of the Hudson. The river has made a gorge through them, and in a moment more your train will be rushing into it. You stop at the point of the rocks; above you hangs "Potash Hill" and across the meadow-valley, scarce half a mile distant, is "Heuverkopf"—two grim sentinels. At no place is the valley wider. The meadow is flat and the river winds slowly through it, bounded on either side by a mountain which is so steep as to require an expert to climb. Above Hilburn village, one mile away, rises "Niederkopf," 900 feet high. A climb to the summit of any of these hills is well worth the trouble, for at one's feet lie the villages and cities of New Jersey, and beyond the waters of New York Bay and even old ocean. These hills may not be exactly of the time when the morning stars sang together, but they belong pretty close to it—they are of primeval days. Compared with them the Rocky Mountains are of the present, and when they emerged from the waters the American continent was but a strip of land extending from Labrador to Lake Superior, with here and there an island. In later days volcanic fires cracked and transformed them, and still later glaciers scraped and scarped them and carried their high heads down into the valley. Just below the

town are the remains of the old glacial dam which made this lower part of "The Clove" a mountain-girdled lake. Minerals abound—many of them in quantities not sufficient to pay for working—but less than four miles away are some of the oldest and longest-worked iron mines in this country—Ringwood, the Stirling Mine, and Long Mine.

Within this Clove are thriving towns—Hilburn, Ramapo, Sloatsburg, and Tuxedo Park. Ramapo village is but a shadow of its former self. The clanging car-wheel shop alone breaks the silence which broods over the empty buildings. It seems hard to believe that here was written a chapter of the world's industrial history. The village was founded in 1793 by Josiah G. Pierson and Jeremiah and Isaac his brothers who were engaged in the manufacture of cut nails by machinery of their own invention. Their machines were the first invented in this country, and among the first in the world, and were patented in 1795. They used Russia iron, but rolled and cut it at Wilmington, Delaware. They soon found, however, that American iron could be used, and so they came up here and started their works, which were ready in 1798. There was a good demand for their products, and especially for their nails, by the planters of Cuba. In 1807 they began to manufacture hoops for whaleoil casks. In 1814 a cotton mill was begun, and finished in 1816. Mr. Pierson invented a loom which wove striped sheeting and shirtings and checks, and is the basis of those now in use. The object of this venture was to pay Russia for the iron which they bought of her. It was very successful.

At this time the village had a population of over 700 people, and farmers from Orange and Bergen counties found there a ready sale for all their produce and plenty of teaming to do by contract. In 1810 the manufacture of steel was added, and all these various enterprises were kept up for years. In 1835 began the manufacture of common wood screws—the first attempt in this country. Previously these were imported—mainly from France—and were not like the present screw, pointed on the end, but flat. The business was up-hill work for a long time, but it was of sufficient importance to be worthy of some thought. Finally one Krum produced a machine which worked well; but the screw business was attracting the attention of other firms, and a man appeared who claimed to represent a Rhode Island syndicate who wanted to buy the machines. He looked them over, ascertained the price, and left, promising to decide on the matter in a few days. In a short time he wrote that his firm had changed its mind and the bargain was "off."

A few years passed away and one day a screw-maker on the tramp asked for a job. He was set at work and his dexterity immediately attracted attention. When questioned he answered that he had worked on such machines in Providence, R. I. A suit was accordingly begun in the United States Court before Judge Story, which resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff in $3,000 damages and a stopping of the Providence works. In the trial the defense pleaded Reed's patent, and then it was shown that a man had broken into the Ramapo works and taken wax impressions of the machines from which he had constructed his machines. Then the Providence people wanted to purchase the patent and its rights. Twenty thousand dollars was asked, to which they demurred. At their suggestion arbitrators were chosen who sustained the price, and the $20,000 was counted out immediately, and the machines passed to their control. Somewhere about 1845 Krum in working allowed a screw to slip and produced thereby a gimlet point. He immediately seized upon the idea and finally produced a machine which made the modern screw. This gave a great impetus to the work, but soon an agent of the Taunton, Mass., works appeared and bought the patent and its rights, and thus the screw business passed from Ramapo. In 1850 it was decided to give up the business and since then the village has dwindled away.

This whole region teems with memories of Revolutionary days. The road through the pass was an old Indian trail and the settler found it the nearest and best road between the northern colonies and the southern when the Hudson River was blockaded—hence during the war it was early watched and fortified.

Two and a half miles south is the Havemeyer property. The present house stands on the site of the old Hopper House, which was several times Washington's headquarters and was called by him in his letters "Headquarters, Bergen County." Nothing now remains of the olden time but a few trees and Hopper's grave, a short distance off. The owner, Andrew Hopper, was a friend of Washington's and gave him much valuable information. He is generally considered to have been in the secret service yet he was allowed to visit friends in New York, at any time passing the British line easily. The house stood until 1897.

In this town was another "headquarters," though never very long at a time. It was the residence of old Judge Suffern—John Suffern, first judge of Rockland County. When the building was torn down several years ago a great many papers of Revolutionary date were found—

among them some of the army rolls. One of these books is said to have fallen into the hands of an attorney and by its aid many pensions were obtained. The house was built about the beginning of the war. The judge was an avowed Whig, an Irishman, and a member of the committee of safety; his neighbors, most of them, Tories and Jersey Dutchmen: so it was often necessary that he keep out of sight. Once during the war he wanted some nails to repair the house, and as he did not dare to go to Morristown to get them, his daughter volunteered for the service. She was a bright, quick-witted girl, and though stopped several times, her ready replies gained her friends and she was allowed to pass on. Her Tory questioners little thought that she carried a letter which would be of great value to them if they could get it. This house stood near the present residence of Mr. George Suffern. It was a low, story-and-a-half wooden structure, built after the fashion of the day. The old trees in front of it are still standing; and the old well is still in use. A picture of it is to be found in Lossing's " Field Book of the Revolution," where it is marked as Col. Burr's headquarters. This may be correct, for it was in this region that Aaron Burr won his military fame—what there was of it. The old door of this house is now in the Washington headquarters at Newburgh, marked by some one's blunder as belonging to the blockhouse at Fort Lee. There are Washington letters also written from this house; and some of those in Sparks's collection, dated from " The Clove," must have come from here. One of particular value was the circular letter sent to the brigadier generals of Western Connecticut and Massachusetts, saying that they must rally the country to meet Burgoyne's invasion and that he would send to them Gen. Arnold as assistant.

The centre of military operations was about a mile within the gorge. Just where the road crosses the Ramapo bridge beyond Hilburn the hills converge so that the pass becomes very narrow. Across the valley here were thrown up earthworks, and a well chosen situation it was, for with the rocky hills at their back as a place of refuge a small band could hold a large army in check and pour a deadly fire into any advancing column. The remains on the east side of the river are well preserved—a trench and a mound of earth two feet high, straight as an arrow. On the west side, they are more strongly marked, and the breastworks are higher but overgrown with woods. On the terrace in front of the eastern part was probably at one time an invalid camp, because it it now known as " The Quarantined Ground." On the west side are many remains of old campfire places, probably just as they were left. They were built by piling up

flat stones against a wall of rock, so as to form jambs and a short chimney. In years gone by a broken sword and several bayonets and some coins have been found here, and Holland brick are plentiful even now. Mr. Stevens thinks these bricks show an older camp than a Revolutionary. At a little distance a place is still pointed out where a whole regiment lies buried—camp fever swept it off.

These works were probably built in 1776, though we get a view of them first in the spring of 1777. Men were stationed here all through the war, probably varying in numbers as occasion required—still always enough to guard the pass and to stop intruders. Col. Malcom's regiment was here in 1777, and Burr, after leaving Gen. Putnam's staff, was assigned to it for duty, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Col. Malcom soon turned the command over to Burr, who henceforth was always with it. While he was here he made the night sally that gave him quite a reputation. The British were marauding through the Jerseys, going as far inland for forage as they dared. He heard of them one night near Hackensack, fifteen miles distant, so he started out. When he came near the enemy, he left his men and went forward to reconnoitre. All were asleep; he avoided the sentinels and came back; sent a messenger to Paramus to order forward troops lying there; to rouse the country; then, with his own men, he dashed upon the picket, captured a commissioned officer, a sergeant, a corporal, and twenty-seven privates. At dawn, long before the Paramus help arrived, the enemy had fled, leaving all their booty.

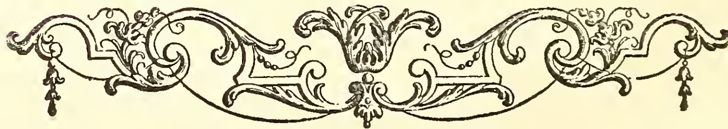
On the hills, east of Suffern, back of the residence of Col. Shaughnessy, the French army encamped on its way to Yorktown—the first division on Saturday, April 25, 1781, the second on Sunday. There used to be old camp-fire places there, like those in the " Clove," built it was said, by them, but this is wrong—they did not stay long enough.

The whole American army in the field was here several times, once for several days in 1777, when Howe was expected to attack the forts in the Highlands. Instead he went to Philadelphia, and Washington is said to have watched his fleet in New York Bay from the protecting rock of Torn Mountain, now called Washington's Rock. The army was here just before the attack on Stony Point, when it consisted of five brigades and two Carolina regiments.

Beyond Ramapo village just past the millpond after the train has

rounded the curve, is a yellow house close beside an old cemetery. This is one of the oldest houses in the valley, formerly a tavern and called by Washington in his letters (Sparks Coll.) " Smith's in the Clove."

Just beyond the gate at Tuxedo Park, on the opposite side of the road, is the ivy-covered end of a small stone building, surrounded by ruins. This was the famous Augusta forge, built early in, if not before, the Revolution. Here was made the second chain stretched across the Hudson, a part of which is now at West Point. It was part of the Stirling works, owned by Noble, Townsend & Co. Howe's remaining in New York while Washington was marching to Yorktown was due to the latter's ruse in sending Montanye with a letter announcing an attack on New York. Captured, as Washington intended, the letter was printed by Rivington in his Gazette. Howe was deceived, and Yorktown reached by the allies before the British commander " caught on " to the fact that he had been hoodwinked. The details can be found in Lossing (*Field Book* i. 781).



THE LINCOLN-SHIELDS DUEL.

[There have been so many versions of the historic duel that it is no less than a duty to history to print a simple, truthful account of it, given by an eye-witness. There are several persons still living in Alton, who were present on the occasion, and from one of them the writer of this, though four years too late to personally witness the exciting and humorous ending of what had promised to be a bloody affair, obtained the facts herein set forth. This was the late Mr. W. H. Souther, who at the time referred to was a reporter on the Alton *Telegraph.* He was one of the crowd who crossed on the horse-ferry-boat which carried over the excited party to the bank of the Mississippi, opposite Alton, on September 22d, 1843. The facts as Mr. Souther told them were also corroborated by the late Judge John Bailhache, the editor of the *Telegraph;* while the Springfield part of the story was told me there. The Miss Mary Todd referred to became later Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; while Miss Julia Jayne married Judge Lyman Trumbull.]

MR. SOUTHER'S STATEMENT:

JAMES SHIELDS was then Auditor of State, elected on the Democratic ticket: and from his swagger in dress, his dudish manners and his satisfaction with himself as a ladies' man, quickly drew on himself the ridicule of the Whigs. Lincoln wrote a series of letters to the Sangamon *Journal,* after the style of the 'Biglow Papers,' keenly satirizing young Shields, who fumed under these assaults, and thus encouraged their continuance. Finally a poem was sent to the *Journal* by Mary Todd and Julia Jayne, in which Shields was described as receiving a proposal of marriage from 'Aunt Rebecca,' and later another rhyme followed, celebrating the wedding. In the phrase of the bounding West, these mischievous girls made life exceedingly wearisome for the dudish State Auditor. On the appearance of the last poem Shields went to the Editor of the *Journal,* in a towering rage, and demanded the name of his tormentor. The editor, in a quandary, went to Lincoln, who unwilling that the two young women should figure in the affair, ordered that his own name be given as the author. Soon after, he received a letter from Shields, demanding an apology. To this Lincoln replied that he could give the note no attention, because Shields had not first inquired whether he really was the author of the poem. Shields wrote again, but Lincoln replied that he would receive nothing but a withdrawal of the first note, or a challenge. The challenge came, was accepted, and Lincoln named broadswords as the weapons to be used; the place selected being the

Mississippi river bank opposite Alton. On the morning of September 22, 1843, Shields and Lincoln arrived in Alton. I had received an intimation of the coming event, and resolved to see it if possible. The duelling party took breakfast at the Franklin House, and at about half-past ten A. M. went to the ferryboat, which was run by a man named Chapman, with whom I made arrangements to drive the two horses which worked around the windlass at one end of the boat. Lincoln and his party sat at one end of the boat, Shields and his at the other. The only thing which looked warlike was six long cavalry sabres, which were on the deck, in possession of Lincoln's seconds. There was no talking between the opposite sides, and everything went on as decorously as at a funeral. Arriving on at the opposite shore, which was a wilderness of timber, a partly cleared spot was selected as the battleground. Shields took a seat on a fallen log at one side of the little clearing, and Lincoln ensconced himself on another, opposite. The seconds proceeded to cut a pole about twelve feet long, and two stakes with crotches in the ends. The stakes were driven into the ground and the pole laid across the crotches, so that it rested about three feet above the ground. The contestants were to stand one on either side of the pole, and fight across it. A line was drawn on the ground, on both sides, about three feet from the pole, with the understanding that if either combatant stepped back across his own line, it was to be considered a giving-up of the fight. This, you see, would keep the fighters within range of each other all the time, as neither could get more than three feet away from the pole, and the swords seemed to me to be at least five feet long. After all these arrangements had been completed, the seconds rejoined their principals at the different sides of the clearing, and began to talk in low tones. With Shields was Dr. T. M. Hope, of Alton, a very large, brusque man. He was very much opposed to the duel, and reasoned with Shields for a long time. As a result of the talk, several notes were passed between the seconds. It was intensely interesting to me to see those men handing notes to each other instead of talking out whatever they had to say. Lincoln remained firm, and said that Shields must withdraw his first note, and ask him whether or no he was the author of the *Journal* poem. He said that when that should be done, he was ready to treat with the other side. Shields was inflexible, and finally Dr. Hope got mad at him. He said Shields was bringing the Democratic party of Illinois into ridicule and contempt by his folly. Finally he sprang to his feet, faced the stubborn little Irishman, and blurted out: 'Jimmy, you —— little whippersnapper, if you

don't settle this I will take you across my knee and spank you.' This was too much for Shields, and he yielded; I believe Dr. Hope would have carried his threat into execution if he hadn't. A note was solemnly prepared and sent across to Lincoln, which asked if he was the author of the poem in question; he wrote a formal reply in which he said that he was not; and then mutual explanations and apologies followed. I watched Lincoln while he sat on his log, awaiting the signal to fight. His face was grave and serious. I could discern nothing of 'Old Abe' as we knew him. I never knew him to go so long before without making some sort of a joke, and I began to think he was getting frightened. But presently he reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along its edge with his thumb, as a barber feels of his razor, stretched himself to his full height, stretched out his long arm, and clipped off a twig from a tree above his head with the sword. There wasn't a man of us who could have reached anywhere near the twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with a cavalry sabre with little Shields, who could walk under his arm, came pretty near making me howl with laughter. After Lincoln had cut off the twig, he returned the sword to its scabbard with a sigh, and sat down; but I detected the gleam in his eye which was always the forerunner of one of his inimitable yarns, and I fully expected him to tell a side-splitter right there in the shadow of the grave. After things had been adjusted at the duelling ground, we returned to the ferryboat, everybody chatting in the most friendly manner possible. But it must have been an awful trial to Lincoln to 'hold in' and not 'josh' the life out of Shields. As we returned, one of the party—a young man named Broughton, who was the other horse-driver—got a log and put it at one end of the boat, covered with a red shirt so as to look like the recumbent figure of a man covered with blood. When we reached Alton, the landing was covered with people who were there to learn the result of the duel. When they saw the dummy at the end of the boat, they almost crowded into the water to see who it was that had been slain. I enjoyed this scene, though it was clearly offensive to Shields."

H. G. McPike.

Alton, Ill.

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

THE sun now rests upon the mountain tops—
Begins to sink behind—is half conceal'd—
And now is gone: the last faint, twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpen'd to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
A half-hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threaten'd rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,

With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.
  Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade, with verdant roof;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass
Scoop'd in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
A pyramid of polish'd sapphire built.
  But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth!

CARLOS WILCOX.

Every person, who has witnessed the splendour of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognise with delight the *local* as well as general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad, level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheatre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of nature can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of

the richest purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain-drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, "fading, still fading," till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows, and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost every thing to charm and elevate the feelings of the student.

—Rev. G. B. Cheever.

[The author of this beautiful poem, which received the praise of so good a judge as Dr. Cheever, was a Congregational clergyman. He was born in Vermont, 1794, and died in Danbury, Conn., 1827: too soon to have written much, but what little he did bears the true poetic stamp. Rufus Wilmot Griswold said of him: "He was a lover of nature, and described rural sights with singular clearness and fidelity."

We print his poem in pursuance of our plan of from time to time giving space for extracts from those American writers of the first half of the eighteenth century whose names are hardly known to the present generation, but whose productions merit something better than being merely names in a dry catalogue. As there were great men before Agamemnon, so were there poets before Longfellow, and prose writers before Parkman; and while they may not have equalled either, yet they have their place, and an honorable one, in American literature, and we gladly give them a present-day audience.—Ed.]

OUR FOREFATHERS' LITERARY HEROISM.

II.

IN the July number of this MAGAZINE, the writer confined his observations on the above topic to New England; remarking at the close, that an earlier hospitality towards English classics and pleasanter reading obtained to the southward. This was symbolized by the flight of Benjamin Franklin from Boston to Philadelphia. In his father's library of polemic divinity, he had found nothing more entertaining than the " Pilgrim's Progress," to which he added other works of Bunyan, exchanging them in time for " Churton's Historical Collection." But the departure he had begun was followed in the purchase of Plutarch, Defoe, Locke on the Understanding, the Port Royalists, and an odd volume of the *Spectator.* By this time he knew that a larger world of literature lay beyond; and in 1729 he formed, in Philadelphia, the first circulating library association, the germ of the American Philosophical Society. Much inquiry has not completed the list of books for which £45 were sent to London, but they were probably of a scientific and philosophical character, with a possible literary element. Four years later " Frazier's Voyage to the South Seas," and six volumes of " Mr. Edmund Spenser, including the famous old English poem called ' Faery Queen,' " were presented. A break away from the monotony of divinity reading had been made, with a larger outlook towards general literature. From this point, then, about 1733, will be traced a broadening stream of literary influence and production.

In Philadelphia, growing to be a commercial and political metropolis, a similar growth in educational facilities took place through the founding of three libraries that were eventually merged in the Library Company, which had been incorporated in 1742. To this was added, a year later, the collection which James Logan had been making for fifty years, of " classical and foreign works," three thousand in number, together with a lot and building for a public library, and funds for its maintenance and increase; the library to be open for the use of citizens, and books to be loaned under certain restrictions. The effect which this accumulation of

books had upon the community, may be inferred from what was written by the Rev. Jacob Duché, subsequently chaplain of Congress: "Such is the prevailing taste for books of every kind, that almost every one is a reader; and by pronouncing sentence right or wrong upon the various publications that come in his way, puts himself upon a level with their several authors in point of knowledge." If this statement be accepted, even with reservation as to the last part of it, American literary criticism appears to have had its beginnings in Philadelphia. From what can be learned of the character of these books, there was very little of theological and controversial literature. Instead, travels, science, philosophy, and the mechanic arts were well represented. One feature is brought into prominence by a letter which the library committee wrote to their purchasing agents in London, in which it is significantly remarked, that while confiding in their judgment to procure "such books as will be proper for a public library, we wish to mix the useful with the agreeable, but do not think it expedient to add to our present stock anything in the *novel* way." Evidently fiction was still under a ban twelve years after "Humphrey Clinker" had closed three decades of story writing by four notable authors in England.

There were other public libraries in Pennsylvania towns, notably at Hatborough, Chester, and Lancaster, but founded after 1750. Also in New York, where the Society Library was established in 1754, absorbing collections made by two English clergymen, primarily for the use of ministers in the neighborhood, and, therefore, chiefly theological. The remnant of an earlier library still exists in St. John's College, Maryland, distinguished as the first for which public funds were appropriated. A Public Library in Boston also is mentioned in John Oxenbridge's will in 1673, bequeathing Augustine's works and a catalogue of Oxford library. Newport, too, had a creditable library which interested the heroic readers of the time, while their ships were taking rum to the Gold Coast and returning with negroes. But these books were largely on Political Economy and Divinity, the latter to counterbalance prevailing theories of the former and their practical operation.

If a Newport citizen had gone to Virginia with the planters who summered on the Island even at that early day, he would have found books and libraries in unsuspected numbers in small towns, and on isolated plantations. From the first the Southern colonist had kept in direct communication with England in his remoteness from commercial and literary

centers here. He received books from London by his returning tobacco ships, landing at his own wharf; books that were in vogue at Court and in the vicinity of St. Paul's. As a consequence a freer if not a more generous hospitality towards current literature prevailed in the lower colonies. The first manifestation of it was the permission to put the "Merchant of Venice" on the stage at Williamsburg, Va., in 1752, and the "Beaux' Stratagem," at Annapolis, forty years before a similar license was granted in Boston, although planters introduced the drama to Newport earlier. But Rhode Island was always as Edom and Philistia to Massachusetts, and Providence Plantations always had Southern ways.

A Richmond correspondent writes, that "records of courts prove that many planters in the Colony in the seventeenth century possessed from a score to a hundred or more books, some as many as five hundred, chiefly of law, the classics, and poetry—not many of theology." This moderate statement is verified by lists in successive numbers of the "William and Mary College Quarterly," although some of the collections belong to the latter half of the eighteenth century. For example: in Colonel William Flemming's library of 324 volumes, the sixth title is Shakespeare; the eighth Pope. Dryden, Milton, Addison, Prior, Goldsmith, and Smollett are also represented. Other good-sized collections for their day were Ralph Wormley's 400 volumes; Richard Lee's 300; Dr. Charles Brown's 617. William Dunlap advertised a school in his house "where is a library of several thousand volumes in arts and sciences." Five sales of estates in Virginia between 1724 and 1771 include books denominated "good, valuable, choice, or well chosen." Other lists are available, as that of Colonel John Walker's and of the books of other colonels,—who appear to have been as numerous in colonial days as after the last war. In Col. Walker's collection are listed Swift, Quarles, Defoe, Mandeville, Butler, Addison Dryden, Shakespeare, Johnson, Farquhar, Congreve, and a "Book of Comedies." In Squire Wormley's four hundred were "Hudibras" and "Don Quixote" and Montaigne's Essays, with French comedies and tragedies.

The Byrd library was the pride of colonial Virginia. Gathered by one proprietor of "Westover" after another, it outnumbered every other private library in the land, except Cotton Mather's divinity collection of 5,000 titles, 400 of which were of his own composition. Of the 3,625 volumes in the Byrd library, 700 were historical, 650 ancient classics, 500 French, 350 law, 300 divinity, 225

science, 200 medicine, and 650 designated "entertaining." Under this last heading were reckoned an unusual number of poets, dramatists, and essayists: Shakespeare, Milton, Jonson, Dryden, Spencer, Bacon, Defoe, Swift, Prior, Vanbrugh, Otway, Cibber, Butler, Rabelais, Boccaccio, with writers in the Romance languages of southern Europe. Its cosmopolitan character is discerned in the catalogue recently published with the "Byrd Manuscript," a sprightly record of running the North Carolina line in 1728, in which it is remarked that the first Jamestown Company was chiefly composed of "Riprobates of good Familys, who chose rather to depend upon the musty provisions that were sent from England than to till the ground." If existing documents are to be the final appeal, the statement seems to have some truth which asserts that "more bookish people came to Virginia from London and vicinity than to any other section." But the love of letters was not confined to this colony, as has been shown of the North. And in the South, with the growth of cities, literary cultivation, like trade, became centralized. Thus in Charleston, South Carolina, a public library was started by young men in 1748, which prospered wonderfully during the next twenty-five years. It is noteworthy that "great attention was paid to classical literature" in the selection of this library.

In this review of earlier colonial reading there is more than a suggestion of the intellectual courage of our forefathers, and also of their literary austerity. Old catalogues and inventories indicate heroic minds working in narrow grooves, out of the current of contemporary letters abroad, or about a century behind foreign production.

For instance, while Richardson was writing "Sir Charles Grandison," John Barnard was publishing "A Metrical Version of the Psalms." While "Clarissa Harlowe" was going through the press, William Livingston, of New York, was composing a poem on "Philosophic Solitude." Fielding was at work on "Tom Jones" in the year that Jared Eliot brightened the landscape a little with a book on "Field Husbandry." "Jonathan Wild" was coming out while Charles Chauncey was composing his "Thoughts on the State of Religion." Smollett was turning off "Count Fathom" in the year that Solomon Williams' "Treatise on Justification" appeared. Rev. Samuel Hopkins issued his "No Promises to the Unregenerate" in the year that Rev. Laurence Sterne put out the last volume of the "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." Of course the question here is not which of these classes of books was intended to do

the most good; but which was literature destined to live, and which to be consigned to oblivion or be supplanted by immortal works of its own class already published, like Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," which the Cambridge press was censured for printing as "a book by a Papist." While, therefore, our forefathers read painfully sterner stuff than the popular books of the present day—excepting always broadsides, fly sheets, and chap books, of which there was a fair supply—it must be admitted that there was for a century and a half at least an almost wilful blindness to what in the mother country was recognized as the literature of imagination, suggestion, and fertilization, as contrasted with that of information, dogmatism, and controversy. Explanations can be offered for the new nation's slowness in adopting cosmopolitan graces in reading, thinking, and writing; but after all is said, a provincial prejudice remained—which was not so apparent in other importations than books—an obstinacy which had its origin in religious, political, and literary movements long before the settlement of America. But what is best in letters, as in life, is sure to prevail in time; and this is now accepted as heartily by the nation as it was rejected by the colonies.

LORENZO SEARS.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

WILL of Richard Pyke of Barnard's Inn, London, dated June 18, 1724, proved Sept. 21, 1724, by Margaret Pyke. Mother, Margaret Pyke, sole executrix. Mentions sister Mary Dunbar; brother-in-law, Thomas Dunbar; lands in Little Saling, Essex, (P. C. C., London, Register Bolton 211.)

Will of Richard Pyke, citizen and cordwainer; dated Jan. 23, 1730, proved March 26, 1731. Executors William Turner of Westminster, hackney coachman; and Richard Williams of Leadenhall Street, Goldsmith, mentions sons Waddis Pyke, Henry Pike. (P. C. C., Register Isham 78.)

There is also a will (1722) of one Richard Pike of Wiltshire. (P. C. C., Somerset House, London.)

The " Merchant Taylors' (London) school " printed list has:

John Pyke, born 18 Aug., 1731, and Richard Pyke, born 23 Apr., 1732, entered at school, in 1740. (Their father probably was born about 1700.)

James Pike, born 19 December, 1839, son of John H. R. Pike, a shipbroker, Water Lane.

Ronald Halley, born 13 Jan., 1856, son of Alexander Halley, M. D., of Harley Street.

1601; Richard Pike, entered (aged 7-12), son of Philip Pike, Gent., deceased, of London.
1679; Isaac Pike, entered (aged 7-12).
1698; Joseph Pyke, entered (aged 7-12).

Richard Pike, a Merchant Taylor, died 1682; buried St. Mary, Aldermary.

Benjamin Pyke appears (1698) in a subscribed loan of two million pounds to the Government. His contribution to it is £500.

1571; Baptised; Edmond Pike at Bedwyn Magna Parish Church, Wiltshire. (Register.) (He was of Marten Manor, Wiltshire.)
1632; Baptised; Edmond Pyke, son of John Pyke, Gentleman.
1652; Married; Edmond Pyke, Gentleman, and Dorothy Pyper (Piper).
1593; Buried; Alice, wife of Edmund Pike, Gent.
1649-50; Feb. 14, Buried, Mr. Edmund Pike.
1658-59; Jan. 26, Buried, Mr. Edmund Pike, of Marton (Marten).
1675; May 10, Buried, Edmund Pyke, Esq.

Register of St. Dunstan's (West) Fleet Street, London, shows:

1569; Nov. 26, Baptised, Vallentine, son of Master Jerome Halley.
1571; Baptised; "Beninghorowe," daughter of Master Jerome Halley, Gentleman.

1600; Married; Christopher Halley and Elizabeth Edwards. (Christopher resided in Hackney district.)
1605; Baptised; John, son of said Christopher Halley and Elizabeth, his wife (spelt at the baptism, "Hallely").

History of Islington, page 412, says "Mr. Pike bequeathed legacy £100 to Lower Street Independent Church, to aid its erection in 1744." (Lower Street, Islington, is now (1906) called Essex Road). The same book (page 454) mentions marriage of Edm^d Halley, astronomer, Islington, St. Mary's in 1682, to Miss Tooke, daughter of the Auditor of the Exchequer.

The registers of the Parish of All-Hallows, London Wall (including Winchester Street?) are printed and indexed for the period 1559-1675, and show:

1665; Oct. 24, John Haley and Mary Castle, married.
1632; June 3, Thomas Halley and Johan Challewood, married.

1671; Jan. 14, John Bowden and Ann Pike, married.
1651; Jan. 12, Wm. Goodridge and Catherine Hawley, married.

Among the items in Index to Adminstrations in York Registry are:
Michael Halley, Allerton, in Bradford, Yorks.
George Halley, Kingston-on-Hull.
Richard Hawley, Brighton, York.
Holden's Directory of London (1799) mentions:
James Pike, button-manufacturer, 51 Castle Street, The Borough.
James Pike, cheese-monger, Number 311 of The Borough.

Halley of London: arms were "Azure, a chevron between 3 annulets Or; over all on a fesse of the last as many martlets gules."

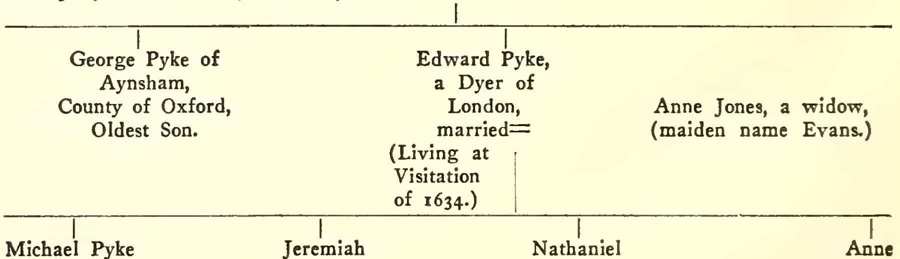
Pike (No. 1) Devonshire; Chevron Azure between 3 Trefoils; Crest, a Pike, naiant Or.

Pyke (No. 2) *Ditto;* Crest, a horse saddled and bridled, on a ducal coronet.

Pike of London. Gules, 3 pikes naiant, wavy, argent, within a Bordure, engrailed of the second.

Pyke of Somerset County. Sable, 3 pitchforks in pale, argent.

There is record, also, of arms of Pyke of Queenhithe Ward, London.



These four children were living in 1634. One of the sons, Michael, Jeremiah or Nathaniel was (in the opinion of a London correspondent, 1906) the father of the Richard Pyke of Fenchurch Street, who became a party to the deed dated 21st April, 1694, hereinbefore quoted.

The broadside in Guildhall Library, London, concerning death of Edmond Halley (1684) says that he was a merchant of Winchester Street, London. His body was found in the river near Temple Farm, Stroud, Kent (Rochester). The discovery was reported by a boy, whereupon a gentleman, having read the description published in the London *Gazette,* conveyed notice to the family. The affair was reported by the *Post-Boy* (a newspaper). His wife had offered a reward of £100, in the *News-Book,* for him, dead or alive. Only a brief extract of this curious broadside has reached the compiler, without mention of any proper names except that of the deceased. Winchester Street (his residence) was probably the same as what is now called Great Winchester Street, which is in the parishes of St. Peter-le-Poer, and All-Hallows, London Wall. There is a Winchester Avenue, but it seems a modern cutting, in Cripplegate, Parish St. Giles.

The registers of the parishes of St. Catherine Cree, and St. Peter le Poer (including Winchester Street?) have not been printed.

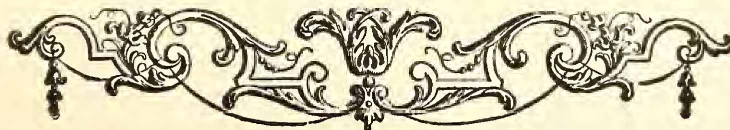
A private letter from Mr. H. Pike-Pease, M. P., London, dated 20 March, 1906, says the Pikes " are an old Irish family many of whom have long lived in Cork. Some generations ago, one or two were put in gaol, as Quakers, for conscience' sake, because they would not fight. The present head of the family is Mr. Joseph Pike, well known in the south of Ireland."

Edmund William Pike, I. S. O., London, states, in response to inquiries, that he is descended from a Somersetshire family who only took the name of Pike about three generations ago.

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICACO.

(To be continued.)



OLD ROOF-TREES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I: THOSE STANDING AND INHABITED.

THERE is always more or less interest in seeing and studying the memorials of the past. Pilgrims visit the Pyramids, the Roman catacombs, and the sacred fanes of Greece and Rome, and volumes of description have been written regarding these and other monuments of decayed glory. America is not old, but we have our ruins too, and nearly every State has its ancient houses and forts and churches which have become historic. New Hampshire is younger than several of her sister States but within her borders are several sites well worthy of a visit, both on account of age and historic interest, and which will reward the visitor with noble and suggestive pictures of the past.

I have been asked by the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF HISTORY to prepare a series of articles relative to the historic buildings of the Granite State, embracing those standing and inhabited; those standing, but not habitable; those in ruins, and those of which only the site remains. In this first paper I shall confine myself to the buildings of historic interest that are standing and in good repair—the ancient mansions and churches that have passed their one hundredth and fiftieth milestone, and whose story has become part of the history of the State.

Probably the best known of the old historic mansions of New Hampshire is the Governor Benning Wentworth house at Little Harbor, about two miles out from Portsmouth. It is the grand manor house sung of by Longfellow in his poem of "Lady Wentworth":

> "Baronial and colonial in its style;
> Gables and dormer windows everywhere,
> And stacks of chimneys rising high in air."

Built by Govenor Wentworth in 1749, it is one of the oldest structures in the State, and one of its most interesting show places. The house is an architectural freak—an extension of wing upon wing—and the chambers are curiously connected by unlooked for steps and capricious little passages, where the visitor would be liable to get lost without a guide.

There were originally fifty-two rooms, but only about half that number have been kept intact. Four or five rooms remain practically the same as in the governor's day. The old parlor in which Wentworth was married to his handsome young housekeeper, Martha Hilton, has still the same carpet on the floor that was placed there by Lady Wentworth more than a hundred years ago. This marriage was one of the great events of Colonial days, and the lively young bride continued to be mistress of the mansion for many years, marryng after the governor's death, another Wentworth, and living to entertain President Washington in 1789. The Council Room contains portraits of the vice-regal Wentworths and their relatives. In the billiard room are to be seen an ancient spinet once used by Lady Wentworth, and the old buffet that held the governor's punch bowl and his bottles of Madeira and Antigua.

One of the most prominent names connected with the early history of New Hampshire is that of Cutt, in later years spelled Cutts. John Cutt was the first President of the Province, his commission being issued by King Charles II., January 21, 1680. He was a great land owner, and his estate embraced a large part of the present city of Portsmouth. At Newington he owned a large tract known as the Pulpit Farm. At the death of President Cutt, in 1682, his widow went to this farm to reside, and here for twelve years the lady of the first president of New Hampshire lived happily situated and in a degree of elegance. The mansion built by Madame Cutts sometime prior to 1685, is still standing in good repair, its timbers as sound as when the structure was erected. The chimney is over twelve feet square at its base, and is constructed of stone to the top of the cellar. It is four feet square in the attic, and a trifle smaller above the roof. In what was probably used as a sitting room in olden time, is a huge fireplace nine feet broad.

Mrs. Cutt undoubtedly had the house clapboarded, for when some of them were removed in 1879 from a part of the building, the original boards underneath, were found painted red. The age of the small wooden cherubim over the front door is not known, but the Hon. Ichabod Bartlett, a Representative to Congress in 1823 and 1829, who owned the property after the Cutts family, stated that they were there long before his day, and it is reasonable to believe that Madame Ursula herself had them placed there, as the design evidently represents the artistic taste of a woman. The interior of the house remains practically the same as when first built.

The Warner House at the corner of Daniel and Chapel Streets in Portsmouth, is the oldest brick building in New Hampshire. It is of three stories, and has the air of the old régime more than any other house in Portsmouth, a city of many noble homes. At the time of its erection, it was not surpassed by any private residence in New England. The massive walls are eighteen inches thick. The brick and some of the other material were brought from Holland. According to Mr. Brewster's "Rambles About Portsmouth," the work of building the house was begun in 1718 and finished in 1723. The owner and builder was Captain Archibald Macpheadris, a successful merchant and a member of the King's council under Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth. Captain Macpheadris was a leading projector of the first iron works established in America, being at the head of a small company which commenced the manufacture of iron from the ore at the Lamprey River in 1719. He married Mrs. Sarah Wentworth, daughter of the first Governor Wentworth. They had one daughter, Mary, who was married to Hon. Jonathan Warner, a member of the royal council under Governor Benning and Sir John Wentworth, and who gave his name to the township of Warner in Merrimack County. On the Chapel Street end of the house, is a lightning rod which was placed there in 1762, under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin. It is believed to be the first lightning rod put up in New Hampshire.

The oldest church building in New Hampshire, is the Congregational church at Newington, five miles from Portsmouth. The date of its erection was 1712, although it was begun by the people of "Bloody Point," as the locality was then called, nearly two years earlier. It was left to be finished by the town when the parish of Newington was organized and set off. It is still the property of the town, and the town keeps it in repair and pays the expense of heating and the sexton. It is picturesquely situated, and in an excellent state of preservation. Rev. Joseph Adams was the first pastor and held the office for over sixty years. The inside measurement of the house is thirty by thirty-eight feet, and its walls are fourteen inches thick. A singular and unique feature of the building may be seen by consulting the floor plan of the original arrangement. There was a public entrance opposite the pulpit as usual. In addition to this there was a special entrance leading into the pew of Colonel John Downing, which occupied nearly the whole of the east end. The interior of the building was remodelled about 1890, and Colonel Downing's entrance is now the main entrance for all the worshipers.

The church at Greenland, erected in 1756, is the second in age of the churches that are standing in the State. One the pastors of this church was Dr. Samuel McClintock, who was present at Bunker Hill, and is one of the figures in Trumbull's painting of the battle. While the walls of this building are the same to-day, it has been so completely remodelled as to bear slight resemblance either as to its interior or exterior, to the original building, which was a typical structure, with two stories of windows, galleries on three sides, and with a pulpit high enough to allow room for a big box pew underneath it. The building was remodeled in 1834.

The oldest house standing in Portsmouth is probably the ancient building known as the first Wentworth House. It was built by Samuel Wentworth, father of Governor John, prior to 1690, and it was occupied by John Wentworth at his marriage in 1693. Governor Benning Wentworth was born in this house in 1695. The house is solidly built, and is in excellent preservation. The chambers and stairways are wainscoted, some of the panels being over three feet in width. The size of the base of the chimney is ten by thirteen feet, and the bricks are set in clay. Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth's commission, given in 1717, was signed by Joseph Addison, the writer of the "Spectator," as Secretary of State. He held his commission until his death in 1730, at the age of fifty-nine.

At Exeter, we find two ancient and historic structures that number more than a century and a half in years. The oldest is the Colonel Peter Gilman house on Water Street. A portion of it was erected as a block house in 1660. The timbers are of oak, and the windows originally were nothing more than loopholes. It was built by John Gilman, progenitor of a family that has been distinguished through all later New Hampshire history. His grandson, Colonel Peter Gilman, owned the house as early as 1740, and made great additions to the original structure, making it one of the finest residences in Exeter in his day. Two of the rooms which have been kept intact, cannot be surpassed for their ancient style and magnificence, the wainscot and carving being of wonderful richness. Colonel or Councilor Gilman, was one of the magnates of New Hampshire before the Revolution. He was a member of the Governor's council and Brigadier-General of the militia under Governor John Wentworth. His state and manner of living was that of the patricians of his time. Silver plate graced his table, he drove a coach and span, and owned several negro slaves.

Not far from this mansion is the great house occupied by Hon. Nicholas Gilman, Treasurer of New Hampshire through the Revolution and later the home of his more distinguished son, Governor John Taylor Gilman, who was chief magistrate for a longer period than any other man in the history of the State. The house was built in 1740, and is a good specimen of the style which prevailed in the Colonies before the separation from the mother country. Built of brick covered with wood, three stories in height, with dormer windows in its upper story, gambrel-roofed, and its walls yellow dun color, its air of antiquity is unmistakable.

In the near-by town of Hampton Falls, fronting the village square where the patriots of '76 mustered after the battle of Lexington, is an old roof-tree that has sheltered more famous men, perhaps, than any other in New Hampshire—the home of Governor Meshech Weare. The house was built in 1737, and is a square, two storied, low-roofed structure, with a large chimney in the center. Weare was Governor of the State all through the Revolutionary contest, and all the leading men of the Province assembled at his home more than once to devise methods of raising men and funds to carry on the prolonged struggle with Great Britain. Washington was there once to consult with the Governor, and the chamber is shown with the same bed—a canopy top—in which the *pater patriæ* is said to have slept.

Famous among the roof-trees of the State is the house of the first minister at Concord, built in 1734, and described as "the oldest two-story house between Haverhill, Mass., and Canada." It originally consisted of a two-story front, forty feet long and twenty feet wide; and of a one-story ell, about twenty feet square. Each was covered with a gambrel roof, battened with birch bark and shingled. It had three chimneys, two of brick and one of stone, laid in clay mortar, and plastered within and without with clay and chopped straw. In these were six fireplaces of ample dimensions; that in the kitchen having before it a hearth of granite ten feet long, still in use, and polished by the feet of the family generations of the last one hundred and seventy years. The Rev. Timothy Walker, the first minister, occupied the house nearly fifty years, and since then it has sheltered five generations of the family, in whose hands it still remains a possession. The house has been somewhat modernized within a few years and compares favorably with any of the costly residences of the capital city.

Across the river at East Concord, is Elm Croft, an old farm house built by Philip Eastman, an early settler, in 1755. It is well preserved, and has been modernized by later owners. The home of Captain Jeremiah Pecker from 1779 to his death in 1833, and of his widow, Mary Eastman Pecker, from her second marriage, until her death, October 17, 1882, aged ninety-one years, Elm Croft is now the property of Colonel J. E. Pecker, a great-great-grandson of Philip Eastman, and a grandson of Jeremiah Pecker. Very few estates in New Hampshire have been in the hands of one family for as long a time as this.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

WARNER, N. H.

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NARRAGANSETT.

IT is a well-recognized fact that there existed in southern continental Rhode Island, a hundred and fifty years ago, a unique form of society.

It was a landed aristocracy, about as un-Rhode-Island-like, taking the social atmosphere of the northern part of the colony as the standard, and, indeed, as un-New-England-like, as it is easy to conceive. A certain glamour of romance seems spread over the scene. One beholds there a more stately mode of existence than otherwhere. Entertaining, in the most generous measure, appears the principal avocation of the masters of estates. The men and women, who constitute the personnel of the picture, are not so much beings of ordinary clay as figures, who seem to have stepped down out of the frames on the walls of some old baronial hall. There still linger, in tradition, tales of the many-colored life, lived in the spacious mansions and on the vast plantations of the region. What, then, may be regarded as the chief sources of this distinctive social life of ancient Narragansett ?

The term, " The Narragansett Country," is here used in its later restricted sense, as conterminous with the present Washington County, although the possessions of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, from whom the name is derived, originally extended also over the southern portion of the County of Kent.

What may be styled the corner-stone of Narragansett institutions, in the olden time, was the exceptional extent of the lands in the hands of families or individual owners. Without now stopping to consider the origin of this fact, it may be remarked that when, as, on June 8, 1659, was the case, an Indian sachem, Coginaquand, could be found ready to lease a parcel of rich land, containing, perhaps, a thousand acres, " for the term of one thousand years too-morrow," at a rental of, "on every midsumer day, a red honney Suckell grass, if it be lawfully demanded," human nature, especially white human nature, being what it is, vast estates for white men formed a natural result. The territory conveyed in the Pettaquamscutt Purchase and the two Atherton Purchases, was enough to form a principality and the sharers in it were few.

Perhaps the most modest division of this land was that of Namcock Neck (now Boston Neck), on August 16, 1661, containing, together with the remainder of the present Narragansett Country along the coast and the islands adjoining, the most fertile soil in New England. Here General Humphrey Atherton and his seven companions received seven hundred acres apiece, with the condition that " whatever any man's land wants in quality . . . . be made up in quantity." Colonel Champlin, in Charlestown (then Westerly), owned one tract, alone, of over a thousand acres. Colonel Stanton, in the same town, was master of a district " said to be " four and a half miles long and two miles wide. The original territory, held by Richard Smith, was estimated to be nine miles long and three miles wide, of which, after various distributions, his great-grandson, Colonel Daniel Updike, in his much later day, retained three thousand acres. Robert Hazard, who died in 1710, owned more than a thousand acres. His son, " Old Thomas Hazard," acquired, mainly by purchase, four thousand. Governor William Robinson is said to have possessed thousands of acres in Point Judith and Little Neck, his domain extending, on the westward, to Sugar Loaf Hill. Even if it be doubted whether or not the whole territory under review would hold out for such lordly allotments as these, there can be no question as to the actually immense extent of the estates.

As during colonial days, except for a brief interval, the land of an intestate went, by English law, to the eldest son, there was a tendency to preserve estates intact, although most great proprietors, as a fact, made wills, having in that case, unrestricted power of disposition. Yet, even then, the home estate, as a rule, fell to the eldest son, daughters infrequently receiving any portion whatever of the family land. When the question of the extent of a plantation was raised, the answer was apt to be " all the land that you can see."

Inasmuch as these broad tracts,—plantations in name but, in reality, very little planted,—were stocked with innumerable cattle, horses and sheep, and maintained colossal cheese-producing dairies, the ample proceeds invited a luxurious style of living.

Great plantations led to the building of great houses. The whole or, generally, portions, of some of them are still extant,—the Phillips house and the Beriah Brown house, in North Kingstown, the Rowland Robinson house, in Boston Neck, now a part of the estate of the late Rowland Hazard, of Peacedale, the Gardiner house at the Bonnet, several be-

low it in Boston Neck, and, of course the Smith-Updike house, at Wickford, easily the oldest of them all.

The oldest house now standing in the southern part of the former "Kingstown," was believed, by the late Mrs. Caroline E. Robinson, the accomplished author of *The Hazard family of Rhode Island*, to be the Eldred house, on the estate of Colonel Arthur Watson, near Wakefield.

It was customary, in the earliest times, to leave one end of the house flush with the outside of the great stone chimney, as may still be seen in the Northup house, on the Post Road, in North Kingstown, and the Douglass house, at the northern end of Hammond Hill, both of them, however, exceptionally small, for the date of their erection. But often, as the income of families and their size enlarged, an addition was made beyond the chimney.

Notably is this the case with the Phillips house (fancifully styled "Mobra Castle"), near Belleville station. For some years the building ended with the chimney on the south. Then the very large wing, running east and west, more extensive and higher studded than the original structure, was added, the point of junction in the front hall, where the ceiling is of different heights, being still plainly visible. The vast ell-shaped attic of this very old house possesses, traditionally, the enhanced attraction of a ghostly equestrian lady tenant, who is said to career up and down its length, upon her spectre horse on windy nights.

The Governor Greene house, near East Greenwich, now owned by William G. Roelker, esq., a son of the family,—to venture a little outside the more contracted limits of Narragansett,—is a remarkable instance of enlargement beyond the chimney wall. Originally built, as it is claimed, in 1680, it was added to in 1758, on the occasion of the approaching marriage of the second Governor William Greene, to Catharine Ray, immediately after the death, in office, of his father, the first Governor William Greene. The enlargement was intended to supply a parlor, on the first floor, and a large western chamber above, for the use of the coming bride. But when the airy new bed-room was completed, the sprightly old Mrs. Greene, who was a Greene by birth as well as by marriage, remarking that she liked new rooms herself, and that the old ones would answer perfectly well for the young people, straightway proceeded to remove her private belongings across the passage. The incident was narrated, with marked enjoyment of the briskness of his great

grandmother, by the late Lieutenant Governor William Greene, the third of the family to bear the title of Governor, as he sat in this same western chamber, an aged man of eighty-five, a quarter of a century ago. It affords a vivid impression of the ancient character of the Governor Greene house, to be told that one of the western windows, in the *new* part, is called " Franklin's window," because the philosopher, often a visitor upon the second Governor, delighted to sit by it and watch the sunset above the West Greenwich and Coventry hills.

But, probably, the old " Block-house " of the Updikes, already alluded to, called, also, " Smith's Castle," after its original founder in about 1637, is the most notable of all the ancient habitations of Narragansett.

The spot is one resounding with echoes,—echoes of the pioneer's axe and the red man's cry, when, at the date just named, Richard Smith, an English gentleman, made there a clearing in the wilderness and raised his rude house by the bayside, half stronghold and half dwelling,—echoes of the utterances of that sturdy king of men, who frequently sat by the hearthstone at Cocumscussuc, Roger Williams,—echoes of the shouts of the brave little army marching thence to the famous " Swamp-fight " of 1675 and bringing back hither the bodies of two-score young heroes to be buried, hard by, in a common grave,—echoes of less tragic sounds, when, in the following century the beauty and the culture of the whole country-side were wont to gather in the spacious rooms of the mansion, risen from the embers left by the savages, and make them ring with laughter and good cheer, and gracious Dean Berkeley and gentle John Smibert, the painter, and genial Dr. and Mrs. MacSparran, and Benjamin Franklin and the future Bishop Seabury, graced the generous table of Colonel Daniel Updike, Attorney General of the Colony, or that of Lodowick, his son.

It was the almost invariable custom of eighteenth century Narragansett, in making an inventory of furniture, for the settlement of an estate, to specify the room in which each article was to be found, thus affording a clue to the number and uses of the apartments in those old South County houses.

The great dwellings, not many years since removed, of Governor William Robinson, who died in 1751, situated between the present Wakefield and Narragansett Pier, on Silver Lake, is thus shown to have contained a cheese-room, milk-room, kitchen, store-bedroom (every comfort-

able old house had a "store-bedroom"), great-room, great-room bedroom, store-closet, dining-room, northeast-bedroom, great chamber, dining-room bedroom, dining-room chamber, and dining-room chamber bedroom. The mere enumeration of these apartments, with their contents, suggests a generous style of living.

But what added, almost immeasurably, to the pomp and circumstance of Narragansett life, if not always entirely to its orderliness and comfort, was the presence of considerable retinues of *slaves.* No compunction for cherishing the institution of slavery seems to have ruffled the placidity of the South County planters' minds, until "College Tom" Hazard, about 1742, good Quaker as he was, awoke to its evils, albeit his father, Robert Hazard, is said to have been one of the largest slaveholders in New England. But, of course, the custom did not then come to an end, nor did it, even, meet a perceptible check before the Revolution. Out of a population in King's (now Washington) county in 1730, of about six thousand, more than one thousand were slaves. In the middle of the century, South Kingstown had more slaves than any other town in Rhode Island, except Newport. The foundations of an eastern extension (long since removed), of the Rowland Robinson house, in Boston Neck,—the home of the "unfortunate Hannah Robinson,"—said to have been the negro quarters, are still traceable. The small whitewashed bedrooms occupied by the slaves, in the George Rome house, also in Boston Neck, remained until the demolition of the structure, during the present generation.

The great families are said ("are said," covers, it must be remembered, a multitude of historical sins) to have held from five to forty slaves each.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM THOMPSON, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RIFLEMEN.

(This is addressed to Col. James Wilson, of Carlisle, Pa., of the Continental Congress, and refers to the preparations making in the State for raising the corps of riflemen for Arnold's intended expedition against Quebec.)

CARLISLE, June 27, 1775.

SIR:

I arrived here on Sunday after taking every method on my way up to forward the march of the Rifle Men—at Reading the company will soon be compleat. In York I am told that the whole of that Company is engaged & will be ready to March in a few days. The Comys of this county I expect will be in a few days likewise compleat. Bedford & Northumberland I have not yet heared from, tho' I have sent express to each place, as also to Northampton—Lancaster I beleive will raise two companys in a very short time, so that in place of six companys (the complement at first ordered by the Congress) I belive the spirit of the people is such, that nine will be ready to March by the end of next week—I have appointed Reading to be the place of Rendezvous, as it is judged best to March the back Road, and the 8th of July the time of meeting there—I have appointed Mr. John Biddle, Reading, to furnish provisions and Carriages from that place to Boston. He is well acquainted with the business & Country. John Davis, junr. will find provisions from Carlisle to Reading.

Money being the principle Spring to Action, and as it can't be got at this place, to raise the Men & furnish the necessarys for their March I have sent the Bearer, John Holmes Esqr. bound to Phila. for Such a sum as may be Judged sufficient for that purpose, which in my opinion will not be less than £1200 or £1500 & must request that some method be taken to raise that Sum till the Continental Money is struck.

My instructions from Generals Washington & Lee, were that I should find Provisions and Carriages for all Volenteers that should joyn the force on my March to Boston; and also take every method to for-

ward the troops by employing Waggons, Horses & ca—but as this will be attended with considerable expence, (when the utmost Oeconomy is us'd) I don't like to go to any great lengths in laying out the publick Money—without the Approbation of Congress.

If the companys ordered from Virginia & Maryland are raised in the Frontier Counties, I am certain that their best way for Marching will be through Carlisle, Reading & the rout that I intend to take the Troops of this Provience—and as it is likely I shall be on my March before they will reach this place, if I am certain their rout will be altered the same way, I shall endeavour to have everything provided for them to make their March as easy and expedious as possible. I hope you will mention every [one] of these things to the Congress, that I may by the return of the Bearer receive full Instructions relative to every matter that concerns my March to Boston, I am

Your most Obedt,
Hble Servt,

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

LETTER OF LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT BENSON, AID-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON, TO COLONEL RICHARD VARICK, AID TO ARNOLD

(This letter has heretofore escaped the notice of any historian. It is of the utmost importance, as showing, first, the unlimited confidence reposed in Arnold by everyone, and second, the distrust which was felt of Joshua Hett Smith, his confidant, and the "Mr. Smith" to whom Benson refers. On the very day the letter was written André had his farewell dinner with Clinton's staff, and that night set out for Dobbs Ferry, to meet Arnold. The General Howe referred to is Robert Howe, who preceded Arnold in the command of West Point.)

POKEEPSIE, *Sepr.* 19th, 1780.

DEAR SIR:

I did not receive your Letter of the 24th ulto. until yesterday (by the Post from Albany) or I should have answered it sooner. Soon after his Excellency the Governor entered upon his Office, General Gates who then commanded in the Northern Department granted Permission to several of the Inhabitants of Albany (who adhered to the Enemy) to pass to New York—On their Passage they were stopped at New Windsor, by the Governor, who refused to let them proceed until they had given him their Paroles as Prisoners of the State to return when demanded or to send out some of our Subjects who were then in close

confinement in N. York in exchange. Since that Time, you may be assured Sir, the constant Rule has been, & the several commandg Contl. Officers in this State have constantly understood it to be in the manner mentioned in his Excellency's letter to General Arnold on that subject—I do not recollect an instance to the contrary—It may be possible—that upon some particular Occasion General Howe may have been desired, by the Governor, to use his Discretion with respect to particular Persons: but I am sure it was not general. Therefore Mr. Smith's Information cannot be well founded & I have reason to believe that the Governor's confidence in Genl. Arnold is such, that he would not upon any Occasion hesitate to confer on him any discretionary power which his Predecessors have enjoyed.

I know very little of Mr. Smith's political Character—he has always, as far as I have heard, declared himself a Whig: but from the Conduct of his Connections and his own loose Character I cannot persuade myself to think him entitled to the fullest Confidence, & if I can judge from appearances the Governor has little or none in any of the family.—With respect to Mr. Dyckman; he appeared to have the good Opinion of Genl. Howe's family & has for some time past been intimate in Colo. Udny Hay's family; but what his real political Character is I cannot take upon myself to determine; neither do I know any of my acquaintance in this neighborhood who know more of him than I do.

Agreeable to your Request, I have given you every Information in my power on the subjects of your Letter & I trust you will make the proper & prudent use of it.

I am with sincere friendship & Respect,

Dear Sir, Your obdt. Sevt.

ROBT. BENSON

Colo. RICHARD VARICK.

LETTER OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO JOHN G. WHITTIER

[On the subject of Whittier's poem "In School Days." This is probably the finest letter of "The Autocrat's" extant. (When Whittier had finished the poem itself, he sent it to Lucy Larcom, who was then (1870) editor of "Our Young Folks," with the note which is still appended to the original MS.) :]

"Dear f^{d} Lucy: I could not make verses for the pictures, but I send thee herewith a bit, which I am sure is childish, if not child-like. Be

honest with it, and if it seems too spoony for a grave Quaker like myself, don't compromise me by printing it. When I get a proof, I may see something to mend, or mar. Thine truly. J. G. W."

My dear friend Whittier: It always gives me exquisite pleasure to write any words that please you and I cannot thank you too warmly for taking the pains to tell me in more than one instance that you have found something that made my lines worth reading. I am happy to think you liked "Evensong" it was written for my class-meeting and we graduated in 1829, so that you will understand how I felt on addressing them, having been Class-poet and having now for many years written verses for every annual meeting, until I naturally begin to feel—well, this cannot go on so a great many years longer unless I am to be an infant prodigy of second childhood. So there was no affectation about my lines and if I feel cheerful at any future moment, with my pen in my hand, I do hold myself pledged to be melancholy in my verse. But I am especially pleased with your kind note because it gives me the opportunity to speak of your own lines which for grace and infinite tenderness you have never surpassed. I mean the lines "In School Days" which I found in the *Transcript* taken from "Our Young Folks" for January. It melted my soul within me to read these lovely verses. You may think I praise them more than I should if I had not been made partial by your liking some things of mine. It is not so—I had no sooner read them than I fell into such an ecstasy about them that I could hardly find words too high colored to speak of them to my little household. I hardly think I dared read them aloud, my eyes fill with tears just looking at them in my scrap book now while I am writing. You did not expect this but you must submit to it—many noble, many lovely verses you have written, none that goes to the heart more surely and sweetly than these.

Always faithfully yours,

O. W. Holmes.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER XII—*Concluded*

THE day was far spent when they arrived at the door of the stranger and found everything prepared for them as he had directed. His Indian wife received him with a smile of gladness, and the children flocked round to welcome him, and admire his game. There was little appearance of sentiment, but much good-humored frankness in the meeting.

"Will you have a book to occupy the evening," said the stranger, when the night had set in. "I have books, but in truth I seldom read them now. They make one lazy and unfit for action. But I have no objection to your reading."

"I had rather hear you talk," said Sybrandt. Looking round and perceiving the Indian wife was absent on her domestic duties, he added, "May I inquire if you don't find your time hang heavy on your hands sometimes, for want of the society you have been accustomed to?"

"Why, no," replied the other; "I cannot say I do. I am never idle in body or mind. Both as a matter of necessity as well as amusement, I hunt almost every day, which gives me appetite, occupation, and rest when I lie down at night. Besides this," added he, smiling, "I exercise dominion over men; I influence at least, if not direct, the affairs of an invisible people, as it were, hid in these woods; and this gives sufficient occupation to my mind. There is no study more interesting than man, and of all mankind the savage affords to me a subject of the greatest novelty and interest. It is curious to see how different, yet how much alike are the civilized and savage races of men. One is a bear-skin in its rough natural state, the other the same skin decked on the edges with red cloth and porcupine quills. The animal it covers is still nothing but a bear."

"You are no admirer of the animal, it seems, in either of its forms," replied Sybrandt.

"You are mistaken; I think him a decent sort of animal enough, and have no quarrel with my fellow-creatures, though I came hither to live in the woods that I might enjoy perpetual exercise without actual hard work, and perpetual excitement without ruining myself at the gaming-table, or ruining others for the purpose of keeping myself awake all day."

"Yet I should suppose you would somtimes feel lost for want of the ordinary intercourse of social life—the interchange of thought—nay, the conflict of opinions and interests, which keeps the world going on its axis round and round forever and ever."

"I am not always alone; the Indians sometimes visit me; but to be sure they are no great talkers, except when they make a set speech, when, I assure you, they cut a most respectable figure as orators. But there is never any want of conflicting opinions and interests when the Indian and the white man come in contact. I fear they will never agree. I sometimes almost despair of being able to consummate the plan which has gradually opened itself to my mind during my residence here, and is now become the leading object of my life."

"May I ask what it is?" said Sybrandt.

"To bring the Indians into the circle of civilized life. I cannot but see that if they remain as they are, a distinct, discordant ingredient in that great frame of social life which is now spreading itself in every direction, and will one day, I believe, comprehend the whole of this vast continent, they must perish. Nothing can save them but conforming to the laws, and customs, and occupations of the whites. I have endeavored to prepare them gradually for this, and for that purpose have endeavored to gain their confidence, and establish an influence over them. I have succeeded to admiration, and beyond all other white men, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the Catholic missionaries. Yet the truth forces itself on me every moment of my life, and I cannot shut my eyes to it—this influence is founded not on my superiority in the qualifications of a civilized man, but on my capacity to excel even the Indians in war, in hunting, in fatigue, privations, and endurance of every kind. This is the secret of my power. In proportion as I become a savage the savages respect me—no more."

The stranger then proceeded to relate a variety of anecdotes illus-

trative of Indian habits and modes of thinking, all calculated to establish this opinion, and indicating that instinctive insurmountable wildness of character which rendered and yet renders the labor of winning this race into the fold of civilization, so dear to humanity, an almost hopeless task, which even the ardor of faith and the zeal of philanthropy is sometimes tempted to abandon.

CHAPTER XIII

THE KINGS OF THE WOODS

THE preceding conversation was interrupted by a slight tap at the door, which was straightway opened, and, to the no small dismay of Sybrandt, the party of Indians whose chief had fallen on his dagger and died at the fishing-house, headed by a new chief, silently entered the room in which they were sitting. The stranger received them with courtesy, and motioned them to sit down. They obeyed, and remained without speaking, while they eyed Sybrandt with glances of keen malignant meaning.

"My children come as friends?" said the stranger.

"The red children still love their father," relied the chief; "but they come to tell him he has a snake in his wigwam which they must kill, and take out his teeth."

The stranger started, and turning aside to Sybrandt, said, "How unthinking I have been! I should not have detained you a moment here, after you were able to travel: but fear not; I am your security that not a hair of your head shall be touched while I carry mine on my shoulders." Then turning to the chief, he replied to him as follows:

"I understand thy meaning."

"'Tis well," said the other.

"To-morrow I shall inquire into this affair."

"The serpent must go with us to-night. I have promised the wife and mother of Paskingoe they shall sing the song of joy to-morrow, at the rising of the sun. The Indian does not lie."

"He is my friend; he is under my protection."

" He cannot be the friend of our white father and the enemy of his red children."

" He killed Paskingoe in his own defense. Paskingoe and his people were mad! "

" Who made them so? The young serpent and his fire-water. He must go with us—we want him."

" He shall not go. I cannot give him up."

" Then you are no longer our father," replied the chief. " You have told us you were our friend, but it is only the white man's talk. He is never the red man's friend when the white man is a party."

" Stay till the morning," said the stranger, apparently greatly perplexed, " stay till the morning, and I promise you shall go away satisfied."

" It is good," said the chief, " we will stay. But will the young serpent stay too? "

" He shall; he will not run away like a deer."

" It is good," said the Indian, and they lighted their pipes and continued to smoke for some time in silence.

This colloquy was carried on in the Mohawk tongue, but Sybrandt easily comprehended its object, and it may be supposed his feelings were by no means enviable. He remained perfectly passive, however, justly conceiving his interference would only produce additional irritation in the minds of the Indians.

At length they finished their pipes, and the chief said to the stranger, " Can we remain in our father's wigwam to-night? "

" Will the young white man be safe till to-morrow? "

" He will, unless he tries to run away."

The stranger made no reply, but led the way to an upper room, where the Indians laid themselves down on the floor, and soon slumbered in that profound quiet characteristic of their race.

An interesting discussion ensued between Sybrandt and the stranger in which the latter proposed to aid his escape that night, by furnishing

him with a guide and a canoe, and detaining the Indians in the room where they were sleeping till he was far enough not to be overtaken.

"And what will be the consequence?" said Sybrandt; "the savages will never forgive you. They will become your enemies, and if they do not murder you, your wife, and children, you will lose your influence over them from this time. No, sir, the great plan you hope to accomplish shall not be ruined for my sake. I am determined to remain and meet what may come."

"Faith, you are a fine fellow—something more than a scholar, I see. Be it so. But I here pledge you my honor, no harm shall come to you but what I will share. Let us to bed, you are safe for to-night. The Indians never violate hospitality."

It may be supposed Sybrandt did not sleep very sweetly that night, though he apprehended no danger to his slumbers—it was the morrow that he feared; and when the morrow came he rose early, and descended into the room they had occupied the night before. The stranger and the Indians were already there, the former dressed in a superb suit of British uniform, with glittering epaulettes on either shoulder. Round the room were displayed various articles most irresistible to the Indian fancy, and which they eyed with looks of eager longing, interrupted only for a moment by a glance of malignant meaning at Sybrandt as he entered. After a pause of some minutes, the chief addressed the stranger as follows:

"My father, your son had a dream last night."

"Ay?" said the stranger, smiling, "what was it my son?"

"Your son," replied the chief, with great gravity, "your son dreamed that the Great Spirit appeared to him, and told him his good father had made him a present of his fine suit, and given each of his people six new blankets. Did the Great Spirit speak the truth? or will my father make him a liar?"

The stranger paused a moment. "The Great Spirit said true; the suit and the blankets shall be given. But, my son, I also had a dream last night. The Great White Spirit came to my bedside, and said in a whisper, 'Thy son, the chief of the Beaver tribe, has forgiven the young trader by whose hand Paskingoe fell. He has given him to you, to do with him what thou wilt. Did the Great White Spirit speak true?'"

The chief looked at his companions, and they at him, in doubt and perplexity.

"I had forgotten," resumed the stranger; "the Great White Spirit said also, the mother of Paskingoe has dried up her tears, and his wife ceased her groans, ever since you gave them the beautiful beads and the necklaces of pinchbeck. Did he say true, or did the Great White Spirit lie?"

Again the Indians exchanged significant glances, and then uttered that guttural sound by which they are accustomed to signify their approbation.

"My father," at length said the chief, "you dream too hard for your son. But you have not made our Great Spirit lie, neither will I make yours. The young serpent is free; but let him take care how he comes among us again. Even my father shall not dream him out of the fire."

The bargain was consummated; the Indians departed with their finery, and Sybrandt was free. As they disappeared in the forest, old Tjerck, who had watched the result of the embassy with deep solicitude, quavered the war-whoop of the Adirondacks in triumph. An arrow from some unseen bow at the instant whizzed past his ear, and put a stop to his exultation. He, however, preserved the arrow all his life afterward, making it the text of a most excellent tale, which was as little like that we have just related as the description of most landscapes is to the original.

The stranger explained to Sybrandt the preceding colloquy, which had passed in the Mohawk language; and our hero insisted upon repaying him the price of his liberty. But this he would by no means consent to, saying the loss was not his, as the government supplied the means of conciliating the Indians by such presents as might be necessary.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STRANGER UNDERTAKES THE REFORMATION OF OUR HERO

Sybrandt remained with the stranger, whose character and mode of life he admired more and more every day. Of the thousand little peevish trammels of civilized life, which, like the invisible ropes and pegs of the Lilliputians, keep the mighty Gulliver, man, bound to the earth, or, albeit, chained within a certain routine of prescriptive restraints, none were found in the establishment of the stranger but those of the simplest form. There was everything necessary to the gratification of a wholesome appetite, sound sleep, and rural exercise. There were none of those fretting and factitious wants which, under the disguise of domestic comforts or embellishments, make human beings, that call themselves enlightened, the slaves of that wealth they acquire by the sacrifice of health, pleasure, and liberty. An air of happy freedom from restraint reigned everywhere around; and though everything seemed to arrange itself into an easy regularity, it was without effort, without noise, and without the slightest appearance of coercion or authority. The Indian wife had always a smile on her face; the children, freed from the soul-harrowing, soul-subduing surveillance of eternal nursing and restraint, gambolled about, the happiest of all God's creatures, and spent those days which Nature has allotted as the period when her offspring shall be free from chains, in all the luxury of playful hilarity. In short, Sybrandt could not help observing, that while there appeared to be no restraint, there was, at the same time, a perfect decorum, an unstudied decency, which answered all the ends of the most fashionable fastidiousness.

Every day when the weather permitted, and indeed often when a dandy sportsman would have shrunk from the war of the elements, they pursued the manly, exciting sport of hunting. The image of war, most especially in this empire of savages and beasts of prey—this course of life gradually awakened the sleeping energies of Sybrandt's nature, that had been so long dozing under the scholastic rubbish of the good Dominie Stettinius, of whose hapless fate he as yet remained ignorant. He acquired an active vigor of body, together with a quickness of perception and keen attention to what was passing before him, that by degrees encroached deeply on his habit of indolent abstraction. He caught from the stranger something of his fearless, independent carriage, lofty bear-

ing, and impatience of idleness or inaction. In short, he acquired a confidence in himself, a self-possession, and self-respect, such as he had never felt before, and which freed him from the leaden fetters of that awkward restraint which had hitherto been the bane of his life. Still, however, the cure was not complete; the disease had been deep-seated, and occasional relapses indicated pretty clearly that a return to old scenes and modes of life would assuredly produce a return of the old infirmity.

One stormy day, when the wind blew such a gale as made it dangerous to pursue their daily sport, the stranger found Sybrandt buried in the confused rubbish of what is known among the simple ones as a brown study, but which among the better sort, is dignified with the more lofty epithet of abstraction.

" Westbrook," said he, with his usual brief frankness, " the time we have spent together, and the circumstances under which we met, ought to have made us friends by this time. It seems to me that you are getting homesick. If so, say so. You can leave me here as factor for your merchandise, and I pledge myself to render you a true account of the proceeds, the first good opportunity that occurs. How say you, am I right? "

Sybrandt was actually thinking of home, but not with that strange, inexplicable feeling which sickens us of a paradise, and makes us turn with tears of bitter longing to the barren sands or arid mountains consecrated to memory under the name of home. He had but few, very few pleasurable recollections stored there, and these were buried under a thousand self-inflicted pangs of self-love and mortification. He replied to the stranger in a tone of bitter depression:

" I was, indeed, thinking of home; but I have no wish to go there just now."

" Were you not happy there? "

" Not very."

" Whose fault was that? "

Sybrandt paused, and a few moments of rapid retrospection convinced him how difficult it was to answer this simple question.

" I don't know," at length he said; " sometimes I think my own, sometimes the fault of others."

"Westbrook," said the stranger, kindly, "did you ever hear the story of the king who was playing at tennis in the midst of his courtiers?"

"I don't recollect," replied he, somewhat surprised.

"Well, I will tell it you. A dispute arose about some point of the game the king was playing, on which a large bet depended. The king appealed to his courtiers. They were silent. At length one of his grey-headed ministers came into the tennis-court, and on hearing these doubts, 'Sire,' said he, 'you are wrong.' 'What,' said the king, 'do you pronounce me in the wrong without knowing anything of the matter?' 'Pardon me, sire,' said the other, 'if you had been right, these gentlemen (turning to the courtiers) would not have doubted.' This story will apply to all the actions of man. His self-love and his passions are his courtiers, and whenever they are doubtful or silent as to the question of who is to blame, you may depend upon it he is decidedly wrong. If there was any room for doubt, his courtiers would not hesitate a moment to decide in his favor."

Strange as it may appear, Sybrandt had never viewed the matter in this light before, nor asked himself the question of who was to blame for the anguish of mind which, in truth, he had wilfully inflicted on himself. Dominie Stettinius was a good and a learned man, but no philosopher. He had never yet arrived at the conclusion, that learning and wisdom, although actually man and wife, were an arrant fashionable couple, and not always seen together.

"Come," said the stranger, after permitting him to cogitate a reasonable time on his story—"Come, I have a curiosity, no idle one, to know something more of a young man who I cannot but see is capable of acting, yet seems to be prone to think to no purpose. I have long since told you my story, now tell me yours. I see your mind is diseased—sickly—out of tune. Let me know the nature of the disease, and my life on it, I cure you."

"I believe I have nothing to tell. My story has no action; and without action even an epic poem is dull," replied the youth, forcing a melancholy smile to his aid.

"Never mind; I entreat you to tell it. I think I comprehend the case from the very acknowledgment you have just made. Your history, as I suspect, wants action."

Thus solicited, Sybrandt at length overcame his shyness, and gave the detail of his causeless miseries. As he went on, the stranger sometimes smiled, and at others shook his head. "Strange," said he, at length, when the young man had concluded his singular confession, "strange that a man should pass his whole life in coining false miseries, which have no being except in his wayward imagination! Young man, I feel an interest in you. There is that about you which I love and respect, let me find it where I will. I have seen you twice placed in circumstances to try the nerves of the stoutest, facing death without winking an eye, and suffering pain without changing a muscle. Such men I acknowledge for my fellow-creatures—my equals. And yet," added he, smiling, after a momentary pause, "and yet you who stood before a band of drunken savages, with their tomahawks and scalping-knives raised to take your life—you, who did not even so much as change countenance during a discussion which was to decide whether you were to be given up to be tortured at the stake; why, you cannot face a woman with whom you have associated, with little intermission, from childhood! You tremble at the idea of entering the parlor of an honest country gentleman, and that gentleman your uncle! You can face death in all its forms of horror, but you cannot face a laugh, or even endure the mere abstract idea of a laugh conjured up by your own diseased fancy!"

The face and forehead of Sybrandt gradually kindled with alternate flushes of pride and shame, as the stranger proceeded. There was certainly more honey than gall in his speech, but our youth had long been in the habit of turning from the sweet to banquet on the bitter; and the old idea of being laughed at recurring in full force, caused his heart to swell and his forehead to moisten with the dew of strong agonized feeling. He remained dumbfounded, and if his life had depended upon it, could not have uttered one word.

"Did you ever," continued the stranger, in a tone of banter—"did you ever, in all your classic lore, come across a hero, or even a person of tolerable reputation, ashamed or afraid to face his equals, setting aside his superiors? The modesty we read of there, as an object of imitation to youth and age, is nothing more than that dignified self-consciousness which never asserts its claims to honors or rewards, but leaves the world to mete them out according to its own sense of obligation. They never thought of praising, or of holding up for imitation, that boyish and unmanly infirmity miscalled modesty, which bespeaks an internal conscious-

ness of weakness or degradation, which makes men forever ridiculous in their own eyes, even when not so in the eyes of others, and is the eternal, insurmountable obstacle to great actions. There is a glorious effrontery about conscious genius, which causes it to undertake and accomplish objects which, to timid, bashful cowards appear beyond the reach of human power."

The word coward grated harshly on Sybrandt's ear, and was appropriated at once to himself by that mental process through which he was accustomed to distill everything into gall and wormwood. The stranger saw the workings of his mind, and went on:

" Nor is the folly of such timid shrinking girlishness in man less contemptible than its cowardice. It is right, therefore, that he should be laughed at for the one, and despised for the other."

Sybrandt could stand it no longer. He started from his seat, without feeling one spark of awkwardness or timidity in his whole composition.

" Is this language intended for me, sir? because, if so, it cancels all obligation on my part. If I am not a man with women, you will find me so with men. No man shall say, or insinuate, that I am a fool or a coward. Did you or did you not apply these epithets to me? "

" As much as falls to your share in your own honest consciousness, no more," replied the other, with a most provoking indifference. Sybrandt surveyed him leisurely from top to toe, with an eye of unflinching defiance.

" Farewell, sir, for the present. I am your guest, and you are my benefactor. I would have been grateful to the end of my life for the kindness of your hospitality, and the favor of your example; but you have left me nothing now but regrets that I ever accepted the one, or benefited by the other. Farewell, sir. Judge of the extent of my gratitude by my forgiveness of the insult you have just passed upon me. So far the debt is cancelled. Take care, I entreat you, how you run up a new score."

He was proceeding to quit the house immediately, when he was arrested by a hearty laugh from the stranger.

" Bravo! good! I honor you, Mr. Westbrook. You have spoken like a high-spirited, honorable gentleman. From my soul I reverence a

man of courage. It is not without reason that courage is held the basis of all the virtues, since without it we may be driven from our best resolves by apprehension of the consequences. Without the courage to despise threats, dangers, death, no man can depend on his other virtues for a single moment. And yet it seems to me that all education tends to pave the way for making cowards of us. The nurse begins by frightening children with stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, and making them afraid to stir in the dark; and the priest ends by frightening the man with horrible pictures of the agonies of death and the torments of futurity. By heaven! it is a matter of surprise to me that all civilized men are not arrant poltroons! But why," added he, after a pause, "why not act and speak at all times, and everywhere, with the same manly, free spirit you have just displayed? With such a face, such a figure, such a heart and mind, who is it that breathes or ever breathed the breath of life, be it man or woman, you need be afraid or ashamed to look full in the eye? Forgive me for thus trying you, or rather for affording you an opportunity of proving to yourself what you really are. No one that has seen you as I have done, in situations to try the nerves of any man, would ever dream of your being less than consummately brave; and no one that has conversed with you as I have done, and heard you, day after day, uttering the language of learning and good sense, would suspect you of folly, except he were himself a fool! On my soul, what I said was but to aid you to 'know thyself'—the most useful of all lessons to man. Hereafter, when you feel yourself shrinking from the encounter of a lady's eye, or a puppy's glance of ridicule, recollect that you have bearded the lion, called Sir William Johnson, in his den, and never fear the face of man or woman from henceforward. Are we friends again?"

Sybrandt grasped the hand of Sir William in silence, and the incident of that day exercised an influence over his future fortunes greater, perhaps, than all the precepts of the worthy Dominie Stettinius or the illustrious examples of classic lore. The force of habit being once mastered, the leaden fetters by which his genius had so long been held in bondage seemed to have lost their power, and from this time his deportment became every day more free and manly, his conversation more frank and racy. In short, he seemed about to verify the great truth, that, as by yielding to one temptation we prepare the way for submission to another, so an obstacle once surmounted is ever afterward more easily overcome.

(*To be continued.*)

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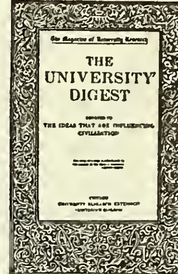

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